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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

A

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

Legislative Library
Ontario.

GENERAL LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

VOL. XXXIX.

APRIL, 1884, TO SEPTEMBER, 1884.

NEW YORK:
THE CATHOLIC PUBLICATION SOCIETY CO.,
9 Barclay Street.

1884.

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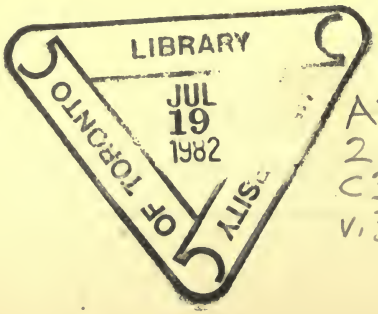

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H. J. HEWITT, PRINTER, 27 ROSE STREET, NEW YORK.

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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THE WORKMAN AND HIS LITTLE SISTER.

IN every age there is some salient evil, some pre-eminent danger, against which society has to struggle and protect itself, as against an enemy to whom it can grant no truce, but on whom it is compelled to keep vigilant and unremitting watch under pain of being surprised and overpowered. In our day this ever-present danger is the artisan. He keeps the nineteenth century on the *qui-vive*. If he is at war there is no peace for the community; all classes must suffer, in a more or less degree, until his mood changes and he disarms.

Forty years ago Frederic Ozanam said the time was at hand when the working-classes would be the governing classes, and therefore it behooved us to Christianize them, if we did not wish to see the world fall back into barbarism under the reign of brute force.

In the year 1867 a little company of ladies wearing the religious garb and calling themselves Sisters of the Assumption set sail for Algiers. The famine had swept away thousands of the poor native population, and these had left behind them a multitude of orphans, who were now in their turn in danger of perishing from hunger and neglect. The priests of the mission sent out a cry to France to have pity on the orphans, and these Sisters of the Assumption were coming to Africa in answer to that cry. It was a grand work that lay before them, for they had not only to feed and clothe the little Arabs, but to give them

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the light of the faith, to turn them from little pagans into Christians, and through them to Christianize the grown-up natives.

The work succeeded admirably. The children proved as pliant as wax in the hands of the sisters. They were capital pupils, learned quickly, and, by their piety, intelligence, and readiness to adopt civilized tastes and habits, proved excellent little missionaries on leaving the sisters. The latter, fearing the effects of example and many other pressures if the girls returned to their Mohammedan relations, married them, as a rule, to the young men brought up by the African missionary fathers, and enabled them to found two Christian villages, which were named after those two great patrons of the dark continent, St. Monica and St. Cyprian. Having thus established a flourishing little colony of primitive Christians in the midst of an infidel population, the sisters felt that their task was done, and they came home.

Just at that moment—some four years ago—the bishop of Grenoble was brooding anxiously over the moral condition of the enormous working population of silk-spinners and weavers that his diocese includes. The condition of this portion of his flock lay heavy on the bishop's heart, and he was casting about on all sides for some devoted souls to come and help him to ameliorate it.

The country round Grenoble is studded all over with great manufactories. The manufacturers have been induced to move from the towns into the open country, in order to prevent, or at least be in a better position to cope with, the strikes which of late years have become so frequent and so powerfully organized. The factories are generally situated in remote districts that offer few resources for supplying them with hands. The result is that the workmen have to be recruited from a distance. Some come from villages too far from the manufactory to make it possible for them to return home every day. These are the greater number. They are lodged and fed by the master—*le patron*, as he is termed. Of a staff of nine hundred workmen and workwomen, he will keep, for instance, six hundred on the premises; the other three hundred live in the immediate neighborhood and forage for themselves.

The material lives of these latter are very little removed above those of the animals. One of the largest manufacturers of Lyons, whose factory is some fifty miles beyond the city, told the present writer that twenty years ago the physical and moral condition of the women and young girls (the workwomen

are mostly composed of the latter) was something appalling. They hardly looked like inhabitants of a civilized country. They never washed, unless their faces on some special occasion; the use of a comb was unknown to them; and as to a tooth-brush, the oldest *habituée* of the factory had never seen such a thing. They fared very little better than savages; their provisions consisted of a sort of pudding which they brought with them on Monday morning and ate for breakfast and dinner every day; this, with bread which they got at the village, lasted them for the week. What remained of the pudding on Saturday, before the girls emptied their tureen and went home, was, my informant said, the most unsavory mess he had ever beheld. The workmen, however, seemed quite contented with it. They were used to it, and no more thought of complaining of it than the dog did of the food prepared for him by the gardener.

The spiritual degradation of these poor toilers was on a level with their physical wretchedness. They were as ignorant of religion as the cattle grazing in the surrounding fields. If they knew that there was a God, and that they had a soul, and that there was another world where they might fare better than in this one, it was the extent of their knowledge; and my informant thought that the majority of the workmen were ignorant even of these fundamental truths.

The advent of the manufacturer's wife, a young and noble-hearted woman, full of enthusiasm for all noble things, changed the face of this particular manufactory in a few years. But this was an exceptional mercy to the race of workwomen. Their condition in hundreds of other factories and workshops remained as miserable as this one had been before the coming of an angel into the desolate place.

The bishop of Grenoble asked: "Why should we not send angels into all these places?" Nothing else, he believed, would help either patrons or workmen, and place them in a more satisfactory relation towards each other, and smooth down those hostile feelings which are constantly finding vent in strikes, and which are as fatal to the material interests of both parties as to the establishment of a permanent and fruitful *entente cordiale* between them. This *question ouvrière* was a burning one in the diocese of Grenoble, which swarms with these great centres, where its adjustment is of daily and vital interest. To disarm the antagonism of the workman and win his confidence was the first step towards any real solution of the difficulty, and Monseigneur Fava believed that this mission would be better under-

stood and more effectively accomplished by women than by men. He resolved to get some sisters to carry the war into the enemy's country, and by strategy, by surprise, by all the arts and weapons of legitimate warfare, to capture the *ouvrier* and bring him into subjection to their sceptre of charity. Where to find a little band of these peaceful warriors to begin with was the difficulty. Their name was legion in the church of France, but wherever the bishop applied the answer was the same—"We are too few; the harvest is white, but we want more laborers." There was not a member to spare anywhere. He was beginning to despair when the Sisters of the Assumption, returned from their fourteen years' exile to Africa, heard of the new mission he proposed and offered their services. The bishop accepted with delight. The Sisters had energy and zeal—this they had proved beyond doubt—and the religious spirit flourished admirably in the little community.

The plan of their new campaign, though less adventurous at first sight, demanded really more courage, and far more tact and skill and knowledge, than the mission they had accomplished in Africa. The intelligent, active French workman is a far more difficult individual to manage than the ignorant, lazy Arab, and the task of the Sisters was to conciliate and capture him, and save him against his own will.

Nothing daunted, they set to work. They were to take up their abode in one of the working centres; they were to live with the *ouvrier*, to constitute themselves his servants, to become thoroughly acquainted with his needs, his dangers, his life altogether—to make, in fact, his moral and temporal welfare the aim and end of their vocation. They were to be called *Les Petites Sœurs de l'Ouvrier*—the Little Sisters of the Workman.

To have secured these auxiliaries was a grand point gained; but the bishop had next to obtain the consent at least, and if possible the co-operation, of the manufacturers. Six of the most important in the neighborhood of Grenoble came and held a meeting with him, and discussed the matter in all its bearings. They recognized the immense advantages which they themselves might derive from the scheme, and agreed at once to give it their fullest support. Every detail was discussed, and, oddly enough, the only point on which the meeting disagreed was the costume of the sisters. The bishop wished it to be white; he wished the sister to be, even externally, a symbol of innocence and purity and simplicity in the midst of the rough, grimy, unwashed population of the factory. The gentlemen were of

opinion that the white costume would soil too quickly for economical purposes; they yielded, however, to the loftier and more spiritual considerations of Monseigneur Fava.

This all happened in the summer of 1880—that memorable year, destined to figure in the annals of the church of France as the year of the Expulsions. Communities, one after another, had been turned out of their convents and sent adrift to find shelter where they could. The Catholics of France opened homes to them all over the country. The head of an honorable family in Grenoble wrote to the superior of one that had just been expelled, placing at his disposal a good, spacious country-house surrounded by a large garden. It was admirably suited for a community. But the mission of this particular order made a residence in a town necessary; the superior gratefully declined the offer, but told the generous proprietor that he would be doing a work of equal charity, and perhaps greater good to the neighborhood, if he offered the house to the *Petites Sœurs de l'Ouvrier*, whose intended mission he explained in a few words. The proprietor immediately invited the sisters to come and take possession of the house.

The news of their coming was received with universal satisfaction by the inhabitants of the village and the country round. They determined to give them a grand reception. May-poles were put up and flags set flying along the road leading to the house, and the gate was decorated with flowers and banners. The people then congregated in great force at the church, where the sisters were to alight, and where the bishop awaited them. After a solemn benediction his lordship and the sisters, followed by the entire congregation singing canticles and carrying a banner, set out for the house. Just as they reached the garden-gate a sudden storm arose and the rain fell in torrents, with an accompaniment of thunder and lightning. Nothing scared by this dramatic interruption, the gay procession rushed on into the house amidst much merriment and thanks to the weather for timing its performance so opportunely, while the bishop assured them that the rain, which lashed the windows so as nearly to drown his voice, was an omen of the blessings that were going to pour down on them in the coming of the sisters.

The appearance of the *Petites Sœurs de l'Ouvrier* in the workshops was quite an event. Their white habit caused some surprise at first; but the result soon proved that Monseigneur Fava was right. The working men and women quickly came to love the white costume of their Little Sister, as they love the white

cornette of the Sister of Charity, and to look upon it as a symbol to be respected and a beacon to be followed.

It was an arduous vocation this that the Little Sister had embraced; it included complete devotion to the whole working population of the great *usine*, some seven hundred human beings, men, boys, women, and little children. She was to be with them late and early—not as a passing visitor, but as a constant companion. She was not to be a religious, emerging from the retreat of conventual life at stated intervals to impart instruction or consolation to the publicans and sinners outside, and returning to her convent to enjoy devout exercises and prayerful leisure; she was to be the friend and helpmate and servant of the publicans and sinners, to live amongst them, to enter into their troubles and their interests, to be at their beck and call all the day long.

The house of the Sisters was in no sense of the word a convent. It was a home where they lived in common with as many *ouvrières* as could find sleeping shelter there. The largest upper rooms were arranged as dormitories; and here the Little Sister slept, keeping watch even through the night over those confided to her, and by her presence enforcing order and silence. The beds around her were occupied by the girls who came from too great a distance to return home after their work. They were to pay what covered the expenses of their food, and no more. They breakfasted at the "home," the *maison de famille*, as the house is appropriately called, and then went to the workshop at six.

The sisters heard Mass, devoted a short time to prayer, and, thus strengthened for the work of the day, followed their charges and remained in the workshops from half-past seven to mid-day. The boarders then went back for their dinner, which they took in common with some of the sisters, while others remained to preside over the larger number who dined at the shop. The foremen, and the forewomen also, noticed a change in the tone of the workmen from the day the Little Sister remained in the refectory. Her presence acted at once like a charm: it purified the atmosphere and kept the rude men and women unconsciously in check. It seemed as if the sight of the white costume made coarseness and profanity impossible. The boldest never dared offend the Little Sister by a dubious joke or a blasphemous word; if such were spoken voices fell, that she might not hear them. But soon they ceased even to whisper what was not fit for her to hear. In a very short time

the manners, and even the appearance, of the women showed the effect of her influence and example. The spotless purity and simplicity of her garment rebuked untidiness, dirt, and flimsy finery, and little by little these gave way to habits of cleanliness, neatness, and modesty. The "White Sister" became a power that none resented, not even those who did not quite succumb to it. She did so much for them and she asked so little in return!

During the work-hours the sister went about amongst the work-people, men and women indiscriminately, advising, encouraging, cheering them. She was simple and outspoken with them as an equal, and they came soon to make her the confidant of their troubles, even of their faults. If they were lazy, or mutinous, or ill-tempered she scolded them; and they took a scolding from *ma sœur* when they would not have borne a word from the foreman. The sisters on duty in the manufactory itself remained there till six o'clock, when they returned to the "home."

While these had been busy amidst the elders and youths their companions were employed giving lessons to the children of the workmen; there were classes for the little girls and the little boys separately, and in the evening for grown men and women who wished to attend them.

When this busy day was over the sisters were well tired and glad enough to lie down to rest with the workwomen sleeping soundly all around them.

The patrons, as the masters are called, were not slow to perceive the solid benefits that must accrue to them, as well as to their workmen, from the assistance of the Little Sisters, and they soon gave them their entire confidence and facilitated their task in many ways.

They opened a savings-bank and placed it under the management of the sisters. No pressure was put upon the men, but the advice of *ma sœur* soon induced them to put aside something for the future, and they came to her regularly every week with the sum they had agreed to nibble off their wages. Sometimes she had to jog their memory; but as a rule they were punctual in their self-imposed payment.

A fund for the sick was also founded jointly by the masters and the men, the former agreeing to double the amount annually contributed by the latter. From this fund the sister draws the money needed for the workman and his family when sickness visits them.

And here a new field opens for the exercise of her charity and helpful kindness and zeal. The time of suffering is for all

of us the time of grace. It is especially so for the poor. Sickness for them is weighted with a multitude of superadded trials. When the rich man falls ill friends make haste to show their concern by calling to see him and lightening the weariness of the sick-room by their sympathy and conversation; they read to him, they bring him books or flowers, or other little offerings that may cheer or gratify him. The poor man in sickness knows no such alleviations. He has had no leisure to make friends. His time and his energies have all gone to the struggle of keeping body and soul together. Charity, heroic charity born of faith or of that fellow-feeling that makes us "wondrous kind," the poor exercise towards one another in times of deepest need, when famine or pestilence draws them close in a bond of common agony or despair; but of the graces and helps of friendship they know nothing. When, therefore, the workman falls ill he is left alone; healthy neighbors are at work and too busy to come and comfort him. But the sister makes time to visit him; she reads to him, and chats with him, and keeps up his spirits, which are apt to fall below zero when he finds himself on a sick-bed, out of work, with all the consequences of that terrible circumstance staring at him day and night. This is the Little Sister's grand opportunity, and she turns it to account like the veriest Jesuit who ever set a trap for a sinner! Whenever sickness comes into the workman's home the Little Sister hurries after it as swiftly as the eagle hurries after the dead body. She has already circumvented the sick man by her previous kindly interest in himself and his family, and now he is an easy prey to her sweet wiles. She knows all about him. He has nothing to confess. If he is a bad man he has all the greater claim on her compassion. She nurses him and shows him kindness and respect. He is touched by her gentle ways and her disinterested goodness. Insensibly he becomes softened to religion because she represents it. She feels her way, and, like a skilful diplomatist, leads the unsuspecting victim to think of his soul. He has probably never been to confession since his First Communion; if a priest attempted to propose his going now the sick man would swear at him. But how can he refuse *ma sœur?* She has been so good to him! "*Mon Dieu*, since you wish it, *ma sœur;* I will not have you think me an ungrateful dog. I will see M. le Curé to please you."

And M. le Curé comes, and the sinner makes his peace with God, and either dies a good death or recovers to be a better man ever after.

If he dies *ma sœur* still pursues him with her sweet charity. She has helped him through the last passage, and now she follows him to his last resting-place with his sorrowing family, or alone if there be none to mourn him. Nothing, perhaps, that the Little Sister does for the *ouvrier* touches him more than this. Every man in the manufactory feels glad to think that she will accompany him to his grave and say a prayer over him. Not long ago the mother of a workman died. It was at some distance from the factory where the young man was employed; there was no one but himself to walk after the lowly hearse. "I will come with you, my poor fellow," said the Little Sister. And the two walked side by side to the distant cemetery. Some laborers at work in a field saw them passing and said: "She looks like an angel in her white dress."

Even the masters who are themselves indifferent in the matter of religion are glad enough to have the men brought under such influences as these. The workshops where the Little Sisters are soon become transformed so as to be hardly recognizable. Blasphemy and bad language are abandoned as if by instinct, and the lamentable disorders which make so many of these huge centres dens of vice disappear completely. Another result, which certain patrons appreciate even still more, is the disappearance of that antagonism towards their employer which seems inherent in the French *ouvrier*. The Little Sister is like a peacemaker, perpetually smoothing away little asperities and inspiring kindnesses and concessions on one side which evoke gratitude on the other, and thus creating a solid foundation for a cordial mutual understanding. A great manufacturer remarked to the superior of the sisters that since they had come to the factory his workmen touched their hat to him oftener in a day than formerly in a month.

A further advantage which the masters derive from the presence of the sister is the preference shown by respectable women and modest, well-conducted girls for the workshops where she presides, and their reluctance to change their employer on her account. Even the bait of higher wages often fails to tempt them to leave *ma sœur*.

The city of silks, with its innumerable looms and silk-weaving population, soon claimed the Little Sisters. They came to a small town, La-Tour-du-Pin, in the neighborhood of Lyons, and founded a house there under the protection of the illustrious Lyonese heroine, St. Blandine. The manufacture employs an immense proportion of very young girls, who are exposed to

countless perils in the workshops where they congregate, and where evil influences predominate, as a rule, unchecked by any moral supervision. A moment of special danger for the workwoman here is the time that intervenes between the removing a finished piece of silk from the frame and setting up another. This enforced vacation of sometimes a whole afternoon leaves her free from all control and throws her necessarily into many temptations. The arrival of the Little Sisters provided her at once with a convenient and pleasant refuge at this crisis. She could go to the convent and be welcomed by *ma sœur*, who was glad of her help in some household duties or in the garden. The sisters were so kind, and showed such an interest in the workwomen, that these, in their turn, were pleased and flattered to be allowed to help the sisters. The rule of constant attendance at the workshops, and the receiving unprotected girls into the house, and holding classes, and nursing the sick, and comforting the dying, and honoring the dead, was carried out at La-Tour-du-Pin as in the home near Grenoble, and with the same happy results. The piety of the workwomen soon became one of the sweetest rewards of the Little Sisters. Lyons is the classic land of charity and of revolution. The population present the most startling combination of faith and savagery to be met with in France, that country of contrasts and paradoxes. The amount of money given by the Lyonese of all classes every year in charity is astounding, and the most fertile enterprises have been started and continue to be nobly supported by them. The Propagation of the Faith and the Little Sisters of the Poor both sprang up in this hot-bed of revolt and violence. It has been said that the alms of Lyons will suffice alone to save France.

The spirit of faith which finds its expression in this material charity proved to be dormant, but not dead, in the ignorant and undisciplined population of the factory at La-Tour-du-Pin. The chapel soon became the centre of interest to the girls, so much so that when some one had merited praise by her diligence or good conduct on some particular occasion the reward she asked for was permission to go to the chapel and make a visit to *le Bon Dieu*. Once the boarders in the community-house misbehaved and were well scolded by the superior. Instead of rebelling, as would have been the natural consequence had the patron or the forewoman lectured them for their bad behavior, the girls recognized their fault, and, by way of repairing it, they went to the superior and asked leave to get a Mass said at five o'clock next morning, so that they might assist at it

before going to the workshop. The mother consented, and two of the workwomen went off in quest of a priest to say the Mass for them. No one had to be called twice, although the sacrifice of an hour's sleep was keenly felt by them all.

This house at La-Tour-du-Pin was not long at work when trouble overtook it. The silk trade is, perhaps, more sensitive than any other to the political atmosphere of France, and, indeed, of Europe. No civilized nation can go to war but the fact affects the weavers and spinners of Lyons. When "the situation" is gloomy at home, when the Chamber threatens to dissolve or the ministry to resign, or when foreign politics look dangerous, the activity of the looms relaxes. The Kulturkampf of Germany and the troubles of the church in Switzerland had their *contrecoup* at Lyons in the immediate slackening of the demand for the rich brocades that are woven there for vestments.

Any one who has visited the silk manufactories of Lyons in prosperous times must remember with what a sense of relief he escaped out into the quiet street from the deafening rumble of the machinery and the click of the frames snapping after the shuttles. A more trying thing far it is to visit a manufacturing city when the looms are silent, when the weavers no longer make the air resound with the heavy tick-tack of the frames as they bend over them, flinging the shuttle. The silence means "slack-time," that terrible visitation more dreaded by the workman than an epidemic. It is to him what the dead calm is to the sailor out on the high seas. There is nothing to be done when the good ship is becalmed; no spreading of the canvas, no working of the engines, no efforts in any direction can avail. There is nothing to do but wait till the wind rises and fills the sails, and moves the ship on her course. And meantime all on board may die of hunger and thirst.

Lyons is visited periodically by these terrible calms. They cannot be prophesied or forestalled; they depend on the vagaries of politicians, the tricks of speculators, the moods of kings. In the year 1882 the tremendous financial crash which involved thousands of honorable families throughout France brought the silk-weavers to a sudden standstill. They dropped their shuttles and went home, and counted how many days' bread they had money to buy without working. These periods of dead calm are fraught with many dangers to masters as well as men. The men, having nothing else to do, go to the wine-shops and talk politics; and talking politics, to the French workman, is the most intoxicating of all dram-drinking. Under any

other kind of intoxication he may have *le vin gai* or *le vin tendre*, but when he gets drunk on politics he invariably has *le vin furieux*. The slack-time always brings on this dangerous sort of delirium tremens. When it breaks out amongst the workmen the bravest patron keeps out of their way. But the Little Sister has nothing to fear. Her task during these paroxysms of insanity becomes very much like that of the keeper of raving maniacs or a cage of wild beasts. She alone may venture within the dangerous precincts. The most furious will not dream of laying a finger on her. Her white costume gives her a charmed life; she may come and go amidst the rough, exasperated politicians as safe as a little child. If any were so brutal as to say a coarse or disrespectful word to her, that man's life would not be worth an hour's purchase; a score of grimy hands would be clenched to strike him and avenge *ma sœur*.

A visitor described the opulent city of silks after the sudden crash two years ago as "a town after a siege." There was despair and rage and ruin everywhere. But the Little Sisters and the white cornettes went about quite fearlessly, even in the quarter of the Croix Rousse, that was like a seething furnace of revolution, and the men and the women listened to reason from them when they would hear it from no one else.

At La-Tour-du-Pin the home and work of the Little Sisters were caught in the general catastrophe. The masters had to dismiss many hands, contributions fell off, and the "Home," where the year before beds were crowded into every available corner, was nearly empty. It was a trying time for the community, but they went bravely through it, cheering and encouraging others, helping to the utmost of their power, and inspiring confidence by their own courage and example. The bad times made their mission in some respects more valuable than ever.

Many wealthy families of the neighborhood, who were not personally interested in their mission, were so moved to admiration by their intelligent self-devotion that they coalesced to assist them in carrying it on. The consequence was that in a short time the "Home" was more flourishing than ever; the house was enlarged, funds were supplied for developing the work and opening new opportunities for the workman. Sunday reunions were organized, and made so attractive that there was soon scarcely a respectable workwoman who did not prefer them to those dangerous places of amusement where she had hitherto spent her Sunday afternoon.

The Little Sister had at an early date cast anxious eyes towards the workwomen employed in the shops supplied from the factory, and longed to extend her sheltering care to them. There is scarcely any position which claims compassion more than that of those young girls in a large town. After a long day's work they leave the shop for some lonely room where no affectionate welcome, no cheerful fire even, awaits them, only cold and loneliness. How can they resist the temptation of the public-room, where there is, at any rate, bright light and noisy companionship to be had, and where the pitfalls are so softly covered over as to be almost imperceptible to the unwary, lonely one?

The Little Sisters determined to open a refuge to these poor girls. They appealed to the bishop, who appealed to his flock, and the means were soon forthcoming. A house was provided, and the sisters fitted it up on the plan of the *maison de famille*, and invited the shop-girls to come and live there, lodging being offered them gratis and food at cost price. Never did courtiers fly to accept a royal invitation more eagerly than these poor girls flew to the bidding of the Little Sisters. In a trice the house was so crowded that there was not standing-room for a bed from garret to cellar. What came of this hospitality, how many souls were rescued by it, how many mercies secured to those who partook of it, even the Little Sisters cannot guess.

The monks of the Grande Chartreuse heard of these things and begged the bishop to send Little Sisters into their neighborhood. There are vast factories at and about Voiron, the station where pilgrims alight for the monastery. All the proprietors of these great beehives joined their appeal to that of the monks, and promised the white costumes a hearty welcome. Of course the Little Sisters came. And a right royal welcome they did receive. The bishop and his clergy, and the clergy of the neighboring towns, were there to greet them, and the towns-people and the peasantry. It was as if some powerful and wealthy benefactor had arrived to spread happiness and prosperity amongst the people. And so, in truth, it was.

"The blessing of Almighty God rests visibly on our work," wrote one of the sisters to the mother-general; "and I am more and more convinced that it will greatly benefit the working population of our industrial towns, first as regards their religious and moral well-being, and next as concerns their social interests."

The rapid expansion of the enterprise was a sufficient proof of the justice of this observation. Before it had been two years in

operation the Little Sisters were established in one of the largest spinning factories in Normandy. The factory resembles a town, so wide is the space it covers and so vast its population. The sisters took up their abode in the very centre of it, and their house soon became the home, in a certain sense, of all the work-people, men, women, and children. The chapel, with its sweet silence, its music and lights, and flowers and odorous atmosphere, drew them like a charm. Their hearts opened to the pious influences centred there, and they began to feel a personal delight and pride in adorning it. Once, for Corpus Christi, without any hint from the sisters, they brought quantities of flowers to decorate the altars; every tiny patch of garden, every balcony where all the year round geraniums and sweet-smelling flowers and plants had been lovingly tended, was stripped of its contents and the spoils carried to the chapel.

The Little Sisters have a school in this great spinning factory of Lisieux; it is conducted by one of them, who has her diploma of *institutrice*. The whole work, both in the school and the factory, is carried on by five sisters. One, who has a talent for cookery, presides over the soup-kitchen and the refectory, where wholesome food is provided for the workman at cost price. The supervision of the factory and the care of the sick absorb the other three members of the community.

Times are changed since the days of St. Francis de Sales, when the idea of an order where women in the garb of religious should go abroad in the service of the sick was an innovation too like a scandal to be even tried as an experiment. How surprised the holy bishop would be—perhaps is?—to see the white cornettes, and the white habit, and all the legion of modern nuns who go boldly through our towns in the service of suffering humanity!

A stranger visiting this factory at Lisieux in the sultry dog-days saw a pretty sight. Two Little Sisters were going about the workshops giving the men to drink; one Little Sister carried the big pitcher full of cool lemonade, the other filled the glasses and passed them to the workmen, who drained them off with a hearty "Thank you, sister!" that told how welcome was the kindly refreshment.

The workman's "Thank you" is not an empty word. He is a practical man, and shows his gratitude to *ma sœur* in the way most acceptable to her. He tries to behave better and to follow her advice. The chaplain of the factory preached one Sunday on the advantages and the power of prayer, and of the special bless-

ing that was granted to prayer made in common. After the sermon the Little Sister talked it over with the workmen, and urged the foremen to say morning prayers aloud, each in his own workshop, every day. A number of them promised to do so, and the very next morning they assembled and gave out the Pater and Ave and a short prayer, the men responding. To the surprise of the sisters and the workmen, a Flemish foreman, a good and very popular man, did not join the movement. No questions were asked, but comments and conjectures were exchanged as to the cause of this abstention. At the end of a week it came out that the poor Fleming did not know the "Our Father" in French, and had to set his French wife to teach it him before he could recite it in public.

Nowhere has the mission of the *Petite Sœur de l'Ouvrier* developed so successfully, perhaps, as in this immense factory of Lisieux. From being a mere industrial machine, a wheel of human labor, and in many respects a centre of moral misery, it has become a vast human family where God is feared and worshipped, and where employers and employed are knit together by a kinder and holier bond than mutual material gain.

Such is the work already accomplished by this small phalanx of brave and loving women. Measuring the possibilities yet before them by the amount they have already done, it seems almost as if they might change the entire social condition of the country, were they only numerous enough. They themselves contemplate no such grand horizons. They go about here and there in little groups of threes and fives, wherever a bishop sends for them, or wherever a patron beckons them to come and help him rule his men, and, like humble little missionaries, they try to make peace, coming and going between the masters and the men, soothing, pleading, encouraging by turns. They lead the same life everywhere. It is a life which would be intolerable to refined, educated women, were they not filled with the true spirit of the Gospel, the spirit of Him who lived as an equal and a companion with common fishermen and publicans. Routine, even the pleasantest, is soon no better than a treadmill unless there be love enough to sustain our interest in the work. The interest of the *Petite Sœur* never flags in hers; the love never runs short. All she wants is leave to spend herself in serving the workman.

The novice-house of the community is now annexed to the mother-house in the Department of Isère. It is situated on the road to La Salette, and is one of the wildest and most picturesque spots of the country. In this profound solitude, under the

shadow of the mountains, those generous young souls who hasten to God with the offering of their sweet springtime come to learn their work and prepare to fight his battles. At first it seemed as if the solitude of the place scared them away. Novices were slow to come. The mother-general began to fear that the position of the novitiate was unwisely chosen. But it was only a delay to try her faith.

Five young candidates unexpectedly presented themselves at the convent gate; one came from Flanders, one from Normandy, two from other provinces of France, and one from India. They were all clothed the same day with the white habit in the month of August, 1882. That was a glad day for the bishop of Grenoble, and he drew from his heart words of burning eloquence in addressing the five wise virgins who had come with their lamps filled betimes to go forth and seek the Bridegroom in the highways and byways.

France owes much to her bishops; but perhaps none of them has done her a more valuable service in the present age than Monseigneur Fava by this invading army of humility and love that he has sent into the heart of the working-classes. These gentle peacemakers will probably do more towards softening the irritation of the operative, and disarming antagonism between him and his master, than all the measures of the politicians.

BANCROFT'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.*

IV.—MARYLAND TOLERATION.

IN our two articles on Mr. Bancroft's *History of the United States* in the October and November numbers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD we undertook to prove that the chief motives which actuated the two first Lords Baltimore, George and Cæcilius Calvert, were, firstly, a desire to extend the Catholic faith, and, secondly, to provide on the shores of the Chesapeake an asylum for the persecuted followers of that faith in England. We think we have successfully refuted the intimations of Mr. Bancroft that mercenary motives induced them to undertake and perform one of the most honorable and exalted works of human benevolence and impartial, just, and wise statesmanship. We think we have also shown that Lord Baltimore and his Catholic associates and followers, having secured a liberal charter and a magnificent landed domain in Maryland, and having founded there an asylum for English Catholics—who were then suffering a relentless persecution at home—from motives of justice mingled with benevolence, and of consistency with Catholic principles, extended to all Christians perfect freedom from all religious intolerance and coercion, and erected Maryland into a place of refuge not only for Catholics flying from Protestant persecution in England, but also for Protestants flying from Protestant persecution in the other English colonies in America.

After two centuries and a half of concurrent and unanimous historical tradition and record, by which Maryland was acknowledged to have been a Catholic colony and its Catholic lawgivers to have been entitled to the exalted credit of establishing religious liberty—Mr. Bancroft himself uniting in this concurrence and unanimity in fifteen editions of his history—it seems strange that, at this late day, it becomes necessary for us to prove that Maryland *was* a Catholic colony, and that the world is indebted to Catholics for this example of the first State founded in the New World upon the broad constitutional and moral principle of no coercion in matters of religious belief.

* *History of the United States of America from the Discovery of the Continent.* By George Bancroft. The Author's Last Revision. Vols. i., ii., and iii. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1883.

In fifteen editions of his history prior to 1876 Mr. Bancroft has the following passage: "Lord Baltimore, who for some unknown reason" (we have shown in our October and November articles that his reasons were well known, most necessary, and wise) "abandoned his purpose of conducting the emigrants in person, appointed his brother to act as his lieutenant; and on Friday, the 22d of November [1633], with a small but favoring gale, Leonard Calvert and about two hundred people, *most of them Roman Catholic* gentlemen and their servants, in the *Ark* and *Dove*, a ship of large burden and a pinnace, set sail for the northern bank of the Potomac."

In the present edition before us, "the Author's Last Revision," 1883, this passage in our history is transformed so as to omit the italicized words, *most of them Roman Catholic*, and for them are substituted the dull, prosaic words, "with *very* near twenty other gentlemen *of very good fashion, two or three hundred laboring men* well provided in all things." Mr. Bancroft has been nearly forty years finding out that besides the twenty gentlemen there were more than two hundred other persons. He now writes two or three hundred. Lord Baltimore, in a document accessible to all, has stated the number to have been three hundred.

In fifteen editions prior to 1876 Mr. Bancroft states that "upon the 27th day of March THE CATHOLICS took quiet possession of the little place, and religious liberty obtained a home, its only home in the wide world, at the humble village which bore the name of St. Mary's."

This beautiful passage, sustained historically by the concurrent voice of historians, commentators, and critics for two hundred and fifty years, is now, in "the Author's Last Revision," 1883, transformed into the following blunt, unsympathetic, self-evidently and intrinsically false version of the same event: "Upon the 27th the emigrants, *of whom by far the greater number were* PROTESTANTS, took quiet possession of the land which the governor bought." The word emigrant he applies to all indiscriminately, and thus with evident intent strives to convey a false impression of the true character of the colony.

For such a liberty taken by our historian with the uniform record of history for two and a half centuries—for such a liberty taken with fifteen published editions of his own work, covering over a period of nearly half a century of study—no authority, no author, whatever is cited.

The only writer whom Mr. Bancroft can quote—and he does

not appear even to Mr. Bancroft to be of sufficient historical weight to be quoted or cited by name in Mr. Bancroft's history—is the Rev. Edward D. Neill. This person, in a small pamphlet entitled *Maryland not a Roman Catholic Colony*, after quoting a passage from a letter of Lord Baltimore, Cæcilius Calvert, to the Earl of Strafford, stating, in regard to the colony embarked on the *Ark* and *Dove*, "There are two of my brothers, with very near twenty other gentlemen of a very good fashion, and three hundred laboring men," wrote the following unauthorized and gratuitous statement: "These laboring men were mostly Protestants, as they took the oath of supreme allegiance before sailing; and of the twelve who died on the voyage ten were Protestants. Thomas Cornwallis and Jerome Hawley, who went out as councillors of the colony, were adherents of the Church of England." Mr. Bancroft, without making research of his own, follows these unauthorized assertions and conclusions.

It is a matter of surprise and regret, we might say of indignation, that a man of Mr. Bancroft's long and ripe experience, of his extensive and profound study, of his opportunities for research and access to historical documents, of his practical knowledge of statesmanship and diplomatic service, of his long observation of men and nations in their civil and religious history, should go back on his own history, sentiments, and convictions, and, at a time when in England and Germany, the countries with which he was most associated and most in sympathy, the current of public, official, and private opinion was reacting in favor of the Catholic Church, that he, having caught the infection of a temporary flurry of anti-Catholic sentiment, should give permanent form to it, and strive to make it monumental and historical, and while his friends and models on the other side of the Atlantic, imperial William and still more imperial Bismarck, are actually retracing their steps and journeying to Canossa, Mr. Bancroft remains at Geneva, worshipping at the Mecca of extreme Protestantism. His knowledge of politicians might have taught Mr. Bancroft that as political motives induced Bismarck to persecute Catholics in Germany, so also his policy would change with any political motive or interest, and he would even cringe to his late victims in order to secure a ministerial majority in the Prussian Parliament. Mr. Bancroft has seen this, and more, for he now beholds the Prussian Prince Imperial, who addressed a stern and haughty letter, upholding German persecution of Catholics, to Pope Pius IX., going to do homage at the Vatican to Pope Leo XIII. The persecution, offspring of a policy, has

now been, or is about to be, buried with the dead issue. As we cannot attribute Mr. Bancroft's altered attitude toward Lord Baltimore and the Catholics of Maryland to historical enlightenment, we have no other cause, we regret to say, to attribute it to than religious bigotry. At an advanced age, otherwise venerable, he has relapsed under the educational influences experienced in his youth in the Puritan colleges of New England and the Protestant universities of Germany. His history, under his personal revision, has degenerated into a panegyric of Protestantism. The Catholic mind feels offended at Mr. Bancroft's conduct. The present writer would experience some diffidence in speaking alone in the Catholic cause, and hence he feels great satisfaction in quoting, as an evidence that he does not misunderstand or misstate it, the following passages in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* for October, 1883, from the pen of his friend, Dr. John Gilmary Shea, one of the ripest scholars the American church has produced, a pupil, admirer, and friend of Mr. Bancroft, and one who, like the present writer, would far prefer to praise than to blame in the case before us:

"The history of the settlement of Maryland under the second Lord Baltimore is rewritten so as to belittle in every way the proprietary and those who under it planted that province with a liberality, a prudence, an administrative ability till that time unequalled in America. Every line shows the influence of a religious fanatic,* whose violence should prevent any sound historian from adopting his statements or his conclusions, for where Catholics are concerned he cannot possibly be civil or honest.

"Under the new theory of history Maryland ceases to have been a colony planted under Catholic influence or controlled at any time by Catholics; Clayborne becomes a hero and a patriot; the Protestants who in Virginia allowed no Catholic to land, the Puritans who proscribed Catholics and flogged, starved, and hung Quakers in New England, and imprisoned for life the one rash man who dared raise his voice in their behalf—these men, we are now assured, are the men who really deserve credit for Maryland toleration. Can a man believe it and not dishonor his common sense? If the Church-of-England man and the Puritan of that day became tolerant in Maryland when bigots, fanatics, and persecutors everywhere else, it could only be due to some Catholic influence in Maryland; their humanity in the actual presence of Catholics must have burst forth into life, nowhere else manifest at that day, for in England Catholic priests met death in those times from Episcopalian and Puritan alike. Puritans in Maryland put Catholic prisoners to death, when the field was won, as ruthlessly as Melendez did Huguenots in Florida; and Episcopalians established their church by law the moment they gained power, taxed Catholics doubly, and compelled them to support an Episco-

* The Rev. E. D. Neill, author of *Maryland not a Roman Catholic Colony*, is probably here referred to.

palian ministry and attend their churches under heavy penalties. The mildest of censure, however, is given to all this, and rhetoric lends its aid to hold up the persecutor as the champion of religious liberty."

Now, the argument of the Rev. E. D. Neill, and of Mr. Bancroft as inferred from his "Centenary Edition" and "the Author's Last Revision," may be stated substantially thus: The actual colony of Maryland in 1633 consisted of Leonard and George Calvert, brothers of Lord Cæcilius of Baltimore, about twenty other gentlemen, mostly Catholics, and their servants and laborers, consisting of two or three hundred persons more; the vast majority of these latter were Protestants, and constituted a numerical Protestant majority of the entire colony: therefore Maryland was not a Catholic but a Protestant colony.

A brief reference to uncontested facts will show the utter fallacy of this argument and the conclusion sought to be deduced from it. Conceding for the sake of the argument that a majority of the servants and laboring men bound to service were Protestants, and that the majority of this class constituted the majority of the entire number of persons who came over to Maryland in the *Ark* and *Dove* from England in 1633, it by no means follows that Maryland was not a Catholic colony, or that the policy and statute of religious liberty were due not to Catholic but to Protestant agencies. Reserving for later notice in this article the question as to what religion was professed by the bare numerical majority of persons in the colony, we now consider the subject from the standpoint of the above argument even.

The character historically of a colony is determined by the head and governing class in the colony. The religious character of the movement from its inception; the religion of the projector and founder of the colony, of the lord-proprietary and owner of the charter, the proprietor of all its lands; the religion of the governor and his councillors, of the leading officials, and of the heads of families; the religion of the political electors of members of the legislature; the religion of members themselves of the legislature; the religion of the law-making power, both executive and legislative—all these constitute the elements that must determine whether a colony is a Catholic or a Protestant colony. Now, it cannot be denied that all these elements, from the first inception of the projected colony by the Catholic proprietary, Lord George of Baltimore, down to and including that illustrious body, the Assembly of 1649, which enacted the celebrated Statute of Religious Liberty, were Catholic. A

family, for instance, where the head is a Catholic, where the father and mother and all the children and members proper of the family circle are Catholics, is to all intents and purposes a Catholic family, notwithstanding the fact that they employ altogether or to a great extent Protestant servants, even though the servants, as is generally the case, are more numerous than the members of the family circle. The servants may enjoy their rights of conscience and the privilege of worshipping God according to their preferences, but their sentiments otherwise are not recognized and have no influence whatever either in the internal government and management of the family nor in the public tone, influence, or recognition of the family. Such a case is analogous to the condition of the Maryland colony under Lord Baltimore and the twenty gentlemen accompanying his brother and lieutenant-governor to the banks of the St. Mary's. Not only was all the social, financial, landed, and educational influence and power concentrated in their hands, but so also was the entire political power of the community and state. No law could be enacted without the assent of the Catholic lord-proprietary; so that the executive, a co-ordinate branch of the law-making power, was exclusively Catholic. So also under the charter, and under the instructions of Lord Baltimore and the writs issued for calling together the Assembly, none but *freemen* were entitled either to vote or to attend or hold seats in the Assembly. The freemen, particularly in the earlier years of the colony, were few indeed, consisting at the time of landing only of the "twenty gentlemen of good fashion," as described by Lord Baltimore, and others amounting to ninety freemen in the whole colony; and, as General Johnson, in his *Foundation of Maryland*, says, "it is equally certain that a large majority of the freemen were Roman Catholics." The servants, or those held under indentures or contracts for domestic service or labor or mechanical work for terms of years in consideration of their transportation to the colony, were not freemen, and were utterly disfranchised and deprived of all voice in the government until the expiration of their respective terms of service. The freemen, or those entitled to participate in the General Assemblies, were almost entirely Catholics, and the servants were divided between Catholics and Protestants, and, for the sake of the present argument, are conceded to have been mostly Protestants. Hence the power, both social, financial, and political, rested entirely in the hands of the Catholics. General Johnson, in the same work above quoted, says at page 31: "Politically, socially,

and religiously it [the colony] was Roman Catholic"; and again: "The intellectual and moral and political control was Roman Catholic." Hence all the Assemblies held in the colony, from the first, held in 1635, until that of 1649 included, were composed of a majority of Catholics. The Assembly of 1650 was the first in which it is claimed and conceded that there was a majority of Protestants. The language of the charter is that the proprietary was empowered, "for the good and happy government of the province, to ordain, make, and enact laws, whether pertaining to the public state of the province or the private utility of individuals, by and with the advice, assent, and approbation of the freemen or the greater part of them, or of their delegates or deputies." It was not incumbent on the lord-proprietary to call the Assembly together or to enact laws, for he could have governed the colony by proclamation under and according to the common law of England, as was done to a considerable extent. Such was the general common-law and chartered power vested in the executive that, for purposes of preserving the peace and protecting the colony and the colonists in their common-law rights, the instructions of the lord-proprietary to his lieutenant-governor and the two commissioners united with him in the government of the colony were amply sufficient. Hence for nearly a year after the planting of the colony no other government than this was known or desired. The Statute of Religious Liberty was not enacted until 1649, sixteen years after the foundation of the colony. Yet during those sixteen years the most perfect religious liberty was enjoyed by the Protestant colonists and by the Protestant refugees from persecution suffered by them in the Protestant colony of Virginia and Puritan colonies of New England.

This brings us to the most important part of our inquiry. For it is in these facts that we find the origin and firm establishment of religious liberty in Maryland, which are due originally and exclusively to the instructions and proclamations of Lord Baltimore, promulgated and enforced in the colony by his brother and lieutenant-governor, Leonard Calvert, and the two commissioners united with the governor in the government of the colony. The first case we will relate occurred in the year 1638, eleven years before the Toleration Act. The trial, condemnation, and punishment of Captain William Lewis, a Catholic, and the agent of Captain Cornwallis, one of the commissioners, for using contumelious language against the Protestant religion and its ministers, and for interfering with the reading aloud

among themselves of Protestant books by some Protestant servants of Captain Cornwallis, form one among many ample proofs that religious liberty was guaranteed to Protestants during this period of sixteen years before the passage of the Act of Toleration, but are also conclusive proof that such was the law (so to say) of the colony, and that it was based upon a public proclamation issued by the governor, Leonard Calvert, under the instructions of Lord Baltimore. The court that tried and condemned Captain Lewis of this offence was composed of the governor, Leonard Calvert, Captain Cornwallis, commissioner, and Mr. Secretary Lewger, all Catholics. The following extract from the proceedings of the court clearly establishes the fact that toleration was established and protected in the colony under proclamation from the lord-proprietary and his lieutenant-governor:

"And Mr. Secretary found him [Captain Lewis] guilty of an offensive and indiscreet speech in calling the author of the booke an instrument of the divell; but acquitted him from that he was charged withall in the writing, that he used that speech touching Protestant ministers in generall. He likewise found him guilty of a very offensive speech in calling the Protestant ministers the ministers of the divell. He likewise found him to have exceeded, in forbidding them to reade a booke otherwise allowed and lawful to be read by the State of England; but he acquitted him of the accusation that he forbad his servants to have or use Protestant books in his house. And because these his offensive speeches and other his unseasonable disputations in point of religion tended to the disturbance of the publique peace and quiett of the colony, and were committed by him against a *publique proclamation sett forth to prohibite all such disputes;* therefore, he fined him 500 weight of tobacco to the Lord of the Province, and to remaine in the Sheriff's custodie untill he found sufficient sureties for his good behaviour in those kinds in times to come."*

The second case we will cite of a public accusation, trial, and punishment for an infringement upon religious liberty was that of Dr. Thomas Gerard, a Catholic, one of the most prominent and influential men in the colony, son of Sir Thomas Gerard, of England, who is said to have been the first English Catholic (even prior to Lord Baltimore) who conceived the idea of planting a Catholic colony in America as an asylum for English Catholics, and who had held offices of the highest trust and power in the colony. This case occurred in 1642, seven years before the passage of the Toleration Act. The Protestants of the colony were inconsiderable either in numbers or in zeal for

* *Papers relating to the Early History of Maryland.* By Sebastian F. Streeter. Md. Hist. Soc. Fund Publication No. 9. Baltimore, 1875. Pp. 216.

their faith, so that it was not until some time after the year 1649, or over sixteen years after the foundation of the colony, when they had a minister of their own. But provision was made for a chapel for their use, and services were no doubt therein performed by the lay members. The very title to the land on which the Protestant chapel was built was held by a Catholic gentleman—a fact which is cited to prove that there was no member of the colony of any consideration except Catholics. Dr. Gerard was accused to the council by the Protestants of "taking away the key of the chapel and carrying away the books out of the chapel." Although this act of an ardent Catholic is attributed to a zeal for suppressing this movement of the Protestants to form a congregation and maintain a chapel, yet it seems also to have been based upon some claim to the property, although it turned out upon investigation that the ostensible title was vested in another Catholic colonist. The House gave a hearing to the accusation and to the defence, and Dr. Gerard was found guilty and sentenced "to return the Books and to relinquish all title to them or to the house, and pay a fine of 500 lbs. of Tobacco towards the maintenance of the first minister as should arrive."

In further proof of the fact that for sixteen years before the passage of the Toleration Act religious liberty had been proclaimed as the law of the land by the direction of Lord Baltimore, and had been protected therein, we cite the declaration of the Protestants themselves, in which they acknowledge in 1650, solemnly over their signatures, that they were indebted to the lord-proprietary for the enjoyment of this privilege. Lord Baltimore, after the death of his brother, Leonard Calvert, had appointed William Stone, a Protestant, his lieutenant-governor, who remained such at the time referred to—three Protestant members of the council; and at this time also, under the tolerant policy and laws of Lord Baltimore, a majority of the Assembly were Protestants. They united in a public declaration, dated April 17, 1650, from which we quote the following passage:

"We the sayd lieutenant, council, burgesses, and other Protestant inhabitants above mentioned, whose names are hereunto subscribed, doe declare and certifie to all persons whom it may concern, That according to an act of assembly heer, *and several strict injunctions and declarations by his sayd lordship for that purpose made and provided*, we doe heere enjoy all fitting and convenient freedome and liberty in the exercise of our religion and that none of us are any ways troubled or molested, for or by reason thereof, within his lordship's sayd province."

Upon the subject of this *declaration*, which bears the signa-

tures of fifty-five leading Protestant officials and colonists, Mr. Scharf, the latest historian of Maryland, and a Protestant, says: "This declaration proves that the religious toleration they enjoyed was not due alone to the act of 1649, but to the uniform policy of Lord Baltimore and his government." This document is also valuable as a declaration from the most authentic Protestant source that the political power in the colony had been held in Catholic hands.

In further proof of this fact, if proof be needed, it may be mentioned that Lord Baltimore was the absolute proprietor of the province, and, subject to the Indian title, which he honestly and honorably acquired, was the absolute owner of every inch of land in the colony. He was also empowered by the charter to create courts of law and appoint the judges. The common law of England was the law of the province, and this he could have administered through his lieutenant, the council, and the courts, and did so administer the same, without the Assembly or legislature; and if we may judge from the subsequent experience of Maryland, and of our own experience at the present and for some time past, such administration without the aid of legislatures and congresses is more advantageous for the commonwealth.

But Lord Baltimore's proprietary rights and his ownership of the entire landed estate enabled him absolutely to control the whole destiny of the province. He could have withheld his sales and grants of land from all except Catholics, and thus have secured a solid Catholic colony, and neither the Episcopalians nor members of any other sect could have obtained a standing or a foothold therein. No church or chapel except Catholic churches or chapels could have existed in the province except by his consent, for not a foot of land could have been secured except by his consent. We have already seen that his government required even a private citizen who was a Catholic to relinquish title to the Protestant chapel and pay a fine of five hundred pounds of tobacco towards the minister when one should come. Lord Baltimore, on the contrary, threw open his colony as a refuge for all, and men of every faith flocked in, refugees from persecution in England, Virginia, and New England; and had they felt and manifested the same noble virtue of gratitude displayed by the Maryland Protestants of 1650 the later history of Maryland would have reflected more credit upon their memories.

The fact that religious toleration was introduced into Maryland under proclamation from the lord-proprietary is frequently

referred to in official documents and in the histories of Maryland. General Johnson, in *The Foundation of Maryland*, referring to the Conditions of Plantation of 1636, writes: "He," Lord Baltimore, "had, in some proclamation or public declaration, before then published as inducements for colonists that they would be granted liberal donations of lands and *be secured in the enjoyment of their religion;* for the first clause of these conditions (1636) refers to his former promises, and declares that by this latter document he provides for fulfilling them." In 1751 the policy of requiring Catholics to pay on their lands double the amount of taxes exacted from Protestants led to a spirited controversy between the upper and the lower houses of the legislature. In one of the documents addressed by the upper house to the lower house the following passages occur:

"After the charter was thus granted to Lord Baltimore, who was then a Roman Catholic, *his lordship emitted his proclamation* to encourage the settlement of his province, *promising therein, among other things, liberty of conscience,* and *an equal exercise of religion to every denomination of Christians* who would transport themselves and reside in the province, and that he would procure a law to be passed for that purpose afterwards." . . . "The grant to Lord Baltimore, who was a papist, his lordship's promises and declarations, the confirmations of them by acts of Assembly, and the oaths we have recited, we hope will amply justify our assertion that the Roman Catholics were promised and allowed an asylum here."

Mr. Scharf, the most recent Protestant historian of Maryland, says:

"As we have already shown, the evidence leads to the conclusion that the colony, though containing many non-Catholics, was a Roman Catholic settlement originally, and so continued until 1649, when the great Toleration Act was passed. *But this act introduced no new principle nor polity into the government of the colony: it was but the legislative sanction and declaration of a principle and policy practised from the beginning.* And these facts, that Maryland thus took the lead in religious freedom, and was the first community in modern times in which the civil was effectually separated from the ecclesiastical power, not only do high honor to its founders but are of deep importance to the history of the world."

Mr. Bancroft himself, in this "the Author's Last Revision," vol. i. p. 162, though he omits all reference to the proclamation of religious liberty by or under the direction of Lord Cæcilius of Baltimore, which he must have found frequently referred to in his researches, expressly acknowledges that religious toleration in Maryland had its origin *through the benignity of the administration.* He says:

"Toleration grew up in the province silently, as a custom of the land.

Through the benignity of the administration no person professing to believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ was permitted to be molested on account of religion. Roman Catholics, who were oppressed by the laws of England, were sure to find an asylum on the north bank of the Potomac; and there, too, Protestants were sheltered against Protestant intolerance."

With such an admission how is it consistent, how is it just, in Mr. Bancroft to change his account of the foundation of Maryland, as written in fifteen editions, to the meagre, insinuating, and incriminating account given of the same events in his "Centenary Edition" of 1876 and in "the author's Last Revision"? Is it just to attribute mercenary motives to a Catholic who, holding power in his own hands in an age of persecution, gave Protestants an asylum from Protestant intolerance?

The following passage from a small brochure by the Rev. E. D. Neill, *Maryland not a Roman Catholic Colony*, must have formed the only basis of Mr. Bancroft's alterations of his history of the foundation of Maryland, though utterly unsustained by authority, and though the means of refuting its gratuitous assertions were within the easy reach of Mr. Bancroft. After citing Lord Baltimore's letter to Wentworth, stating that the colony consisted of two of his brothers, very near twenty gentlemen, and three hundred laboring men, the Rev. Neill writes: "These laboring men were mostly Protestants, as they took the oath of supreme allegiance before sailing; and of the twelve who died on the voyage ten were Protestants. Thomas Cornwallis and Jerome Hawley, who went out as councillors of the colony, were adherents of the Church of England."

Now, in order to test the accuracy of the first point made in this passage, that the laboring men were mostly Protestants because they took the oath of supreme allegiance, let us examine, firstly, How many laboring men were on board, and how many took the oath? Secondly, Was the oath one of *supreme* allegiance, involving allegiance to the king of England, both in temporal and *spiritual* affairs? Thirdly, Was the oath such as Catholics could not take, and does it follow that all who took the oath were Protestants? Fourthly, What were the facts connected with the twelve deaths on board, of which ten were of Protestants? Fifthly, Were the two councillors, Cornwallis and Hawley, Protestants or Catholics?

Now, in regard to the first of these inquiries, the number of laboring men on board was *three hundred*, as stated by Lord Baltimore himself, than whom no one on earth could have been better informed on the subject. In his letter to Wentworth,

dated January 10, 1633—quoted by the Rev. Neill himself in his *Terra Mariæ*, p. 60, and found also in *Stafford's Despatches and Letters*, vol. i.—Lord Baltimore states:

"I have, by the help of some of your lordship's good friends and mine, overcome these difficulties and sent a hopeful colony into Maryland, with a fair and favorable expectation of good success; however, without any danger of any great prejudice unto myself in respect that many others are joined with me in the adventure. There are two of my brothers gone, with very near twenty other gentlemen of very good fashion and *three hundred laboring men* well provided in all things."

Now, how many of these took the oath? It is related by the Rev. Neill himself and by historians—for he is none such—that a considerable number of the men were on shore and were boarded among the inhabitants there under contract by Mr. Gabriel Hawley. The rest of the men were on the ships. The number that took the oath are reported by Edward Hawkins, "the London searcher"—the very official who went on board and administered the oath—in his report to the Privy Council. He reports the number as one hundred and twenty-eight. His official report is as follows:

"According to your lordship's order of the 25th day of this instant month of October, I have been at Tillbury Hope, where I found a ship and pinnace belonging to the Right Honorable Cecil Lord Baltimore, where I offered the oath of allegiance to all and every the persons aboard, to the number of about one hundred and twenty-eight, who took the same; and inquiring of the master of the ship whether any more persons were to go the said voyage, he answered that some few others were shipped who had forsaken the ship and given over the voyage by reason of the stay of said ships."

The oath was administered on the 25th of October, 1632, and in the following January, 1633, Lord Baltimore wrote to Wentworth that he had sent out his two brothers, twenty gentlemen, and three hundred laboring men.

It thus appears that only one hundred and twenty-eight took the oath out of three hundred, thus leaving one hundred and sixty-two who did not take the oath. It is evident that the answer of the ship's master, that there were only a few others, and these had abandoned the voyage, was deceptive. For it is recorded by all historians that the others were kept together on shore, awaiting the sailing of the vessels, it not being convenient to keep so many men on shipboard during these delays, and that they, together with the Jesuit fathers who accompanied the colony out from England, came on board afterwards at the Isle

of Wight. The Rev. Neill himself makes this statement at page 89 of his *Terra Mariæ:* "After the oath was taken the vessels proceeded to the Isle of Wight, when Father White and others who had not taken the oath had an opportunity to come on board." This disposes effectually of the statement that a majority on board took the oath, unless we admit that one hundred and twenty-eight are a majority of three hundred. Using the same method of argument adopted by the Rev. Neill, we are justified in concluding that a majority—viz., one hundred and sixty-two out of three hundred—of the laboring men were Catholics.

The second and third inquiries are as to the character of the oath taken by the colonists: Was it an oath of supremacy as well as of allegiance, and could Catholics take the oath then and there administered?

The oath of allegiance was freely taken by the Catholics of England; the oath of supremacy, by which the king or queen of England was recognized as the spiritual sovereign also, or head of the church on earth, they refused to take, and suffered pains and penalties, confiscation and imprisonment, banishment and death, rather than take it. Lord Baltimore, when he went to Virginia on a visit before planting his colony, had both oaths presented to him: he offered to take the oath of political allegiance to his king, for there was nothing in his religion to prevent a Catholic from taking the oath of temporal allegiance to a Protestant sovereign; but the oath of spiritual supremacy he refused to take, because, according to the Catholic faith, this is due alone to Christ, the head of the church in heaven, and to his Vicar, the Sovereign Pontiff and successor of St. Peter. The Rev. Neill misrepresents this part of the history of the Maryland colony. The oath of spiritual supremacy was not administered to or taken by any of the Maryland colonists before sailing, either Catholics or Protestants. The oath administered to the one hundred and twenty-eight colonists on board the *Ark* and *Dove* was the oath of political allegiance only, which had been taken by Catholics before that time and since—the same oath in substance that has been taken, with the permission of the church, by the Catholics of France, England, and Ireland down to recent times. It is true the oath contained clauses disclaiming all right in the pope to political power in England, or power to absolve British subjects from their political allegiance, or power to depose or murder the king of England, or power to absolve British subjects from their oath of allegiance to the sovereign of England; but as

none of these doctrines are or have ever been taught by the Catholic Church, there was nothing in any of these declarations, though couched in distasteful language, that Catholics could not submit to or accept.

To a better understanding of the subject we will here transcribe the oath administered to the Maryland colonists on board the *Ark* and *Dove* by the London searcher, to the number of one hundred and twenty-eight, on October 25, 1632, before the sailing of the ships; and this oath is published in his book by the Rev. Neill himself, so that he was not ignorant of its character:

"I do truly and sincerely acknowledge, profess, testify, and declare in my conscience, before God and the world:

"That our Sovereign Lord, King Charles, is lawful and rightful King of this realm, and of all other his Majesty's dominions and countries, and that the Pope neither of himself, nor by any authority of the church, or See of Rome, or by any other means with any other, hath any power or authority to depose the King, or to dispose of any of his Majesty's Kingdoms or dominions; or to authorize any foreign Prince to invade or annoy him or his countries; or to discharge any of his subjects of their allegiance and obedience to his Majesty; or to give licence or leave to any of them to bear arms, raise tumults, or to offer any violence or hurt to his Majesty's royal person, state, or government, or to any of his Majesty's subjects within his Majesty's dominions.

"And I do swear from my heart, that notwithstanding any declaration or sentence of excommunication or deprivation, made or granted by the Pope or his successors, or by any authority derived, or pretended to be derived, from him, or his See, against the said King, his heirs or successors, or any absolution of the said subjects from their obedience, I will bear faith and true allegiance to his Majesty, his heirs and successors, and him and them will defend to the uttermost of my power against all conspiracies and attempts whatsoever which shall be made against his or their persons, their crown and dignity, by reason or color of any such sentence or declaration, or otherwise; and will do my best endeavor to disclose and make known unto his Majesty, his heirs and successors, all treasons, or traitorous conspiracies, which I shall know or hear of to be against him or any of them.

"And I do further swear, that I do from my heart abhor, detest, and abjure, as impious and heretical, this damnable doctrine and position: that Princes which be excommunicated or deprived by the Pope may be deposed or murthured by their subjects, or any other whatsoever.

"And I do believe, and in conscience am resolved, that neither the Pope, nor any person whatsoever, hath power to absolve me of this oath, or any part thereof, which I acknowledge by good and full authority to be lawfully ministered unto me, and do renounce all pardons and dispensations to the contrary. And all these things I do plainly and sincerely acknowledge and swear, according to these express words by me spoke, and according to the plain and common sense and understanding of the

same words, without any equivocation or mental evasion, or secret reservation whatsoever. And I do make this recognition and acknowledgement heartily, willingly, and truly upon the true faith of a Christian.

"So help me God."

That the popes of the middle ages exercised a certain authority over princes; that they constituted the tribunal of peace or court of arbitration among princes, exercised the power of excommunicating them (which is purely a spiritual power and is exercised now by all churches over its members), and even of deposing them, is true. But these quasi-political powers exercised by the popes grew out of no dogmatic definitions of faith either by the popes or councils of the church; they grew out of the political condition of Europe at those times, out of the relations which Catholic countries and sovereigns, by their own consent and by the common interests and conventions of the nations, bore to each other and to the popes. There was a recognized common law of Christendom upon which these powers were founded. The circumstances, social, political, international, and economic, which gave rise to the exercise of these prerogatives have long since passed away, and with them all claim or pretensions to their possession or exercise. As the history of the middle ages proves that Christian sovereigns regulated their relations with each other and with their subjects through the arbitration of the popes, whom they thus constituted, as it were, the chief-justices of Christendom, and that this power was exercised in the interests of humanity, of justice and liberty, so also the history of modern times, say for the last three hundred years, shows that this commonwealth or family of Christian nations has been disintegrated and the exercise of such political influence by the popes has been utterly discontinued. Archbishop Francis P. Kenrick, of Baltimore, in his learned and profound work on *The Primacy of the Apostolic See*, disclaims all pretensions on the part of the Sovereign Pontiffs at the present time to the exercise of these powers; showing that as the reasons for their exercise have passed away, so also has the right itself passed away. This is in accord with an ancient maxim of the English common law, which is still recognized as good law, that when the reason which gave rise to any part of the common law ceased to exist the law also ceased to apply—*cessante ratione, cessat quoque lex.* The archbishop also shows that no solemn definitions of the popes or of the church ever claimed that these powers were vested in the Sovereign Pontiffs.

Several prominent instances in modern times have occurred

in which the doctrines contained in the oath administered to the Maryland colonists have been affirmed.

The French clergy in 1682, fifty years after the administration of the oath cited above to the Maryland colonists, in the reign of Louis XIV. united in a *Declaration* which contained substantially the same disclaimers as were contained in the said oath. This remarkable document was approved and signed by the entire French hierarchy, with the illustrious Bossuet at their head. It sets forth—

"That St. Peter and his successors, vicars of Jesus Christ, or even the entire church, have not received from God any power except in spiritual matters and those which regard our salvation, and not in temporal or civil concerns; Jesus Christ himself declaring that his kingdom is not of this world. . . . Therefore we declare that kings and sovereigns are not subject to any ecclesiastical power by the order of God in temporal affairs; that they cannot be deposed, either directly or indirectly, by the authority of the keys of the church; that their subjects cannot be dispensed from the submission or obedience which they owe them, nor absolved from the oath of allegiance; and that this doctrine, which is necessary to public tranquillity and no less advantageous to the church than to the state, ought to be inviolably followed, as conformable to the word of God, to the traditions of the holy Fathers, and to the examples of the saints."

This celebrated *Declaration* of the French hierarchy, although, in the precise language used, regarded as objectionable to Catholic ears, has been pronounced by the Holy See to contain no proposition deserving theological censure. Bossuet, who wrote an eloquent defence of its principles (which he always maintained), is justly regarded as one of the greatest prelates that the church has produced. The doctrine which it annunciates regarding the political independence of princes, their immunity from deposition by spiritual authority, and the inviolability of the oath of allegiance, which could not be dissolved or dispensed by the church or popes, was held by the most learned and esteemed theologians of France, Germany, and Spain. It was authentically approved in 1789 by a joint declaration subscribed by the great Catholic universities of Paris, Douay, Louvain, Salamanca, and Alcala.

In 1826 the same questions, substantially, were raised in the No-Popery agitation against Catholics in England. In order to meet the false accusations brought against the loyalty of Catholics—charges which had met with their best refutation in the unswerving and acknowledged loyalty of Catholics in the persecuting reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth—the whole English

hierarchy united in and published a *Declaration of the Catholic Bishops, the Vicars-Apostolic, and their Coadjutors, in Great Britain,* from which we make the following extracts:

"No power in any pope or council, or in any individual or body of men invested with authority in the Catholic Church, can make it lawful for a Catholic to confirm any falsehood with an oath, or dispense with any oath by which a Catholic has confirmed his duty of allegiance to his sovereign, or any obligation of duty or justice to a third person. He who takes an oath is bound to observe it, in the obvious meaning of the words or in the known meaning of the person to whom it is sworn.

"The allegiance which Catholics hold to be due and are bound to pay to their sovereign and to the civil power of the state is perfect and undivided. They do not divide their allegiance between their sovereign and any other power on earth, whether temporal or ecclesiastical. They acknowledge in the sovereign, and in the constituted government of these realms, a supreme civil and temporal authority, which is entirely distinct from, and totally independent of, the spiritual and ecclesiastical authority of the pope and of the Catholic Church. They declare that neither the pope nor any other prelate or ecclesiastical person of the Roman Catholic Church has, in virtue of his spiritual or ecclesiastical character, any right directly to any civil or temporal jurisdiction, power, superiority, pre-eminence, or authority within this realm; nor has any right to interfere, directly or indirectly, in the civil government of the United Kingdom or any part thereof; nor to oppose, in any manner, the performance of the civil duties which are due to his majesty, his heirs and successors, from any or all of his majesty's subjects; nor to enforce the performance of any *spiritual* or *ecclesiastical* duty by any civil or temporal means. They hold themselves bound in conscience to obey the civil government of this realm in all things of a temporal and civil nature, notwithstanding any dispensation or order to the contrary had, or to be had, from the pope or any authority of the Church of Rome.

"Hence we declare that by rendering obedience in *spiritual matters* to the pope Catholics do not withhold any portion of their allegiance to their king, and that their allegiance is entire and undivided; the *civil* power of the state and the spiritual authority of the Catholic Church being absolutely distinct, and being never intended by their divine Author to interfere or clash with each other."

At the same time with the above *Declaration* was issued and published *An Address from the British Roman Catholics to their Fellow-Countrymen,* uniting with the disclaimer of the bishops, and from which we take only one passage, as follows:

"To our sense of the sacred obligation of an oath (1) we daily sacrifice every object of ordinary ambition; is it in human nature that we can become perjured men in this solitary instance? We are accused of idolatry—we disclaim the imputation (2); of not keeping faith with heretics—we disclaim the imputation (3); of dividing the allegiance which is due to the king—we disclaim the imputation (4); of acknowledging in the pope a

deposing power—we disclaim the imputation (5); of believing that a priest can absolve from sin at his will and pleasure—we disclaim the imputation (6). Each and all of these opinions we most solemnly and unequivocally disclaim."

This address is signed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of England, and by seventy-one other noblemen and leading Catholic laymen of Great Britain, in behalf of the entire Catholic population of the kingdom. Other cases could be cited in which similar declarations were made by similar authority, affirming the same principles. But we think we have shown there was nothing in the oath administered to one hundred and twenty-eight of the Maryland colonists to show that even they were Protestants. On the contrary, the fact that such an oath was administered on board the *Ark* and *Dove*—an oath presented only to Catholics, on account of the unjust suspicions entertained of their loyalty—is rather an argument in favor of the parties sworn thereon being Catholics. It is asserted by historians generally that the colonists were suspected or regarded as being Catholics and of having conscientious scruples against taking the oath of allegiance. And the immediate occasion of arresting the voyage out and of administering the oath to the colonists was this suspicion, and another kindred suspicion entertained and expressed in regard to them—that they were taking out nuns on board the ships and were going to Spain in connection with some hostile movement against the Protestant state or interest in England. It seems hardly credible that such suspicions could have been entertained or such measures taken in regard to a colony composed of a majority of Protestants. The Protestant authorities of England seemed to consider the entire colony as Catholic.

All Catholics will unhesitatingly affirm that a belief in the power of the popes to depose sovereigns is not and never has been an article of their faith. Any such tenet has never been promulgated by any Sovereign Pontiff or defined by any œcumenical council. It has never been taught in any Catholic catechism or in any approved exposition of Catholic doctrine. Some scholastic theologians have, indeed, maintained that a temporal supremacy was conjoined by Christ with the spiritual supremacy conferred by him on his Vicar on earth. But this opinion has never been received with any degree of general favor. It has never obtained general acceptance. It has never been regarded as anything more than a mere scholastic opinion, a dubious thing canvassed and debated with the utmost liberty of the schools. If adopted by some learned divines, it has been,

on the other hand, contested most strenuously and rejected by the vast majority of Catholic theologians. It is not necessary to espouse that theory in order to justify the acts or course of policy adopted by many popes in the middle ages in relation to the government of Christian states. The prerogative which they claimed and exercised of discrowning princes, depriving them of their kingdoms, and releasing subjects from their allegiance, was derived, not from a theological opinion, but from a *principle of mediæval jurisprudence* which was universally recognized by kings and people in the ages of faith. The popes, as the spiritual fathers and supreme pastors of all Christian nations, were acknowledged and appealed to as the arbiters and judges in all disputes which arose between the rulers and the governed. Their decisions were regarded as final and irreversible, and when they declared any king or other temporal potentate had, by cruelty, despotism, or gross injustice, violated the compact with his people by which he had solemnly pledged himself at his coronation, then the law of nations declared that the ruler thus condemned had *ipso facto* forfeited all right to the sovereign power and position which he had abused, and that his people were released from all obligation of fealty and obedience to him. The changed conditions of things in this regard since the divisions of Christendom introduced by Henry VIII., Luther, Calvin, and their followers has caused this prerogative to go into desuetude, and the means of protecting the people of Europe from despotism are gone. Europe is one vast armed encampment, and standing armies of enormous size preserve a grim peace which is liable at any moment to be interrupted by the most sanguinary wars; and philosophers and philanthropists are striving to substitute for the spiritual arbitrament of the popes, which was exercised in favor of justice, peace, and popular rights, such measures as *peace congresses* and *international codes*. But without effect. The Pope is a prisoner in the Vatican, and the people and the church are encompassed by a vast military despotism. Archbishop F. P. Kenrick, in *The Primacy of the Apostolic See*, thus disposes of the subject:

"The deposing power continued for a long time to be a subject of bitter controversy, the English government requiring the abjuration of the opinion in terms that condemned it as impious and heretical, and Rome being slow to sanction any formulary that implied censure on the acts of holy pontiffs, or even to relinquish a power which she had once effectually wielded for the interests of humanity and religion. Louis XIV. induced the French clergy in the Assembly of 1682 to deny it formally, at a time

when there was a disposition on the part of the pope to exercise it. At length the excitement of controversy passed away. The oath, abjuring the opinion, without any offensive censure, was generally taken by the Catholics of the British Empire without blame from the Holy See; the opinion was disclaimed by many Catholic universities, and Pius VI., through Cardinal Antonelli, prefect of the Propaganda, answering the Irish bishops, made the following important declaration: 'The See of Rome never taught that faith is not to be kept with the heterodox; that an oath to kings separated from the Catholic communion can be violated; that it is lawful for the Bishop of Rome to invade their temporal rights and dominions. We, too, consider an attempt or design against the lives of kings and princes, even under the pretext of religion, as a horrid and detestable crime.'"

The next argument used to show that a majority of those on board the *Ark* and *Dove* were Protestants is that whereas twelve persons died on the voyage and ten of these were Protestants, therefore the majority of the whole were Protestants. This is not a sound argument. It is not usual to compute the average of mortality among men by taking the statistics of deaths on voyages at sea. The conditions of people at sea are too exceptional to justify such a method. The statistics of life and death can be and are only taken from among men living on land, and in their homes, and in ordinary life, in order to establish the usual results therefrom. But there were peculiar circumstances attending the twelve deaths on the ships. Father White relates the circumstance thus:

"If you except the usual sea-sickness, no one was attacked by any disease until the festival of the Nativity of our Lord. In order that that day might be better kept, wine was given out; and those who drank of it too freely were seized the next day with a fever; and of these, not long afterwards, about twelve died, among whom were two Catholics. The loss of Nicholas Fairfax and James Barefote was deeply felt among us."

Now, it must be borne in mind that the twelve deaths were caused by excessive abuse of wine on Christmas day, and only two of the twelve who died of this cause were Catholics. The proper inference is that the Catholics, who were accompanied on the voyage by their pastors, and who were men of pronounced religious sentiments and were in the daily observance of religious worship, were from religious principle more temperate, were more restrained by the presence of their pastors on board, and had also then, as they have now, more respect for the religious character of Christmas day. The Protestants, on the other hand, were from the lower social class, felt no responsibility for the character of the expedition, were not restrained

by any of the influences of religion arising from the presence of their pastors or the constant observances of religious devotions and prayer. Their accommodations, too, on the ships were less comfortable, and no doubt less conducive to health; their circumstances and means made wine a rarer luxury, in which they were more apt to indulge to excess when obtained, and they were less restrained by higher social influences and culture. If the argument is worth anything it should be logically carried out, and made to read that as only two out of twelve of the persons who died on the voyage were Catholics—one-sixth—therefore the Catholics on board the ship constituted only one-sixth of the whole colony, and therefore there were only fifty-six Catholics and two hundred and sixty-eight Protestants. Such a method of argument would prove too much. It would be just as logical to say that whereas one-sixth of those who died on the voyage from excess in drinking wine were Catholics and five-sixths Protestants, therefore Protestants are five times more intemperate than Catholics.

The next question raised in reference to the Rev. E. D. Neill's assertions is that he claims that the commissioners, Jerome Hawley and Thomas Cornwallis, appointed by Lord Baltimore to accompany his brother, Governor Leonard Calvert, and to participate with him in the government of the colony, were Protestants. No authority whatever is given for this assertion. The only support he gives to his assertion is the allegation that they each had several Protestant relatives. This is no proof that they were Protestants, for several other well-known persons connected with the colony had Protestant relatives, and it is also well known that they also, Messrs. Hawley and Cornwallis, were related to and allied with prominent Catholic individuals and of that day. It is also to be mentioned that these commissioners were among the twenty gentlemen of the colony, and these have been uniformly described by contemporaneous and subsequent writers as Catholics. It is also not supposable that Lord Baltimore, in organizing a Catholic colony, intending it, too, as a refuge for Catholics, and sending with them his instructions for the establishment of liberty of conscience, would have selected two Protestants as the councillors and associates of the Catholic governor in carrying these measures into effect, especially in the very infancy of the colony. As the Rev. Neill gives no authority for his assertion, it may well be regarded as refuted by the general improbability of the fact, and the probability that only Catholics would have been selected in the in-

fancy of the colony for these offices. If two such prominent men—two only among twenty, all the others being Catholics—had been Protestants, the fact would have certainly been mentioned in the narratives and histories of the day. But no such facts appear. But there are certain historical facts tending strongly to prove that they were both Catholics, and in a doubtful case these facts completely turn the scale.

These two gentlemen were among the foremost colonists in carrying the cross and planting it on the landing of the colony, Governor Leonard Calvert and Messrs. Hawley and Cornwallis having been the first three persons who took the cross and carried it to its place of elevation. They two united in reciting with the Catholic governor and with the Jesuit chaplains of the colony the Litany of the Holy Cross. Father White, in his *Relatio Itineris in Marylandiam*, mentions this fact, and in such a manner as to amount almost to a positive statement that these assistants and associates of the governor in the planting of the colony were Catholics:

"After we had completed the sacrifice [of the Mass] we took upon our shoulders a great cross, which we had hewn out of a tree, and advancing in order to the appointed place, with the assistance of the governor and *his associates* and *the other Catholics*, we erected a trophy to Christ the Saviour, *humbly reciting on our bended knees the Litanies of the Sacred Cross with great emotion.*"

We find also in *A Relation of the Successful Beginnings of the Lord Baltimore's Plantation in Maryland*, etc., *Anno Domini* 1634 (Shea's *Early Southern Tracts*, No. 1) the following account of the same event:

"Here we went to a place where a large tree was made into a Crosse; and taking it on our Shoulders, wee carried it to the place appointed for it, *the Governour and Commissioners putting their hands first unto it*, and then the rest of the chiefest adventurers. At the place prepared wee all *kneeled down and said certain prayers;* taking possession of the country for our Saviour, and for our sovereigne Lord the King of England."

A preface to the *Relation* states that it is probable that the pamphlet was prepared by Cæcilius Calvert, second Lord Baltimore, from letters of his brothers Leonard and George, and that it is also probable the very language is that of these Catholic members and leaders in the expedition who took part in the ceremonies referred to. It is also related by Streeter, at page 109 of *Papers relating to the Early History of Maryland*, that Mr. Hawley took part in the "*religious ceremonies*" in taking possession of the ground selected as the site of the first settlement, and christen-

ing it by the name of St. Mary's. The Rev. Neill himself relates that Mr. Hawley in England was "one of the gentlemen sewers of Queen Henrietta Maria" (*Terra Mariæ*, page 61); and it is well known that the queen, being a Catholic, was surrounded in her personal arrangements almost, if not entirely, by Catholics. It is also related by the same writer, who seems by his unfounded assertions to have led Mr. Bancroft astray, that in an investigation in 1635, before the Privy Council of England, Mr. Hawley was accused of having said in the midst of Mass in Maryland that "he was come to plant in Maryland the Romish religion." Such an accusation as this could not have been made by the Privy Council against any but a Catholic. Davis' *Day Star* and Streeter's *Papers*—both Protestant writers—claim Captain Cornwallis as a Catholic. Davis says that Cornwallis breathed the same spirit with Father Copley, the Jesuit, of Leonard Calvert, the Catholic governor, and of Cuthbert Fenwick, "a sincere believer in the faith of the old Latin church." He was also the special patron and friend of Mr. Fenwick, and his general agent and overseer of his business and property was that same Mr. Lewis who was tried and convicted and punished for interfering with the religious sentiments of some of Captain Cornwallis' Protestant servants, as we have seen in this article. Cornwallis himself was one of the court that tried Mr. Lewis, and it is alleged as an evidence of his impartiality and high-minded justice that he, a Catholic, condemned a fellow-Catholic for his zeal in behalf of their common faith. It is further alleged, in proof of the claim that Cornwallis was a Catholic, that his landed estates in Maryland bore distinctively Catholic names bestowed by himself. His own homestead was named in honor of the Holy Cross, and was called "The Cross" and otherwise "Cornwallis' Cross." Among other estates of his named with Catholic names may be mentioned "St. Elizabeth," "West St. Mary's Manor," and others. Streeter expressly claims him as a Catholic, mentioning that he was the son of Sir Thomas Cornwallis, one of the Catholic noblemen frequenting the throne of King James and receiving employment there; and this writer gives as his reason for asserting that Captain Thomas Cornwallis, the Maryland commissioner, was son of Sir Thomas Cornwallis of the establishment of the Catholic queen of England, was the identity of their names and their religion, both being Catholics.

Not only does Father White intimate in his *Relatio* that only the Catholics united in the recital of the Litany of the Holy Cross, but it may be confidently asserted that all who joined in reciting the Litany of the Holy Cross on their bended knees and

with emotion on that memorable occasion were Catholics; and that no Protestant, with the views entertained by the Protestants of England at that time, and even now, could have performed that devotion. Upon the strength of this argument we assert that all the leading men of the colony of Maryland in 1633, including the two commissioners Hawley and Cornwallis, were Catholics, as well as a large number, if not a majority, of the servants and laboring men. What is the Litany of the Holy Cross, and in what language is it couched?

It is well known that there prevails in the Catholic Church a religious service which is called the Adoration of the Cross. It is equally well known that this devotion is regarded and pronounced by Protestants as idolatrous and superstitious. The following passage from Archbishop Gibbons' *The Faith of our Fathers* clearly states the difference between Catholics and Protestants on this subject:

"In the Book of Exodus we read: 'Thou shalt not make to thyself a graven thing, nor the likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, nor of those things that are in the waters under the earth. Thou shalt not adore them, nor serve them.' Protestants contend that these words contain an absolute prohibition against the making of images, while the Catholic Church insists that the commandment referred to merely prohibits us from worshipping them as gods" (page 194).

It is equally well known that Protestants, at their secession from the Catholic Church, revived the demolition of sacred images, statues, and paintings in the churches which they obtained possession of—of which the Iconoclasts of the eighth century had set them the example—and that to this day the churches of Protestants are distinguished from those of Catholics by the absence of such religious emblems.

With such sentiments, how was it possible for Protestants at the foundation of the Catholic colony of Maryland in 1633, when religious controversy and rancor were at a high point, to kneel before a cross and recite the Litany of the Holy Cross? How could they on their knees say, with emotion, *Holy Cross, whereon the Lamb of God was offered for the sins of the world, deliver and save us?*

Help of Christians,	*Save us, O Holy Cross!*	Staff of the lame,	*Save us, O Holy Cross!*
Pledge of the resurrection from the dead,		Consolation of the poor,	
Shelter of persecuted innocence,		Refuge of sinners,	
Guide of the blind,		Trophy of victory over hell,	
Way of those who have gone astray,		Terror of demons,	
		Mistress of youth,	
		Succor of the distressed,	
		Hope of the hopeless,	

Star of the mariner,
Harbor of the wrecked,
Rampart of the besieged,
Father of orphans,
Defence of widows,
Counsel of the just,
Judge of the wicked,
Rest of the afflicted,
Safeguard of childhood,
Strength of manhood,
Last hope of the aged,
Light of those who sit in darkness,
Splendor of kings,
Civilizer of the world,

Save us, O Holy Cross!

Buckler impenetrable,
Wisdom of the foolish,
Liberty of slaves,
Knowledge of the ignorant,
Sure rule of life,
Heralded by prophets,
Preached by apostles,
Glory of martyrs,
Study of anchorites,
Chastity of virgins,
Joy of priests,
Foundation of the church,
Salvation of the world,
Destruction of idolatry,

Save us, O Holy Cross!

We give at length the language of this litany, in order to show that it expresses the extreme Catholic view of such a devotion as Protestants consider the Book of Exodus condemns. The Catholic Church herself, for prudential reasons, only allows this litany to be recited as a private devotion, and not in her public services. To the Protestant mind nothing could be more superstitious and idolatrous than the language of this litany. But to the Catholics who recited it with Father White on the banks of the St. Mary's in 1633, and to Catholics equally of the present day, the matter becomes as clear and lucid as any other explanation given in the catechisms placed in the hands of our children. Catholic children well understand that the invocation is not addressed to the material and senseless image of the cross, but to the Saviour who died upon the cross for our redemption; and that the image before the eyes is merely an aid to the true devotion and prayer addressed to the Saviour, and to Him alone. Since the recital of the Litany of the Holy Cross by the Catholic colonists of Maryland in 1633, an illustrious Protestant scholar, one who sighed and labored for the reunion of the Christian churches, the great and learned Leibnitz, has removed all excuse for the ignorant and senseless declamation which is heard now on every Sunday in Protestant churches, from ministers claiming to be educated men, on the subject of "Romish idolatry." For the information of the Fultons, Newmans, and other *learned* ministers of our own day we reproduce the following enlightened passage from Leibnitz's *Systema Theologicum*, p. 142:

"Though we speak of the honor paid to images, yet this is only a manner of speaking, which really means that we honor not the senseless thing, which is incapable of understanding such honor, but the prototype, which

receives honor through its representation, according to the teaching of the Council of Trent. It is in this sense, I take it, that scholastic writers have spoken of the same honors being paid to images of Christ as to Christ our Lord himself; for the act which is called the worship of an image is really the worship of Christ himself, through and in the presence of the image and by occasion of it; by the inclination of the body towards it as to Christ himself, as rendering him more manifestly present and raising the mind more actively to the contemplation of him. Certainly, certainly, no sane man thinks, under such circumstances, of praying in this wise: 'Give me, O image, what I ask; to thee, O marble or wood, I give thanks'; but 'Thee, O Lord, I adore; to thee I give thanks and sing songs of praise.' Given, then, that there is no other veneration of images than that which means veneration of their prototype, there is surely no more idolatry in it than there is in the respect shown in the utterance of the most holy names of God and Christ; for, after all, names are but signs or symbols, and even, as such, inferior to images, for they represent much less vividly. So that when there is question of honoring images, this is to be understood in the same way as when it is said that at the name of Jesus every knee shall bend, or that the name of the Lord is blessed, or that glory is given to his name. Thus the bowing before an image outside of us is no more to be reprehended than the worshipping before an internal image in our own minds; for the external image does but serve the purpose of expressing visibly that which is internal."

There are some expressions in the writings of Father White, the Jesuit missionary of the Maryland colony, and of Father More, provincial of the Society of Jesus in England, which would seem to favor the view that so great a majority of the servants and laboring men of the colony were Protestants that it resulted in making a majority of the whole number of persons in the colony consist of Protestants; though the proprietary, the governor or he whom he represented, the councillors, and freemen voting for the members of the legislature, and the legislative majorities prior to 1650, were Catholics—an important fact, showing that the government of the colony was in the hands of the Catholics. Father White has been represented as writing, in the *Twenty Cases* stated by him to his provincial in England: "And whereas three parts of the people in four at least are heretics." But we find on examining the *Twenty Cases* that his language was: "And whereas three partes of the people or foure (at least) are hereticks." This language is obscure and imperfect: either other words are necessary to complete the sentence and the sense, or the copy made of the document was erroneous. No conclusion can be drawn from such uncertain language. Father More does not quote him as saying "three parts in four were heretics." Father More appears as saying in his memorial to Rome on the *Twenty Cases* "that the affair

was surrounded with many and great difficulties, for in leading the colony to Maryland by far the greater part were heretics." The great mass of evidence showing the fact to be otherwise than here stated would indicate that Father More may have been misled or misinformed. He was not pretending to write historically or with historical precision, but struggling only to convey a strong picture of the situation and of the difficulties under which the fathers labored. As an evidence of the want of historical or official data on the part of Father More in preparing this memorial we may mention that he states in it that the Assembly of 1640 was "composed, with few exceptions, of heretics." This certainly was not the case, for it is a fact generally, if not universally, conceded that the Assembly of 1650 was the first in which the Protestants had the majority. The Assembly of 1640 was in session but a very short time, and, after passing a few laws, was prorogued till 1641. We find among the laws passed by the preceding Assembly of 1639 one "guaranteeing to holy church all her rights and liberties." It is scarcely to be supposed that a document written at that remote distance from the scenes referred to, and with such imperfect means of transmitting information, and one showing throughout the result of imperfect and inaccurate sources of official and exact information, can be regarded at this remote day as having been intended for historical use or as being reliable for exact statistics, especially when it is at variance with the general current of history. It is also not probable that Mr. Lewger, the secretary of the province, could have been guilty of manipulating a Protestant majority in the Assembly for the passage of laws hostile to the Catholic Church and clergy, since he was himself a recent convert to that church and a most zealous and enthusiastic member of it. We cannot but regard this document as either erroneously copied or as showing a clear case of misinformation. Besides, it may be mentioned that the Catholic population of the colony was constantly gaining in numbers from the arrival of new colonists of that faith, and still more from numerous conversions of the Protestants to the Catholic Church, as reported by the fathers in their annual letters. From these letters we learn of about one hundred and eighty Protestants converted to the faith, to which number must be added all the Protestants who came over in the year 1638, making the probable number of accessions to the Catholic body prior to 1640, by conversions alone, amount to about two hundred. When it is considered that this increase of the Catholic population was caused by conversions from the

Protestant population, and that the latter was thus diminished by the same number, two hundred, the result is a gain of the Catholic population over the Protestant in that period of four hundred. Upon a review of the whole case, and upon the decided opinions arrived at by such Protestant historians as Davis in his *Day-Star of American Freedom* and of Scharf in his *History of Maryland*, we adhere to the old and more probable view that a majority of the entire number of original persons, who came over on the *Ark* and *Dove* were Catholics, and that the Catholics retained the majority of the population at least until the year 1650. But, as we have already shown, this question, however decided, does not affect the main question in the case—viz., that the Catholic proprietary, lieutenant-governor, councillors, and legislatures, long before Protestants had any show of political control in the government, had established by proclamation, accompanied and followed by repeated and strenuous commands, liberty of conscience for all believers in our Saviour Jesus Christ as the characteristic and uniform law of the land. In an article by the present writer in The Catholic World for December, 1875, we adduced many facts showing that the Catholics were in the majority until 1650. We also showed that the legislature of 1649, which enacted the celebrated Toleration Act, was composed of a majority of Catholics. Governor Stone, though a Protestant, was the immediate appointee and representative of the Catholic proprietary, and in his stead simply presided in the Assembly, but neither Lord Baltimore nor his deputy in the Assembly voted. As we know of no votes cast in the Assembly against the act, we assume the vote to have been unanimous. So that we have to record eight votes of Catholics in favor of the act—viz., those of Messrs. Green, Clarke, Fenwick, Bretton, Manners, Maunsell, Peake, and Thornborough; and five votes of Protestants—viz., those of Messrs. Price, Vaughan, Conner, Banks, and Browne; thus making the votes stand eight Catholics and five Protestants. But this great charter of religious liberty did not originate in the Assembly: it was prepared in England and sent over with fifteen other laws by Lord Baltimore, by his colonial secretary, Mr. Hatton, with instructions to Governor Stone to propose them to the Assembly for their assent; for the law-making power in the colony under the charter was vested in Lord Baltimore, by and with the assent of the freemen of the province assembled. It must be said also to the credit of the Assembly that it was the first of the sixteen laws taken up and enacted.

But not only was the Act of Religious Liberty sent over by the Catholic lord-proprietary to be proposed to the Assembly, but an equally interesting fact connected with its history is that, as we propose to show, the author of this illustrious Statute of Toleration was a Jesuit. Tradition in Maryland and in England always attributed this act to the pen of one of the English Jesuits. This tradition seems to have been appealed to in the speech mentioned in the following passage from Dr. Oliver's *Biography of the Members of the Society of Jesus* of the English Province, under the title of Father Andrew White; "Mr. Thomas Kennedy, a Presbyterian Gentleman, and a member of the House of Assembly in Maryland, has published a speech in which he asserts that *a Jesuit was the author of the First Bill for Liberty of Conscience in Maryland.*" Dr. Oliver then suggests: "Was this Jesuit F. Andrew White? He may have suggested such wise policy to Lord Baltimore." The name of this good and learned Jesuit is already covered with a halo of glory as the religious leader of the colony on the *Ark* and *Dove*, and as the heroic missionary of the faith among the English Catholics and Protestants of the colony and the Indian tribes of Maryland, and as a long-suffering confessor of the faith in England. If he was the author of this law his name looms up still brighter in the annals of history. He was quite capable of drawing up such a document, for he was a man of learning, study, and industry. He was the author of the narrative of the voyage to Maryland, and of a grammar, dictionary, and catechism in the Indian language. He spent his latter years, including the year 1648, when the act was written, in England, and must have felt and taken a deep interest in the colony he had loved and served so well. But without reference to the said tradition or to the passage in Dr. Oliver, General Johnson, in his *Foundation of Maryland*, has made the suggestion that Father Henry More, great-grandson of Sir Thomas More, and provincial of the English Jesuits, was the author of the act. Lord Baltimore himself disclaims the authorship in the commission he sent by Mr. Hatton to Governor Stone with the sixteen laws, of which this act was the first on the list; for he there states that "said laws were proposed to us for the good and quiet settlement of our Colony and people of the said Province, and we, finding them very fit to be enacted as laws, do hereby consent that our Lieutenant, William Stone, shall propose the said acts or laws hereunto annexed as aforesaid to a General Assembly," etc. The reasons given by General Johnson for attributing the authorship to Father More of the act of 1649 are that Lord Baltimore's adviser in the affairs of the

colony in England must have been a Catholic of authority, learning, and wisdom, and a scholar and a statesman; he must have been a person well informed as to the condition and necessities of the Maryland colony, who agreed with Lord Baltimore in the policy of mortmain, and yet unfriendly to Mr. Secretary Lewger, who introduced into Maryland the measures against the Jesuits; and he states that Father More answers all these requirements. "It would seem, therefore, very probable," he writes, "if not reasonably certain, that Father Henry More, provincial of the Society of Jesus in England, was either the author or the inspirer of the author of the act concerning religion." In another part of his book, *Foundation*, he draws a striking contrast and parallel between Sir Thomas More's scheme, or rather dream, of religious liberty in Utopia and the Maryland Toleration Act, which is another circumstance favoring the claim he makes in behalf of Father More's authorship of the act.

Father White equally answers all the requirements for an adviser of Lord Baltimore in England and for the author of such an act, except that of being a descendant of the illustrious author of *Utopia*. But there is one fact which adds great weight to the suggestion of Dr. Oliver that Father White may have been the man: he had spent ten years in the Maryland colony and knew more about it from personal observation than any other man in England, and it was during his ten years' residence and labors in Maryland that the principles of religious liberty (afterwards embodied in the act of 1649) were introduced into Maryland and became the settled policy and common law of the province. It is, however, not probable that Lord Baltimore had but one adviser in England, or that one and the same hand drew up all the sixteen laws sent over by Mr. Hatton to Maryland. It is more probable that Lord Baltimore consulted not only one but several of the English Jesuits, and not only that he had advisers among ecclesiastics, but that he had them also among the noble and steadfast Catholic laity of England. It is quite probable, therefore, that both Fathers White and More had some part in the authorship of the sixteen laws including the act concerning religion, and that united with them in the consultations were such laymen as the Arundels, the Howards, the Norfolks, and the Warwicks.

Our article has already been extended to its proper limit. But there is one circumstance which we wish to mention as investing the infant colony of Maryland with another claim upon the admiration of mankind—an incident which should have been recorded by Mr. Bancroft in his pages. But he has omitted so

much he should have said, and has said so much he should have omitted, that we are not surprised at his not giving credit to the Jesuits of the Maryland mission for having set up and worked the first printing-press that was ever worked in any British colony. Father White first applied himself with unflagging industry to the acquisition of the Indian languages of Maryland. He then composed for the instruction of the natives a Catholic catechism in several dialects. The printing-press he imported from England, and it is believed that he used it for the printing of his catechism for circulation among his aboriginal flock. A copy of this catechism, printed on the first printing-press ever introduced into an English colony, was found by Father McSherry among the archives of the Society at Rome. Father White continued to prosecute his studies of the native dialects, and prepared also an Indian grammar and a dictionary. Our brief history of the first printing-press would be incomplete if we did not remind our Puritan friends that when the Puritans in Maryland attacked the missionaries and destroyed their property in 1655, this precious instrument of early Christian enlightenment and education disappeared.

Mr. Bancroft, evidently influenced by an extreme Protestantism, has been getting shut of Catholic passages in his history, however just and necessary to truth, while another Protestant historian* has adorned his pages with glowing tributes to Lord Baltimore and the Catholics of Maryland. We conclude by inserting one out of many such passages:

"Toleration in Maryland first arose in the breast of George Calvert, first Lord Baltimore,

'Clarum et venerabile nomen,'

and was embraced with equal nobility and generosity of soul by Cæcilius, the father of the province. The peculiar provisions of the charter, while they by no means prescribed toleration, yet, by making the province a palatinate, placed it in the power of the proprietary to carry out his liberal policy without molestation. The proprietary's spirit was caught by the first colonists, and the beneficent working of the policy was felt by all. When dissensions and civil war in the mother country and at home seemed to threaten the overthrow of what had proved so great a blessing, the proprietary and the legislature, in which both faiths were represented, did what they could to secure toleration by making it the law of the land. The time was to come when narrower counsels were to prevail and the ancient glory of Maryland to grow dim for a season; *but nothing can rob Calvert and his band of colonists* of the fame of founding the first *settlement where conscience was free, and where, while persecution was raging around them, a sanctuary was established in which even Protestants found a refuge from Protestant intolerance.*"

* Scharf's *History of Maryland*, vol. i. p. 182.

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THE WISDOM AND TRUTH OF WORDSWORTH'S POETRY.

PART II.

III. Let us turn next to the Wordsworthian philosophy in its relations with Poetry, Art, and Science. Sternly as that philosophy recoils from the Epicurean, it is never weary of converse with that Loveliness which it discerns on all sides of us. We move through worlds of enchantment from childhood to age, and it is only the dulness of a sensualized nature which hides from us their glory.

> "Beauty—a living presence of the earth
> Surpassing the most fair ideal forms
> Which craft of delicate spirits hath composed
> From earth's materials—waits upon my steps,
> Pitches her tent before me as I move
> An hourly neighbor."

To sharpen the edge of those finer imaginative sensibilities through which alone that beauty can be discerned, and to promote their enlarged development through a discipline the more benignant for being severe—this, in Wordsworth's estimate, is the true mission of Art. He denounces all Cynicism, and he inculcates no Stoicism except that which hardens us against things unworthy, that we may have a tenderer appreciation of that beauty which, latently or patently, abounds in all things good.

> "We live by admiration, love, and hope,'

as he affirms; and his inference is that

> "Even as these are well and wisely fixed
> In dignity of being we ascend."

What has been said of Virtue he affirms no less both of the Artist's and the Poet's genius—viz., that it is sapped more often by excess in attachment to things lawful than by the direct quest of the unlawful. Here, as elsewhere, there is an analogy between Nature and the Supernatural. As the early Christian anchorets sought the desert, not that they might be solitary, but that they might live more closely united with the memories of Redemption; so Wordsworth's poetry but flies from the vulgar world, that it may bask the more in the presence of the eternal

beauty of Creation. Much has to be renounced if the noblest is to be attained. The best is always within a hand's breadth of us; but our hand is too coarse to recognize the good even when clasped by it. There are, according to Wordsworth's teaching, two worlds the renunciation of which is as profane as Esau's selling of his birthright—viz., the golden sun-saturated world of the humanities, and the silver, moon-clad world of the spiritual imagination. Each of these worlds is infinite; but we can make little way into the former unless we rise superior to sensual instincts; and we cannot pass beyond the threshold of the latter unless we turn from the pride of life. Scores of sonnets embody this philosophy, such as "The world is too much with us"; "Weak is the will of man, his judgment blind"; "Grief, thou hast lost an ever-ready friend"; "If the whole weight of what we think and feel"; "It is a beauteous evening, calm and free." To raise a man to the level of his higher capacities through the aid of an imagination which too often surrenders itself a vassal to the senses, is, he maintains, the poet's calling—a truth illustrated in such sonnets as "A volant tribe of bards on earth are found"; "High is our calling, friend"; "From the dark chambers of dejection freed," etc. There are not a few passages in Wordsworth's poetry which illustrate his philosophy in connection with the sister art of painting, such as "Praised be the Art whose subtle power could stay," etc. He has left us another, less known and of a later date, which contrasts painting and sculpture, and points out why the latter was the delight of Christian ages, while the classic time found a deeper satisfaction in sculpture. Fortitude, Self-Sacrifice, Purity, high Aspiration, and a Sympathy profound, these he regarded as the Angels of all the Arts, not less than of Poetry. Art was bound to keep a faithful vigil, and so to illustrate this world as to make it the prophecy of a higher one. It is in this sense that he demands,

> "Is not then the Art
> Godlike, a humble branch of the divine
> In visible quest of immortality,
> Stretched forth with trembling hope?"

It is in this sense that he reminds a despondent Painter that his art, like the Poet's, demands a heart, though sensitive, yet "heroically fashioned"; and in this sense he tells us that while Tranquillity was "the sovereign aim" of antique Sculpture, a loftier as well as a tenderer mission had been confided to her "Rainbow Sister" since the day when

"He who wore
The crown of thorns around His bleeding brow
Warmed our sad being with His glorious light."

But, much as Wordsworth honored Art, it was yet more to Nature that he considered the allegiance of Poetry to be due. No one had a loftier ideal than he; yet no one loved more that actual world, which is

"The world of all of us, that world wherein
We have our happiness, or not at all,"

and the self-exiled from which he regards as "housed in a dream." No one was lifted higher by his admiration of what is high; yet no one bent with more reverence before Nature's greatness in its lowliest forms. His own song might have been described in his lines on the "Skylark." This poem, though it does not occupy in Wordsworth's poetry that rank which is held in Shelley's by his "Ode to a Skylark," may be usefully compared with the latter. The contrast illustrates the difference between the genius of the two men. Shelley's exquisite and characteristic poem was greatly admired by the older poet, though for the most part he considered that Shelley's works were too remote from the humanities. He objected, on the same ground, to the theme of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," while he asserted notwithstanding that Coleridge's genius, aided by his unrivalled metrical faculty, ought to have rendered him the greatest poet of modern times. In poetic capability, though not in performance, he ranked him with those great ancient poets of Wisdom and Truth who prophesied to their age and were unsubdued by adversity or neglect;—the poets whom he thus addressed:

"Hail, bards of mightier grasp! On you
I chiefly call, the chosen Few,
Who cast not off the acknowledged guide,
Who faltered not, nor turned aside;
Whose lofty genius could survive
Privation, under sorrow thrive;
In whom the fiery Muse revered
The symbol of a snow-white beard
Bedewed with meditative tears
Dropped from the lenient cloud of years."

In Shelley's ode no stanza is more often remembered than the one which begins,

"We look before and after,
And pine for what is not."

The last of these two lines is in striking oppugnancy to Wordsworth's poetry, in which there is never a repining note; while yet there is no poet who blends so often with the present the thought of the future and the past. The poem placed first among his works strikes the keynote of them all:

> "My heart leaps up when I behold
> A rainbow in the sky:
> So was it when my life began;
> So is it now I am a man:
> So be it when I shall grow old,
> Or let me die.
> The child is father of the man:
> And I could wish my days to be
> Bound each to each by natural piety."

Two lines in his "Phantom of Delight,"

> "A countenance in which did meet
> Sweet records, promises as sweet,"

describe the countenance of his own poetry. There exists an opposite sort of beauty, the excellence of which is that it seems to have no relations with time—such is that of a child's face in which we note but an untroubled, radiant, all-enjoying present; and such, to a large extent, is the beauty of Greek poetry, which represents the inspired childhood of man's race, the "Juventas Mundi," the Wisdom of which is instinctive or intuitive. It is the Wisdom of a world mature that is represented in Wordsworth's strain, of a world that has learned much from the things that it has suffered, but not learned to despond; the Wisdom which has a touch of age in its youthful prime, but which retains its youthfulness in age. Chaucer wrote like a youth when his head was white, and Wordsworth like a sage when he was a youth. For the former the hawthorn bloomed till November; for the latter the April groves were touched with September gold.

The dates of Wordsworth's poems illustrate this special characteristic of them. His "Tintern Abbey" is one of his finest poems, and its mood is a retrospective mood. He recalls that time when Nature was all in all to him, and compares it with the present, when

> "All its aching joys are now no more,
> And all its dizzy raptures,"

though in compensation for such loss he has learned to hear at all times

> "The still, sad music of humanity,
> Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
> To chasten and subdue."

Who would not have said, "This is a poem of old age"? It was written when he was twenty-eight. To a period almost as early belong a large proportion of Wordsworth's poems characterized by a pensive thoughtfulness.* The solemn warning with which "Lines left in a Yew-Tree" conclude might well seem to be the voice of age. It was written before the poet was twenty-eight. "The Brothers" ranks in the first class of Wordsworth's meditative poems. It is the most dramatic of his works —far more so than his drama, "The Borderers"—and it is from a long experience of life that one would have supposed the poet must have derived that knowledge of character shown in the long dialogue in which Leonard at once seeks and shuns information respecting the brother he had lost in youth. Yet that is one of the poems which belong to his thirtieth year. The "Lines written while sailing in a Boat at Evening" and the "Remembrance of Collins" are especially marked by a pensive thoughtfulness but they were composed, originally as a single poem, on the banks, not of the Thames, but of the Cam, at the age of nineteen. In Wordsworth's genius there was from the first a mature thoughtfulness as well as a youthful freshness of emotion. He wrote, not as a youth nor as an elder, but as a man. The seasons were blended in his verse "like two mixed wines in one cup."

"The Female Vagrant," the meditative sadness of which is so remarkable, was composed at the age of twenty-four. The most pathetic of Wordsworth's narratives, which records Margaret, the deserted wife, might well have been the work of one whose eye had long "kept watch o'er man's mortality"; yet its more important parts were composed at intervals between the poet's twenty-fifth and twenty-eighth year. "The Sparrow's Nest," a singular instance of that retrospective observation so often to be found in Wordsworth's poetry, and so seldom elsewhere,

> "She looked at it as if she feared it,
> Still wishing, dreading to be near it,"

* To quote them would be impossible here, but the reader may be referred to "Remembrance of Collins," æt. nineteen; "The Female Vagrant," æt. twenty-five to twenty-eight; "The Sparrow's Nest," æt. thirty-two; "Yarrow Unvisited," æt. thirty-three; "Stepping Westward," æt. thirty-three; "The Tables Turned," "Expostulation and Reply," and "Lines written in early Spring," æt. twenty-eight; "The Poet's Epitaph," "Ruth," "The Two April Mornings," "The Fountain: a Conversation," æt. twenty-eight and twenty-nine; "Michael," "The Old Cumberland Beggar," about æt. thirty.

was written at the age of thirty-one. Three poems to the Daisy belong to Wordsworth's thirty-second year; "Yarrow Unvisited" belongs to his thirty-third year, as do also "Stepping Westward," "To a Highland Girl," and the poems written after visiting Burns' grave. To his twenty-eighth year belongs "Simon Lee" and the well-known lines,

> "I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
> With coldness still returning;
> Alas! the gratitude of men
> Has oft'ner left me mourning."

"Michael" was written when Wordsworth was thirty years old, and "The Old Cumberland Beggar" about the same time. The great ode on the "Intimations of Immortality" was begun when he was thirty-two, and the second part added when he was thirty-four. The circumstance that Wordsworth's most *characteristic* poems were produced early has given rise to some very rash generalizations. Some critics have erroneously inferred from this fact that his later Poetry cannot include any of the greater specimens of his art. They forget that the greatest Poets have ever possessed both that which is especially characteristic of each, and also that which is held in common by all the first-class Poets. Some of Wordsworth's unquestionably characteristic poems are not great poems; and some of his great poems are but in a lesser degree characteristic.

It is, however, only when they are taken collectively that "the meditative might" which belongs to these poems can be fitly measured and weighed. They are very diverse, while they are also in admirable harmony with each other. Yet, large as is their scope, they represent but a single section of that manifold Wisdom which belongs to Wordsworth's poetry. They embody only the "heart-wisdom" with which common life, interpreted by the aid of sympathies as wide as humanity itself, was ever enriching him. In a special sense Memory was to him "The Mother of the Muses." All incidents connected with human affections had for him a meaning, and the present was ever interpreted by the past. "Memory," as he tells us in the poem which bears that name, has not only "a pen to register," but also a pencil, which, though it often "smooths foregone distress," yet also

> "Like a tool of Fancy works
> Those Spectres to dilate
> That startle Conscience as she lurks
> Within her lonely seat."

We have so to live that that pencil's touch may never affright us:

"Retirement then might hourly look
Upon a soothing scene,
Age steal to his allotted nook
Contented and serene;

"With heart as calm as lakes that sleep
In frosty moonlight glistening,
Or mountain rivers, where they creep,
Along a channel smooth and deep,
To their own far-off murmurs listening."

Such a "mountain river" was Wordsworth's song, and with it there was ever blended an echo of murmurs from afar. That particular form of Wisdom, which may be called the wisdom of experience, as distinguished from the abstruse or the recondite, belongs, as we have seen, pre-eminently to that portion of Wordsworth's poetry which is also most characterized by the emotional element. In the case of other poets the works which predominantly address the intellect have too commonly the chill of age about them. In Wordsworth Wisdom was an essential part of his *genius*, and therefore carried with it that fervor which belongs to genius in its most vital period. By shallow readers that fervor is not noted, because it has no irregular movements. It is not the flickering of the furnace-flame, but the steady and noiseless heat of a genial season. A great part of it is "latent heat." But even when its presence is scarcely observed, its absence, could it be withdrawn, would at once drain from the poem all that we recognize as characteristic. The wisest thoughts are often far from being the most striking thoughts. The startling thought boasts its originality, and kindles in the reader a transient excitement; but if it be not a true thought it has no part in that Wisdom which, as Wordsworth affirms of Beauty, "dwells in deep retreats." Proportioned thought is wise thought; and proportion tends to diminish apparent size. A poem is wise from what it assumes as well as from what it proves; from what it suggests as well as what it expresses; from the attractions it renounces as well as from the things it attains; from the degree in which its thoughts, when least pretentious, plainly belong to the household of wisdom and confess her lineage. The wisest poems are often those which make no parade of wisdom, but which carry with them a fragrance that belongs to a climate on which she has left her searching yet healing breath. She has passed that way, and you see the majestic footsteps she has

left behind. Such are the great majority of Wordsworth's sonnets. On the surface what predominates may be imagery, narrative, or emotion, but beneath it there is ever Wisdom.

A poem may be "of reason all compact" when the reader who confounds reason with discussion exclaims, "I see no reasoning here!" Reasoning is not Reason; at best it is a transient act of Reason, not her permanent condition. Argument is the watch-dog that keeps her gate; it is not her household nor the sacred store in its charge. The allegation of a distinguished French critic that Wordsworth is not a thinker because he is a contemplatist is the assertion that a man does not think because he dwells habitually amid the most arduous heights of thought. That high region was the native land of Wordsworth's poetic genius, as a large class of his poems demonstrate; but his poetic art was commonly exercised through a different though a kindred power, by which, without compelling feebler natures to breathe "the difficult air of the iced mountain-top," he brought down the lofty to the lowly, and showed men the light divine in the face of familiar things. Had Wordsworth been the ascetic as well as the contemplatist he would never have been the poet; he might have been something higher, but the world would have lost by the change. Fortunately for poetry, he loved as much to look on field-flowers as on the stars. Whoever reads that beautiful philosophic poem, one of some half-dozen pieces especially typical of his genius although he classes it among his "Poems of the Fancy"—"Who fancied what a pretty sight"—will discover with what an unpremeditated grace he could suggest his philosophy in connection with every-day objects. Dryden, who was more given to reasoning than to reason, has been called by Landor "the Bacon of the rhyming crew." But while we admire the skill with which dialectics are wedged into verse in his "Hind and Panther," we cannot resist the thought that the polemical discussion might have been better carried on in prose, and that poetry more thoughtful has often found for itself a more tractable theme. Bacon himself has left us many a passage, such as the celebrated one beginning, "It is indeed a heaven upon earth," or his triply-repeated "Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus" of science, which, though not clothed in metre, leaves as far behind in poetic imagination as in sublime thought the highest flights even of the author of "Alexander's Feast." The most thoughtful poet does not labor to nail down reluctant minds upon unwelcome convictions, but makes Persuasion do a happier work. He does not demonstrate Truth denied,

but indicates Truth never before suspected in such a fashion that it can never again be ignored. His wisdom is this: that he walks through the world God has made, with open eyes, and sees in it heavenly meanings, authentic memorials of what the Divine Maker saw in it when he pronounced his work to be "very good." He may wander far afield, but wherever he strays his eye, obedient to his heart, turns instinctively to every object which Truth has touched, and finds on it the seal of Beauty. Those who follow his eye discern in their degree what it has discerned. In all things they find Wisdom and Truth conjoined with Beauty.

That wisdom is neither the wisdom of the schools nor of the world, but of life—the life of the humanities. It is not the Wisdom of a faculty, but of a man, and its chief seat is the heart of man. It is drawn to the objects around it by sympathy even more than by intellectual appreciation. It could not see in them the truth they reveal, if it did not profoundly feel their pathos. The true poet is a Seer, and that he sees aright is proved when that emotion felt by him is elicited in others by the truthfulness of his poetry. Before this seer ever hang two fair visions, the world of Humanity and the world of Nature; and he interprets the material by the moral. In both those worlds he sees a common divine design, however clouded by human imperfections; and the resemblance which both retain to their great Original makes each appear to him as in some sort a reflection of the other. In his poetry both those worlds are imaged; and in proportion as that poetry is the result of a genuine inspiration, they are in harmony with each other, and they adumbrate, if they do not venture to express, an image of Him who is higher than each. The unwise poet sees in the things around him, whether natural or human, not the Truth that sustains them, but, reflected in them, his own passions, his vanities, his prejudices, his false traditions, his fantastic aspirations—that is, his own image. Those who share his illusions find in his verse no less a mirror of themselves, and applaud their False Prophet. But, as illusions change with time, a later poet "prophesies" the "deceits" which flatter the illusions of a later day. The permanent poets are those who have been in vital sympathy, not with the illusions or exaggerations of their day, but with the Truth of things, and who have grown wise by reverent converse with that Truth. They may have possessed little book-learning; they may never have aimed at setting forth a doctrine or enforcing a moral. But while they watched each gesture of their teacher, Nature, "as the eyes of the handmaiden watch the hand

of her mistress," they unconsciously indicated the Truth of which they were vigilantly observant. But they could only indicate it to those who, like themselves, though in a lesser degree, were capable of discerning it. Those who have learned from these Poets call them "masters," but they had sought only to be the servants of Nature—that is, of Truth. Their power excites admiration, their pathos draws tears; but each tribute belongs not to them, but to Nature. It is their greatness, not that they have stolen from Nature, much less that they have superseded her, but that she has shared with them her heritage; not that they have substituted their petty art for Nature, or taught the frivolous to pass her by, but that she has accepted them as her interpreters and the ministers of her gifts.

BY-WAYS.

I.

THERE might be a little difficulty in finding Allingtown on the maps of Massachusetts. It lies in one of the many nooks in her jagged coast, a small village, respectable but obscure, whose population is made up chiefly of the families of retired sea-captains and "men who followed the sea." It had been called originally Allingstown, and had been but a fishing hamlet with a few straggling houses; but as time went on, and it grew steadily, it dropped the possessive and became Allingtown.

The years which increased the village swept away in their course, one by one, the Allings who gave it its name, till at last there were left but two, Miss Experience and Miss Verity Alling, who lived in gentle old-maidenhood, the last of a numerous family. Allingtown had a street known as High Street, which ran from the harbor up over the hill, on the brow of which stood "the Alling mansion," not unfitly so called.

It was a great, spacious house, broad and dignified, with heavy rafters across its ceilings and brass-handled, mahogany doors. It overlooked the harbor, and had a flagstaff in its front-yard standing up like a mainmast, where old Captain Alling had had the gratification of running up the colors on the Fourth of July, the 22d of February, and election days after he had been "laid up in dry-dock," as he expressed his declining years. Miss Expe-

rience and Miss Verity still ran up the colors on the prescribed days and kept the old house "well calked and seaworthy," in religious observation of their father's dying request. At the other end of High Street, down where the smell of cordage, marline, and fish mingled in the harbor breeze, stood the grocery, post-office, and candy-shop condensed in one low, rambling corner house. Here Silas Saunders, familiarly known as Si, diversified his daily duty of distributing the one mail and weighing out small quantities of his wares to the villagers, by distributing also the village news to the veterans of the sea who congregated there. It was a proof of his high social qualities that, in spite of his never having shipped for a voyage, no one in town enjoyed a greater popularity than Si Saunders. Another shining light of that portion of the community was little Bart, or Bartholomew, Ives, a person who had a reputation as a wit, and, like many greater folk, lived on his reputation. It was he who had dubbed the general meeting-place "The Home for Little Wanderers"—a flight of fancy which the wanderers themselves considered to be of the greatest brilliancy. On a morning in June Si Saunders sat upon his high stool, which was tipped back on two legs, his hands thrust deep into his pockets, eyeing with languid interest a man who had just entered. Bart Ives sat nursing his knee, with his eyes in the same direction. The new-comer was tall and lank, and loose-jointed to an extent that put one in mind of the wire-hung figures to be seen in museums.

"I expect, 'Liphalet, that Mis' Finch's boarder's come?" remarked Si. "Well, ye-es," drawled Eliphalet in a tone that seemed to imply that she was only partly come. He knew too well the value of news to give it away unasked. "Young?" asked Bart. "Ye-es, she's young," said Eliphalet. "How's she off fer looks?" queried Si. "I calculate you'll think she an't bin left out when they was distributing," said Eliphalet. "It don't make sech a sight o' difference whether she was or not," said Grandsir Cooper from his place beside the molasses-barrel; "I think ef a woman behaves herself, and looks good, that's enough."

"There's where you're right, Grandsir," said Bart emphatically; "an' I, for one, am glad to hear you say so." The three men laughed at this sally, to appreciate the wit of which it was necessary to be previously acquainted with certain gossip about Grandsir's past days. "Eldrige's her name, an't it?" continued Si. "Ye-es—Miss Honor Eldrige," answered Eliphalet.

"Honor! I want'er know!" exclaimed Bart. "Kinder

cur'os name, now, an't it?" "Well, her name's Honoria, as I understand it," said Eliphalet; "but she's got 'Honor' marked on her things. I kind'er lifted the lid of one of her books an' see it there." "Is she a perfesser of religion?" demanded a bilious-looking man who had not spoken before. "Well, there's religions an' religions," remarked Eliphalet significantly, "an' there's them as perfesses religion, yet an't Christians."

"Why, 'Liph, the young woman don't worship golden calves, I expect," said Bart smartly. Eliphalet turned his eyes slowly upon him. "I don't know as it makes much difference whether she worships a calf or not," he drawled: "she's an i-dolater." "Fer gracious sake!" cried Bart. "Yes, she's a papist, an' she's a-going to that meeting-house down there along-shore, fer I heard her ask Mis' Finch where 'twas," said Eliphalet, with an approach to energy. "Jerusalem!" cried Si, tipping his stool up straight and taking his hands out of his pockets. "Why, 'Liph, Mis' Finch is a member in good an' regular standin', an' she hadn't ought—" "S'sh! here she comes," whispered Bart.

A soft rustling of skirts came around the corner; a figure clad all in white, with a beautiful face and quick, springing step, came into the store. "Are there letters for Miss Eldrige?" she asked in a clear, sweet voice. "No, ma'am, there an't," said Si promptly. "Thank you. Eliphalet, Mrs. Finch wants you to kill the white hen, and told me to ask you to hurry home," said Honor, with an amused glance at "the Widow Finch's" factotum. "Ye-es? Well, I'll go. Mornin'," said Eliphalet, and slowly sauntered homeward. Honor walked away toward the shore. "It's a pity, too, seems if," said Grandsir Cooper, "fer she's as pretty-spoken a woman as I ever see."

"Yes," said the bilious man sharply, "an' more's the pity!" "Well, I declare for't," said Si. "I s'pose they don' know better, some of em." "That's so, Si," said Bart, on whom the beautiful face had evidently made no slight impression. "An' I don' know as we've any call to meddle." A silence fell on the group after that, broken only by the entrance of little Dick Haskins, who bought a stick of peppermint candy.

Meanwhile the object of all this interest walked on, unconscious of the conflicting emotions which she had aroused. Honor Eldrige had come to Allingtown for the rest and seclusion of which she felt the need. She wanted to think, she said, and room to think in. She had reached a time and place in her life where she felt that a choice must be made of the dis-

position of the rest of it. She had been impressed with the feeling that there was work in the world for her to do, and she chose Allingtown to spend the summer in, with an instinctive desire to get away from all her friends and accustomed surroundings, in order to leave herself alone and watch the result. Her father had been dead since her childhood; she had been motherless since her eighteenth year, and she was twenty-five when she went to Allingtown. She had not married, though her youth and beauty made it seem a probable event, nor had she ever doubted her lack of vocation to a religious life. It told plainly her character that her name of Honoria was shortened by all who knew her into Honor; she was Honor Eldrige to all her little world. She walked along the shore, past the fishermen's dories pulled up on the sand, past the lobster-cars, and the nets spread out in the sun, down to a more lonely part of the beach where were huddled together a small group of the cottages of fishermen—a little settlement of Portuguese families, with one French fisherman's house in the midst of them. Not far from here, built on an overhanging promontory of rock, stood the little church of Our Lady, Star of the Sea. A very plain little wooden structure it was, but thither Honor bent her steps with a sense of going home.

The priest who served had also the charge of two outlying parishes, and went from one to the other in the charge of his scattered flock, unmindful of his wasted form and failing health, which told so plainly of the fatal disease that had laid its hand on him. Not a brilliant man in any way, nor one that could, by his eloquence, convert the world, but one of those devoted and heroic priests whose number and virtues are at once the glory of the Catholic Church and the wonder of the outside world.

II.

Honor came home refreshed in body and soul. Mrs. Finch met her in the doorway. "Miss Experience and Miss Verity Alling have bin here to see you," she remarked in a tone of dreary monotony. "I told 'em you was out, so they said they'd come again. They'll be asking you to tea next," she added, as though that were the end of things to be endured. "I don't think I shall mind that," said Honor cheerfully, misled by the doleful tone. "Mind it? I should think you wouldn't. There an't no better folks nowhere than the Allings, an' ef Miss Verity an't a church-member I don't expect you care."

Mrs. Finch was not a cheerful person, but it was to be remembered that she was "the *Widow* Finch," and her view of life, surrounded by a Calvinistic community, had not been enlivening. She was drab all over—her linsey-woolsey dress, her eyes, her complexion, and her thin hair, which she brushed down tight and knotted behind. However, she was scrupulously neat, which in New England parlance is almost equivalent to saying that she was sublimely virtuous, and she made bread that was a marvel of lightness. Miss Experience and Miss Verity fulfilled Mrs. Finch's prediction and their own promise by calling again and inviting Honor to tea. They were charming, old-fashioned ladies, of a type that is becoming extinct. They wore black silk dresses with full, plain skirts, Canton crêpe shawls that their father had brought them home from one of his voyages, and each carried a little black reticule with a smart steel snap, which held peppermint-drops and their ample handkerchiefs. Honor found Miss Verity particularly attractive; there was something in her brave, honest eyes that told the fitness of her quaint old name. To be invited to tea with the Allings was to be guaranteed to the society of Allingtown; it was the stamp on the metal. Miss Experience and Miss Verity were slow and cautious in giving their approbation to new-comers, especially to the summer boarders who came and went. But the mother of the Misses Alling had been a Chandler, and the Chandlers and Eldriges were connected, and, though Honor was a Catholic, it was a case of *noblesse oblige*—they must do their duty.

Honor walked slowly up the High Street in the latter part of a beautiful afternoon. The branches of the elm-trees met in the middle of the street; the roadside bloomed with daisies; the wash of the incoming tide could be plainly heard from the harbor below. Miss Experience and Miss Verity stood on the broad door-stone to meet her: to go down into the yard would have been undignified, to stay within doors inhospitable; to stand on the door-stone was the happy medium which Miss Experience and Miss Verity, doing all things right, struck. They took Honor in through the spacious hall; the broad staircase ran up at the back, and turned at a square landing half-way up. A large hair-cloth sofa, with claw feet, stood on the right, a great mahogany table on the left; far away at the end was the long, cherry-wood clock. Two models of ships sat in their rests suspended over each parlor door.

"Yes," said Miss Experience as Honor's eyes rested on them, "those were my father's ships. This is the *Experience*, the

first he ever commanded. She was named for me, and sailed for Barbadoes. The men mutinied on her second trip back, and my father was severely wounded. This one was the *Truth*. Verity would not have her called for her directly. She kept her name for—" "Sister Experience," interrupted Miss Verity, with something very like a blush, "Miss Eldrige is weary from her walk; if you will take her into the parlor I will bring her a glass of wine."

"Sister Verity, I thank you for reminding me," said Miss Experience. "Be so good as to come this way, Miss Eldrige, and pardon my forgetfulness." She threw open the door under the model of the good ship *Truth*, and Honor followed her meekly, inwardly wondering much for what Miss Verity had kept her name, and calling up mental visions of a gallant sailor lover. The light streamed in faintly through the closed blinds; the air of the unused room struck chill and a little musty on Honor's face. Miss Experience walked across the long parlor and folded back the middle division of the blinds on the end windows. The light showed a velvet carpet in medallion figures, brocaded satin furniture rather faded, and wall-paper that represented a tiger-hunt in the jungles of India. Miss Verity came in bringing a little silver salver, on which lay the glossiest of damask napkins, a shell-like china plate with a gilt band and spray of flowers in the centre, and a delicate Bohemian wine-glass with a tiny decanter to match, filled with home-made currant wine.

"I hope that you do not object to wine, Miss Eldrige," she said. "It did not occur to me to ask you. This is of our own making, and we have always been accustomed to use wines on our table. I cannot make up my mind to its being an iniquitous manner of life, though I am assured many people so consider it." "Indeed, Miss Verity, I think your currant-wine would dispel such scruples," said Honor, "and your sponge-cake would melt the heart of a cynic. May I beg the recipe?" Miss Verity smiled with intense gratification: it is a short-cut to a woman's affections to ask for her recipes. "My dear child," said Miss Verity, "I am quite ashamed to offer you that, for it does not do credit to that rule. It was made from one that came from my mother's mother, who was a Bradford. I have an entire book of her cooking rules, and it would give me the greatest pleasure to let you copy them."

"Are you interested in curiosities, Miss Eldrige?" asked Miss Experience. "If you are, you might enjoy looking at this

cabinet." Honor rose and crossed to her side of the room. "I should like it very much," she said. "Oh! what is that?" she cried; for, lying amongst the sharks' teeth, coral, and other relics of Captain Alling's voyages, she spied a tarnished silver crucifix. "It is something that belonged to a young French sailor who sailed under my father," said Miss Experience a trifle stiffly. Miss Verity came quickly across the room and stood by Honor's side. "It is something in which you will be specially interested as a Catholic," she said. "It belongs to me, and the story of its young owner's death has made me feel always that I did not know enough of Roman Catholics." "Oh! tell me, please," cried Honor, turning a shining face toward Miss Verity. "Excuse me first, Sister Verity," said Miss Experience; "I wish to speak to Deborah."

"Well," said Miss Verity, "I cannot explain the feeling better than by telling you that it has always seemed to me to be a blot on Christianity that in all the sects there is such a lack of zeal. I suppose that is why this young man's death so impressed me. Be that as it may, he had shipped with my father for his health, which was but poor. When that was re-established his intention was to join the Jesuits and be a missionary to some heathen land. My father became very fond of him during the voyage, and always spoke in the highest terms of his virtue and Christian character. When they were half-way over a terrible storm arose, and a wave, sweeping over the deck, carried off a little child of about five years that my father had brought from India. Bonaventure saw him go, and hastily threw off his outer garments to spring after him. My father laid his hand upon his arm to detain him. 'Why, my boy,' he said, 'no creature can live in such a sea, and you cannot save the child.' 'I can baptize him when he rises,' cried Bonaventure, 'and my missionary work is here. Let me go, captain!' He thrust this crucifix, which he wore around his neck, into my father's hand and sprang from his grasp before he could prevent. They saw him rise up from the water, seize the child alive, and hold him up high above his head in triumph. Then a great wave came and swept them both from sight. The ship sailed around the spot all night, but, though the body of the child was found, the young apostle never rose again." Miss Verity's voice shook, and she touched the crucifix with reverence. "God knows," she said, "whether or no he died in vain, but such an end shames all the lives I ever knew." Honor took the crucifix from her hand and kissed it tenderly. "Pray for me," she

whispered. "Dear Miss Verity," she added, "'greater love than this hath no man.'" "Yes, I know," said Miss Verity, "and I cannot believe as Experience does of a faith which can produce such a youth."

"Ah!" cried Honor. "Then he has not died in vain. Come with me, Miss Verity, and I will show you a life in our priest here that is like his death." "Then I will," said Miss Verity. "Miss Verity," said Deborah, the tall, angular maid-of-all-work, entering, "Miss Experience sent me to bid you to tea." "Come, my dear," said Miss Verity. "But first let me ask you to take this crucifix and wear it, as he did. It is in the wrong place here." Honor took it and laid it in her bosom. Together she and Miss Verity left the room, but Honor's heart was throbbing with joy and surprise. "Here is my work," she said to herself. "Who knows but that it was God's hand that led me to Allingtown, and, when I thought I came to rest, he wanted me here?"

III.

Together with a growing friendship for the Allings, though more especially for Miss Verity, Honor began to be known and loved by the little fishing colony near the church. She would wander down on the rocks at half-tide, and sit by the hour with the music of the waves in her ears. The little, dark haired and eyed Portuguese children would swarm around her, for the beautiful lady did far more than teach them catechism and tales of the saints: she had a pocket that was filled with bright candies, and which was inexhaustible. More than in the others Honor was interested in the little daughter of Antoine Bertier, the solitary French fisherman. His wife had given her life for the little Antoinette's, and the child was growing up alone, without a mother's care, and with little of her father's, who had a hard battle to wrest from the waves enough to support himself and the little one.

Accordingly Honor pitied the child and was kind to her, and Antoinette returned her a sort of adoration. The doleful Widow Finch began to feel something very like admiration for her boarder, but showed her weakness only by combating nearly everything Honor said. As for the group which haunted the post-office, Honor made a conquest of every man, beginning with Eliphalet—who saw her more frequently than the rest through being the right-hand man of the Widow Finch—and

ending with the bilious man, who was blessed with a hysterical wife, and whose children, being much neglected, Honor had ministered to. "Mis' Finch's boarder" was, accordingly, very kindly looked upon by the Allingtown people, and her intercourse with Miss Verity spoken of hopefully, as a possible means of reclaiming her from error.

Meanwhile Honor was cherishing precisely opposite hopes; she had taken Miss Verity to church with her and shown her the life of zealous self-sacrifice led by the priest whose days were so plainly numbered. What the effect of this had been Honor could not tell, for Miss Verity grew reticent, and never spoke again to Honor as she had in telling the story of the crucifix. And so the days of Honor's summer in Allingtown glided by in peaceful companionship with the sea, the flowers, the little children, and the simple folk around her. June slipped into July, and there came one of those weeks of intense heat that sometimes fall upon the unprotected heads of sojourners on the New England coast. Day after day dawned without the longed-for easterly breeze that was to cool Allingtown. The sea lay motionless, like a sea of glass; the sky above was white and cloudless; the sun seemed to drop down the west at night, scorching the tree-tops, and the twilight and starshine brought no relief. The molasses in the barrel by which Grandsir Cooper sat in Si Saunders' store was found to have fermented, and Grandsir himself said that there had never been a spell of such weather in Allingtown, though old Captain Barnes considered the summer of '25 to have been hotter. Miss Verity succumbed to the heat, and was ill in her own gentle and dignified way, Miss Experience taking care of her. Honor, too, was rather unwell, and felt that oppression of spirits, and sense of being walled in without future hope or present fulfilment, that comes upon one in such tropical days in a northern clime.

On the seventh day of the heat Honor lay upon the bed in her little white room in languid weariness. The snowy muslin curtains hung motionless in the windows, but down in the west were piled ragged-edged clouds which seemed to promise a change in the weather at last. Honor lay and thought. "After all," she said, "I was mistaken in thinking that there might be work in Allingtown for me to do. There has been no change in Miss Verity, and I am as far from arriving at any conclusions as when I came. Well, Father Lufton used to say that if God wished us to do something he would be sure to let us know of it; so I ought not to be uneasy." She laid quietly a few mo-

ments, watching the curtains, which were beginning to sway gently. "The breeze is coming," she thought, and thought no more. How long she had slept she did not know, when there came into her slumber a sound of pounding and roaring. She lay still, with closed eyes, struggling back to consciousness with a dim sense that such a noise was unusual, when she heard her name, "Miss Honor!" called in such a tone that she instantly sprang to her feet fully awake. The room was quite dark; she could scarcely distinguish objects across it, except by the constant flashes of lightning. Outside the sky was yellow and green, yet no light came from it, and the roar of wind and rain was deafening. Honor groped her way to the door; Mrs. Finch and Eliphalet stood there, looking anxious. "Fer land's sakes!" cried the widow, "I begun to think you was struck." "What's the matter?" cried Honor. "Has anything happened?" "Tony Bertier's out in the storm in his dory," said Eliphalet. "He would go'n spite er warnin's, an' no livin' thing could stan' such a sea. Ant'nette's cryin' fer him an' fer you. She's mos' crazy; though how such a mite could understand beats me. They can't do nothin' with her, fer she can't speak a word of English, she's so scared, except your name an' 'Papa.'" "I'll go to her," said Honor quickly, "if you'll take me."

A look of relief came over Eliphalet's face, for he had a warm heart under his uncouth form, and he was sorry for the child. "Well, you're the right stuff!" he said emphatically; "an' Si was right an' I was wrong, an' I ask your pardon. He said you'd go." "Go down and wait, Eliphalet," said Honor, with a white face, "and I will be ready in ten minutes." She hastily wrapped herself in her "storm-dress," as she had called it, and, taking a bottle of brandy, hastened away. It took some courage to face such a storm as was raging, and Honor walked rapidly in absolute silence, in which she could hear her heart beating. A knot of men surrounded poor Antoine's cottage when she reached it, and they uncovered respectfully when she came and made room for her to pass. Antoinette sprang into her arms with a loud cry. "Ah! ma belle dame," she cried. "Pauvre petite Antoinette!" Honor held her fast. "Poor indeed," she said, as she kissed her and poured brandy through the little white, set lips, "for there is no one now in all the world but strangers to pity you." The fury of the storm was spent, the wind lulled, and soon the sun broke through the drifting clouds. The little tree-sparrow broke into song, the flowers lifted up their heads brightly; there was nothing but the

uprooted trees and seething ocean to tell of what had been; but the father of little Antoinette was gone beyond the call of her feeble voice, and Honor still sat in the little cottage and held her close.

There was considerable conjecture afloat in the village as to what was to be done with Antoinette; the pastor of the "first church," which stood at the head of the common facing High Street, made it a subject of "special prayer," and called a meeting after the prayer-meeting to discuss it. "You see, my brethren," he said, "that we should take some action in the matter. I have no authority for saying that it is so, but it seems to me not improbable that this papist young woman who is even now sojourning with Sister Finch will be likely to take the child away with her. It does appear to me, my brethren, that in the death of her two parents, but more especially in the violent taking-off of her father, we may discern the hand of the same Lord who guided the infant Moses into the household of Pharao. By this merciful dispensation of divine Providence the young Ann may be snatched like a brand from the burning." The brethren concurred most heartily in this reasoning, but at the same time no one seemed to be ready to risk scorching their fingers by snatching the brand.

At last one very lean and hard-featured sister arose and addressed the meeting. "No one seems to take it upon themselves to respond to Parson Bewgel's call. I don't pretend to be no better'n other folks, an' the land knows I han't got much of this world's goods to boast of, but I know that it's as little likely that a rich man'll go to heaven as that a camel 'll go through the eye of a cambric-needle, an' I thank the Lord fer it. I feel it impressed upon me that I'd ought ter care fer the orphan child, ef I *be* poor, ef nobody else will; besides that, I calculate to have some girl bound out to me to learn the tailoring business, an' I guess she'll more'n save her keep—she don't appear very hearty. So ef nobody else of our people'll take her, *I* will." At the same time that Sister Flint was expressing her willingness to take poor little Antoinette Honor was sitting beside Miss Verity's high-posted bedstead discussing the same question. "It seems to be my duty, Miss Verity," she said. "I cannot help thinking that this is the work God has given me to do, especially because if I do not take her she will fall into the hands of some one here in the town and lose her faith; and that, you know, dear Miss Verity, would be a fearful thing." Miss Verity blushed on her linen pillow-case. "I think it is your duty, Honor," she said, "and you had better see about it to-morrow morning."

IV.

The following day Honor waited on the selectmen of the town to arrange the future of Antoinette Bertier. The doctor, a big, gruff, good-natured man, represented the august body. "You are too late, my dear young lady," he said. "Mrs. Flint has already applied for the child, and the matter has been settled." Honor looked aghast. "You seem to be sorry," said the doctor; "why do you care? A child is not such a desirable piece of property for a young lady to possess." "It is not that, but I must have her," cried Honor. "Don't you think Mrs. Flint will give her up?" "Can't say, I'm sure," said Dr. Hart gruffly. "You must settle it between you. Look here!" he added, with a sudden change of manner, "I don't mind helping you. That woman's name feebly expresses her nature. Poor little Antoinette will be half-starved and worked to death. There is not a vulnerable point in Mrs. Flint's feelings, except her purse. If you go to her and offer money for her bargain—that is, if you care enough to do it—I am sure you will get the child." "I'll go at once," cried Honor, "if you will tell me where she lives." "I will send my boy with you. Here, Jimmy, take Miss Eldrige to Mrs. Flint's house." "I thank you more than I can say," said Honor gratefully, putting out her hand. The doctor shook it heartily. "Wait till you find out what a scrape I've helped you into before you say that," he said. "I declare, I should like to make a diagnosis of your case, for I never saw a girl just like you before."

Honor laughed and hastened away. She found Mrs. Flint finishing a vest, and she looked up at Honor over her spectacles as she waxed her thread. "Mrs. Flint," said Honor, going straight to the point with considerable tact, "I hear that you have decided to bring up little Antoinette Bertier. Now, that is very good of you, but I believe that you think it will be quite a drain upon your income, and it will be some years before so young a child can be of service to you. Though I may not be as competent as you to bring up a child well, I am willing to undertake it; so, if you agree, I will relieve you of Antoinette, and give you this hundred-dollar bill as a compensation for any help she might have given you later."

Mrs. Flint looked greedily at the crisp note which Honor waved temptingly before her as she spoke. But she was a Yankee and had faith in haggling. "Well, no, I guess not," she said. "Money an't but dross, and I'm sorter set on the idee now

I've took it up. No, I'll keep the child." The eager look in her eyes did not escape Honor. "Very well," she said, "you know best, of course; and, after all, it saves me much responsibility. Good-morning, Mrs. Flint!" She turned as if to go. "Hold on!" said Mrs. Flint. Honor paused, but did not turn back. "I like to accommodate, and mebbe I hadn't ought'er refuse money when it's offered me by one of your persuasion," said Mrs. Flint. "Would you give it to the pope if I didn't take it?" "It is not improbable," said Honor, with dancing eyes. "Well, now, when you look at it that way, perhaps it's my dooty," said Mrs. Flint. "It does seem to me Parson Bewgel 'd say 'twas even better to keep one hundred dollars from the Pope of Rome than ter fetch up that child Protestant. Yes, you may leave it. I'll give her up." Honor came back to the doctor laughing, but victorious. The matter was arranged, the necessary papers made out, and Honor went home to her little room at Mrs. Finch's, no longer without an object in life, but charged with the care of a human soul.

The little Antoinette was not well; she lost some of the color from her cheeks and the elasticity from her step. Dr. Hart said that she was suffering from the shock of the day of her father's death and his imperfectly understood absence. Following his advice, Honor made arrangements for an earlier departure from Allingtown than she had at first intended. The little group at the corner-grocery bade her a regretful farewell. "I han't had sech an interest in any one's letters sence before I married my wife, an' she was away to the seminary," said Si Saunders, as he shook her hand. The little Portuguese bade her good-by with streaming eyes, and would willingly have left their brothers and sisters to be in Antoinette's place, going with "the beautiful lady." The priest blessed her fervently. "Farewell, my child," he said. "I do not think we shall meet again on earth, but you may carry away with you the recollection of a summer well spent, and my last days will be made easier by the many comforts you have given me."

Miss Experience's good-by was stately as her every action, but cordial. "You have afforded us many pleasant hours, Miss Eldrige," she said, "and I sincerely trust that we shall meet again." Miss Verity kissed her tenderly. "Good-by, my dear Honor!" she cried. "You have been a blessing to me this summer, not less than to this orphan child, and I want to write to you." Eliphalet drove her to the station in an open wagon, and showed his grief by refusing to let any one help him with the

trunks. Mrs. Finch bade her farewell in a characteristic manner. "Here's some bread and butter an' cheese to eat in the cars," she said. "An' I made this batch o' doughnuts particular fer the little 'un. An' I jest want'er tell you that, ef you want ter come ter Allin'town nex' summer, I'll find a place fer you ef I have ter sleep in the barn." The locomotive puffed and snorted, the train quivered all over and got under way. The last glimpse Honor had of the little town Eliphalet was waving his hat on the platform, and over beyond the High Street the sea lay shining back to the sun; then a sudden turn in the road shut it from her sight.

Honor had much to occupy her during the following autumn and winter, and she had little time to think of her new friends in Allingtown. Sometimes she wondered that Miss Verity did not fulfil her promise of writing; but, though she felt a great desire to hear from the good little lady, her many other cares drove the thought from her mind. In the latter part of March a letter came directed in a neat, old-fashioned hand, and bearing the Allingtown post-mark. "Miss Verity!" Honor cried as she tore open the envelope. "How glad I am that she has written at last."

"My dear Honor," the letter ran, "you may have wondered at my silence. I have waited to know exactly what to tell you, though I might have said much when I bade you farewell. The village news is inconsiderable, and every one in whom you would be interested remains the same except myself. I have undergone the greatest of changes, of which I write to tell you. What I saw in you in this little church here and in our saintly father impressed me profoundly, coming as it did in addition to my previous half-formed inclination which the death of the young Frenchman had given me. I did not like to say this to you when you were here, though I might have done so.

"I have been to the church a good deal this winter, and have cultivated my slight acquaintance with the priest, thereby greatly grieving my good sister, and occasioning, I am certain, much talk amongst the townfolk. At last—oh! how can I tell you? Well, the father had failed in health considerably during the severe weather. One stormy night in February there came a call for him to go to give the last sacraments to a dying man. His housekeeper vainly tried to restrain him, telling him that it would surely end his days. Our saint answered: 'Our Lord would have died for this one man; I must follow him.' He went, and arrived there safely and in time; but going home, worn and weakened by buffeting the storm, a terrible hemorrhage overcame him, and he sank in the snow. He was found there in the morning and carried home, where he lingered a few days and died—not before he had baptized me, however, who presented myself to him immediately. I could not fail to recognize the fruit of the same teaching in these two deaths and in your life, as well as in this life that has just ended so sublimely. Now I am a Catholic, and I cannot

realize my present position nor what has come to me. Sister Experience has said little after the first announcement I made to her of my intention. She has too fitting a sense of her duty to let the outside world know of the coldness which I may tell you exists between us. I hope the news I send you may be as welcome to you as I believe it will be, and that you are yourself well and happy. Our father sent you by me his dying blessing and gratitude for your kindness to him. Present my affectionate remembrance to little Antoinette, whom, I hope, is well. Believe me with sentiments of affection

"Your sincere friend, VERITY ALLING."

Honor laid down the letter with streaming eyes and smiling lips. "My dear father," she whispered, "and my dear Miss Verity. Come here, my Antoinette," she said, as the child ran into the room. "God is very good, my darling, and he raises up saints everywhere," she cried, as she snatched her up in her arms. "He feeds his flock sheltered safe in the fold, and when he sees one of his sheep or his little lambs who has lost her way he himself goes softly down the by-ways to bring her back."

NEW MEXICO AND HER PUEBLOS.

THE term *pueblo* in the Spanish language signifies *people*. The plural of pueblo is pueblos. It is also the term in common use to designate bodies of Indians, of manners, customs, and history unlike those Indians who are known as savages or barbarians and lead a predatory and roving life as wild tribes not yet reduced to the ways of civilized men. The Pueblo is included in the race of the North American Indians only from a mistake made in the beginning and perpetuated through time. There is no distinction of race more perceptible than that which exists between the Pueblo and the lawless freebooter who from time immemorial has been his enemy.

The long, low, grass-grown mounds which lie in the sequestered valleys and beside streams in the remotest regions of New Mexico are all that now remain to trace the outlines of many of those cities whose very names are forgotten and whose last burgher died four hundred and ninety years ago. Those mementos of a history upon which mankind can but speculate, and which is eternally lost, are the walls which protected the homes of the remote ancestors of the Indian farmers of the valley of the Rio Grande. The Pueblo is the small remainder in

North America—at least so it seems—of the great people whose historic king and god was Montezuma, who founded the Mexican capital, who built the colossal temples of Central America, who had a written literature and a religion not utterly pagan, and who were found by the Spanish conquerors a brave and prosperous people.

In contradistinction from the Indian as we usually know him here in the West—wild and ferocious, roving and homeless—the Pueblo is essentially a farmer, and was found so by his conquerors. All his inclinations and tastes are peaceful. In his intimate knowledge of his business, his laborious patience, his industrious contentment in what the sunshine brings and the soil yields, he is the model farmer of America, and reminds one of all that has been said and written of the patient husbandman of Egypt and China. It is astonishing to note that he is an unconscious teacher of those whose ancestors were his conquerors. The whole curious routine of Mexican husbandry is borrowed from the Pueblo. His plough is made of two pieces of wood, the one mortised to the other at such an angle as makes at once the coulter and the beam. Sometimes, indeed, it is only the crotch of a tree found suited for the purpose. Fastened to this are the long-horned, gaunt, patient oxen, yoked together by a straight piece of wood bound with thongs to the horns. As one sees the brown-faced son of toil, holding his rude plough by its one straight handle, walking beside the lengthening mark which can scarcely be called a furrow, through the low field yet wet and shining from recent inundations, urging his beasts with grotesque cries and a long rod with a sharpened point, one can hardly help thinking that the rude wood-cuts which illustrate Oriental agriculture in the Bible commentaries have walked out of their pages and are here before him.

"The Pueblo," wrote my friend Dean Monaghan, at one time editor of the *Kansas Magazine*, now American consul to Havana, "has modelled the universal architecture of the country where he dwells. The low houses of sun-dried brick, with earthen roof and earthen benches and beds and floors, had an origin far back of the Conquest, and, though somewhat modified by it, are by no means the result of Spanish ideas of taste. But the Pueblo, a farmer by nature, had from time immemorial been surrounded by his enemy, the Apache. Therefore the cluster of houses which formed the common village was each one a castle. The Pueblo made no doors, and when he and his family retired for the night they climbed a ladder to the roof and drew the stairway after them."

The Pueblos, once so numerous and powerful, at present in-

habit twenty-six villages, situated principally in the valley of the Rio Grande; and the whole population, as computed in the *Catholic Directory* for 1883, is laid down at ten thousand souls—a low estimate, but not far from the truth. These are everywhere the nuclei of a farming community. A number of the pueblos I have visited have large orchards of peaches and apricots, with rich clusters of grapes as well as low-lying fields. All these, with immense pains and labor, are surrounded with almost inaccessible walls or fences. The Pueblo shuts in his life from the world and delights in isolation. His curious house and closely-fenced garden are not so from mere motives of fear. It may have been so in olden times, but not now. He is bent upon isolation amid the thousand changes which encroach upon him, and he humbly passes away to join his fathers without a memento, a monument, or a word of history. The predatory Apache, the conquering Spaniard, the Yankee, peering curiously over his garden-wall, have been there in vain; he clings to ancient habits, intensely occupied with the details of the humblest of all lives, and, most of all, content. With all this it will appear strange to no one that, although a Catholic at heart, he still clings to his ancient faith that in the light of some radiant morning the immortal Montezuma, high-priest of the sun and king of the faithful, riding upon an eagle, will come again from the east bringing deliverance with him.

I visited the pueblo of San Juan at harvest-time. All was in a bustle. Far down the sandy valley stand the long lines of yellow walls surrounding the fields with their golden harvest, while at the right glitter the slimy pools of the Rio Grande under the noonshine. The settlement, with its village and church in the centre, is large and pretty; the fields are east of the pueblo, and the space between it and the river is filled with luxuriant gardens. On every hand are evidences of unwonted activity. The cumbrous carts, with frame-work of osier, and wheels made of a section of some large *alamo*, howl dismally upon their oilless axles as they pass you by on the roadside, to return freighted with yellow bundles. In the fields on either side the reapers wade slowly along, patiently decapitating each yellow stalk. They use no machinery, but, the simple sickle in hand, they go on cutting by handfuls.

Some distance ahead a cloud of dust and straw is tossed high in the air. You hear curious noises: you are in sight of a primitive threshing-machine. Around a circular space some twenty-five feet in diameter tall poles are set in the ground, and be-

tween these, from one to the other, are stretched strips of raw-hide. Within the ground is bare and hard, and the newly-cut wheat piled there is being trodden out by some twenty unbridled *burros*. The little urchins kick and halloo in the straw outside the enclosure, like urchins in a straw-pile anywhere in the world, and men and women in the centre of the ring so work upon the sensibilities of the burros with kicks and shouts, and sundry long poles, that they go as fast and furious as mediæval witches. To a man unaccustomed to such things there is ever something indescribably ludicrous in the long ears and solemn countenances of the beasts. As you watch these thus treading out the wheat you see that they are intent, with their long ears laid backward, upon revenging upon each other with their flying heels the thwacks of their masters. Sometimes, instead of donkeys, it is a flock of sheep or goats which are used as a threshing machine.

Yet a little further and the scene is different. The children, with the revengeful burros and the sheep and the goats, have vanished altogether, and a few stoical persons are occupied in an operation often spoken of in Holy Writ—they are winnowing the wheat. They stand by the fence, old men and old women, and anon with a small broom sweep up each scattered grain as it falls beyond the heap.

The Pueblos anciently formed four distinct nations speaking as many languages—namely, the Piros, Teguas, Queres, and Tagnos or Tanos. But the villages of the latter have gone to ruin and the population passed away, or if any of them remain they have been incorporated with other pueblos. The Pueblos still live in rather small communities, distinct from the Mexican population, and are governed by their own local customs and laws. Each village is distinct from others, and there is no common bond of union between them. Their officers are a governor, a justice of the peace, or *alcalde*, a constable to execute the laws, a council of wise men, and a *cacique*, generally the oldest man of the pueblo, if not incapacitated by age, who can bring any one, even the governor, to punishment, if deserved. These are the civil officers; generally there is also a war-captain, who attends to military affairs.

Such a thing as a member of a pueblo not almost cheerfully submitting to a deserved punishment is unknown. I remember, two years ago, the governor of the pueblo of Tejugne, a fine young man, had the misfortune, while transacting some business in Santa Fé, to get intoxicated, and in that state to become uproarious. He was arrested by the police and lodged in jail.

The next morning the council of wise men called upon the authorities of the city, obtained his release, and in silence returned to the pueblo; there he was judged by the *cacique* and condemned to flogging. A few days after I met him and asked him: "Well, how did you fare?" "It was my fault, padre; I deserved it." And that was all.

In religion they are Catholics. Many pueblos, and many members of each pueblo, follow conscientiously and most earnestly the tenets of the mother church. There is no doubt, however, that some of them mix up old superstitions with the faith in which they have been brought up. It is a known fact that there are many who believe that Montezuma will come one day in a chariot of fire to deliver them from the yoke of the Spaniards. There is no doubt either that in some pueblos—it may be in very few—there is still kept an *estufa* with a huge serpent, fed on the flesh of animals, particularly of the rabbit; that the Montezuma fire is kept by a few appointed for that purpose. Still, all these things are dying away. Among them, as among all peoples, you find unbelievers who fulfil only exteriorly the duties of Christianity. Of late years great efforts were made to pervert the Pueblos to Protestantism. Sectarian schools were established, and some children were even sent East, though under the promise of placing them in Catholic schools. God alone knows what efforts the venerable Archbishop of Santa Fé, the Most Rev. J. B. Lamy, and his clergy have made, and at what expense, to preserve them from ravenous wolves. Thank God! there is a change in the administration, and we hope that an era of candor and impartiality will dawn upon the Pueblos. We ask no favors, but only insist that, as they are all Catholics, their faith be not tampered with.

The Pueblos, as we know them, are a quiet and orderly people, and form a meritorious class of the population of the Territory. They are industrious and frugal, and live in harmony with each other and the surrounding Mexican population. A few hundred acres of land belong to each pueblo, which for purposes of cultivation is parcelled out to the respective families. They raise grains, vegetables, and fruits, manufacture some wine, and possess considerable flocks and herds. They cultivate by means of irrigation. They have retained in a great measure their aboriginal costume, and dress either in skins or woollen goods of their own manufacture. Their food is simple and wholesome, consisting mainly of beans, pepper (*chile*), and corn-meal, which are prepared in a manner peculiar to themselves. Like the

Mexicans, they have the *tortilla* and the *atole*. The *tortilla* is simply a cake of dough dried up in a pan, and the *atole* is a mixture of corn-meal with water, to which a little salt has been added.

Not a few persons believe that the Pueblos, or, as they are often called, the *sedentary Indians*, of New Mexico were reclaimed from a wild state and settled in villages by the Spaniards. No doubt they were reclaimed from a very wild state; many of them were cannibals; all, or nearly all, offered human sacrifices. The horrors and immoralities of their sacrifices amidst dances cannot be written. These horrors and this immorality the Spaniards could not, of course, tolerate, and this was the principal cause of so many risings of the Pueblos against their masters. At every rising they returned to their idols, their dances, their *estufas*, and their Montezuma fires. As to their having been placed in villages by the Spaniards, no one believes it who has read the history of the country. The conquerors found them in villages, and even cities, some of them large enough to be compared by old chroniclers to the city of Mexico. The *Seven Cities*, Cibola, Tiguex, Cicuyé, Quivira, Jemez, and hundreds of others are names of cities well known.

At the time of the cession of New Mexico to the United States—which passed over the sedentary and solitary Pueblo, as the gentle breeze upon the surface of yonder lake—a change was made in their political status. Whereas until then they had been more or less under the subjection of Mexico, now the government of the United States fixed the land which each pueblo should possess at three miles square. But they have not the power of selling or alienating their lands; they are the perpetual usufructors of their land, and no more. As for the Indian, whether his *Tata* was in Mexico or in Washington made but little difference.*

The Pueblo, although quiet and contented, has, however, one great anxiety: it is about his religion. He has stood firm against all attempts to meddle with it; and to-day I see that as the new agents visit the Pueblos one after another to get ac-

* The donation of lands to the Pueblos dates as far back as 1523, two years after the Conquest, when Charles V. of Spain authorized the viceroys and governors to grant a certain quantity of land to each village, and this was done to conciliate so powerful a people. In 1533 the mountains, pastures, and waters were made common to both Spaniards and Indians. In June, 1587, Philip II. confirmed to each pueblo, or village, eleven hundred *varas* square of land, which was afterwards increased to a league square. Many decrees were afterwards given for the same purpose, but forbidding the Indians the sale of their lands, the fee simple remaining with the crown of Spain, from which it passed to the government of Mexico, and subsequently to the United States by the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo.

quainted with them, the first question the Pueblos ask is about their religion; and when the agent tells them that their religion shall never be interfered with, that it is protected by the *Tata* in Washington, they applaud and form joyous dances around him. However superstitious he may be, the Pueblo is a Catholic and desires to remain so. May the government give us the means of instructing them better, of doing more for them, and it will have conferred a great blessing upon its Indian children.

It would be interesting to inquire about the probable origin of the Pueblo Indians and whence they came. There are two theories on this subject: the one, that they are of Aztec origin; and the other, that they are the remains of a Toltec colony. According to a common tradition, when the Aztecs peopled New Mexico they came from the north or northwest, and only reached their new homes in the valley of Anahuac after a period of one hundred and fifty years, halting from time to time and building villages and cultivating the earth. Castañeda is of opinion that they came from the northwest. If such is the case—and I see absolutely nothing to the contrary—some of the migrating Aztecs must have remained in New Mexico and not moved on with the main body. There is a tradition among them that they are the people of Montezuma, and, as I remarked above, many of the Pueblos even to-day expect him to return and restore them to their primitive state. Such Pueblos keep the *estufa*, or stove—an underground room where, they say, is kept constantly burning the fire of Montezuma until he returns, and yearly some three or four young men are elected to keep that fire burning. It is said that they are forbidden to leave the *estufa* in daylight, although they may come out at night; they are forbidden the use of marriage if in that state, and the entrance of any house, not excepting their own, is forbidden them. These are all hearsays, because it is impossible to gain any details from the Indians. At certain epochs, too, the entrance to their pueblo is forbidden to every stranger, and it is surmised that at those times those who are only *nominal* Catholics engage in their old pagan dances. All these things were practised by the Aztecs of Mexico.

Baron Humboldt contends that the language of the Aztecs differed materially from that of the Pueblos of our times, without, however, deciding the question; whereas Albert Gallatin is of opinion that they are of Toltec origin. The fact of the difference of language may be; still, there seems to be very little doubt that the Pueblos and the Aztecs of old are one and the

same race; the similitude of their manners and customs, their modes of building and living, would argue an identity. As for their language, it is no argument, as in the lapse of time many words are dropped off and new ones coined, particularly since they have been commingling with the Spaniards.

But what became of all these inhabitants of the country so powerful and numerous at the time of Coronado, when the province of Tiguex alone is said to have held forty thousand?

"The most reasonable conclusion," says Bandelier,* "that can be arrived at is that they were exterminated by the Spaniards upon their reoccupation of the country. Though history is silent as to the complete operations of the Spaniards upon their return to New Mexico, yet it is a fact established by documentary evidence that a relentless war was waged against the Indians, and a number of tribes are spoken of as being engaged in certain battles, of which tribes we know nothing at the present day; and in some instances it is stated that some tribes sued for peace and promised obedience to the rule of the conquerors, for which they received grants of lands that they at present occupy. The inhabitants of Gran Quivira, Abo, and Quarro would be among the first that the Spaniards would meet on their reoccupation of the country, and there is every reason to believe that they were exterminated by the incensed invaders."

I doubt very much this last statement, as we have exactly the route followed by Vargas from El Paso to Santa Fé when he came to reoccupy the country. He carried before his army wherever he went a statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary; and wherever he camped he built a little adobe oratory, where he placed the Madonna. I have seen such oratories, particularly the one situated near Agua Fria, five miles from Santa Fé, and respected to-day by the Mexicans under the name of *los palacios*. His route led him by the Rio Grande, and when, reaching Santa Fé, he found the city occupied by numerous Indian troops massed upon the *plaza*, he established his camp on the spot where now stands the chapel of Our Lady of the Rosary, and there he built a *palacio*, which he left under the care of some soldiers. He attacked the Indians; the day was consumed in this battle, without success on either side. He then, with his followers, made a vow to have annually the statue of Mary carried from the church to the *palacio*, if he should gain the victory. The next day he drove the Indians upon the loma northeast of the city, and finally routed them. This now continues to be fulfilled to this day, and yearly, on the third Sunday after Pentecost, the statue is carried with great pomp and chanting from the cathedral to the church of Our Lady of the Rosary, where it is left

* Historical Introduction to *Institut Archéologique*. Note on Gran Quivira, p. 33.

ten days, and then brought back, accompanied by a vast multitude of people. What became of the thousands of Indians massed in Santa Fé to resist him we cannot tell, but no doubt many of them perished by the sword, and the grass-grown mounds that we meet at every step tell the silent story of past valor, activity, and life. It is only to be regretted that so few facts can be determined with certainty. It is hoped that the efforts now made by the Historical Society of New Mexico will unearth many facts hidden from the historian.

Let us now briefly survey the ethnography of New Mexico, as established by the investigation of the years 1540–43. We find the sedentary Indians of New Mexico agglomerated in the following clusters: 1. Between the frontier of Arizona and the Rio Grande, from west to east: *Zuni*, *Acoma*, with possibly *Laguna*. 2. Along the Rio Grande, from north to south, between *Sangre de Cristo* and *Mesilla*; *Taos*, *Picuries*, *Tehua*, *Queres*, *Tiguas*, *Piros*. 3. West of the Rio Grande valley: *Jemez*, including *San Diego* and *Cia*. 4. East of the Rio Grande: *Tanos*, *Pecos*. Around these "pueblos" then ranged the following wild tribes: in the northwest the *Apaches*, in the northeast the *Teyas*, in the east the *Querechos*, in the south the *Jumanos* and the *Tobosas*.

If now we compare the localities of 1540 with the present sites of the pueblos of New Mexico, it is evident that the Zuni, Tiguas, Queres, Jemez, Tehua, and Taos still occupy, if not the identical houses, at least the same tribal grounds. The Acoma have chosen new localities. The Piros have removed to the frontier of Mexico; the Pecos are extinct as a tribe; of the Tanos and Picuries a few remain on their ancient soil. Mr. Bandelier * says of New Mexico:

> "It is the only region on the whole continent where the highest type of culture attained by its aborigines—the village community in stone or adobe buildings—has been preserved on the respective territories of the tribes. These tribes have shrunk, the purity of their stock has been affected, their customs and beliefs encroached upon by civilization. Still, enough is left to make of New Mexico the objective point of serious, practical archæologists; for besides the living Pueblo Indians, besides the numerous ruins of their past, the very history of the changes they have undergone is partly in existence, and begins three hundred and forty years ago with Coronado's adventurous march."

One industry I did not mention above ought not, however, be forgotten: it is the manufacture of pottery. Nearly all the pottery used in New Mexico is of Pueblo manufacture. The vases

* *Institut Archéologique*, p. 28.

and other articles they make are of classic and Biblical shapes, and in passing by fountains and streams throughout New Mexico, looking at the women carrying jars of water gracefully poised on their heads, you may daily and hourly see Vernet's beautiful picture of "Rebecca at the Well" repeated in life. Sometimes, however, although always with classical paintings, the objects manufactured are grotesque, and are even wanting in decency.

"The ancient Indian and Pueblo work of this description," wrote the late Col. James F. Meline,* "is said to have been finer than the modern, and I am satisfied of the fact from inspection of the fragments I gathered among the ruins of the old pueblo of San Marcos. The geometric figures and designs prevail of late years. Nevertheless they still possess and use the elements of decorative art, as applied to pottery, precisely as we find them among the ancient Greeks and Egyptians—the lines straight or spiral, waving, inverted, arched, involute or evolute, the scroll and cross carved, fillet and trefoil. The repetition of all these well-defined and antique forms is certainly not accidental, but how and why they happen to be found here is a question that can hardly be discussed by a cavalryman on a march."

The question has puzzled more men than the "cavalryman on a march." It is a serious question to ask: Who are the Pueblos? We can answer pretty readily, and without much fear of mistake: They are Aztecs. But who were the Aztecs? Here commences the difficulty. Should I be allowed an opinion, I would say that they may possibly be the *ten lost tribes of Israel*, or parcels of such.

A strange phenomenon is to behold the ruins of large pueblos, which certainly contained hundreds, even thousands, of inhabitants, at points now entirely destitute of water, and to which water cannot be brought from any present source, the nearest water being miles away. Such is the case with Gran Quivira, once a large pueblo, of modern date, built by the Franciscans—a pueblo of vast proportions, and at the distance of fifteen miles from any available water. This Quivira is not the same as the one sought for so long by Coronado and Espejo, and not found. The Indians of that Quivira told Coronado that they passed through Taos seventy-five miles north of Santa Fé, whereas the Gran Quivira is about the same distance southeast.

Of course many theories have been broached. One is a theory held by the Indians themselves. They have a legend that when Montezuma disappeared he told them water would be wanting until his return, and that then only they would have

* *Two Thousand Miles on Horseback*, p. 232.

water. But, passing over these fables, I say that the phenomenon is no uncommon one in this region. I have seen several such cases; one in particular at *La Cienega*, ten miles from Santa Fé, in the Cerrillos district. At that point a stream of water, furnished by two springs and running to the distance of about a mile at all seasons of the year, which has never been known to dry within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, has, within the last few years, entirely disappeared; and even digging to a considerable depth in the bed of the late springs fails to find the stream, or the channel by which it has so mysteriously disappeared.*

"To those at all familiar with the cretaceous formation of the southeastern portion of New Mexico, and who have seen the numerous rivers that flow hundreds of inches of water within a few yards of where they make their first appearance, and the total disappearance of these streams within a few miles; who have seen the water flowing in caves and subterraneous streams, and the fact that the whole country is cavernous, can easily imagine the possibility of a stream acting upon its cretaceous bed, and eventually wearing a channel to connect with some immense cavern, and disappearing at once from the surface beyond all reach of human power." †

Let us hope that men with knowledge and means will undertake the history of the pueblos in New Mexico, and thus bring to light facts of the highest importance for this fair country, which at no distant time is destined to be the health-resort of thousands who are suffering in the crowded cities of the East, whereas here, with a climate that can be compared with no other climate; with high mountains, snow-capped, and bases covered with the *pino real;* mountain rivers with water as clear as crystal, filled with the sparkling trout; amidst countless ruins of the most interesting character, both the mind and the body can find ample and agreeable employment.

* Bandelier, p. 32.

† Willison's *General Description* in field notes of the survey of 1872 made in New Mexico by the United States.

ARMINE.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

NEVERTHELESS Egerton was right in his instinct. Armine had been the topic of conversation between M. de Marigny and D'Antignac, though the former, in his slight hesitation, had felt no inclination to allude to the fact. Nothing, indeed, could have been farther from his intention; yet when he spoke of the hour spent alone with his friend it was impossible not to pause for an instant over the recollection of the discussion which had for its subject the person to whom he spoke, and the nature of which would so greatly have amazed that person. For he had greeted D'Antignac by saying:

"I have come because I hoped to find you alone, and because I wish to tell you of a decision at which I have arrived."

"A decision relating to yourself?" D'Antignac asked, full of interest at once.

"To myself—yes," the vicomte answered. "And also relating to another in whom your interest is as great as in myself—to Mlle. Duchesne."

D'Antignac looked at him silently for an instant. Then he said in a grave tone: "You are thinking of marrying her, is it not so?"

"Yes," the other answered quietly, "I have been thinking of it for some time, but I have now passed that point. I have resolved upon it—that is, I have resolved upon offering myself, unless you believe that there is no hope for me."

"My dear friend," said D'Antignac, "I not only believe, I *know*, that there is no hope for you, and I wish that I had spoken sooner to tell you so."

The calm positiveness of his tone startled the vicomte. "How can you know?" he asked.

"By a very simple means," D'Antignac answered. "Egerton told me some time ago that Duchesne had given him an embarrassing and painful charge—that with his last breath he bade him tell Armine that she should on no account marry *you*."

The blood sprang to De Marigny's face, and he lifted his head with a gesture of unconscious haughtiness. "How could he have dreamed of such a thing?" he said quickly.

"By his knowledge of her possible claim upon Marigny," D'Antignac answered, "and by his belief that such a plan would suggest itself to you as a mode of compromise. It was a natural conclusion—on his part."

"On his part, perhaps so; but on mine—can any one imagine that it would be natural on mine?"

"There are many people who would readily imagine it," answered D'Antignac; "but not any one who knew you well, even if he did not know the position Armine has taken, which renders compromise wholly unnecessary."

"There is no question of it at all," said the vicomte. "And however anxious I might be that she should accept whatever is rightfully hers, I should certainly not think of endeavoring to bestow it upon her in this manner. There can be no doubt that in the majority of cases our French mode of marriage serves its purpose admirably; but it has never commended itself to me personally. I have always felt that if I married I must know much more of, and feel much more for, the woman I marry than the majority of Frenchmen think at all necessary. Long ago I had my dreams of what that woman should be, but as I grew older I perceived that such dreams were not likely to be realized." He paused a moment, then in a somewhat altered tone went on: "And yet I have found them realized, for I do not think I ever dreamed of an ideal more sympathetic, more gentle, or more brave than this girl who has so strangely come into my life."

"So strangely indeed," said D'Antignac, "so against all ordinary rules of probability, that it seems as if you had been brought together for some more than ordinary purpose. Considering this, and considering, too, how entirely she is fitted to fulfil all your dreams, I am tempted to think that possible of which you have spoken; and yet I know that it is not possible."

"Why not?" asked the other. "On account of Duchesne's prohibition? I do not regard that as of any importance."

"You may not; it is natural that you should not," D'Antignac answered. "But I am sure that Armine will regard it as of very great importance."

"Has she been told of it?"

"Not yet. Egerton came to me in great perplexity, and I advised him to defer telling her. It seemed unnecessary; and I knew that it would make intercourse with you more painful to her."

"If she had been told it might explain her reluctance to hold

such intercourse," said the vicomte thoughtfully. "I have always felt that it was not in herself that the motive of reluctance lay, but in some influence strong enough to dictate her conduct."

"The motive lay in her father's command. When they were at Marigny he forbade her ever speaking to you again. Her feeling is so strong on this point that even if she did not hear of his dying charge I do not think she could be persuaded to consider the idea of marrying you."

"You ought to know her better than I," said the vicomte. "And yet—"

He paused. At that moment there came to him the recollection of Armine as he had seen her last, and the touch of the hand which in answer to his appeal had been laid in his own. He remembered how that appeal had influenced her, how he had been able to strike a chord to which all the deep feeling and all the sweet reasonableness of her nature responded; and he could not doubt that he might do so again, that again he might point out that the first duty which she owed to her father was the duty of not perpetuating hatred by allowing it to exercise any influence over her conduct, and that again the delicate hand might be laid in his—but with another meaning. It could not be said that these thoughts were written on his face, yet D'Antignac, regarding him, saw that he was not discouraged, and that there was even something of a smile in the deep, dark eyes.

"You do not agree with me," he said. "You have hope?"

"I may be mistaken," M. de Marigny answered, "but, yes, I have hope. I am never with her that I do not feel as if I understood all that she is feeling, so complete is the sympathy between us; and therefore I believe that I can induce her to regard this command of her father's in its true light."

"And do you think that *it* alone would influence her to refuse to marry you?"

Again the blood mounted to the vicomte's face. "No," he said quickly. "Do not understand me as meaning to imply anything so presumptuous. I only mean that if she bases a refusal on this, which you seem to consider the chief obstacle, I should hope to be able to overcome it. She may refuse on other grounds altogether. I *cannot* tell, and certainly I have no great reason for hope."

There was silence for a minute or two. D'Antignac was evidently reflecting, and when he spoke it was to say meditatively: "If you have no great reason for hope I have very little; yet I believe that such a marriage would be for the happiness of you

both, and therefore I am anxious that no effort should be spared to make it possible. So it is a question with me whether it would not be well for you to learn what Armine—herself, uninfluenced—thinks of it, and how she feels toward you, before she hears of her father's prohibition."

"What would be gained by that?"

"This: that if she considers your proposal favorably, and above all if she entertains any regard for yourself, you will have a powerful advantage in combating her feeling about her father."

"That is true," said the vicomte; "but would I not also bring upon her a worse struggle than if she knew of the prohibition from the first? I fear so. Think, *mon ami*, of the nature which we both know so well—though you far better than I—of its deep feeling, its capacity for suffering, and its loyalty of instinct! Think, then, of the result if she should conquer the influence of what she already knows to have been her father's feeling sufficiently to entertain my suit, and to yield the heart without which consent would be to me valueless, only to hear *then* of this command from the grave! You know what she would suffer; and I cannot be in any degree accountable for such suffering, even if I might so gain my end."

"You are right," said D'Antignac. "And I—in my eagerness for the happiness of you both—was wrong. But I warn you that if she hears of the prohibition before she hears of your suit the latter will be hopeless."

"Then," said M. de Marigny, "since we are agreed that it will not be right to wait until afterwards, there is but one alternative—that she hears of both at the same time; and you, my dear D'Antignac, are the person best fitted to inform her, if you will undertake the office for the sake of our old friendship."

"I know of nothing within my power which I would not undertake for the sake of our old friendship," D'Antignac answered; "but you are, after all, following the conventional custom of French marriages in not pleading your own cause."

"I shall not be backward in pleading my cause when the time to plead it comes," said the vicomte; "but I have two reasons for asking you to undertake this duty—first, because I do not wish to omit the least respect due to the woman I desire to marry; and, secondly, because only in this way can she hear of my suit and of her father's prohibition together; while at the same time she will learn, from one whose opinion has the ut-

most weight with her, how far that prohibition has, or ought to have, binding force on her conscience or conduct."

D'Antignac shook his head. "You overrate my influence," he said. "On that point she will listen to her own feeling rather than to my voice, even though we may consider it the voice of reason. You could ask nothing of me that I would refuse, however, so I shall undertake the duty; but I earnestly urge you not to hope for a successful result."

"I am willing to leave the result to God," said the vicomte quietly. "Nothing happens by chance. So when one has prayed and has put one's affair in the hands of a friend whom one can trust in the fullest sense, one should be resigned to failure, if failure come. That does not sound like an ardent lover, perhaps. Yet, if not an ardent, I think that I should prove a tender one. And a man who cannot trust God seems to me hardly deserving of trust himself."

"It should be easy to trust Him for everything," said the man whom He had so heavily smitten. "And I will try not to set my heart too much on the hope of earthly happiness for two who are worthy of it."

There was little more to be said after this, and the conversation was soon ended by the entrance of other *habitués*, until the circle grew to that which was found by the party returning from Notre Dame. Nor did the arrivals cease then. While the vicomte was still talking to Armine at the tea-table the door opened, and a lady, with that appearance of exquisite elegance only to be seen in Frenchwomen of high rank, entered, followed by an elderly, rotund gentleman. Mlle. d'Antignac went forward quickly to meet them, and M. de Marigny, turning to Armine, said: "That is my sister—Mme. de St. Arnaud. I am glad of an opportunity to make you known to each other. You will allow me to do so?"

"Oh! no," said Armine, shrinking involuntarily. "Pray do not think of it! Madame de St. Arnaud is a great lady; what has she to do with me, or I with her?"

"She, at least, has something to do with you," the vicomte replied, with a smile. "She has heard the story of the kinswoman who has lately been added to our house."

The quick, pained look which the girl gave almost startled him. "Can it be possible you have told her *that?*" she said. "Oh! I am sorry—I am very sorry!"

"Why should you be sorry?" he asked, struck by the genuine distress of her tone.

"Because it was so useless," she answered; "because I hoped that the matter might rest as if it had never been known to any one, or as if Mr. Egerton had regarded my wishes. But I thought that *you* promised!" she added in a different tone—a tone of unconscious trust and reproach which went straight to the heart of her listener.

"Whatever I promised," he said gently, "I have certainly intended to fulfil. But I do not think that secrecy was included in the bond. And in telling my sister I had a reason, which you will know later. And, since she is anxious to know you, surely you will not refuse to know her? Believe me, she is not in the least formidable."

"She may not be," said Armine, glancing across the room at the graceful, high-bred woman talking to D'Antignac with a charming air of affectionate deference, "yet she and I can have nothing in common, so I beg you to excuse me."

"You told me once that you and *I* had nothing in common," said the vicomte, "but I hope I convinced you that we have much in common. The same is true of my sister. I think I may safely promise that you will find her very sympathetic."

"I do not doubt it," said the girl, "but there may be reasons why one should not even seek sympathy from those whose lives lie far apart from our own. No"— as she saw the vicomte about to interpose—"do not speak again of what we discussed and settled the other day. Nothing can be different from what it is, and nothing could be more painful to me than to be presented to the Comtesse de St. Arnaud as an intruder into her ancient house."

"It was in a totally different character that I wished to present you," said M. de Marigny in a tone full of restrained feeling.

"I am sure of that," she said quickly. "Do not misunderstand me or think I am not grateful for the honor you wish to do me. But I hope you will forgive me if—in order that there may be no question of it—I leave you now."

She rose as she spoke, with the evident intention of retreating through a door behind her, but paused as if reluctant to go without a word of assent from him.

He smiled a little and held out his hand. "I doubt," he said, "if you could do anything which I would not forgive. I will press nothing that is painful to you. My sister must wait for another opportunity to know you, and I reluctantly bid you good-evening, if it is your pleasure to leave us."

"You are always kind," she said in a tone which robbed the words of their conventional meaning and gave them a deeper significance. "It is merely an accident that I am here—I have never been present before on one of the occasions when M. and Mlle. d'Antignac receive their friends—and it is not the place for me. I should have retired earlier but for this" —she indicated the tea-equipage—"but now I am at liberty to say adieu."

Her eyes gave emphasis to the gentle salutation. Then she lifted the *portière* behind her and disappeared.

CHAPTER XL.

"WELL," said Miss Dorrance when she next met her friend, "I hear from mamma that you and Mr. Egerton went amicably together to Notre Dame, after all. I hope that you enjoyed yourselves."

"That depends upon your definition of enjoyment," answered Miss Bertram. "We heard a good sermon—which was what we went for."

"A good sermon!" Miss Dorrance lifted her eyes to heaven. "What an idea—to spend a beautiful, bright Sunday afternoon in hearing a sermon!"

"It was certainly more appropriate to spend it in the Bois," said Sibyl, with a laugh. "Well, we went afterwards to M. d'Antignac's."

"Where you found the usual 'feast of reason and flow of soul,' of course."

"That is a very hackneyed quotation," said Miss Bertram, "but it describes exactly what we found—what is usually to be found in the D'Antignac *salon*. I date an era in my life from the day I first entered that *salon*."

"An era of what kind?" asked her friend curiously.

"Of enlarged ideas, for one thing," was the reply.

Miss Dorrance made a slight but very expressive grimace. "I think your ideas were quite large enough before," she observed; "a little too large for convenience, in fact. One should consult convenience in one's ideas, as in everything else, in my opinion. One might as well wear clothes too large for one as to have ideas ridiculously unsuited to one's circumstances and surroundings."

"If some of us fitted our ideas to our circumstances and surroundings they would certainly be small enough," said

Sibyl. "I cannot flatter you that metaphor is your forte, my dear Laura. The narrowest circumstances need not prevent our entering on that heritage of great ideas which is, thank God! open to us all."

Miss Dorrance glanced round the artistic, luxurious room in which they were sitting. To her the phrase used had but one significance. "Your circumstances are certainly very narrow," she said drily.

"They are not very wide in the material sense—which is probably what you mean," answered Sibyl—"but in the spiritual and mental sense they have been narrow indeed."

"You are flattering to your friends."

"To my friends?" said the other, with a slight smile. "Oh! no. I was not speaking of my friends, who are few—as one's friends must always be—but of the large number of indifferent people who form one's acquaintance and make one's social atmosphere. And what has my atmosphere been? Simply that of a society bent on frivolous pleasure, measuring everything by a material standard, and not even redeemed from inanity by intellectual activity. Is it any wonder that when I entered another atmosphere, where people are not weighed by the amount of money or the number of fashionable acquaintances they possess, where all that is best in one is quickened and all that is noblest brought forth, that I felt as if I had passed into another world?"

In her energy—speaking, as she was, from her heart—the speaker probably forgot who was her listener. Laura Dorrance's eyes opened wider and wider, until it was evident that only lady-like decorum prevented her from expressing her feelings by a whistle; and at Miss Bertram's last words she shrugged her shoulders with a gesture of one who gives up a hopeless matter.

"*Exaltée* is no word for you, my dear," she said. "You have soared far beyond any region where I can follow. Poor Cousin Duke! What will he do? The clouds are not a congenial region to him either."

Miss Bertram looked haughty, as she usually did at allusions of this kind; but she made no reply, and Laura went on:

"He was disconsolate on Sunday. At least he was very disagreeable, and I believe that is usually a sign of disconsolateness. He had hardly a word for any of us. I never saw him in such a bad temper before."

"It is a good thing, then, that I did not accompany you," observed Sibyl quietly.

"What shameful affectation!" returned the other. "As if you did not know that *that* was the matter! One must confess it was provoking, after arranging an afternoon's pleasuring with the lady of one's love, to be coolly thrown over for a sermon at Notre Dame."

"I wish that you would be kind enough to spare me such remarks," said Miss Bertram coldly. "They are exceedingly disagreeable and in very bad taste."

"How can the truth be in bad taste?" asked Miss Dorrance, nowise abashed. "And a truth that you must know as well as I; for how can you help knowing that Cousin Duke is in love with you?—though I have told him that he might as well go to the Louvre and adore the Venus de Milo. But nobody ever listens to warning in a case of the kind." She ended with a shake of the head.

Despite her vexation Sibyl could not restrain a laugh.

"From your tone one would think you had been delivering such warnings for half a century," she said. "But of all people who could possibly be in need of them, I should take Mr. Talford to be the last. It is absurd even to utter the word 'love' in connection with him."

"He is not enthusiastic or romantic," Laura admitted, "but I really think you do him injustice in believing that he is not capable of being in love. He certainly is in love with you."

To which Miss Bertram replied, "Nonsense!" and, rising, walked across the room, saying: "If you want me to go shopping with you I will go, on condition that you do not allude to this subject again."

It was a condition Miss Dorrance was willing enough to accept for the sake of having the benefit of her friend's taste in the shopping which is the apparently inexhaustible occupation of American women in Paris. But Sibyl soon found that it is not possible to thrust a subject aside because one person's lips have been sealed upon it. When she returned home after several hours spent among *magasins* and *modes*, who should she find in the drawing-room, quietly talking to her mother and evidently awaiting her arrival, but Mr. Talford.

She was too much a woman of the world to make any change in her usual manner of greeting him; but, this greeting over, she did not bestow much attention on him. "I am

tired to death!" she said, sitting down with an air of exhaustion. "I do not know that shopping has ever been reckoned among the most fatiguing things of life; but in my experience there is nothing to compare with it for tiresomeness. After two or three hours spent among *chiffons* of all descriptions and in deciding between innumerable varieties of styles, I feel absolutely overcome with mental as well as physical fatigue."

"One may perhaps be permitted to say that you do not look so," observed Mr. Talford, with a smile.

"It is only a proof, then, of how far looks may belie feelings," she replied, not very well pleased—"for surely when I say that I am tired he ought to take leave!" she thought.

On this, as on many other subjects, however, Mr. Talford differed with her. When a young lady with the most charming color imaginable and every appearance of vigor declares herself tired to death from that which is generally held to be the most fascinating amusement of her sex, few men would feel bound to very strict credulity; and credulity was not this gentleman's failing. He only answered, with a smile: "Then I should recommend you to refresh yourself at once with a cup of tea—which may be an interested suggestion on my part, since Mrs. Bertram has promised me one."

"And I have only been waiting for Sibyl's arrival to order it," said Mrs. Bertram, ringing the bell.

Tea was brought in, and Sibyl resigned herself to make the best of Mr. Talford, since it was very plain that he had no intention of departure. And, as a means to this end, she dismissed Laura's assertion with regard to him from her mind, saying to herself that a man of so little sentiment and so much sense had no doubt long since understood her manner and accepted the conclusion rising from it. Moreover, her mother's presence was a shield; so, with an agreeable consciousness of safety, she forgot her fatigue and was talking easily and pleasantly when a ring of the door-bell was followed by the appearance of a servant summoning Mrs. Bertram from the room.

Sibyl longed to telegraph with her eyes, "Come back immediately"; but the fear of betraying any sense of danger deterred her. And, after all, she said to herself, what was there to fear? She had been alone with Mr. Talford often before without his indicating the least intention of falling at her feet or committing any equivalent absurdity. Why should she

suspect him of any such intention now? Laura's nonsense had infected her, she thought, and so, leaning back carelessly in her chair, a lovely picture in her becoming out-door costume, with her tea-cup in her hand, she went on talking lightly of the many topics which, like motes in the sunshine, fly about Paris.

But presently she began to observe that Mr. Talford was somewhat absent-minded and replied a little at random—which was not remarkable, since he was in fact saying to himself, "Shall I? or shall I not? Is it worth while? or is it not?" Perceiving his failing attention, Sibyl's power of talk also failed, and, finishing rather disconnectedly a story that she was telling, she began to cast about in her mind for an excuse to end the *tête-à-tête*. But it was too late.

"I wonder," said Mr. Talford, looking up as she paused, "if you will forgive my wandering attention when I tell you that it was because I was thinking of you that I did not listen to you."

"The wandering attention does not matter in the least," she replied, with a heightened color. "*Raconteurs* are born, not made, and the birthright was not mine; but I thought that story of Gambetta so good, when I heard it the other day at M. d'Antignac's, that I was led to attempt to repeat it. *Eh bien*, let us talk of something else. Who is the favorite for the Grand Prix?"

"I am not even aware whether there is a favorite for the Grand Prix," replied Mr. Talford. "My thoughts just now are set upon quite another prize. My dear Miss Bertram"—he paused slightly—"I think that you must know what I feel for you."

The thing was inevitable. Sibyl recognized it and resigned herself. "If he *will* force the matter I can only get over it as soon as possible!" she thought. Aloud she answered with sufficient self-possession:

"Why should you think so? Does one often know with any certainty what others feel or think regarding one? And, indeed" (hastily), "it is much better not to know, but simply to take it for granted that one is moderately liked and appreciated."

"Moderately liked and appreciated you could not possibly be," said the man, who had gone too far to draw back now under any discouragement. "You are made to inspire strong feeling. You certainly must be aware of that, at least."

"I do not think I can plead guilty of being aware even

of that," she answered. "And I cannot say that I like the idea. Moderate appreciation is as much as I desire. But"—with a last effort to escape—"personal discussions are always unpleasant. Pray let us change the subject."

Mr. Talford grew a little pale—his first sign of emotion.

"This," he said quietly, "is mere fencing. You know what I wish to say to you. You know that I love you."

The words were uttered. But it is safe to say that their effect astonished Sibyl as much as himself. She had intended to refuse his offer in whatever form it might be couched, courteously though decidedly; and she was not prepared for the sudden impulse which made her answer, with something akin to scorn:

"No, Mr. Talford, I neither know nor believe anything of the kind. You may wish to marry me, but I am quite sure that you do not love me."

The unexpected nature of the reply and the quick flash in her eyes so much astonished Mr. Talford that he had at the moment no thought for resentment. "And may I ask," he said after an instant's pause, "how you can possibly be sure of such a thing?"

"How can I be sure of it?" she repeated, with the same ringing tone of faintly-veiled scorn. "Because, Mr. Talford, I know *you;* because throughout our whole acquaintance you have been revealing yourself to me—you have been revealing your absolute want of faith in all that elevates human nature and makes love possible. You have been declaring, even with a sort of pride, that you have no belief in honor, or nobleness, or virtue. Neither heroism nor holiness exists for you—neither the soul of man nor the majesty of God. You hold yourself to be simply an animal, and you hold all men and women to be like you. Am I not right, then, in saying that it is impossible love should exist for you? For love *means* all that you deride—it means honor, and faith, and respect, and a share in the immortality of the soul in which it is born. These things are empty names to you? Well, so is your love to me."

She had not known how far the force of suddenly-aroused feeling would carry her until she reached this point, and, with the last words, paused—her eyes glowing, and her whole face full of eloquent expression. If Mr. Talford had not been a man who kept himself well in hand and was not easily thrown off his guard by sudden surprise, this most unexpected

arraignment would certainly have confounded him. As it was, after a moment of absolute astonishment he answered with sufficient quietness:

"If I understand rightly, you mean to assert that you do not believe in my love for you because I do not believe in certain fancies that have captivated your imagination. But does it not strike you that the one fact has no connection with the other fact? If I have no faith, for example, in the existence of the soul—which no man has ever been able to prove—what has that to do with the positive fact that I love you, whom I see and know? Let us put such questions aside. They are only of importance to fanatics, and I am sure that you are not one of those."

"I am certainly not a fanatic," she answered, "but one need not be a fanatic to perceive that to deny the existence of the soul is to deprive love of all its dignity. I know," she went on, "that many men are inconsistent enough to combine with such denial a belief in the spiritual side of our nature. But you, Mr. Talford, do not. You glory in your materialism, and in your own mind you have dragged all creation down to the level on which you live—that dreary level of universal scepticism which refuses to acknowledge the existence of anything noble or elevated. Do you comprehend, then, what I mean when I say that the word love on your lips has no meaning to me, or else a meaning which I disdain?"

"I fear that I do not comprehend," he answered, after another short pause of astonishment; "but that is no doubt owing to the grossness of my materialism and my lack of spiritual conceptions. My dear Miss Bertram, all this, if you will pardon me, is folly! Pray let us talk like sensible and practical people. Let me beg you to consider my offer on some other ground than that of unreal sentiment."

The scorn came again into her eyes as she looked at him, and into her voice when she spoke.

"Shall we consider it on the ground of your income, of the establishment you could afford, or the jewels you could give?" she asked. "There are women—you will find them in numbers—who can be bought by such things; but if you imagine that I am one of them, I can only say that you have never made a greater mistake in your life."

"I have been very far from imagining it," he answered; "but in what I *did* imagine I find that I have made even

a greater mistake. I thought you a woman of the world, whereas it seems that you are—"

"A visionary?" she said, as he stopped. "Yes, to you no doubt I am."

"I have always been aware of the visionary element in your character," he went on, "but I thought your practical sense was strong enough to keep it under control. And I still think it would do so but for associations which have unfortunately surrounded you of late."

"Those associations have saved me from much," she said —"from hopeless dreams or despairing scepticism; but they have not saved me from accepting you, Mr. Talford, for that I could never have done. You may believe this; and I should be glad if you would believe also that I am sorry to cause you even a transient disappointment."

She rose as she spoke, with an air of ending the interview, and he rose also; but he did not go. Despite her last words he could not believe that he had indeed offered himself in vain. And it was human nature—or at least masculine nature—that her refusal should have roused him to keener interest than he had thought possible before. So, standing face to face with her, he said:

"It is not a transient disappointment which you inflict. Whatever else you refuse to credit, believe *that*. And if you would give me leave to prove the love in which you have so little faith, I think I might convince you that it is worth as much as the love of any dreamer might be."

His evident earnestness touched her a little. She had not given him credit for any genuine feeling; but it seemed that it was genuine feeling which spoke now in his tone and glance.

"If it is not a transient disappointment I am sorry," she said; "but you must carry away no mistaken impression. I can never think of marrying you. But it may console you to know that, if I were capable of such a thing, I should no more please you than you could satisfy me. You have been attracted by me because you think that I would make a brilliant woman of the world and be a credit to your taste. You have judged me, as you judge all things else, on the surface; and consequently your judgment is mistaken. Unless I killed the better half of my nature I could never make what you desire —and, indeed, it is doubtful if I could make it then. I might forget spiritual things, but I could never be content with ma-

terial ones. I should eat out my heart with impatience and scorn if I were condemned to such a life as you would wish your wife to lead. Life to me is worth nothing if it has not some noble purpose. That sounds to you like idle folly, and I only speak of it in order that you may understand how far apart our natures and our lives lie."

Her voice had lost all its accent of disdain, and was only grave and gentle as she uttered these words; but both voice and manner expressed a remoteness which the man before her had a fine enough perception to realize. She spoke to him as to one on another plane of existence altogether; and, feeling this, he also felt that farther effort was vain. His suit was hopeless; there only remained for him to escape with what dignity he might.

"If this is your final decision I can only bow to it," he said. "It is useless to speak of my regret—regret for you as well as for myself, since I am quite sure that you will obtain nothing of value from the visionaries to whom you have surrendered yourself. But there only remains for me to bid you adieu."

He bowed with all his usual composure, and left the room without giving Sibyl time to utter a word had she been inclined to do so. But she only stood quite still where he left her, until the sound of the outer door closing told her that he was gone.

CHAPTER XLI.

"I HAVE had difficult things to do in my life," said D'Antignac to his sister the day after M. de Marigny's request, "but I hardly think I have ever had anything more difficult than the affair I have undertaken now. It would not be easy under any circumstances to tell Armine of Gaston's proposal, but to tell her in the same breath of her father's positive command to the contrary—if the matter were not so serious one might call it absolutely absurd!"

"I do not think," said Mlle. d'Antignac calmly, "that I should tell her of her father's command at all."

"That would be at least an easy means of escaping difficulty," said her brother, with a smile; "but would it be an honorable one?"

"And by what possible law of honor are you bound to be the executor of M. Duchesne's wishes?" she asked.

"I am not bound to be the executor of his wishes at all," D'Antignac answered. "But since I have prevented Egerton—who *is* so bound—from telling Armine of them, I am obliged to take the duty upon myself, or else be guilty of letting her make an important decision in ignorance of what might affect that decision."

"There are too many fine scruples in this matter, in my opinion," said Hélène. "You acknowledge that the command was a mere ebullition of groundless hate, yet you feel bound to tell Armine of it, in order that she may have an opportunity to sacrifice her own and Gaston de Marigny's happiness. I confess that I do not understand your point of view. *I* should suppress it, and feel that I was doing perfectly right."

"I am quite sure that you *would* do nothing of the kind, if the responsibility were laid upon you," said her brother. "But you forget that it is not wholly laid upon me. There is Egerton. If I did not speak, he would."

"Then he is very foolish," said she. "Leave him to me. I will make him hear reason."

"My dear Hélène," said D'Antignac, "one who did not know you as well as I do might think that you were really desirous to conceal this thing—"

"And so I am really desirous," she interposed. "I should not call it concealing, however. I should simply call it ignoring."

"Unfortunately, changing the name does not change the nature of a thing; and whatever you might call it, it would be concealment—of which there can be no question."

He spoke quietly, but with so much decision that Hélène said nothing more—for a minute. But she was in earnest in the view which she advocated. "What possible purpose can such a disclosure serve?" she said to herself. "Or, rather, is it not plain that it will very well serve the purpose of Duchesne, which certainly nobody should wish to serve?" And so she observed presently:

"If there is such a thing as defeating the designs of Heaven, I should say that you are about to defeat them. For Armine will never consent to marry M. de Marigny when she hears of her father's prohibition; yet such a marriage must have been intended. How else can we account for the manner in which they have been brought together?"

"I confess that the same idea has occurred to me," said

D'Antignac. "But it is not safe for us to decide with regard to the designs of Heaven. We cannot tell for what end these two have been permitted to know each other. A marriage would be very romantic, and, as far as we can judge, would insure their happiness. But happiness is not the end of life."

"It is a very good thing, however, if one may possess it with the blessing of God," said Hélène.

"With the blessing of God one cannot well miss it," her brother answered.

"You always contrive to silence one," said she. "But I am sure you would be as glad as I if the sad morning of Armine's life could turn into such a noonday as Gaston de Marigny's bride would have."

"I should be inexpressibly glad," D'Antignac replied in a tone of deep feeling. "But I am sure of this: that the clouds of the morning have done her no harm, and that her noonday is safe with God. He will give her what is best."

"And meanwhile you intend to tell her of her father's command?"

"I must."

To this there could be no answer, and Mlle. d'Antignac went away saying to herself that, after all, perhaps Raoul was right, yet mourning over the certain defeat of De Marigny's hopes. "And it would be such an ideal marriage!" she thought, as Egerton had thought before her; for, except D'Antignac, no one knew Armine so well as herself or recognized so clearly all the possibilities of the girl's nature. Then, with a turn of reflection, she blamed M. de Marigny for precipitation. "He should have waited: he should have given her time to forget and to become attached to him!" she said to herself; and then suddenly she remembered Armine's tone and look when she had spoken once or twice of the vicomte, and, with a pang of inconsistent apprehension, thought, "What if she is already attached to him! It may readily be; and if so, how terrible that will make the struggle! O my poor Armine! are you never to know any peace?"

As she asked herself this question Armine, with a very peaceful face, entered D'Antignac's chamber and advanced to the side of his couch with a note in her hand.

"It is from Miss Bertram," she said, answering his look of interrogation. "She sends me some books which she promised, and makes such solicitous inquiry for you that I thought you should see what she has written."

D'Antignac took the note and read with a smile the dozen or so lines traced in Sibyl's characteristically bold handwriting, then he handed it back. "Make my grateful acknowledgments," he said, "and tell her how little I am exhausted by the society of my friends. And when you have written, come back," he added, as Armine turned away.

She returned in a few minutes, and, sitting down in her accustomed seat by the couch, went on speaking of Miss Bertram.

"I am so much interested in her," she said, "that, if you will pardon me for making a suggestion to you—who always know without suggestion what is best for people—I wish you would explain to her something of those problems of life which once troubled me, and which you made so clear. She is very clever, but she seems to be drifting on a sea of opinions, without rudder or guide."

"My dear Armine," said D'Antignac, "I think that you are perhaps a better guide for her than I am. For one thing, she knows that you speak with the advantage of practical knowledge—that you have seen face to face all that has fascinated her from afar."

"But what weight can my knowledge or opinion have?" cried the girl quickly. "O M. d'Antignac! how can you say such things? Do I know anything save what you taught me? And if, by that means, I hold some truths, have I your power of sending them home to the heart? Ah! no; you humble me when you talk so! But I think Miss Bertram is worthy of your attention."

"Every immortal soul is worthy of our attention," he said; "but if mental gifts constitute any peculiar claim—which I do not grant—Miss Bertram certainly possesses it. She interests me also very much. She is exceedingly brilliant, and more sympathetic than brilliant people often are. The basis of her character is very noble; and where there is so much sincerity and so much earnestness the attainment of truth is only a question of time. Do you not know that haste often defeats its own end? Let us do what we can and be content to imitate the patience of God. This soul will come to him at last. Have no fear."

"I have none—when you speak so," she answered. "But it is sad to see a mind groping in darkness when one knows where light is shining."

"If it is groping toward the light we need only lead it

gently and pray much," he said. "The end is certain. But now, my Armine, it is of yourself I wish to speak—of *your* life, *your* future."

She looked at him with something startled and a little apprehensive in her eyes.

"What can you have to say of my life?" she asked. "Is there any reason why we should think of it?"

"There is a very strong reason," he answered. "You are called upon to make an important decision, one which will influence your whole life—"

She interrupted him quickly. "If it is of anything connected with—Marigny, that you are speaking," she said, "let me tell you that it is useless. Everything has been settled. I am to be troubled no more about that."

He could not refrain from smiling.

"I might play upon words and tell you that what I am speaking of is certainly connected with Marigny, though not with that to which you allude," he answered; "but it is a matter too important for trifling. My child, have you ever thought of—marriage?"

Still larger and more startled grew the dark eyes. She did not answer for a moment; then she breathed, rather than said, one word, "Never."

"Never!" repeated D'Antignac, somewhat surprised. The word would not have meant much from most girls' lips; but from Armine's he knew that it meant a great deal, for she never spoke carelessly or at random. "And yet," he said, "you must know that it is the state on which the vast majority of the human race enter."

"Yes," she replied, "but it has nothing to do with me. Why should you speak to *me* of it, M. d'Antignac?"

"Because one who is deeply attached to you and fully worthy of you—one who seems to have been brought by the providence of God into your life—asks permission to offer you the devotion of his heart and life."

He paused, but she did not speak. No soft flush of color rose to her face, nor did any light of expectant happiness come into her eyes. The last still kept their grave, startled look, and for the rest she sat as pale and still as a statue. After a moment D'Antignac extended his hand and laid it gently on hers.

"Shall I tell you the name of this man?" he asked.

"It cannot be!" she answered, with something like a gasp. "It is impossible that it can be—"

"The Vicomte de Marigny? Yes, it is he."

She looked at him for a moment longer, as if unable to believe, then suddenly sank on her knees and buried her face on his couch.

D'Antignac did not break the silence which followed. He did not understand her, but if this emotion was the expression of gratitude or happiness he felt a pang of keen pity to think of the blow which was in store for her, and which he knew would fall with such crushing force. He waited, therefore, in a state of painful suspense for some sign which should tell him what she was feeling and what it would be best for him to say. For, well as he knew the girl, and accurately as he had foretold her course of action in other cases, he was absolutely at a loss to conceive what her impulse would be now.

It seemed a long time to him before she lifted her face; but in reality the clock had not marked more than the passage of a minute when she raised her head and looked at him with a strange, bright look which absolutely startled him. For did it not mean happiness, and must he not dash that happiness with pain? "O my poor Armine!" was his inward ejaculation before she spoke. But when she spoke how soft and even and proud her voice was!

"I can hardly believe what you have told me, but since you tell me it must be true," she said. "But how can I tell you what it has made me feel? Yet I think you will understand; you will know that it is not of myself that I have thought, but of *him.* That he should offer his heart and his life to me—that is incomprehensible save on the ground of his own nobleness. And this nobleness—is it not something for which to be grateful to God to have known such a man, and something also of which to be proud that he has found in me—me, so poor and unworthy—anything to attract his regard? It is an honor which I shall never forget—never while I live, M. d'Antignac. But I do not think of that as I think of what it is, in him, to put aside all question of worldly advantage, and be willing to give his name and rank to the daughter of one who, to him and to the world, was only an obscure Socialist, with not even a right to the name he bore!"

"Then," said D'Antignac, divided between pleasure and pain, "am I to understand that you will accept him?"

"Accept him!" she repeated. "No. Can you think that I would do him such an injury as that?"

"An injury, Armine, when he loves you!"

"Does he?" she said softly, as if lingering a little on the thought. "I must believe that he does—else he never would have asked *this*—but that is no reason why I should do him so great an injury as to think, even for one moment, of marrying him."

"But how would you be doing him an injury?" asked D'Antignac, anxious to learn what was in her mind.

She looked at him in surprise. "Can you ask?" she said. "Do you not see? Whatever he does must, from his rank and position, be done in the face of the world; and what would the world say of such a marriage? It would bring scorn and disapproval upon him; it would lessen, perhaps, his influence among those whom he desires to lead; it would burden him with one who did not belong to his order and who was strange to his life. O M. d'Antignac! you must see that such a thing is impossible, and that only one who too little considered himself would ever have thought of it."

"I can answer for M. de Marigny," said D'Antignac, "that in this matter he has considered himself very much. He has thought of the happiness of his own life, which he believes that such a marriage would secure, and not at all of the opinion of the world, which is not worth a thought."

"It is for one in his position," said Armine. "His life's work is in the world; and, in order that he may do it well, men must respect as much as they admire him. He must do nothing to lessen his own power to serve a great cause, nothing which can give his enemies an opportunity to accuse him of inconsistency or folly. You know this, M. d'Antignac, and you know the world; you know what would be said of him if he married one whose political surroundings have been such as mine."

D'Antignac did not deny this, but he replied: "There would be no need for any one to know who you were. You belong now to the house of Marigny."

"Even if that were possible, which it is not," she replied, "what would you think of me if I could forget my past and deny my father? And what would my father think, M. d'Antignac? Could I take such a step without asking that question? And you know what the answer would be. Can I forget that I disregard his commands whenever I speak to M. de Marigny?"

"Have I not told you," said D'Antignac, "that such commands have no binding force upon you?"

"By the letter of the law, perhaps not," she answered; "but feeling takes no account of law."

"But it should!" said he, "else it may fall into wild extravagance. Your father was, unfortunately, filled with an unreasoning hatred of M. de Marigny, and you only perpetuate that hatred by observing his commands."

"His commands have nothing to do with my decision in this matter," she said. "If he had never spoken of M. de Marigny I should still feel that I could never do him the injury of suffering him to unite his life with mine."

She spoke calmly, but so positively that D'Antignac felt sure she would not be moved from this position—unless, indeed, De Marigny could exert an influence which even her resolution would not be able to resist. That he might exert such an influence D'Antignac began to believe possible; and, this being so, was it not necessary that she should hear of her father's last charge? He said to himself that it was necessary, and he was nerving himself to the effort of telling her when she spoke again:

"Yet this reason, though sufficient in itself, is not the only reason why I must decline the honor which M. de Marigny offers me. I might be tempted—oh! yes, it is possible that I might be tempted, despite my better judgment and the memory of my father, if I had not already devoted this poor life of mine to another purpose."

"To another purpose!" repeated D'Antignac, somewhat startled. "What do you mean?"

"Can you not tell?" she said. She was still kneeling by him, and, as she clasped her hands with the old familiar gesture that always indicated her deepest and most earnest feeling, there was a light on her face that made her look like a saint at prayer. "I told you once that I have in me something of my father's spirit—that my heart is with the poor and the suffering, and that, like him, I wish to cast my lot with them and to count nothing too much to do if I may bind up a few wounds or wipe away a few tears, if I may even in the least degree lessen the misery and the despair that is in the world. For I am not like those who have never thought of these things, whose lives have been cradled in softness and in ignorance of the wretchedness that lies all around us. The sound of it has always been in my ears, the sight always before my eyes, and I could not, if I would, forget it. My father—mistakenly but most devotedly—spent his life in laboring to relieve this wretchedness, and I desire to do the same."

"How?" asked D'Antignac, though he felt sure what the answer would be.

She looked up at the crucifix with an exquisite smile. "'If thou wouldst be perfect, go, sell all that thou hast and give to the poor, and come follow me.' That is what I would do, M. d'Antignac."

Their eyes met in a gaze in which soul was laid open to soul, and words were unnecessary. Never, perhaps, was sympathy more full, understanding more complete, between two human beings than between these two at this moment. All that one glance asked the other answered, until at length D'Antignac said:

"It may be God's will. But you must decide nothing hastily. To whom have you spoken of your desire?"

"To no one," she answered. "Do you think that I would speak to any one before I spoke to you?"

"And how long have you thought of this?"

"How can I say? The desire was with me long before it took positive form. Perhaps the first time that it took such form was when you said to me—have you forgotten?—that I might be intended to make reparation for my father's war against religion, to atone by prayers for blasphemies, and by good works for evil deeds. The suggestion was like a ray of light—an inspiration from heaven. It was what I had longed for—to aid, to labor, to atone—and thus the way was made clear to me. It has been growing clearer ever since. Yesterday some words in Notre Dame seemed spoken to *me*. If the evil of the age is only a perversion of its true impulse, then what my father so passionately desired—to serve humanity and to lessen its ills—is within my reach. I may work for his end, I may in some sort fulfil his purpose and atone for his errors. And more even than that"—her eyes filled with radiance as she lifted them again to the crucifix—"while I strive to relieve the misery of humanity I shall touch, relieve, reach *Him*. Who could have dreamed of it, if he had not said it? Surely, if the world would only think of it, we should have again the ages of faith, when the noblest and the greatest felt themselves honored to serve Christ in his poor! And to do that—to spend one's life doing that—O M. d'Antignac! is it not better than the sweetest cup of happiness which the world can offer to one's lips?"

If there was exaltation in her look as she asked the question, it was not the exaltation of a visionary, but of one who

had counted the cost and knew the meaning of that of which she spoke, and to whose lips that cup of human happiness had been held in sparkling brightness only a little while before. For a moment D'Antignac could not speak. Then he extended his hand and laid it on her head with the solemnity of a benediction.

"It is God's will," he said. "May he bless and sustain thee, sister of my heart!"

CHAPTER XLII.

D'ANTIGNAC had not long to wait before M. de Marigny came to hear Armine's decision. If, as he had said of himself, he was not an ardent lover, he was at least sufficiently impatient to desire to know his fate without delay, and in the mingling of fear and hope which occupied his mind in the interval, to the exclusion of other subjects, he learned more than he had known before of the deep hold which this feeling had laid upon him. Never, as he had said to D'Antignac, had he been so stirred, attracted, charmed, by any nature as by this which had so unconsciously revealed itself to him. But more even than the charm was that impression of strength united to infinite gentleness with which Armine had so strongly impressed Egerton, together with an idealism and a keen spiritual perception which made a type of character as unusual as it was elevated. The vicomte said to himself that if she once laid her hand in his, the world, with its accustomed shallow judgment, might think that *he* had given all, but that in truth he would receive as much as he gave—if not, indeed, far more.

But would she ever put her hand in his to aid him in the battle to which his life was pledged, and to be his companion toward eternity? He had little hope of it—so little that his heart grew heavy as he went to hear the result of his suit. The man who had hated him in life would even in death defeat his desire—of that he felt almost sure. Yet when he remembered how Armine had yielded to his influence and acknowledged the force of his arguments when it was a question of friendly intercourse, his spirit mounted again with an impulse of hope. For he felt within himself the power to overcome her scruples, if she would only listen to him. But would she do that?

Asking this question, he mounted the steps to D'An-

tignac's door. But when he entered the room nothing in his appearance indicated anxiety. He greeted his friend with his usual composure and talked for several minutes of the affairs of the day before there was any allusion to Armine. Then it was D'Antignac who opened the subject.

"I have fulfilled your wishes, Gaston," he said after a pause, "and I am sorry—for your sake—to tell you that Armine declines your offer."

The vicomte grew a little paler. This was no surprise to him, but even more pain than he had anticipated. He did not speak for a moment. Then he said in a low tone:

"You say that you are sorry for *my* sake. Do you mean that you do not think it would be for her happiness to accept my offer?"

"No," D'Antignac answered. "I believe that, as far as human happiness goes, it would be for her happiness in the highest degree. And"—his voice changed a little—"I think that she believes so, too."

"And yet—?" said the vicomte. Unconsciously he closed one hand with nervous force, as he said to himself that if *that* were true the dead Socialist should not from his grave hold them apart.

"And yet she refuses even to consider your offer?" said D'Antignac. "Yes, for two reasons. In the first place, because she believes that she would do you an injury by accepting it. Nay, hear me out! And, in the second place, because she has chosen something better than the happiness of life."

In the tumult of his own feeling it was natural that M. de Marigny should not have understood the meaning of the last words. He looked at his friend with a flash of resolution in his eyes. "Let me see her," he said. "These are no reasons at all."

"I think you will find them strong ones," said D'Antignac. "The first, though you may not recognize its force, is very strong to *her*. The second must be strong even to you."

"The second—what does it mean?" said the vicomte. "That she will sacrifice the happiness of life to her father's command?"

"She has not heard of her father's command," answered D'Antignac calmly. "I found that there was no need to pain her uselessly by telling her of it. Her resolution is taken without regard to that; and you need not feel that the obstacle

which stands between you is hate. On the contrary, it is love."

"Love!" repeated M. de Marigny.

"Yes, love," said D'Antignac. The word came from his lips with a force of penetrating sweetness, and as he looked at the other there was infinite affection in his tranquil glance. "Love which is strong enough to renounce the happiness and the ease of life in order to serve Christ in his poor, to bind up the wounds of humanity and strive to lessen its ills. That is the love which stands between you. And this being so, I know you well enough to be sure that you will say, '*Fiat voluntas Dei.*'"

There was a moment's pause, then M. de Marigny said slowly: "You mean that she is going to enter the religious life?"

"Yes, I mean that," D'Antignac replied. "And much as I desire, much as I would do, to secure your happiness, I do not think that either you or I would dare to bid her pause on the path where God calls."

"Not if it is indeed God who calls," said the vicomte after another pause. "But people mistake sometimes, and it seems to me that her position just now is one which would make such a mistake possible. She has hardly emerged from the shadow of a deep grief, and she has a belief that some insuperable obstacle—her own scruples or her father's commands—stands between her life and mine."

D'Antignac smiled slightly. "After all," he said, "you do not know Armine. It is no recoil from the world on account of grief or disappointment—which recoil can never constitute a true vocation—that is leading her, but a strong, inflamed desire to give her life and her effort to lessen in some degree the misery of the world, to help the sick and the suffering, to atone by prayers and good works for those blasphemies and evil deeds of which she knows so much, to work by the aid of the true light for that purpose toward which her father struggled in darkness, and to win at last the infinite reward of hearing, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto me.' As far as I am able to judge, God's purpose with regard to her is clear. By a way which we could never have imagined he has prepared her soul and led it to himself. For this is no new resolution on her part. The desire has been with her long, growing ever clearer, and naturally of late taking more definite form. I will speak frankly and say that I think she would have

loved you had God not claimed her heart. But what he claims we must yield, even if it rends our own hearts to do so."

"Sometimes one has no alternative," said the vicomte, whose eyes were full of pain as they looked out of his pale face.

D'Antignac regarded him with an expression of exquisite sympathy, yet with the calm assurance of one who knows what the end will be.

"You have an alternative," he said quietly. "The sacrifice need not be passive on your part. You spoke a few minutes ago of seeing Armine. If you insist upon seeing her it is possible that you might induce her to change her resolution—for human nature is weak, and happiness allures us all—or at least you would make the struggle hard to her. For she said that she might be tempted to forget her own scruples and her father's commands, and to accept what you offer, but for the voice of God bidding her rise above the common joys of life to taste the divine joy of sacrifice. You may draw her back from the higher to the lower path, or you may bear a willing part in the sacrifice. That is for you to decide."

The vicomte rose to his feet. "You will think poorly of me," he said, "that I hesitate, and yet I do—so weak is human nature! Give me a little time. Let me ask what is God's will. I will return to-morrow."

"I have no fear," said D'Antignac as he held out his hand. "Go, and God be with you."

And, indeed, his face, as he lay back on his pillows after M. de Marigny had left the room, was not that of one who had fear; it was rather radiant, as of one who anticipated certain triumph. "So *this* is what it meant!" he said to himself as he lifted his glance to the crucifix. "We, in our blindness and short-sightedness dreamed of human happiness for them, while God was preparing an opportunity of sacrifice. *Benedicti vos a Domino!*"

Meanwhile M. de Marigny, having left the house, was walking away from the river along the Rue du Bac. He had no definite purpose in view, but had turned his face in this direction merely as a matter of instinct, his apartment being in the Rue de Grenelle. He had no intention, however, of going there or anywhere else in especial; his impulse was simply to be alone and struggle with the temptation that assailed him—the temptation to bear down all opposition by the strength of his will and seize the happiness for which nature longed. And this temptation was stronger because the hap-

piness so desired seemed to be united with the highest aspirations of *his* nature. What he felt for Armine bore not even the faintest resemblance to vulgar passion. It was allied to his most exalted hopes and touched his most tender sympathies, so that to resign it seemed like resigning the better part of himself, or at least an influence capable of aiding that better part in all it might desire or undertake. And when we are called upon to resign not the lower but the higher, not the thing which we acknowledge to be bad but the thing which we know to be best, then indeed the struggle is hard, the resistance strong.

The man walking so quietly along the Rue du Bac was in the midst of this struggle when a familiar voice said: "*Bon jour*, M. le Vicomte." And looking up he found Egerton before him.

"I have just left my card at your apartment," said the latter. "I regretted not finding you at home."

"I regret still more not having been at home," said the vicomte. "If you have no engagement, perhaps I may induce you to retrace your steps."

"I have no engagement at all," said Egerton; "but you are no idler like myself. It is possible that you may have."

"An engagement—no," said the vicomte. And then he paused. He had all the habitude of a man of the world, all the power of putting aside whatever he might be feeling in order to fulfil any social claim or duty that presented itself. But just now he felt as if the effort required would be difficult. His pause said this, and Egerton understood it at once.

"But you intended to do something else—which is equivalent to an engagement," he said. "I cannot think of interfering. I shall give myself the pleasure of calling another day. *Au revoir.*"

"Stop an instant," said the vicomte, laying a detaining hand on his arm. "You are right. Though I have no engagement, there is a reason why I will not insist on your accompanying me to my apartment. But I will ask you to accompany me somewhere else. Will you come?"

"Willingly," answered Egerton.

"Without asking where I shall take you?"

"Oh! I have perfect confidence, and am prepared to follow wherever you lead."

The vicomte smiled a little. "I wish you were indeed prepared to follow where I am about to lead," he said. "Perhaps in time. *Allons!*"

They walked on along the Rue du Bac, and presently M. de Marigny paused before a large building, mounted a high flight of steps, and opened a door. Egerton followed, and found himself, somewhat to his surprise, in a church which bore a strong resemblance to a convent chapel. There was a screen dividing it, but within the space set apart by that screen were no feminine forms. Those that were to be seen were masculine—young men in the dress of seminarians. There were only two or three, and they were kneeling quietly, absorbed in prayer. On the outside of the screen M. de Marigny also knelt, and Egerton, after meditating some minutes on the scene—which was not without its strangeness in contrast to the tumultuous life of the street a few feet away—began to look around him, and then perceived at one side some newly-erected tombs or tablets below which wreaths of immortelles were placed. He moved toward them and read the inscriptions, which were brief and simple, only telling that at a recent date those to whom these memorials were erected had suffered martyrdom in China.

As the young man stood looking at the words which said so little yet told so much, it flashed upon him where he was—within the walls of the Mission Étrangères, the nursery of confessors and martyrs! He had heard of it, but vaguely—as one hears of something afar off—yet here it was in the very heart of the hurrying, pulsating life of Paris! One had but to turn aside from the busy, brilliant streets, to open a door, in order to stand on holy ground—by the graves of martyrs and in the presence of those who would to-morrow go forth to follow in their footsteps, to take up their labors and perhaps meet their reward. Egerton looked from the marble tablets, with their brief story, to the men in the flower of youth kneeling before him—men who had forsworn all the sweetness of life to prepare for an existence of infinite hardship and toil, with the probable crown of a cruel death—and asked himself if it could be that they were of the same race and nature as himself. He thought of his own idle, luxurious life, of the lack of faith, lack of purpose, lack of good which characterized it; and, as it rose before him, shame filled him like a passion. Yet not shame alone. The desire to reach those loftier heights of feeling and action where other men trod, the longing for spiritual light, overpowered him. Faith—faith to believe all things, to hope all things, to dare all things—was what he asked. And while he stood outside the great

household of God, wishing, longing for this faith, here was the record of what men of his own generation had endured for it. Was their sacrifice extremest folly or sublimest wisdom? He answered the question when he knelt and said almost unconsciously: "Holy martyrs of Christ, pray for me!"

How long Egerton knelt he did not know, but he never forgot what he felt during those moments. With almost the vividness of a vision he saw the cruel torments amid which these men had laid down their lives, following in the footsteps of their Lord, preaching his Gospel and bearing his cross even to the very height of Calvary. And then, in contrast, he felt all the infinite peace of this spot where they had gained the strength for that supreme sacrifice. *Here* the offering had been made, *here* life and all its sweetness was renounced, *here* every tie that binds man to earth had been severed. Surely it was a spot in which to form great and generous resolutions! Surely those who could not, even from afar off, follow such heroes might at least catch some faint spark of their spirit here, and grow ashamed of their own selfish lives and careless hearts.

The young man was still kneeling when M. de Marigny, after a considerable lapse of time, finally approached him. He rose then, but, before turning away, stooped to take one immortelle from the wreaths near him. After they left the church a minute or two elapsed before either spoke. Then Egerton said slowly:

"That is a wonderful place to make one think. I shall not soon forget it. After all, sacrifice is the supreme test of religion. 'If any man will come after me, let him take up his cross and follow me.' How entirely all modern religious systems ignore that! And yet without sacrifice there can be no religion in any vital sense."

"The religion which does not demand sacrifice is no religion at all," said M. de Marigny; "and when it is demanded —well, then one learns how much or how little one's faith is worth. It is, as you have said, the supreme test." He paused a moment, then added: "Do you know anything of the writings of Lacordaire?"

"Not much, but something," Egerton answered. "M. d'Antignac gave me a volume of his *Conferences* not long ago. I have found them magnificent."

"There are sentences in his writings which recur to me

strongly now and then," said M. de Marigny. "In the church yonder I thought of this: 'When you desire to know what a person is worth, sound his heart, and if it does not give forth the sound of sacrifice, though it be clothed with the kingly purple, genius, birth, or fortune, turn your head aside and pass on; it is no longer a soul with whom you ought to have any intercourse.'"

"I fear," said Egerton, "that if that test were applied few of us would prove worthy of intercourse."

"One should apply such tests to one's self before one applies them to others," said the vicomte simply. "It was to myself that I applied it. 'When you desire to know what a person is worth, sound his heart, and if it does not give forth the sound of sacrifice—' It is a hard test, but one that never fails. And if one is humbled by the result—well, that too is a good thing. One learns the measure of one's own weakness. And yonder is a good place in which to gain strength."

"It seems to me a good place in which to gain all that is essential for life or death; and certainly the power of sacrifice is essential for both," said Egerton. "But one smiles to hear you speak of the measure of *your* weakness, M. le Vicomte. What would you think if you could know the measure of the weakness of others?"

"It is enough to know the measure of one's own," said the vicomte. "I have learned it to-day. Yet there is this comfort, that a sacrifice which cost little would be worth little; whereas to resign the desire of one's heart—that is a great privilege. The struggle was sharp," he went on, speaking as if to himself, "but it is over. *Fiat voluntas Dei.*"

Egerton made no comment—plainly the words were not intended for him—and they walked on silently for some time. Then at the Rue de Grenelle he paused.

"It is astonishing," he said, "how many things that look like mere accidents—the result of veriest trifles—have seemed since I have been in Paris to form part of a harmonious whole, and to lead me by devious ways in one direction. For instance, my meeting you this afternoon has resulted in an impression that I do not think will pass away. And so I have to thank you before bidding you adieu."

"Do not go," said the vicomte. "Come with me to my apartment. Nay, do not hesitate! The mental struggle is over which made me disinclined for your society an hour ago. In the place where we have been one could not, for very shame,

refuse any sacrifice that God demanded. But pain remains, even after the struggle is over. So come and let me have the best medicine for pain in the world—that of trying to do another a little good. One who has advanced as far as you have should halt there no longer."

"Then tell me what to do," said Egerton quietly.

TO BE CONTINUED.

AN IMPUDENT FABRICATION EXPOSED.

A GOOD definition of the word fabrication is "a built-up lie." At any rate, it applies exactly to a statement about our Catholic schools, of which statement the joint builders are Mr. Dexter A. Hawkins, of the New York bar; the Hon. John Jay, ex-Minister to Austria, and grandson of John Jay of Revolutionary fame; and the Rev. Thomas B. Thayer, D.D., editor of the *Universalist Quarterly*. They have jointly fabricated an outrageous falsehood about Catholic schools, and we shall endeavor to give to them the credit respectively due to them for it. Mr. Hawkins laid its foundation and put it into shape to receive suitable alterations, additions, and ornaments, so that others might give it what we may call the finishing touches.

Mr. Hawkins derived the following information from the United States census of 1870:

Total foreign-born population of the United States.....	5,567,229
Number of those among them who cannot write.....	777,873

or about fourteen per cent. of the whole number.

Now, this is the "raw material" of *truth*, to be combined with *falsehood* in order to produce the desired false conclusion.

Mr. Hawkins goes on to say, "most of whom [the foreign-born population] came from Ireland and England"—lie the first—"countries up to that time dependent upon parochial schools"—lie the second, so far as Ireland is concerned. "Hence, at that date, our foreign population may be justly taken as the fair average product of the parochial mode of education"—lie the third, or rather a whole series of lies mixed together. For proof of this we need only say:

First. According to the census the Irish constituted only one-third of our foreign-born population.

Second. We do not know what Ireland depended upon in regard to education. We think she had not much to place any dependence upon—certainly not on the landlords, who had the money, nor on the government up to 1831; for the penal laws imposed a fine of twenty pounds on any Catholic opening a school. Higher education was forbidden to Catholics, and they had to go to the Continent to get it, at great expense and danger of fine and imprisonment.

Third. Ireland has had no system of parochial schools. She has been obliged to put up with private schools, often called *hedge-schools*, supported by the people themselves.

Fourth. Illiteracy is not the *product* of schools of any kind, but rather the product of the *want of schools.* The people who cannot write are those who never had schooling of any kind.

There will be more illiteracy, no doubt, in any country where the parent must pay directly for the schooling of his children than in one where he has nothing to pay, because more children will in that case not go to school at all. This does not show, however, that pay-schools do not give a good education. The education may be much better, though not so many enjoy it.

To say that either the *parochial mode of education* or the *public-school mode of education* produces illiteracy is absurd nonsense on its face. This playing a juggle between *results* of *parochial system of education* (which may be understood, as you like it, for the effect on those who do not attend school as well as on those who do) and the *product* of the *parochial mode of education* is only an adroit dodge to insinuate a lie.

To say that the product of the *parochial-school mode of education* in Ireland may be taken as the fair average product of the parochial mode of education everywhere is absurd. Even if there had been parochial schools in Ireland, which there were not, it is absurd, but doubly so since there have not been enough to speak of. Since 1831, now more than fifty years, the National government schools have been established, and, in spite of grinding poverty and of having something to pay—though not much—the illiteracy of Ireland has almost disappeared.

Ireland has depended upon *private schools*, not upon *parochial schools.* So have our Southern States depended on private schools, helped out by public schools. The white people of the Southern States have not been ground down to the state of poverty of the people of Ireland. On the contrary, they have had an excellent chance to get a living. Yet the census of the United States shows a much larger proportion of illiteracy

among the white population of the Southern States than among our foreign-born population.

Illiteracy among our foreign-born population ..... 14 per cent.
Illiteracy among our white population in the Southern States, from 10 to 14 years of age..... 29.6 per cent.,

more than double.

Now, combining his small modicum of truth, that fourteen per cent. of the foreign population could not write in 1870, with his monstrous farrago of lies, false assumptions, and double-meaning expressions—to be taken interchangeably with each other as convenient—such as "results of" and "product of," and parochial-school "system" and parochial-school "mode of education," Mr. Dexter A. Hawkins produces this very astonishing tabular statement:

	Illiterates.	Paupers.	Criminals.	Inhabitants.
Parochial system	1,400	410	160 to the	10,000
Public-school system in 21 States.....	350	170	75 "	10,000
Public-school system in Massachusetts.	71	49	11 "	10,000

He uses the word *system* as a blind to produce the impression that Roman Catholic schools *produce* illiteracy, pauperism, and crime. This is evident from his subsequent proceeding, in which he gives this table:

American paupers in New York City..... 1 per cent.
Irish paupers " " " ..... 3½ "

remarking: "The Irish were all substantially educated in the parochial schools," to which we reply by an old proverb: "Tell that to the marines."

A little later he goes on to say: "In other words, a child trained up in the parochial school is during life more than three and a quarter times as likely to get into jail as the child trained up in the free public school." We think if Mr. Hawkins had his deserts he would be more than three and a half times as likely to be in jail as the child trained in a parochial school. For mendacity, intended to provoke prejudice, hatred, and violence against a whole class of one's fellow-citizens, is a great crime, though it may not come under the statute.

We now come to the Hon. John Jay. This gentleman has an honorable name, inherited from his grandfather, who signed the Declaration of Independence. He has also filled the office of ambassador to Austria. It must be supposed that he has good ability, good education, and that he is capable of seeing whether a thing is proved or not; also, when he makes important statements to the detriment of his neighbors, that he has been careful

to see that his statements are true and proved. Mr. Jay has not done this. A statement is to the detriment of Roman Catholics; Mr. Jay accepts it at once, and declares that it has been shown from the United States census that such and such things are true. We can understand how Mr. John Jay can be blinded by intense, narrow prejudice to accept against Catholics what he would hoot at if alleged against any one else.

But now here is something else which we cannot understand how any honorable, or even decent, man could do. He has deliberately altered Mr. Hawkins' cautious statements about school systems, and says that Mr. Hawkins has shown from the United States census of 1870 the comparative number of illiterates, paupers, and criminals to every ten thousand inhabitants produced respectively by the Roman Catholic parochial schools, the public schools in twenty-one States, and by the public schools in Massachusetts. This is a false statement by the Hon. John Jay of what Mr. Hawkins has said. The honorable gentleman has taken the dishonest liberty of materially altering Mr. Hawkins' statement and substituting for "parochial system" "Roman Catholic schools."

Mr. Hawkins stated his table as follows:

	Illiterates.	Paupers.	Criminals.	Inhabitants.
Parochial system	1,400	410	160 to the	10,000
Public-school system in 21 States	350	170	75 "	10,000
Public-school system in Massachusetts.	71	49	11 "	10,000

Mr. John Jay writes it down thus:

	Illiterates.	Paupers.	Criminals.	Inhabitants.
Roman Catholic schools	1,400	410	160 to the	10,000
Public schools in 21 States	350	170	75 "	10,000
Public schools in Massachusetts	71	49	11 "	10,000

and fits it to go on its travels throughout the country.

And he goes on and alleges another utterly ungrounded falsehood which Mr. Hawkins did not dare to do more than insinuate—that "the Roman Catholic schools in the State of New York *turned out* three and a half times as many paupers as the public schools." Mind you, Mr. Hawkins does not pretend to have any knowledge whatever of the Roman Catholic schools of New York or of the United States: he is sophisticating and falsifying about *Ireland*. Yet Mr. Jay makes the above assertion about our schools here on Mr. Hawkins' authority. Mr. Hawkins' lie had pretty large proportions, but it was disguised; it insinuated what it did not dare to say. It was modestly conscious that if it spoke right out it would be detected; if examined, it had something specious to fall back upon.

But Hon. John Jay alters and enlarges and fabricates to suit himself. He states the lie in all its nakedness, without an effort to disguise it. And he tells another falsehood in telling it, for he states that Mr. Hawkins says it, when he does not say it.

We are sorry for Hon. John Jay for his own sake, for the sake of the honorable name of his ancestor, and for the sake of our country, which he has represented in Austria. And we tell him plainly that the cause of truth, which he thinks he is serving, is not served by mendacity.

Rev. Thos. B. Thayer, editor of the *Universalist Quarterly*, has assumed all the statement of Hon. John Jay, whom he esteems a "wiser man" than himself—a proof certainly of his own childlike simplicity. He prefaces it with this statement, which, considering that Mr. Hawkins drew all his inferences from our foreign-born population, and that his investigations and comparisons were drawn from Ireland for many years back up to this date (1870), is enough to excite a horse-laugh: "But we need not [go abroad] to ascertain the results. Investigations and comparisons [in our own land] have already revealed the moral, educational, and political difference in results between Protestant enlightenment and Catholic ignorance, between our public-schools and the parish-schools of the church, as the following will demonstrate with sufficient emphasis." Then follow Mr. Hawkins' statement, as amplified and altered by John Jay, and the statement that the Roman Catholic schools in New York "turned out" three and a half times as many paupers as the public-school system, winding up with "these *facts* afford strong support to the charges often made" about Roman Catholic schools, etc.

Rev. Mr. Thayer and the Hon. John Jay have committed a grave fault. They have professed to advocate God's cause, and they have done so by falsehood. They have dishonored God, and really advocated the devil's cause. The best thing they can do is to repent. *Faith alone* will not justify them; they must endeavor to restore what they have dishonestly taken. They have made a public accusation of their neighbors which is an unmitigated falsehood. Let them make public confession. A murderer is expected for the good of his soul to confess his crime before he is hanged. Why should not the murderer of the reputation of others do likewise before he appears at the last tribunal to answer for his deeds?

Let them procure a copy of the United States census of 1870, also Mr. Hawkins' pamphlet, which he no doubt will cheerfully furnish on application at No. 111 Broadway, New York, and then,

like honest men, make a clean breast of it. Thus they will make reparation for the wrong, deter others from the like nefarious courses, receive, as it is to be hoped, the forgiveness of God, and also the forgiveness of the writer of this, though, it must be confessed, with much difficulty, inasmuch as the task of showing them up has been a most disagreeable one, and one in which he has had much trouble to avoid exceeding the bounds of a just and Christian moderation and yet do anything like justice to his subject.

THE DELICACY OF SHAKSPERE.

"SORROW is better than laughter," said the Preacher. Yet he said again, "There is a time to laugh." What a support to the heart of man is in the tears which come to his eyes, both when they come from grief and when they come from joy! The subtile influences which console for one and subdue the exuberance of the other are closely blended in the depths of our being. So it is that sorrow is oftener followed by smiles, and laughter ends with sighing. The writer, therefore, who undertakes to represent the life of man must study these elements with equal care. Plato tells us of a discussion that took place in Athens between Socrates and Aristophanes, in which the former maintained that a good writer of tragedies ought to be able to write comedies also. Yet it was two thousand years before the full force of the argument was illustrated. A few reflections preliminary to considering Shakspere in this view seem proper.

Greek tragedy, originating in religion, designed to inculcate fear of the gods, especially of fate, had no place for scenes except of the solemn, the awful, and the terrific. A brave man struggles with fate, bravest of all because he knows that he must struggle in vain, but struggling on in obedience to his native impulsions of courage, honor, and justice, and, when vanquished, leaving behind the name of one whom nothing except fate could have overthrown. Such was the burden of Greek tragedy. Its achievements were indescribably great, and they stimulated the very highest endeavor. Greek comedy also, in its very first intentions, had elements of the religious. Curious as it may be, yet such were many of the scenes in honor of Bacchus. But among the refined Greeks comedy seemed

to have had for its object to make a contrast, more or less pleasing, with the solemnities of tragedy. If it had been the habit of the tragic muse to employ for its heroes, even sometimes, other than the most illustrious, perhaps the genial and generous humor which was unknown to Greek dramatic writing might have come in earlier. But neither the tragic nor the comic poets seemed to care much for the multitude. It is interesting to consider what has been the tendency of the sentiment of pity. Love travels mainly on a level or downward. Pity, like worship, tends upward. Tragedy dealt with demigods and legendary heroes—with Œdipus and Orestes, with Alcestes and Medea, with Andromache and Antigone. How have the multitudes, forgetting their own and one another's sorrows, wept at those of the great! Now, to relieve men's minds from such painful solemnities the comic poets, in an age less religious, less heroic, less fond of individual greatness, or with contempt because the latter had passed and without expectation of its return, began to select from among contemporary characters those who would but could not, and yet claimed to, be heroes, and contrast them with the mighty who had lived. Such comedy was merely satire. It railed at contemporary life in comparing it with that of purer times. It laid bare not only the weaknesses but the meannesses of the human heart, for the purpose of burlesquing the noble virtues which tragedy represented. It seemed at last almost avowedly depreciatory of those views. "As tragedy," says Schlegel, "by painful emotions, elevates us to the most dignified views of humanity, comedy, on the other hand, by its jocose and depreciatory view of all things, calls forth the most petulant hilarity." What words! For a "petulant hilarity" is an hilarity in which there is no enjoyment and from which can proceed no profit. In such representations there was abundance of wit. Attic salt, flung mercilessly upon the excoriated flesh of the upstart and the braggart, would make them writhe in agony, and while the spectators would shout they would also curse with laughter. Humor—humor, which is so much broader and kinder than wit —seems not to have been known. Instead of being intended for the production of the innocent indulgence in careless pastime while contemplating such absurd and ludicrous conjunctures as, with little or no evil, occur in ordinary life, comedy seemed to have been intended, though in a most doubtful way, to be ancillary to the serious purposes of tragedy. In one of the theatres last night Sophocles had excited to weeping the men and women

of Athens by recitals of the sufferings of Œdipus and his children. To-night Aristophanes will lead them into a house in another street and exhibit his Birds in Council, in which the mannikins of the time are put in contrast with the great of Grecian story. They have become so contemptible that the birds of the air have supplanted them in the conduct of sublunary affairs. Even the fair Iris with heavenly wings, though bearing divine messages, is chided for passing beyond the aerial conclave. The loud laugh will arise, but it will be a "petulant hilarity," with none of the healthfulness that comes from genuine comic feeling.

This difference between tragic and comic writing, rather this resemblance between them, continued almost until the coming of Shakspere. In "the Sacred Comedy" following the Miracle Plays of the middle age the character that made the fun was the Devil himself. Our ancestors laughed as well as they could. For man cannot always be serious. He *must* laugh sometimes, if it can be for nothing more ridiculous, at a pleasant conceit of seeing the great enemy fall into his own pit, and beaten, and pinched, and made to roar with pain and discomfiture. When the time came in England for another sort of fun upon the stage —and it seems wonderful how slow it was in coming—it broke forth abruptly and about as broadly as any who were fond of the broadest might ever care to see. When an ecclesiastic of a former age sometimes, as in the opinion of Bishop Bonner, verged upon too great liberties with the Devil and the Vice in the sacred comedies, a check was placed upon such performances, and finally their suspension was ordered. But by the middle of the sixteenth century such salutary restraint had ceased to be in vogue, and it seems almost incredible that a play so unmixedly coarse as "Gammer Gurton's Nedle" to open the ball of modern English comedy should have been composed by a Doctor of Divinity, Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity, prebend of Westminster, Master of St. John's and Trinity Colleges, Cambridge, Archdeacon of Sudbury, Bishop of Bath and Wells. But bishops in the line of Parker were not what they used to be in the old line. This one fell into a humorous vein and, for a preacher, showed extraordinary familiarity with the lowly and the gross in English society, and as hearty an appreciation of them as any who could ever have aspired to a gown, not mentioning lawn sleeves and the mitre. There was some frolic for the boys of Eton College when their head-master, Nicholas Udall (he a preacher, too, in the Parker succession), let them present his "Ralph Royster Doyster"; but how must

the bigger boys at Christ Church, Cambridge (where it was first put upon the stage), have roared at the hair-pulling of Dame Chat and Gammer Gurton, and the more than coarse scurrilities of Dickon and Hodge! Yet such as these were not only the best but the only. Such a people would not have listened half an hour to such as the "Captivi" of Plautus or the "Andrea" of Terentius. They were not the people to pick out the fun, what there was, from beneath Greek or Latin roots, but must have it pouring forth fresh, if muddy and most foul, in homely vernacular for portraying scenes in contemporary English life. What that life was under Tudor rule it fills a delicate, modest mind with painful astonishment to contemplate. Both the tragic and the comic went to their highest heights and their lowest depths, and the pieces which came upon the stage, in order to be waited upon for their close by an English audience, must be made to have no stint of blood from murders of every kind, and, in the after-piece, no sparing of the nastiest words of scurrility. Let us see how that consummate young genius Marlowe whetted keener the hatred for the Jew:

> "I walk abroad a-nights,
> And kill sick people groaning under walls:
> Sometimes I go about and poison wells. . . .
> Being young I studied physic, and began
> To practise first upon the Italian;
> There I enriched the priests with burials,
> And always kept the sexton's arms in use
> With digging graves and ringing dead men's knells.
> I filled the jails with bankrouts in a year,
> And with young orphans planted hospitals;
> And every moon made some or other mad,
> And now and then one hang himself for grief,
> Pinning upon his breast a long great scroll
> How I with interest tormented him."

In this terrible piece there is neither pity from Christian to Jew nor from Jew to Christian. War to the last blood, anguish in extreme, that can neither be increased nor diminished—these were what our ancestors three hundred years ago wished to see when war and anguish were to be mimicked upon the stage. Not that they were without compassion for

> "Hem that stode in gret prosperite
> And been fallen out of her high degree,"

but they insisted upon seeing the blood and hearing the shriek. They preferred witnessing the murderous combat to hearing it

* Barabbas in "The Jew of Malta."

recited. The counsel of Horace to the Pisos would have been wasted upon them. He who wondered how the Romans of the foretime had endured the rudeness of Plautus, and were not shocked at the unnatural murder *coram populo* of the children of Jason, would never have been seen, had he lived in that time, at the Globe or Blackfriars. For that public relished such as these beyond all else. If Progne is to be changed into a bird and Cadmus into a snake, if Clytemnestra is to be slain at the bath and the parricide to be pursued by the Furies, that English public demanded to see how these interesting things were done. And then they were ready, having had enough of horrors, for the jest; and the broader was this, the shouts were louder and heartier. They must have both. "An action," says Mr. Hallam, "passing visibly on the stage, instead of a frigid narrative, a copious intermixture of comic buffoonery with the gravest story, were requisites with which no English audience would dispense." Illogical, unreasonable as such demands seemed, they were the foundation of the greatest dramatic literature of the world. The wits who sought fame or livelihood must conform to them. Fond as it was to shed tears of pity, it was needful to wipe them away in time and afford a channel for those of hilarity. These two great wants of the human heart, so nearly connected, so necessary to each other, this English people, rough and unstudying as they were, first asserted upon the stage in the alternate sequence in which they prevail in daily life. He was but half a philosopher who did nothing but weep; less than half was he who only laughed.

It is interesting to study the development of this dramatic literature, and see how it made ready the way for the coming of Shakspere. Dreadful indeed were the things in tragedy, and revolting the obscenities in comedy. Some of the latter are the more extravagant, but the more venial, because they were brought out, as in the case of poor Massinger, with reluctant hands and only for the purpose of obtaining food and raiment for the hungry and ragged, and shelter for the houseless. Others, like those of Beaumont and Fletcher—both gentlemen born, and sufficiently prosperous—were congenial to the minds which applauded the tastes and habits of the age. The greater genius of the two died young. The other, son of the dean of Peterborough who was rewarded with a bishopric for his insults to Mary Stuart in the very article of her death, survived long and worked up a vast amount of filth that was most cordially relished for too long a time.

Added to the rudeness of the times, that made such coarseness endurable and even preferred, were the contemporary rise of Puritanism and the extremes to which hostile parties will sometimes urge their principles and conduct. The playgoers laughed the heartier at the Four Ps of Heywood, the Mother Bombie of Lyly, thinking of the not inconsiderable public outside who believed it to be a sin to laugh at all. The satyr that these merry spirits brought out from the woods, instead of being exhibited in his best attitudes according to the precept of the Roman critic, was exhibited in his worst, because there were those to maintain that the satyr should never have been taken from his native wilds. Yet that same Heywood could excite to weeping in "A Woman Killed with Kindness," while Lyly could rise to delicate humor in "Midas," "Endymion," and "Campaspe."

More decent than those aforementioned was Ben Jonson, more serious, more brave; but, lacking the pathos of the tragic muse and having to turn to the comic in order to be allowed to live at all, it is sad to see how his saturnine nature struggled between the classicism which he reverenced and the modern broadness of humor which he despised, and for which he could not forbear to substitute the satire of Menander and Plautus. He could rouse to laughter, but it was such as brought no relief to the heart. In "Volpone," for instance, the characters intended to excite laughter, instead of being ludicrous, are villanous to a degree that is shocking to humanity. The laugh that arises from beholding them has the bitterness of disgust and the eagerness of revenge. When the great rascal is caught and is writhing with the pain of punishment the audience scream with laughter; but it is such laughter as we might indulge withal if perchance we should see a brute of a man insult a woman upon the streets, and immediately thereafter assaulted by a true man, and beaten, and kicked, and cowhided, and set on by the dogs. Yet the witness of such scenes does not good to the heart wherein it most needs good. Thus, Ben Jonson, though rising to the full dignity of the Romans, both in his tragedies and his comedies, yet, in want of pathos for the former and humor for the latter, went behind those whom he should have preceded.

Interesting struggles those were in the modern English drama. The buskin beginning with solemn, stately "Gorboduc," the sock with "Ralph Royster Doyster," and "Gammer Gurton's Nedle"—how wide apart were these, apparently how irreconcilable! Writers like Sackville might be disgusted to think how a reasonable public could gather pleasure from the talks of Hodge

and Doctor Rat, and yet desire to hear tell the sufferings of the great of all times. But that people intended to have all their wants gratified. They meant to laugh with the gay and weep with them that wept; and inasmuch as prim pietists, becoming more numerous and more prim, found fault with comic scenes of even delicate kinds, and public opinion excluded women from theatres, not only as actors but as spectators, they will make their fun the coarser and their laugh the more uproarious.

The theatre is the repertory of the best literature of the ages. From Sackville, from Still and Udall, the playwrights must study the temper of the pits and learn both when it is the time to weep and the time to laugh. Tragedy, having so noble precedents, easily led the way. Comedy—comedy such as it was and ought to become, generous as gay, sympathizing as ludicrous; comedy that was to lead to laughter that brought neither pain nor anger—had to work its way and be developed with the tastes and manners of society. In ancient times it had made men laugh the laugh of contempt, scorn, hatred, and satisfied revenge. Its newest laughs were for the actions and sayings of the lowly and the vulgar. The time was not yet, but it was coming fast, when it can invite gentlemen and ladies to come together to its recitals, in listening to which they can laugh without pain and without blushing.

In the lives of the playwrights what blending of the serious with the sportive will one see who studies them closely! How often will he find cheerfulness among the serious, and—especially—seriousness among the sportive! Charles Reade, in *Peg Woffington*, makes Mrs. Triplett, on retiring from the stage at night, take from her person the finery, lay it upon the table with disgust, and then regard with affection a cold sausage that she has taken from her pocket. We smile at the drollery, but simultaneously we feel the tenderness and the sweetness of pity. Many a time has the London comic dramatist, standing in the street in rags, almost hatless and shoeless, certainly dinnerless, or sitting in prison hard by, heard a thousand voices roaring to the fun himself had created. Fortunately for mankind, it requires not a habitually gay temper nor felicitous circumstances to promote humorous compositions. On the contrary, it is he who has the profoundest knowledge of the sadness of the human heart who can most skilfully touch the chords that vibrate to humorous impulsions. Before Shakspere the drama was made up mostly of tragedy the bloodiest and the broadest farce. It was reserved for him to unite pathos and humor as they are con-

joined in human life, and lift each as high as human language could exalt. These observations we have made preliminary to the consideration of what we propose to style the comparative delicacy of Shakspere. Of his sadness, and of the predominance of the serious over the sportive in his character and writings, we shall speak in another article.

When Shakspere came to London English comedy knew little more than the farce. The delicate humor which springs out of the pleasant phantasies of persons in polite society had been introduced rarely and with timidity. Men who had wept at a tale of grief desired for the after-piece or the interlude the relief which was to come from a great, broad joke. Whatever contributions were made to the enjoyment of the playgoers by the young actor who, having married too early and not well, had left his native Stratford, little of them has been transmitted beyond the fact that he preferred and sufficiently well sustained the parts of old men. His heart already, it seems, had learned to find its best sympathy among those who, having tried this life, found it unable to fulfil its early promises. He went to the stage as another man goes to another business—to make money for present uses and to lay up for those of his advanced age. Finding that there was more money in running the theatre than acting upon its boards, he took that business. Examining the plays that were offered, whenever he bought, his experienced sagacity detected what should be subtracted, what added. When, for want of those sufficiently suited to his purposes, he undertook to write them throughout, his genius, so all-sided, found soon how to intermingle the serious with the gay as he had seen them intermingled in the habitual intercourse of daily life. Like all great minds, he had, besides, what Goethe properly styles *reverence* for mankind, for superiors, for equals, for inferiors. He respected men sufficiently to know that they could be raised by discreet means to appreciate humor that was delicate as well as what was rough and broad. The world was a stage: let the stage be the world. Not all who go to festive scenes are gay, nor all at funerals subdued with sadness. On the contrary, such is the constitution of the human heart that some seriousness renders more enjoyable a season of gayety, while often on solemn occasions irresistible is the impulse to smile at the sudden occurrence of ludicrous accidents. How inexpressibly sad the death of Ophelia; yet who but kindred and lovers can forbear to laugh at the chattings of the diggers of her grave? Just as men are most fond to do what is forbidden, so are they most prone to seek,

as relief from a surfeit of grief, something that comes from the sportive. Wise, therefore, and benignant is he who provides such relief, and of a kind that will elevate instead of degrading.

To such a mind as Shakspere, we do not doubt, such as "Gammer Gurton's Nedle" were unmixedly disgusting. All remember the touching melancholy of that complaint, in one of his sonnets, against

> "The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
> That did not better for my life provide
> Than public means which public manners breeds."

The rougher things in his plays are doubtless attributable to the exactions of an age behind his own aspirations—exactions more powerful because of the examples in the houses of kings and courtiers. The manager of a theatre, he must provide whatever is demanded; but, if only occasionally and by degrees, he will lead his audiences to something higher than they have seen, and educate them to its appreciation by making it ineffably beautiful. He will give the rude jest when he must; but whenever it is possible he will substitute the delicate mirth of gentleness, and thus give tone to a reasonable mean between the tragic and the farcical. How merely fanciful are most of his comedies! For as yet the comedy of intrigue was little developed. It was plain to see that it was a serious, even a sad, mind that, in spite of all this exquisite sportiveness, saw beyond it into the melancholy that was yet more exquisite, and felt that that was the rôle in which was to be done its greatest work.

Let us look at "Twelfth Night." How fanciful this play! Yet for this we have an apology in its first words, the sweetness of which none but the very coarsest could fail to enjoy:

> "If music be the food of love, play on;
> Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
> The appetite may sicken, and so die.
> That strain again! it had a dying fall:
> O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
> That breathes upon a bank of violets,
> Stealing and giving odor. Enough; no more:
> 'Tis not so sweet now as it was before:
> O spirit of love! how great and fresh art thou,
> That, notwithstanding thy capacity
> Receiveth as the sea, naught enters there,
> Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
> But falls into abatement and low price,
> Even in a minute: so full of shapes is fancy
> That it alone is high-fantastical."

These are the words of the duke, who, for the time, is in love

with Olivia, who will not hear of love until her mourning be over for the death of her brother. What contrast between such words and thoughts and those when Cesario, his confidant, proves to be Viola in disguise! Imperiously, but with sweetest airiness, does fancy play amid the affections of all the leading characters. Viola takes the disguise of a boy. Olivia becomes enraptured with this boy and will not listen to the duke. Viola finds herself in love with the duke, who, when he ascertains her sex, retires from Olivia and thinks he has never loved before. The reappearance of Sebastian, Viola's brother, more than compensates Olivia for her disappointment, and the endings seem like the realization of those fond dreams in which the young of both sexes indulge on the dreamy season of Twelfth Night.

Amidst all this play and interplaying of the serious and the gently sportive what glorious fun there is in the talks of Sir Toby Belch and Aguecheek, the clown, Maria and Malvolio! Entertainment there for all—boxes, dress-circle, pit, and gallery—polite ears and vulgar. Some of the words for all are to become immortal, some for the poet to dream about and seek in vain to imitate, and some for the costermonger to recall over his pipe and mug of ale, and roar at the recital.

The thoughts we are presenting are well illustrated again in "As You Like It." There is genuine grief in the exile of the banished duke, and genuine remorse in the tyrant, his brother. Between them and the lowest characters comes in Jaques, in whom the elements of seriousness and sport are so blended as to leave us in doubt what manner of man the author meant he should be regarded. When we hear him moralizing on the seven stages of human life we feel that Socrates nor Plato could have talked more wisely. When we hear his reflections

> "Under an oak whose antique root peeps out,"

and his "similes" upon a wounded stag, we are touched with tenderness. When we see his ambition for a "motley fool," and hear him say,

> "I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation, nor the musician's, which is fantastical, nor the courtier's, which is proud, nor the soldier's, which is ambitious, nor the lawyer's, which is politic, nor the lady's, which is nice, nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness,"

we feel, what exquisite characterization! How immense the gap between this and the classical drama! Subtle, yet natural;

like many a man of culture who, partly in imagination, partly in reality, wearied with superabundance of books and courts and travel, indulges in thoughts ever shifting between the earnest and the jocose, claiming to sadness, but a sadness all his own. In reading this play it is most pleasing to notice the stream of melancholy pervading it; losing itself here and there among such as Touchstone and Aubrey, and reappearing among the gifted, giving tone and adding sweetness to the abounding humor that allows a mind tired of business, or seeking relief from the pain of recent witness of tragic scenes, to sport as it pleases, to laugh aloud or smile archly, and sometimes, if so disposed, to sigh, yet not with pain.

Whenever we read "Midsummer Night's Dream" we wonder anew that one, at the very time of the creation of such as Bottom, and Snug, and Flute, and their likes, could have created such as Oberon and Titania. In this most poetical of human productions, Shakspere, persistent to his purpose to let the stage picture human life, represented it not only as it is when we are awake, but while we sleep and are dreaming of things impossible. A midsummer night's dream when the night is brief, the woods and meadows serene and silent, inviting not only to sleep but to dreams!

Wise, benignant is the king, Theseus, a royal lover, on the eve of marriage with the queen of the Amazons: noble words to his espoused, to Hermia and the rest of his court; wise words as he discusses the lunatic, the lover, and the poet.* But what we notice more especially at this time is the interlude of the Dream, the waywardness of the fairies in sporting with these high-born men and women and among themselves. It is a poor, dull mind that does not sometimes dream beautiful dreams. Who has not sometimes dreamed of having been endowed with gifts of most excellent greatness; of being admitted within the inner places of all that is most fair and lovely, and discoursing as with the tongue of an angel? Yet if one could reproduce such a vision it might not surpass this in which we hear language, such as no other human tongue could have uttered, sounding upon the ear as if in very deed it had been whispered to the poet by the gentle spirits which he had invoked.

And then to awake and find it has all been a dream! What shall we do next? Shut our eyes and bring back the airy, sweet visions? Ah! no. They will not come again to-night; perhaps, in such ineffable beauty, never more. What shall we do, then,

* Act v. scene 1.

after having been to the highest heights? Why, we must even see what fancy may have put into the heads of clowns. The courtiers tell the monarch what these poor fellows have prepared to contribute to the celebration of the approaching nuptials, and they advise him that it

"Is nothing, nothing in the world."

Even the gracious Hippolyta begs

"Not to see wretchedness o'ercharged."

But a wise king values too much the faithful service of his lowest subjects to find fault with the rude terms in which it is expressed. Thus he speaks to his bride:

"I will hear that play;
For never anything can be amiss
When simpleness and duty tender it.
. . . . . .
The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our sport shall be to take what they mistake:
And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And in conclusion dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity
In least speak most, to my capacity."

We are glad the good king did not refuse the rendition of "Pyramus and Thisbe." Irresistibly funny as it is, when it threatens to become tiresome he has the discretion to limit the players to a Bergomask dance, omitting the epilogue.

Such was the device, a great, broad joke, full of absurdities and incongruities, with which this wisest, most generous, most humane of poets let down from the contemplation of the fanciful and the impossible. But it is "The Merchant of Venice" wherein is to be seen the most delicate intermingling of the earnest with the different shades of humor, from the broadest upward and upward, refining and refining until it grows into sadness and even approximates the tragic.

Already had the Hebrew been made famous in the drama by Marlowe. But Barabbas had been drawn, in accordance with legends of too credulous times, reciting enormities practised in secret by the Jews upon Christian peoples. Barabbas, therefore, was a monster. Now, it comported not with the nature of Shakspere to represent a character so monstrously, incredibly cruel and vindictive. For the purposes of his comedy he sought to represent the Jew what ages of various fortune had made him. In Shylock we see something of what has been wrought through immemorial persecution. But Shakspere, who was too great to despise anything which God has made in his image, while he allows the thoughtless to laugh, leads the thoughtful to pity this man not only for his misfortunes, but for his wish for revenge, attributing this in part to influence of generations of outrages, and in part to the causeless insultings of the merchant-prince who was known to have especial hate for the "sacred nation," and,

> "There where merchants most do congregate,"

had often railed upon this especial Jew. Even in the act of borrowing the money upon the fatal bond there are insults that a man with the blood of a true man would find difficult to endure:

> "Shy. Signor Antonio, many a time and oft
> In the Rialto you have rated me
> About my moneys and my usances:
> Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
> For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
> You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
> And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
> And all for use of that which is mine own.
> Well, then, it now appears you need my help:
> Go to, then; you come to me, and you say,
> 'Shylock, we would have moneys': you say so;
> You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
> And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
> Over your threshold: moneys is your suit.
> What should I say to you? Should I not say
> 'Hath a dog money? Is it possible
> A cur can lend three thousand ducats'? Or
> Shall I bend low and in a bondman's key,
> With bated breath and whispering humbleness,
> Say this:
> 'Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
> You spurned me such a day; another time
> You called me dog; and for these courtesies,
> I'd lend you thus much moneys'?

"ANT. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends (for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?),
But lend it rather to thine enemy."

Now, when a man has to take such as this, we expect him, whether Jew or Gentile, to try to find something adequate to give in return. The poet most adroitly throws in other things to subdue the ruthless insistence of the penalty of the forfeited bond. The Jew loses from his house, his heart, the faith of his fathers, his only child, Jessica, only pledge of the beloved, departed Leah. The groundlings shout at the exploit of the bold Lorenzo, and hoot at the dog of a Jew as he curses in vain, and all, except Launcelot Gobbo, rejoice that another is added to the true faith. But the generous consider how piteous is the desolation of the parent's heart when his only loved, his fully trusted, has robbed him, fled from him, and been joined with the persecutors of his race. Yet we are spared the pain of resentment against this filial impiety partly by her conversion to Christianity, but mostly by the childish simplicity which keeps her from comprehending the depth of the sorrow into which the father has been plunged by her elopement. The most stringent adherent for the claims of parental control might relent to some degree while listening to her childlike talks with Gobbo, and seeing her afterwards yielding to the sweet influences of song when she, so newly married, says :

"I am never merry when I hear sweet music."

These preliminary things help to subdue our scorn for the creditor's claim. The most indignant hearer may attempt, but will attempt in vain, to answer quite successfully his arguments drawn from the analogies of the treatment of his own nation of what should be a Christian's sufferance by Christian example. It is such as these that, while the dramatist approximated the pathos of tragedy, served to keep him on the hither side, and thus create that delicious, delicate enjoyment when, being upon the verge of weeping, one experiences the sudden relief of gentle laughter. Here was the subtlest essence of high comedy.

But the groundlings must have the unmixed. Though they have laughed at the tortures of the Jew, yet it was not the laugh of heartiness and of health. For this the author provided the good Gobbo, or good Launcelot, or good Launcelot Gobbo. What an invention! Unique in the history of comic literature

this compound of earnestness and fun, of conscientiousness and knavery. He cannot be convinced that Jessica's conversion is a matter for congratulation, not even on moral grounds:

"Yes, truly," says he to her after the marriage—"yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children: therefore, I promise ye, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: therefore be of good cheer, for truly I think you are damn'd."

Nor on economical:

"JESSICA. I shall be saved by my husband: he hath made me a Christian.

"LAUN. The more to blame he. We were Christians enow before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money."

Here is the most ludicrous of all those curious characters who, having

> "Planted in their memory
> An army of good words,"
>
> "for a tricksy word
> Defy the matter."

This is the extreme of the humor of this play. As for the means, it is pleasing to study how they play between, lifting from Gobbo to Nerissa, and thence to Jessica and Lorenzo, and thence to Portia and Bassanio. Shakspere has been often praised for the compliment he paid to the female sex in the creation of Portia. A rich orphan, to whom, perhaps of all ladies, the choice of a husband is most difficult and dangerous, her conduct in the midst of the suits that are paid to her is the very perfection of high-born ladyship. What wit and what wisdom have come to this beautiful heiress! How well she understands, and how playfully, talking with her maid, she cuts into pieces the Neapolitan prince, the County Palatine, Monsieur Le Bon, Falconbridge, the Scottish lord, the Duke of Saxony's nephew! (act i. scene ii.) In the treatment of the princes of Arragon and Morocco, men of real worth and serious, honorable purpose, her deportment is our best ideal of that which a true gentlewoman employs in the presence of a gentleman upon whom, though not unworthy of her love, it is not possible to bestow it. When Bassanio appears and wins the prize we may search through all romance in vain for a subdual so complete, so frank, so delicate, so ineffably sweet.

" You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am : though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better ; yet, for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself ;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rich ;
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account ; but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing ; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractised ;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn ; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn ;
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself and what is mine to you and yours
Is now converted ; but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself ; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself
Are yours, my lord : I give them with this ring."

Amid the first transports of the accepted lover news comes of the forfeiture of the bond of Antonio. At once is seen how orphanage, leaving her to the care of herself, has developed beyond the time her discretion, her sense of gratitude and justice and honor. Not a moment's delay will she allow to Bassanio, whom she urges to fly to the comfort and rescue of the friend who suffers in his behalf—a fitting preparation for the difficult part which is to be happy in its ending. Such is the felicitous blending of the numerous colorings and shadings of sportiveness which have made " The Merchant of Venice " the greatest of the comedies.

A few words about Sir John Falstaff will end this article. In the view we have been taking of Shakspere we can find apt and touching illustration even in old Sir John, in the thread of seriousness which, beginning though late, runs along in that great web of humor, and finally absorbs the end that, all tangled, is torn from the loom of his life. Amidst all the fun in act i. scene ii. (" King Henry IV.," Part II.) there is a touching sadness in the talk with the little page whom, out of the drollery of a contrast with his gigantic stature, the prince has assigned to him :

" FAL. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my case ?

" PAGE. He said, sir, the party that owed it might have more diseases than he knew for.

"FAL. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me. The brain of this compounded clay, man, is not able to invent anything that tends to laughter, more than I invent or is invented on me," etc.

This sense of humiliation and approaching friendlessness and abandonment exhibits itself at sundry times. The bold words he employs, the rude jests, show occasionally that he understands that his wit and humor are his only capital, and that he suspects that they will not last him to the end. It is really melancholy to witness his last attempt to hold to the prince who is now king, and hear his talk with Shallow, his creditor, after the heartless repulse, avowing his assurance that his majesty has snubbed him in public merely for the sake of appearances, and that he will surely send for him in private. All the things occurring henceforth in rapid succession draw us with genuine pity to him who has been so ruthlessly and shamelessly forsaken. The sudden reformation of the youngster of a king with the new-born, intemperate zeal of fresh reformers generally; the poor spite of the chief-justice, who, when he has an opportunity, returns and inflicts a punishment greater than was required, and all because Sir John had been witness of his own humiliation—all these lead us to feel, for the time being, that the old knight, so ill-treated, is worth more than the king and the chief-justice put together. These last words to the latter, "My lord, my lord," are piteous in the extreme. But the dignitary passed on, and the appeal was not uttered or was unheard. The career of the knight was over. A mere jester, a man without heart, might have lived on. Yet even to those more vulgar companions, Hostess and Pistol, Nym and Bardolph, when they hear that he is sick, they know that he is sick unto death.

"NYM. The king hath run bad humors on the knight; that's the even of it.

"PISTOL. Nym, thou hast spoke the right; his heart is fracted and corroborate.

"NYM. The king is a good king; but it must be as it may: he passes some humors and careers."

And the Hostess tells of his playing with flowers, and babbling of green fields, and calling upon the name of God; and Bardolph wishes he might be with him in Arthur's bosom, whither the good woman has consigned him "an it had been any Christom child"; and Pistol's manly heart, yearning the while, exhorts Bardolph to be blithe, and Nym to rouse his vaunting veins, and they all know that the matter with Sir John was, "the king killed his heart." We may make our pocket-handkerchiefs wet with

laughter over such condolence of these droll "lambkins." And so we laugh sometimes at the poor verses of "his aunty" or "his grandma," following announcements in the morning papers of the death of "Little Johnny" or "Little Jimmy." But both are the best evidences such uncultured hearts believe they can give of the sadness they feel, and their most fitting tribute to the dead.

We have thus endeavored to call attention anew to the delicacy of Shakspere as shown in his exquisite portrayal of life among the gifted and the courteous, and his thoughtful compassion in the representation of the ignorant and the rude.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE DIOCESE OF VINCENNES. In four parts: I. Tradition and History. II. The Bishops of Vincennes. III. The Priests and Congregations. IV. The Institutions of the Diocese. By the Rev. H. Alerding, Rector of St. Joseph's Church, Indianapolis, Ind. Crown 8vo, pp. 636. Printed for the author, Indianapolis. 1883. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York.)

The first white man to enter the country now the State of Indiana was a Catholic and a Jesuit, and Father Alerding has gathered all that he could find concerning the first planting of Christianity in Indiana. The title-page of his *History* gives a fair idea of the author's arrangement. There is a difference between Father Alerding and Dr. J. G. Shea on some of the minor points of the early history. The labors of the first priests, and of those early bishops, Bruté, La Hailandière, Bazin, and of St. Palais, the predecessor of the present occupant of the see of Vincennes, are sketched in a frank, unaffected manner. An interesting and instructive chapter is that which recounts the persecution and unjust conviction of a laborious and worthy priest on an infamous charge.

To one of the early priests, Father Pierre Gibault, according to Judge Law, as quoted by Father Alerding, the United States are "more indebted" (next after Clark and Vigo) "for the accession of the States comprised in what was the original Northwestern Territory than to any other man." It was Father Gibault who in 1778 induced the Catholic settlers of Vincennes to take the oath of allegiance to the United States rather than to England, and that at a time when England was allowing liberty of conscience to the Catholics of Canada, and while John Jay in New York was doing all he could—by his fanatical attempts to exclude "papists" from the privileges of citizenship in New York—to discourage Catholic nations from assisting the struggling colonies. The volume contains some excellent portraits of the bishops of Vincennes.

CULTURE OF THE SPIRITUAL SENSE. By Brother Azarias, B.C.S., President of Rock Hill College, Maryland. New York: E. Steiger & Co. 1884.

This pamphlet is as neat and delicate of form as the style of Brother

Azarias. The dedication reminds us of the time when the author seemed about to depart for the world of spirits, and although, to the great advantage and joy of all his friends, but especially of his pupils, his life has been prolonged, he appears to have brought back with him, and he diffuses through his beautiful essay, something very spiritual from that border which he approached so nearly. He speaks as it were from experience when he says: "Wise indeed were it that we all learn in time the language which must be ours throughout eternity."

The Christian Brothers have a vast number of our boys and youths under their excellent and thoroughly Christian instruction. Not only in their schools of primary and intermediate education, but also in their colleges, both teachers and pupils are every year gaining increased credit and reputation. They are sending constantly a considerable number of alumni into the ecclesiastical seminaries. It is a great privilege enjoyed by these young men to have the highest lessons of spiritual wisdom conveyed to them in such charming and attractive language, by a teacher like Brother Azarias. We trust that he may long be spared to his order and to the church, and may continue to write, as well as to teach and govern his interesting and promising juvenile charge.

URIEL; or, The Chapel of the Angels. By the author of *Lady Glastonbury's Boudoir*, *The New Utopia*, etc. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

This fascinating story will not be put down by a reader who once begins it until it has been read through. The writer has struck a new vein. There is a great deal of the romantic, something of the preternatural, and a deep tinge of the supernatural in the conception of the characters and events which made up the plot, and yet, though improbable, the incidents are not impossible, there is no straining for effect, and the background on which the characters and scenes are depicted is naturally represented. The ordinary and the uncommon, the real and the ideal, are so skilfully and easily blended together that there is no startling shock produced, the story proceeds after a simple and natural fashion, and on the whole, while one is reading, it seems as if everything might have happened as the writer narrates. The characters are admirably drawn, and, for a wonder, the true hero of the story is neither handsome, graceful, of noble birth, or in any way remarkable except for his sterling worth and unselfish devotion. We never heard of the author before, but we desire to see more choice productions from the pen which wrote *Uriel*.

CONSTITUTION AND PROCEEDINGS—OF THE CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S NATIONAL UNION—OF THE NINTH ANNUAL CONVENTION, held at Brooklyn, New York, June 27 and 28, 1883. Richmond: *Catholic Visitor* Print. 1883.

Whatever is undertaken by young men, or in their behalf, for the interest of the Catholic religion, is of great importance. The young men of the Catholic Church, as a class, are of the greatest importance. Moreover, there is no class of members of the Catholic Church presenting so many and so great difficulties to be met and overcome, in order that they may be brought under the controlling influence of religion and induced to

do the work for which their youth and energy give them such a great capability.

One way in which it is sought to effect a good work in them and to accomplish a good work through them is that of *associations*. The object of the Union is to combine local associations for the furtherance of their common object. It has been in existence since 1875, under the following successive presidents: Mgr. Doane, Mgr. Preston, Bishop Ryan of Buffalo, Bishop Keane, and the Rev. James H. Mitchell. At the Ninth Convention forty-nine societies, existing in fourteen dioceses, were represented. These different societies vary a good deal in the particular manner and scope of their organization, and the objects of their efforts are quite numerous. One object proposed is to unite young men in a pious sodality for common religious exercises, and especially the regular reception of the sacraments. Another is the prosecution of charitable and beneficial works of various kinds. A third, intellectual improvement and literary enjoyment by means of libraries, lectures, and literary entertainments. A fourth is combination for the defence and advancement of Catholic interests. A fifth is physical culture, and a sixth innocent social recreation. This is not a minute and exhaustive enumeration, and for particulars we must refer those who are interested to the pamphlet of the convention. Our sympathies and best wishes go with all the honorable and zealous efforts of the young men of the National Union and of all similar associations.

MY VISIT TO DISTRESSED IRELAND. Richard F. Clarke, S.J., formerly Fellow and Tutor of St. John's College, Oxford. New York: Benziger Bros. 1883.

In these days, when Irish affairs are among the most prominent topics of the hour, when the present efforts to provide remedies for Irish misery occupy the attention of every thoughtful man, when these efforts have met with the most varied criticism, such a volume as the one before us is most opportune. We do not hesitate to say that it should be studied by all who have an interest in the subject, by all who would give to the matter the benefit of candid, unbiassed judgment. The book has many merits. Its author is a man of ripe scholarship. He has earned distinction at Oxford, and as an able writer is well known in England. Hence the value of his book as a work coming from one who has already gained a reputation, and who is therefore not liable to commit himself to any opinion without careful research and mature consideration.

But the book has a value beyond this: it is written by a thorough Englishman, by a representative of that nation whose writers are generally hostile to Ireland. "I ask my Irish readers," he says, "to remember that I am a loyal Englishman, loving my country. I ask my English readers to remember that I am but stating those things which I have seen and heard." The value of the book is therefore much enhanced when we learn that, far from being blind to the misery he saw in Ireland and inimical to the measures her truest representatives have employed to remedy this misery, the author's opinions are remarkably in harmony with the settled convictions of the Irish leaders themselves.

These considerations cannot fail, we think, to make the book valuable to every lover of Ireland, to all who love the cause of justice; while it is

written in a spirit and temper, and with a sincerity calculated to lessen the prejudice of the many intelligent and well-meaning but wholly misinformed men among the enemies of Ireland and her people. Prejudice is always the result of ignorance or misrepresentation. His countrymen are ignorant of the real state of affairs in Ireland; hence he says: "My visit to Ireland was undertaken in order that I might form on the spot, so far as I could, a well-balanced opinion of the cause of Irish distress and destitution, and might lay before those who are interested in the subject the results I gathered there." In order to gain a deeper insight into the real condition of the people, he did not traverse the whole of Ireland, but confined himself to a small area in the county of Mayo, where he learned "the land was the poorest, the poverty the greatest, the country most uneasy and unsettled." The misery and want he witnessed would be too long a task to detail here. It is sufficient to say that his pictures of the real state of affairs are vivid and graphic, never over-wrought or highly colored. He gives the reader a truthful, but at the same time a calm, almost a judicial, statement of all he beheld. He candidly admits that a good Irish landlord is a *rara avis;* while, in some passages resembling the utterances of Mr. Healy in pith and energy, he accuses Irish landlords as a class of being the greatest obstacle to the union of England and Ireland on fair and equitable grounds; and this is all that many of the Irish patriots demand.

CROMWELL IN IRELAND. A History of Cromwell's Irish Campaign. By the Rev. Denis Murphy, S.J. With maps, plans, and illustrations. 8vo, pp. xxviii.–478. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

Whoever believes that character is transmitted to one's descendants will, after finishing this book, have anything but a favorable idea of the landlords of Ireland to-day, for here one can see their ancestors as they really were—as infamous a lot of treacherous scoundrels as ever were permitted to harass a Christian people. They were not all Englishmen, or Anglo-Irishmen, by any means. One of the worst was the man known in the traditions of the Irish as Murchadh *an Totdin*, that is, Murchadh "of the Burnings," otherwise "Black" Murchadh (or Morrogh) O'Brien, ancestor of the present Marquis of Inchiquin. A strange character he was, too; a Catholic by birth and training, then a Protestant and ally of the Puritans, and then on his death-bed in England in 1674 a Catholic, leaving word to have Masses said for the repose of his soul. A man of enormous energy, indomitable courage, great abilities, quick wit, and apparently destitute of any such thing as conscience, he was altogether the sort of hero to delight Carlyle.

In fact, Father Murphy has drawn for us here a whole gallery of portraits. There is that man of true genius, the great Eoghan Ruadh O'Neill, having all the qualities of a great statesman, skilful general, and withal a good man. One of the picturesque characters of the period was the Bishop of Clogher, Heber MacMahon. Like the famous Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, the bishop of Clogher knew how to fight, and he fought for his country and religion with so much effect that on the death of Eoghan Ruadh he was chosen, with Ormonde's approval, as "general of all his majesty's forces of horse and foot of the province of Ulster." Oliver

Cromwell himself will be better understood from the history here given of his achievements. He was, as his career in Ireland shows, a man to win victory under the most difficult circumstances. Then there is James Butler of Kilkenny, Earl of Ormonde—the "great Ormonde" he has been called —a man who, with a deep hatred for the religion of his fathers, was yet diplomatist enough to enjoy whenever he wished the support of his Catholic countrymen. He is a type of those singular beings, scarcely to be found outside of Ireland, yet unfortunately plentiful there, who hate their own country and pass a good part of their lives in bringing their country further and further into subjection to its enemy.

Every reader of Irish history knows that in 1641 Ireland could have regained its independence if its inhabitants had been united. They were not united, yet it is foolish to find fault with them for this. The country then contained, for all practical purposes of war, three very distinct nations whose traditions naturally kept them separate: the "old Irish"—that is, the people of Gaelic race, the Macs and O's; the "old English"—that is, the descendants of the Anglo-Norman invaders; and the "new English"—the new colonists, that is, dating since Elizabeth's or James I.'s reign. The two first were mainly Catholics, the last mainly Protestants. Even this hardly represents the division. Father Murphy in a note quotes Cox's *Hibernia Anglicana:* "First there was an army of all mere Irish, not an English papist among them, commanded by the bishop of Clogher; and another of mere English, all papists, under General Preston; and, secondly, there was an army of old English and Irish under the Lords Mountgarrett, Taaffe, etc.; and an army of new English, commanded by the Earls of Ormonde, Inchiquin, etc.; and, thirdly, there was an army of papists under the Nuncio, and an army of Protestants commanded by the Marquis of Ormonde." That was the state of things while Ireland was fighting against Oliver Cromwell, who landed in 1649.

But to find fault with the Irish of to-day for this disunion of more than two centuries ago is to indulge in the emptiest of platitudes. The descendants of the Anglo-Normans felt themselves justified by the traditions of their families in opposing a separation from England. They belonged to the race and were the descendants of those fearless knights who may be said to have originated the very conception of loyalty, not merely to some particular government, but to an idea. As Catholics they were willing to make alliance with their ancient enemies, the Gaelic Irish, against their common foe, the Puritans. But they would go no further. They held at one time the Eastern seaports, and they commanded the commercial facilities of Ireland. They would fight in defence of their religious liberties as Catholics, but they would not fight against England. They were the descendants of the flower of those Norman adventurers who had set up a throne for their duke in England, and they had no wish to give up what they had spent centuries in fighting for. To-day the Anglo-Norman element of the Irish people is as nationalist in sentiment as the Gaels, and perhaps more determined. But it is a mistake to condemn the people of the English Pale of two centuries ago for not thinking as their descendants now think. Even the descendants of the new English are now more Irish than many of the Irish of the Mac or the O'. "Glorious Tipperary," the most "rebellious" county in Ireland, has no more unflinching na-

tionalists than those who are the descendants of the Puritan troopers planted there by Cromwell's son-in-law, Ireton.

Oliver Cromwell left his mark on Ireland, and there is perhaps no name so much hated as his by the Irish people, and most justly. To this day, in the belief of the uneducated, every ruin in Ireland, whether church, monastery, or castle, was the work of his hands. What he really did is bad enough without charging him with more. But the track of an English army, whether in Ireland, in India, or our own country before the surrender of Yorktown, has nearly always been marked with outrage, ruin, and massacre. The horrors of Drogheda in 1649 have been repeated in our day. It is needless to say that if Cromwell when victorious spared any Irish Catholic's life he never spared a priest's, if he could help it. In his summons to the governor of Kilkenny to surrender that town, he writes, March 26, 1650: "As for your 'clergymen,' as you call them, in case you agree for a surrender, they shall march safely away, with their goods and what belongs to them; but if they fall otherwise into my hands, I believe they know what to expect from me." "Whoever examines even his [Cromwell's] brief career in Ireland with impartiality must admit the truth of Clarendon's saying, that he was a great, bad man."

Speaking of Eoghan Ruadh O'Neill, Father Murphy says that "in the forty battles which he fought against the English, only once did he suffer defeat. No treachery or inhumanity ever sullied his victories. At the battle of Benburb, gained with far inferior numbers by his skill and gallantry, three thousand Scots were left dead on the field, and many more were slain in the pursuit. 'The Lord hath rubbed shame on our faces till we are humbled,' wrote their general, Monroe. On the side of the Irish only seventy fell."

As the garrison of Kilkenny marched out for the surrender, "with their commander, Sir Walter Butler, at their head, they were complimented by Cromwell for their bravery; he said that they were gallant fellows, that he had lost more men storming that place than at Drogheda, and that he should have gone without it were it not for the treachery of the townsmen." But the truth was that an Englishwoman named Thornton, living in the town, was the only treacherous one, and her treachery consisted in betraying, after the surrender, the hiding-place of some distinguished ecclesiastics, who were dragged out and despatched by the roundhead English soldiers.

The volume is full of interest. There is life and movement from first to last. Besides, for those desiring to familiarize themselves with Irish history, it is indispensable. As its author says: "It is a portion of history but little known. It lies for the most part in a few books, some of them difficult of access by reason of their scarcity, others written in a language not intelligible to the greater number of readers."

On account of the complicated orthography and pronunciation of Gaelic names, Father Murphy, like Sir Walter Scott and other Irish and Scotch writers, sticks to the supposed phonetic system which corrupts them into forms supposed to be pronounceable by English readers; so that Eoghan Ruadh (the "Ruddy") appears as "Owen Roe," just as Scott wrote Rob Ruadh "Rob Roy," and Ruadhri Dubh (the "Dark") "Roderick dhu," etc. Except the Oriental and Slavic languages, there is no other civilized lan-

guage that has been subjected to such a humiliation. Suppose we should write French proper names, names of persons and places, according to an Englishman's idea of their sound!

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, AND HER MARRIAGE WITH BOTHWELL. Seven Letters to the *Tablet*. Revised, with a preface and notes, and a supplement. By the Hon. Colin Lindsay. London: Burns & Oates. Edinburgh: William Patterson. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

Since the time when the character of Queen Mary Stuart of Scotland has been cleared from the greatest part of the cloud of aspersions which malice and fraud had gathered around it, the one dark spot obscuring it has remained her marriage with Bothwell. The Rev. Father Joseph Stevenson, in a recently-published *History of Mary Stewart* by Claude Nau, although in general favorable to Mary, yet felt himself obliged to lay to her charge one grievously sinful and immoral act. This was that, yielding to the pressure put upon her, she consented to contract with Bothwell a union which she knew to be no valid marriage, Bothwell being already the lawful husband of a lady then living—viz., Jean Gordon. Mr. Lindsay has undertaken to prove that Father Stevenson was mistaken. The first point of his defence of Mary is that Bothwell's pretended marriage with Jean Gordon was null and void, so that a true marriage between him and Mary was possible. The second point is that Mary never consented to marry him, and that the form of marriage which was gone through was utterly invalid, on account of the violence to which Mary was subjected and the total want of free consent on her part. Father Stevenson has admitted the conclusiveness of Mr. Lindsay's proofs, and has fully retracted his own previous statements. This last remaining doubt concerning the complete moral spotlessness of Mary's character having been removed, the heroic and unfortunate queen has now, by her generous and able advocates, Petit, Strickland, Hosack, Meline, and Lindsay, been completely vindicated, and her innocence triumphantly established.

JOSEPH HAYDN: The Story of his Life. Translated from the German of Franz von Seeburg, by the Rev. J. M. Toohey, C.S.C. Notre Dame, Ind.: J. A. Lyons. 1884.

This book is quite properly called the *story* of the life of Haydn. It is not, strictly speaking, a biography, but a series of pictures or sketches based upon the principal events of the life of the great master. The characters introduced are well and clearly drawn, though we regret, for the sake of verisimilitude, that they are somewhat over-given to prophecy and long speeches. We also have to pardon an occasional slip in the reverend translator. Nevertheless we find it a very attractive and interesting book, all the more so, perhaps, because it does not follow the ordinary biographical method and does not bother us with dates. The bright, cheerful temperament of Haydn, which seems to have been unclouded by his early trials and poverty, is charmingly portrayed. In this sunny disposition of his we find a clue to what would otherwise be a mystery to those who are lovers of the *True* in music as in the other fine arts. The most significant thing in the whole book is this remark of Haydn:

"The people of Vienna do not like my church music, and perhaps they

are right. In this I am peculiar. In the *Kyrie* I prayed to God, not as a despairing sinner or one that feared reprobation, but calmly and with resignation; and I considered that an infinite God will surely deal mercifully with a finite creature and will forgive dust for being dust. These thoughts made me joyful, and I could not contain my joy, so that I wrote my *Miserere* as an *allegro*."

Above all, the book is to be commended for the spirit of piety which permeates it, making it edifying as well as entertaining reading. The character of Haydn himself especially, as here depicted, calls forth our warmest admiration and enthusiasm. The book merits a large circulation.

Life of St. Francis Solanus, Apostle of Peru. By a priest of the Order of St. Francis, Province of the Sacred Heart. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1883.

This is a neat little volume containing the history of the life and miracles of the apostle of Peru. He was a son of St. Francis of Assisi, and, like him, he would draw all men to Christ; would have them all put on that yoke which Truth itself has said is light and sweet. He sought the wild tribes of the New World, and among them spent the best years of his life. The western coast of South America was the seat of his labors, and there he is now especially revered; yet his memory should be dear to all of us, since he is one of those who have been made "the friends of God."

Prusias: A Romance of Ancient Rome under the Republic. By Ernst Eckstein. From the German by Clara Bell. New York: W. S. Gottsberger. 1884.

Mr. Gottsberger brings out his books in a very tasteful and attractive style, and some of them are of a very excellent quality. Eckstein's romances are after the manner of Ebers, whose best works are masterpieces. *Prusias* has for its subject the great servile war, between the epochs of Sulla and Julius Cæsar, in which Spartacus was the principal figure. Prusias, who turns out to be Darius, a brother of Mithridates, and is a purely fictitious character, is represented as the author and leader of the insurrection. His character is strongly drawn, but the drawing is essentially damaged, in an artistic as well as in a moral point of view, by his disgusting liaison with Nævia. There are other fictitious characters introduced, and the story sometimes deviates from the historical record. Yet it is easy to separate the imaginary from the real narrative, the pure romance from the description of historical events of a most intense and tragical interest. There is much dramatic and descriptive art displayed in this romance, and the reader, who naturally expects that all the persons who excite his sympathy will come to a sad end in company with Prusias and other principal personages, is agreeably surprised to find some of them happily escaping from the mêlée, with good prospects of living prosperously ever after.

There are some serious lessons to be learned from the generally truthful picture which *Prusias* presents to our view of the last days of the Roman republic. One is, the nameless horrors and enormities of heathen tyranny, slavery, and moral corruption. Another is that insurrection and revolution are not the remedy for social and political evils, but the causes

of new and worse disasters. The highest and best lesson is given in the dying speech of Prusias when he was about to be crucified:

"At last—sooner or later—you will again hear the mighty truth proclaimed that All Men are equal. In that day the legions of Rome will vainly strive against the march of the Inevitable.

"He will appear in the East—rising from the well-spring of eternal light; He will come—a Deliverer who will finish the work that I, weak and erring, have failed to accomplish. The man who desires to triumph over all the demons that haunt the human soul must himself be superior to their temptations; and He, the Mighty One, whom my eye foresees veiled in clouds of glory, will renounce all to conquer all. He too, perhaps, may die on the cross, condemned by a darkened world, but his work will not die with him."

PRIMERS FOR THE PEOPLE. Edited by Eugene L. Didier. No. 1. A Primer of Criticism. 18mo, pp. 46. Baltimore: The People's Publishing Co. 1883.

In this little pamphlet, after beginning with "A Glance at American Literature," Mr. Didier indulges in what may be frank, if not very good-natured, criticism of several well-known American writers—Henry James, Jr., William D. Howells, Edmund C. Stedman, George W. Cable, Richard H. Stoddard, and Richard Grant White. Each of these Mr. Didier regards as very much over-estimated. Nor is Mr. Didier satisfied with Christian Reid, who has given the readers of this magazine, as well as many thousand others, hours of great delight.

EXERCISES FOR TRANSLATION INTO LATIN, chiefly on the rules of syntax. Collected and arranged by the Rev. P. J. Müller, S.J., Professor of Latin and Greek in Canisius College, Buffalo, N. Y. Square crown 8vo, pp. vi.–371. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co. 1884.

Father Müller has prepared, in this handsomely-printed book, a manual for translating English into Latin. Though Father Müller's English is not so idiomatic as, perhaps, it might have been if revised by one to whom English is the mother-tongue, there can be no doubt that the industrious student who translates all these sentences into Latin will become a good Latinist. The references in the lessons are to the Latin grammar of Dr. Schultz, published by the same house.

CLAVIS RERUM. Norwich: F. A. Robinson & Co.

MARTIN LUTHER: A Study of the Reformation. By Edwin D. Mead. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis.

JOHN ADAMS, THE STATESMAN OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By Hon. Melen Chamberlain.

REPORTS OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC ORPHAN ASYLUMS IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK FOR THE YEAR 1883.

AN ANALYSIS OF THE VOTE ON PRISON CONTRACT LABOR POLLED NOVEMBER 6, 1883, with comments from various sources.

SADLIERS' CATHOLIC DIRECTORY, ALMANAC, AND ORDO FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1884. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co.

THIRTY-THIRD ANNUAL REPORT OF ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK from October 1, 1881, to January 1, 1883.

QUARTERLY REPORT OF THE CHIEF OF THE BUREAU OF STATISTICS, TREASURY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, for the three months ending September 30, 1883.

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XXXIX. MAY, 1884. No. 230.

THE CATHOLIC LAW OF MARRIAGE.

THE Catholic Church, as is well known, has always proclaimed, and enforced on the consciences of her children, the law of monogamy and the law of the indissolubility of marriage. These are not merely human laws, civil or ecclesiastical, but divine laws, coeval with the origin of the human race and the institution of marriage. Marriage was instituted in the beginning, by the Creator, as a union between the first man and the first woman, made by a bond which was not to be broken except by the ending of that earthly life to which it belonged. It began in Paradise, in the primitive, perfect state of original righteousness in which the first human pair were constituted. It remained, after the fall, in the state of reparation which was inaugurated by the promise of the Redeemer. But, like all other human things, marriage was subject to the consequences of the fall, and therefore it underwent a change for the worse; so that by degrees its law of unity was impaired by the introduction of the custom of polygamy, and its indissolubility by the practice of divorce. These departures from the primitive law of marriage were tolerated under the imperfect and initial dispensations of divine, primitive law given to the patriarchs and to Moses. They were restricted and ameliorated, but not forcibly suppressed, by an economy of divine leniency and compassion for human weakness which awaited a better time for the promulgation of a more perfect moral law.

Our Lord Jesus Christ, in the fulness of his power, when he

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introduced his New Law, enacted with a new and more stringent obligation the laws of monogamy and the indissolubility of marriage, raising marriage to the dignity of a sacrament and conferring upon it a new hallowing sanction and sanctifying power. The Redeemer and Restorer of human nature brought back the matrimonial union of the baptized children of his church to the primitive ideal perfection of marriage in Paradise, with a superadded grace suitable to the changed condition of men and women who are not in the original state of integrity of nature. It is by virtue of this legislative authority of Jesus Christ that the church, as his representative and the medium through which he promulgates his moral law, proclaims, and enforces upon her own subjects, the laws of monogamy and the indissolubility of marriage.

There is no other absolutely firm and certain basis of a moral and religious law prescribing monogamy and forbidding polygamy, or of a law forbidding divorce for grave causes.

It is not difficult to prove the thesis that monogamy is much better than polygamy; that it is far more conformable to the natural law; that it is, even, in certain states of civilization, the only form of conjugal relation which can or ought to be tolerated. But all rational arguments which can be adduced fall short of proving that monogamy is prescribed and polygamy forbidden by the law of nature, absolutely, at all times, and under all circumstances. It is easy, also, to prove that it is much better that marriage should be as enduring as life, and that divorce is an evil, which becomes a very great social disorder when it is frequent. But it is impossible to prove by rational arguments that the bond of marriage is so indissoluble by the law of nature that it can never be really broken for any cause or by any authority.

The Natural Law does not make itself known so explicitly, fully, distinctly, easily, and universally, through the dictates of reason and conscience, and with a common consent of mankind, that it can suffice as a complete, unerring practical rule. It needs to be declared, supplemented and extended by a positive law of divine origin and having a divine sanction. It is only by a positive law that monogamy can be efficaciously prescribed and polygamy forbidden. Positive law is equally necessary for efficacious prohibition or restriction of divorce. And these laws must have a foundation in a manifestation of the divine mind and the divine will, in order to have the needed moral power over the consciences of men.

There is a further and even more stringent need of positive

law in respect to the persons who can be joined by the bond of marriage, and the conditions which make the contract valid and binding. There are dictates of the law of nature in respect to these things. But these general dictates need to be made more explicit, and to be applied in a more particular manner to individual cases, in order to make a practical rule. For instance, the nearness of kinship which impedes or nullifies a contract of marriage, the defect of age or dominion over one's acts making one incapable of contracting, are matters which need to be defined and determined. In proportion as human society emerged from its originally narrow limits and became extensive, complex, and highly organized, the necessity and the comprehensiveness of legislation grew and developed, until that part of ethics, and of jurisprudence both civil and ecclesiastical, which relates to marriage has swollen into vast proportions. The magnitude and complexity of this great department of the social and political order of civilized life creates a corresponding need, attended by an equal difficulty, of a clear and complete manifestation of the law of God, the rule of morality, the religion, which must be the governing principle of the whole, in view of the highest end of human society. Rational philosophy is impotent to meet this demand. The moral law of Christianity is alone adequate to its fulfilment.

The Protestant theory of the constitutive principles of the Christian religion and the Christian church destroys the basis of this moral law of Christianity. There is no other positive divine law besides that which Jesus Christ enacted and promulgated. Take this away, and any once Christian nation which has suffered the deprivation reverts gradually of itself to its old condition of heathendom. This is precisely the theoretical and practical character of Protestantism. It reduces Christianity to the level of a mere opinion. It is the opinion of an individual, or of a voluntary sect more or less numerous, or of the ruling power in a nation which exacts submission from its subjects on the maxim, *Cujus est regio, illius est religio.** It brings down the church to the level of an unorganized, divided aggregate of imperfect and local associations, existing in and dependent on the state, without autonomy or independence, and wholly incapable of defining or proclaiming the law of God with certainty and authority, so as to lay an obligation of obedience on the consciences of men. On this theory the Lord Jesus Christ was merely an ethical teacher, whose doctrine is known to us by the relation of some

* The religion of a country is determined by its ruler.

of his disciples and the exposition of others, as recorded in certain writings which are to be vouched for, interpreted, and explained by learned scholars.

Such a view takes from Jesus Christ the character and office of a legislator, and from Christianity its essential nature as a New Law of God. The Old Law was given to the Jews, and it has been abrogated. Jesus Christ is the author of a New Covenant, and a New Law of universal and permanent obligation. All that is over and above that natural law which is from the beginning everywhere binding upon all, as the reflex of the eternal law, receives its obligatory force from the edict and enactment of the sovereign law-giver Jesus Christ. So that, in the case of marriage, no positive moral law exists, beyond what nature itself prescribes, except that law which emanates from Jesus Christ. He did not promulgate his law by a written code or by any public solemn proclamation. Where, then, is the text of this law to be found? To what documents can any Protestant sect, any Protestant teachers of religion and morals, appeal as being or as containing an authentic manifestation of divine laws prescribing a certain and obligatory rule of public and private morality, of civil and ecclesiastical legislation, and of individual practice, in respect to the unity of marriage, the conditions of its validity and binding force as a contract, and its indissolubility?

The only documents they can appeal to are contained in the New Testament, unless they choose to consider the laws of Moses, or some of them, contained in the Pentateuch, to be moral laws of universal and permanent obligation, and as such confirmed by the authority of Jesus Christ, with certain modifications. For a rule defining prohibited degrees of kinship some of them may, like Dr. Pusey, refer to the Old Testament. But for a strict prohibition of polygamy, and a prohibition of divorce with such exceptions as they allow, they can only refer to the New Testament. But in this part of the Holy Scriptures there is no code of law, and but few single and particular enactments in the form of law, to be found. There are historical accounts which give, in an abridged form probably, some instructions of our Lord Jesus Christ, in which he declares what are some of the moral precepts of the New Law. It does not appear, however, that he was then and there speaking as a legislator. But, even if he was, a narration of the fact that he at such a time, and in the presence of certain persons, promulgated a law, is not itself the written law. Neither are the expositions of the law, accompanied by injunctions and exhortations to keep it,

which are found in the Apostolic Letters, the very law itself. The law is presupposed as existing, in every historical account and every exposition, although these may be taken as evidence and as commentary, especially in the case of unwritten law. In so far as the instruction given by the Lord Jesus Christ to the founders of his church respecting marriage is made known by the Gospels and Epistles, it is unquestionably an inculcation of the law of monogamy and the law of indissolubility as guiding principles and rules of the ethics of Christian society. But it is nowhere distinctly affirmed, that among those peoples to whom the law of Christ has not been proclaimed every union sanctioned by custom and law is null and void which has been formed by a man with one or more women, besides the one to whom he was first married, during her lifetime. It is not even distinctly prescribed that every such union must be broken off as an indispensable condition of receiving baptism. Hence it is no matter of surprise that some Protestant missionaries have questioned the necessity or expediency of compelling heathen converts who have been living in polygamy to renounce it.

In respect to divorce, while there can be no doubt that it is condemned in general terms in the New Testament, yet there are some texts which according to a purely exegetical rule will bear more than one interpretation. On such ambiguous texts Protestants found their doctrine respecting divorce. But their private opinion, against which even critical and exegetical reasons of great probability can be alleged, and which is utterly overthrown by an appeal to the traditional sense which has prevailed from the beginning, is no sufficient basis for a law.

When it is question of impediments nullifying a contract of marriage, to what rule can Protestants refer? They have no resource except to leave everything to the civil law for the determination of the dictates of the law of nature, and the enactment of positive laws prescribing the condition of valid marriages.

Thus it is that Protestantism, by its principle of private judgment on the naked text of Scripture as the only rule of determining the teaching and precepts of Jesus Christ, has swept away all legislative authority from Christianity. In its very essence the Protestant Reformation was a revolution, a rebellion against all authority in religion and morals. It leads necessarily to pure rationalism. And whatever doctrinal or moral power it has heretofore retained, in virtue of ideas and sentiments still remaining in its adherents as an heirloom from the old Christi-

anity, is fast passing away. They are busily at work undermining and discrediting the authority of the very Scriptures to which they appeal, and of which they used to boast, as constituting the very religion of Protestants. The positive moral law of God made known by revelation is done away with by the Protestant principle. Nothing is left but the natural law as understood and applied by the light of reason. Society is abandoned to itself and its civil law. The fatal results to morality, especially in the instance of marriage, are now showing themselves. Protestantism introduced an active principle of disease and death into Christian society, like a tubercular deposit in the lungs. The disintegration, corruption, decay, and dissolution virtually contained in it extend not only through the system of Christian doctrine and ecclesiastical order, but through the entire moral order and all parts of political and social organization. This destructive principle is the implicit denial of all legislative power and action in Jesus Christ which is involved in the explicit denial of all authority in religion over the private judgment of individual Christians.

It is time now to state more fully the reason of that law of monogamy and the indissolubility of marriage which the Catholic Church proclaims, and enforces upon the consciences of her own children. This is a divine law. It has its foundation and its primary principles in the law of nature. It is a restoration of the original and most perfect constitution of the natural connubial union sanctioned by the primitive positive law of the Creator. The author of the law is Jesus Christ. The promulgation of it was made by him orally to the apostles, who were also enlightened and instructed concerning its meaning and application by the Holy Spirit, so as to make them inspired and infallible organs of the Divine Majesty in proclaiming this law to the whole world. The apostles, under their head, St. Peter, were made into a supreme teaching body having infallible authority within the domain of faith and morals, and plenary legislative and judicial power over the baptized members of the church in respect to all things pertaining to religion and morality. The law which the apostles received from Jesus Christ they proclaimed with the faith, by preaching and instruction, to the entire congregation of the faithful whom they gathered into the church. It was imbibed by the faithful and became their unwritten, common law, the universal Christian tradition and rule of morals. In a special manner it was inculcated on the bishops and clergy as the rule of their teaching and government.

The law of Jesus Christ became a concrete and living law in the very constitution of the church, and in the lives and conduct of its worthy members who acted in conformity to the doctrine and precepts of the apostles. In so far as this law was a strictly divine commandment, of permanent and universal obligation, apostolic authority was limited to a mere commission of proclaiming it in the name of God, without any power of alteration or dispensation. But in so far as Jesus Christ delegated his law-giving power to the apostles, they had authority to enact additional, ecclesiastical precepts, and to prescribe rules, which might be altered or abrogated by the same authority, and from which dispensations could be given in individual cases. The office of promulgating the law of God by the authority of an immediate divine revelation from the mouth of Jesus Christ or the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, ceased with the original apostles. But the authority to proclaim this law as a received tradition from the apostles, transmitted to their successors by their oral and written teaching, was permanently established by a divine ordinance in the church. St. Peter, who possessed the plenitude of apostolic authority, transmitted the same to his successors in the Roman See, whose colleagues in the episcopate are co-judges and co-legislators with him in that spiritual domain which embraces all matters pertaining to faith and morals. The perfect and incorruptible preservation and proclamation of the divine and unchangeable law of Jesus Christ, by this supreme authority in the church, is guarded and guaranteed by the gifts of indefectibility and infallibility in teaching the revealed truth and law committed to the charge of the apostles by Jesus Christ. The necessity for legislation, the exercise of the judicial office, and of ecclesiastical government in general, within the domain of the spiritual order, is provided for by the institution of a perpetual and supreme power in the church, with which Jesus Christ has promised to be present by the Holy Spirit to the end of the world.

This is, then, the reason of the commandment which the Catholic Church gives to all her children to observe the law of monogamy and the law of the indissolubility of marriage according to her doctrine. The church has received this law of monogamy as a divine and unchangeable law of Jesus Christ through her apostolic founders, with a commission to proclaim it to all the world. Those who are ignorant of this law without any fault on their part need not be considered as guilty of sin, if they live in polygamy according to the law of their country.

But when they have the faith sufficiently proposed to them they are bound to believe and be baptized, to obey the Christian law, and to cease from all connubial relations except the one which this law sanctions. The Christian law cannot tolerate the continuance of polygamy even for a time, or in any single instance, where it already exists. Much less can it tolerate, and much more severely must it condemn, an alteration or violation of the law of monogamy in a community where the whole social and political order has already been founded upon this law.

The indissolubility of the bond of marriage under this law of monogamy springs from the same principles of the law of nature, and is founded on the same reasons in the divine, positive law, with the law of monogamy itself. In the New Law of Christ there is, besides all the natural reasons for the unity and indissolubility of marriage, a supernatural reason derived from the sacramental dignity with which marriage has been adorned. The sacramental marriage of baptized Christians is a sacred sign, representing the union between Jesus Christ and his one, only spouse, the Catholic Church. There is, therefore, a reason derived from the sacrament for the sole and exclusive right of both parties over each other during life, which is mutually given and received in a valid contract of marriage, and by the consummation of the same becomes irrevocable. This is a divine law which the apostles received from Jesus Christ, and which the Catholic Church proclaims and enforces under penalty of privation of the sacraments and exclusion from the kingdom of heaven. Let it be observed that the sacrament of marriage is inseparable from the contract when validly made by baptized persons. This is what is called *matrimonium ratum.* Such a contract is by its essence a sacrament. No discredit is cast upon the honorable and lawful marriage of the unbaptized, or upon the validity and binding force of the contract by which it is effected. But there is an additional sanction and benediction of God which makes Christian marriage a more sacred thing in itself, and its bond, after it has been consummated, is, by a special law of Jesus Christ, absolutely indissoluble. The bond of legitimate marriage between unbaptized persons, can be dissolved, after one of them has been baptized. But this release is not allowed except for the gravest causes. The pope can dissolve, for sufficient cause, a matrimonium *ratum sed non consummatum,* though this power is seldom exercised. In the case of marriage *ratum et consummatum* there is no power on earth, civil or ecclesiastical, which can grant a divorce *a vinculo* for any cause.

Separation can be permitted for grave causes, and may be advisable or even necessary. But, hard as the case may sometimes be for certain individuals, the law of the indissoluble bond which makes another marriage impossible for either party, while both survive, must be observed.

It is, moreover, the divine prerogative of the church to determine what degrees of kinship or other impediments shall make a contract of marriage null and void, or render it unlawful for certain persons in certain cases to contract a marriage which will nevertheless be valid. So, also, the church judges of matrimonial causes and determines cases of conscience, both within the secret tribunal of penance and outside of the same.

There is no legislation, however, no matter how perfect it may be, which can, of itself, secure the moral well-being of a society, shut out evils and disasters from families and communities, or compel individuals to be good and happy. Laws must be voluntarily observed, reason and conscience must govern the interior domain, the divine law must be written on the heart, the free-will of man must concur with the divine operation in the order of nature and with the grace of God, in order that the true ideal of the person, the family, the state, and the church may become real and concrete. There must be a thousand moral, persuasive, and attractive influences at work, around the mere letter of the law and the organ of authority, exercising a far greater power than that of commandment and compulsion. Catholic religion, with its holy examples, its vital forces, its instructions, sacred allurements, high hopes and motives, its supernatural excitement and vigor emanating from the Holy Spirit, surrounding with a sphere of universal extent and activity the material centre of its positive institutions, produces in a living reality that actual well-being and happiness whose ideal is set before the mind in an abstract form by the doctrine and law of the church.

Christian civilization is a product of the Christian religion. It is the improved and elevated condition of the earthly and temporal life of humanity regenerated by Christ in its individual members, its social order, and its civil and political principles which are the spirit of the organic constitution of the state. Christendom was a commonwealth of Christian nations, with a common faith and a common law, united in the communion of one Catholic Church under one spiritual head. The autonomy of nations, the distinct, independent authority of legislative, judicial, and executive authorities in the state, parental dominion in

the family, personal right and liberty in the individual, were not impaired by the unity and authority of religion and moral law, or merged in the universal and spiritual supremacy of the Catholic Church. Christian society was constituted in a unity not simple but composite, with distinction but not separation of the constituent parts of the whole. The unit of the society was the Christian family, under the dual head made one by the sacrament of marriage, which was thus a sacred bond of the whole social and political order, and the pure well-spring of life and perpetual increase in each portion and in the whole of the Christian commonwealth. It is only in the perfect Christian society, where ecclesiastical and civil law, parental authority, the social code with its traditions and customs, and the general conscience and moral sentiment are in agreement and combination, that the Catholic Church can apply and bring to bear completely in its utmost efficacy the benign power of her laws and counsels and sanctifying influences upon marriage and the family. Where they have full scope and are obeyed they suffice to produce all the good that is possible, and to avert or remedy all incident evils except those which are unavoidable. Young people are educated and guarded in innocence and are trained to subject their passions to reason, conscience, and the law of God. They are taught due obedience and respect to their parents, and their parents are instructed to respect their rights and liberty and to pay due regard to their feelings and wishes. They are restrained from marriages which are unsuitable or premature, dangerous or imprudent. The contract is made public, with due formalities, decorous observances, religious rites, proper official sanction and attestation, and sacramental blessings. Every safeguard that can be given to the marriage once concluded is afforded. No external force or influence can compel persons endowed with free-will and subject to temptation to abstain from sin and folly. Therefore the innocent are exposed to suffer from the evils which sinners bring upon those whom they injure as well as upon themselves. It is vain to expect any ideal state in this world in which there will be no sin or misery, since the liability to sin and the propensity to sin are irremediable defects in the present condition of human nature. Nevertheless the Catholic Church, in so far as human frailty and malice have permitted, has wrought her divine work of the regeneration of individuals and society in the direction of an actual attainment of her ideal scope and end. The greatest obstacle to the progress and consummation of this work which she has ever met has been the pretended

Reformation. This disastrous movement, so far from being a healthful outcome of the sound religious and moral force in Christendom struggling for renovation and for victory over evils and disorders, was just the reverse. It was an outbreak of the very principles and elements of corruption by which all these evils and disasters were caused, into revolt against the church herself and the genuine Christian religion. And it was not only an ecclesiastical schism, but a moral, social, and civil schism as well. It has given a wound, which of itself tends to be deadly, to the organic structure of society in Christendom. The parts most immediately and dangerously affected by it are those nations which have been severed from the external communion of the Catholic Church. But those which have remained in this communion have also suffered severely. Among the chief of the evils from which all have suffered and are suffering is an encroachment of the civil power on the liberties and rights of the church and of the conscience of individuals. This interference and tyranny began with the origin of civil Christendom, but it obtained its utmost sway only when the schisms of the East and the West opened a free course to its encroachments. Its rude hand has been laid with special ruthlessness upon the sacrament of matrimony. Civil legislation, first divorcing itself from religion, next tries to divorce the civil contract of marriage from the natural and the sacramental sacredness of its divine institution. The results are before our eyes in our own country, and, more than in other parts, in New England. Marriage, as an institution and state of life based on a law of monogamy and perpetuity, is seriously impaired and more seriously threatened. Legislatures and courts have made bad work, and are puzzled how to repair it. This is not entirely their fault. The evil is due in great measure to the moral degeneracy of a large portion of our people, and to their misfortune in lacking an authoritative religious teaching. A misuse of power by the state in this and other times and countries, by encroachment or bad legislation or bad administration, should not, however, be considered as a reason for denying its possession of any legitimate power.

St. Thomas lays it down that "matrimony, inasmuch as it is for the benefit of the community, is regulated *by the civil law*." Upon which Perrone, who is a great authority on this subject, remarks: "The theory of St. Thomas is general, wherefore the marriages of Christians as well as all others ought to be subject to the political power, and to be directed by civil laws. No Catholic calls this in question, provided it be understood in a

right sense."* The nature, essential properties, and the bond of Christian marriage, as well as the validity of the sacramental contract as between particular persons, fall under the determination of the church, to which Christ has committed the custody of the sacraments. But there are many things of an extrinsic sort, such as causes of dowry, inheritance, succession, civil rights and penalties, which pertain to the civil tribunal even in strictly Catholic nations. Much more necessity exists for legislative and judicial control in a community which has not a public conscience directed by the Catholic moral law. Such a state of things is abnormal and unfortunate in a society deriving its origin, life, and civilization from Christendom. Yet it is necessary to do the best which can be done, under the circumstances, for the preservation of what Christian morality still remains, and the prevention of further inroads of heathen immorality.

All who make any profession whatever of religion, whether Christian or Jewish, and many who make no such profession, are agreed in sustaining monogamy. It is within the province of the civil law to enforce it as necessary to the welfare of the community, even upon those who have no conscience on the matter, and are devoid of all religious and moral principles, and upon Mormons who openly uphold polygamy. In order to really and efficaciously sustain monogamy and to suppress and punish polygamy, the law must respect and protect the obligation and perpetuity of the marriage contract. The only power which can enable and compel those who are entrusted by the people with authority to administer law to take this course is the common sentiment and will of the community. This depends on the moral sense or conscience, which depends on religious belief, which has no basis of credibility except in Christianity, which has no logical, metaphysical, or physical completeness and consistency except in the Catholic Church.

There is a great deal of Christian belief and Christian morality in that great multitude of persons, calling themselves in a stricter or looser sense Christians, who are out of the visible communion of the Catholic Church. Not only have they received all this from the Catholic Church, but it is in great part owing to the continued existence and influence of the church that they retain what is still left to them of the inheritance of their forefathers. If the Catholic Church did not exist, or they were totally separated from its moral influence, they would be very different from

* *De Matrim. Christ.*, lib. ii. sec. ii. cap. i. art. 1.

what they are, and the logical consequences of their principles would work themselves out much more rapidly and extensively than they have done or are doing. In the one instance under particular consideration the presence of the Catholic Church with her teaching and example, and the large number of Catholics living in one community with their fellow-citizens, in our republic, make a great impediment to the spread of the epidemic of divorce. It is the same in respect to the fundamental disease of infidelity and atheism, with its dire attendants of immorality, nihilism, dynamite, maniacal and despairing madness, idiocy, tending toward the death of civilization and the destruction of humanity. The great impediment to its spread and universal prevalence is the Catholic Church. It is our firm conviction that the Christianity remaining in connection with Protestantism is waning away so fast that within one more century it will wholly disappear. The sign of failure is marked on the discontented brow of Protestantism. Its pretence of purifying Christian doctrine is resulting in a decomposition of all revealed and natural religion. Its pretence of reforming morals is taking effect, as we might suppose any undertaking begun by such men as its fathers were must do, in the undermining of marriage, the very basis of all social and political well-being.

Intelligent and eminent men, not Catholics, but who have adopted semi-Catholic principles and doctrines, not in England only, but in Europe likewise, have clearly apprehended and distinctly affirmed the fact that the so-called Reformation was at least a blunder and has proved a failure. Stahl, Leo, Guizot, not to speak of those who have written in English, read us this lesson in the main, though with variations in respect to their own particular theories. It would be easy to set forth from the works of writers of this class, in forcible arguments and strong language, the two main positions we have proposed as the scope of our remarks: First, that there is no renovation or even preservation of civilized society possible except by its Christian regeneration. Second, that this regeneration can be effected only by the Catholic Church.

They fail and come short of the truth by their imperfect understanding of the real essence and properties of the Catholic Church. Their church is an ideal institution, a reconstruction, a work of human ingenuity, compromise, and voluntary confederation, and therefore a merely imaginary structure, an *ens rationis*, a castle in the air. Nevertheless, in this yearning after a complete and satisfying Christianity, at once a doctrine and a

law, proceeding from the mouth of Jesus Christ; a rule for the individual mind and will, and for all social and political order as well as for the universal spiritual society; there is a manifest drawing towards the genuine authentic church really established by the apostles, unchanged by the lapse of centuries and immutable. Those who have a sincerely Christian mind and will must in time all find their way back to the church which their ancestors deserted. The rest must eventually be swept entirely off the Christian ground. Which of these opposite directions the nations of nominal Christendom will take, in their collective capacity, we will not venture to predict; but the choice will determine their whole future destiny.

HONG-KONG.

THE passengers on either of those fine steamers, the *Coptic* and the *Arabic*, or on one of the boats of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, after rolling about for nearly three weeks in a tempestuous ocean—for the mild Pacific frequently belies its name—experience a delightful change when their vessel has ploughed her way through the smooth, muddy waters of the Yellow Sea; "Golden Sea" the Chinese call it, but that's a little euphemism they have to beguile you into believing that these unsightly waters, discolored with the mud that the great Yang-Tsze River empties into them, are beautiful. They enter the placid Formosa Channel, and, steaming close into the mainland, see, perhaps, on the one hand the lofty peaks of Formosa jutting above the banks of white clouds, outlined in a deeper blue against the blue sky; on the other the hills rising cold and red abruptly from the water and cut by deep gorges made by torrents that in time of rain rush down their sides; see, partly hidden within the indentations of the coast, the fishermen's villages, whose thousands of boats ride the calm waters of the bays and dot the expanse of the ocean for miles around; now and again see rambling walled towns, white with whitewash, climbing the bleak hillsides, the peculiar omega-shaped sepulchres of the Chinese scattered over the slopes outside the walls, and through the gaps in the mountains may possibly catch a glimpse of the propitiatory pagoda sharply rising from a deserted plain, and fancy they hear the endless tintinnabulation of its swaying bells. And now steaming across

the innocent-looking China Sea, passing between bold islands that seem to be covered merely with moss, sharply rounding others, the vessel leaving a tortuous wake whose comparatively turbulent waters set a little junk—a junk probably not more than a foot and a half long, made of straw and decorated with red and golden papers, that some Chinaman has set adrift to propitiate a god—violently bobbing in what to it is an awful sea, they enter the magnificent harbor of Hong-Kong and wonder why it is that these seas, now so peaceful and having such varied scenery, have such a bad reputation. In disposition they are womanish seas—now all sunshine and smiles, soon to be all clouds and tears; and, as with women, one wants never to see them in clouds and tears.

This is the approach to the Isle of Sweet Waters, and, barely before the steamer has had time to drop anchor, she is surrounded with hundreds of sampans, her decks filled with Chinamen eager to do a stroke of business, thrusting their cards into one's hand whether he wants them or not. If the passenger looks these bits of pasteboard over he will find they tell him a little story. He has shoemakers' cards, stating where he can get the best calf-skin and the best patent-leather boots of the latest European styles; he has hatters' cards, and cards of tailors who will make him a whole suit—navy blue, fast color—for five dollars; and of painters who will paint his portrait for two dollars or supply him with a painting of the good ship he has just sailed in for a dollar and a half; he has wine-merchants' cards, and the pasteboards of general ship-chandlers and sail-makers who are ready to fit him out with a yacht. He knows where to hire the best steam-launch; he knows where to buy a good umbrella, and he knows who has the cheapest and best cigars. He realizes at once that the Chinaman can adapt himself to circumstances, and that, in the few years he has been brought in contact with the European, he has learned how to supply him with all the necessaries and with some of the luxuries of his life; and, if the admiring passenger's stateroom port be not closed, he may possibly further realize that some of his wardrobe is missing, having been dexterously lifted through the port whilst he was acquiring his diverse information, the thief failing to leave *his* card.

Round about the ship is the land-locked harbor. On all sides rise the bare mountains. Hong-Kong itself rises with sides so steep as to appear almost vertical. One would suppose that a harbor thus shut in with high mountains would show very deep soundings. But the fact is otherwise: in all parts of

it there is good anchorage in eight fathoms of water. Ships of all maritime countries ride safely upon its bosom, and men-of-war of all nations lie side by side in the utmost good-will and friendship. Many noisy little steam-launches cut its blue water. No large junks nor lorchas are to be seen, but hakka-boats with two or with three masts, carrying yellow bamboo sails, move lazily along; huge iron lighters, heavily laden, are laboriously rowed to the docks; hundreds of sampans continually pass to and fro, and at intervals, falling softly on the ear, is the measured stroke of the man-of-war's men as they lustily pull off to their ship. Beyond this scene, beginning towards the west in godowns, mills, and foundries, from whose tall chimneys the black smoke curls and rolls up the mountain, the town skirts along the water's edge, a solid mass of buildings, growing more scattered and half hidden by trees the higher they creep up the hills, and rounding the eastern point of the island in a few straggling buildings close down by the water. Above the town the mountain shoots up to a height of eighteen hundred and twenty-five feet, ending in Victoria Peak, the highest of many such peaks, which is supplied with a pole having cross-trees and ropes, whereon are displayed the signal-flags of vessels entering the harbor to the town spread out below. In front of the town a smooth granite wall rises vertically from the water to the level of the roadway, which, as there are no docks but such as are of a temporary character, is unbroken throughout the three or four miles of its length. The road above is the great business street of the city, the Praya—taking its name, most likely, from that of the quaint old Portuguese town of Macao. In it are all the great hongs, steamship-offices, ship-chandlers' shops, sail-makers' lofts —in short, all places whose business has to do with foreign traffic. All day long there is a handling of bales and boxes as the lading and unlading of ships go on; coolies are groaning under the weight of great chests of opium, marking time as they step with a curious low, guttural click in the throat; jinrikshas are drawn rapidly thitherward and hitherward; above the heads of the busy throng of humanity sedan-chairs are seen worming their solemn course along, and here and there in the moving mass gleam the crimson turbans of the Sikh policemen; swinging from davits that spring from the coping of the granite wall, a line of row-boats adds further strangeness to the strange scene.

We observe all this from a small wooden pier known as Peddar's Wharf, the only landing-place for all comers into the city, save those arriving by the P. and O. boats, these steamers having

a dock some distance down the Praya. Directly in front is the main cross-street of the city, Wyndham Street, which from its very commencement begins to rise as it runs its zigzag course to the "peak." At its foot a number of Chinamen are playing battledore and shuttlecock with their feet. Every day this game is so played, and, as far as my knowledge extends, at this place only, to the exclusion of all other places in Hong-Kong.

A block beyond the Praya, running parallel with it, is the Queen's Road, the great thoroughfare of the city. At its intersection with Wyndham Street stands a tall clock-tower of granite and wood. It is the central and most prominent figure of the town. For the new-arrival, and for many of the residents, it is the starting-point for all expeditions either over the island itself or on the bosom of its beautiful harbor. The corners of the streets are occupied by the club-house, lawyers' offices, the Hong-Kong Hotel, and the post-office. Graven deep into the stone over an archway of the latter is this sentence: "As cold water is to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country"—the infallible truth of which statement is proved by a few months' residence within the community. The Government-House, the different consulates (save the American and the Italian, which are in the Praya), the barracks, the City-Hall with its Theatre Royal, the hotels, banks, brokers' offices, telegraph-office, and the stores for general supplies are in the Queen's Road, which runs the entire length of the town. Its eastern portion is almost exclusively occupied by Chinese, who have been gradually obtaining possession of the properties and crowding out the foreigners, until now they have, in almost an unbroken line, stores extending on either side of the street to within a couple of blocks of the club-house. The club-house itself was bought in 1881 by a Chinaman, a Mr. Hing Kee, for one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars—quite a little sum to pay for such an unpretentious building; but as the mountain has to be cut away, the rock blasted, and the foundations levelled for almost every house that is built, the cost of buildings becomes enormous.

To write of Hong-Kong and not speak of Hing Kee were to neglect a prominent figure of the community. Associated with a Parsee, he is proprietor of the Hong-Kong Hotel, the principal and best hotel in the city—though "best" is but a relative term, the hotel not having reached the acme of excellence. He is commissariat for the government barracks, owner of nearly every steam-launch in the harbor, and excels "Mr. Isaacs" in that he has six wives and doesn't want the seventh. Has six

wives by report, for few foreigners know anything for a certainty regarding his domestic affairs. Among his own people he is known as the Compradore, and he is *the* compradore of Hong-Kong. In disposition he is genial and free, always ready for business, and always greeting those of his acquaintance with a smile and a hearty shake of the hand; but there is no such thing as social intercourse between him and the foreigners. There is no such thing as social intercourse between the foreigners and any Chinaman. Perhaps each race looks more or less disdainfully upon the other; in the eyes of either the other is a barbarian worthy of little consideration; but such intercourse as there has been, and still is, has tended to soften these prejudices, so that now the Chinaman that one meets at the treaty-ports of his country is probably not the typical Chinaman, or the Chinaman that walked those streets, say, thirty years ago. He is less superstitious, more liberal in his ideas, less actuated by hate for the usurping foreigner than he was in days gone by, or than those in the interior of the country are at this day; and, meeting him day after day, conversing with him—for many speak English fluently and write it in such hand as to strike the foreigner with admiration—doing business with him, one grows to like him and comes soon to recognize that the facetious descriptions of him with which current literature is familiar are for the most part libels. Some faces there are among the Chinese that glow with the light of intelligence. Some faces? There are many such. Let once the type become familiar and the power of the intellect is fully recognized. For the most part it is among the coolie class only that faces appear dull and wooden. In many respects they are a highly-educated people, having out of their hundreds of millions of population few, if any, above a certain age unable to read and to write their language. It is a fact worth noting that, although the art of printing was discovered in China, it is the only country of its dignity without a daily newspaper. This notwithstanding, one is constrained to admit that they are decidedly a reading people. It is by no means an uncommon sight to see a coolie lounging in his chair reading with a monotonous sing-song the profound pages of Confucius, or starting into a romance from what should be the end, and, reading in lines running lengthwise of the page, ending at what should be the beginning. Many of the Chinamen in Hong-Kong have been abroad, either in England or America. Some have been educated at foreign schools and colleges, and so have come to learn foreign ways and to use foreign slang with an astonishing readiness and vigor. A friend one

day, passing into the Canton club-house, which at the time was deserted of foreigners, was somewhat amazed to hear the words, "How is that for high?" Stopping in doubt whether such an expression could come from a Chinaman in the sacred city of Canton, he was soon convinced that such was the case, for directly came the voice again, saying: "Way up, an't it?" Approaching the speaker, he said: "You must have been in America lately?" "You bet!" was the response; "I'm a Yale boy, I am."

One does not long dwell in Hong-Kong without conceiving a great admiration for this people. He finds them a singularly sober and industrious race. They have a reputation for smoking opium, but the idea that men outside the country have of this vice is much exaggerated. Among the coolie class and the sampan people one will smell the fumes of opium, but the habit of smoking it is by no means general. Drunkenness, too, is so rare among them that one is safe in saying a Chinaman does not drink. He has samshoo, but one may dwell for years among them and in the time not see one man intoxicated by its use. He is a miracle of thrift. He has no Sunday, no holiday; there is no day of rest for him; but throughout all the year, day after day, from sunrise till dark, he is at work till a certain period in February brings him his new year. This he makes a festive time of three days' duration; celebrates it with explosive crackers and noise, attractively displays his wares in his shop, but neither for love nor money will he sell anything until his holiday is over. He pays all his debts at this time and starts the new year afresh. Herein is where the European, it is said, could copy to his advantage. But only too often is the Chinese new year an awkward period to the foreigner, for if he owes a Chinaman money that Chinaman will haunt his doors twenty times a day until he is paid. He is not to be put off by saying "No got," for the Chinaman is a "fellow of no delicacy," and will spread out his hands in the true Oriental fashion and say: "Must catchee; you no sabe China New Year."

There is a class of women about the streets of Hong-Kong—and presumably about the streets of all Chinese towns—that, if I understand the case rightly, have had some misfortune happen to their feet, which are neither large nor small. Something has gone wrong in the attempt to make them small-footed. This failure—for which they were in no way responsible, of course, and which still leaves them with feet about six inches long (small enough in all conscience)—places them almost, if not wholly,

without the pale of society. They cannot be married; inheriting nothing, they have no money, so they wander about the streets carrying a small stool on which to sit whilst they sew for the coolies. This is one of the hideousnesses of the Chinese civilization.

From the Queen's Road the streets, with the exception of Wyndham Street, lead up the hill by long flights of granite steps extending for several blocks, after which they become fine roads, lined with trees, ferns, and flowers, back from which are the residences, built far apart and facing the harbor, with finely-cultivated lawns and gardens. From these streets with steps others spring at almost any angle, and, having a general direction eastward, ramify through a large Chinese town called Tai-ping-shan, which, like all Chinese towns, is hung with red and with gilt signs, hundreds of paper lanterns, and has the proverbial filthiness and the aromatic smell of the burning joss-sticks for ever present to the nostrils.

Above this Chinese town, running parallel with the Queen's Road, though taking a long curve as it winds about the mountain, is one of the most beautiful roads in Hong-Kong. On it are situated an Italian and a French convent, many fine and costly residences, together with the estates of some few landscape-gardeners, whose well-kept, sloping lawns with their profusion of rare tropical flowers, and the fine views that in places can be had of the harbor with its ships and junks, give great beauty to this level road, one of the few level roads in Hong-Kong.

Behind this road, on the outskirts of Tai-ping-shan, is an open lot that the authorities have set apart as a recreation-ground for the Chinese. Here on any day of the week are to be found disreputable-looking story-tellers haranguing a crowd; here are itinerant doctors with their prescriptions and charms; here are jugglers—in short, here are anybody and everybody having a trick to show or a sword to swallow, a story to tell or a propensity to pick pockets. Here occasionally scenes take place that could happen in no other country but China. Once while listening to a story-teller spin a yarn of which I understood nothing, but drew my enjoyment of the tale from the grave or merry faces of those around me, I observed a fellow tying together the queues of a couple of Chinamen whose backs were towards him. Having tied them to his satisfaction, he quickly snatched the hat from off the head of one of them and made away with it. Then there arose a yell, and the man that was robbed flew in pursuit of the thief, but was suddenly brought

back when he had reached the length of the pigtails. Then there was another yell from the other poor fellow who was almost scalped by the violence of the pull on *his* pigtail, and they both fell to the ground—"two souls with but a single thought," etc. The hat was never recovered by its owner. It was a good hat, too—one of those big bamboo things that serve at once as a hat, an umbrella, and a market-basket.

The various captains of the merchant fleet in port congregate in Hing Kee's hotel, at the corner of the Queen's Road and Wyndham Street. Here the Englishman's idea of the manner in which Americans speak is realized to the full. It is not exactly the so-called American language that is heard, but the conventional Yankee's nasal drawl, and "tan't" and "an't," in linked sweetness long drawn out, creep constantly into the conversations. The dining-room of the hotel is for the foreigners' use only. Pendent from its ceiling, running lengthwise of the room, are four or five large punkahs that are kept moving to and fro during meals by coolies on the balconies. Cards placed about the walls state that no guest will be allowed to entertain his Chinese friends at the tables in this room, the hotel having other rooms for that purpose. Mr. Hing Kee himself entertains his friends at the tables in the other rooms.

Westward on the Queen's Road, passing foreign and some native shops—in this instance I mean by "foreign" Indian and Japanese as well as European—we come to the City-Hall with its museum of curios and its Theatre Royal. The area in front of the building is embellished with a fine large fountain with couchant lions at its four corners. Immediately in front of the stage in the theatre the balcony swells into a small semicircle forming the governor's box. The lower floor is the pit and is not a fashionable part of the house. In this theatre are witnessed the amateur performances of certain members of the regiment and the performances of itinerant opera-troupes, that are generally so short-handed that one man is obliged to sing the parts of three or four characters; a piano is the sole instrument in the orchestra, and the chorus is made up of any outside people that can and are willing to sing. Eight o'clock being the dinner-hour of the community, the performances always begin at nine. Carriages are never ordered, but as the audience emerge from the building they find about its doors numerous chairs (each with a lantern), into which they step and are lifted up and borne homeward on the shoulders of the coolies like so many conquering heroes.

Hard by the City-Hall, on the opposite side of the way, is the Government-House. The governor annually gives a ball, to which are invited all those residents that have called at the house during the year. As the time for the ball approaches there is quite a little shower of cards about the house. The regiment also annually gives a ball. These balls, with the annual races, in which everybody takes an interest, and the fitful performances at the theatre, constitute about all the amusements of the people.

It is a strange community, this of Hong-Kong, by no means stable even as to its residents. No white man calls it "home." One is here through the force of circumstances, accepting the decree of Fate merely that he may make money, return to his native land, and enjoy the pleasure of spending it. But to many the opportunity to return has not yet come; they have been here now many years. The wife has come out from home and joined the husband in his exile. Children have been born to them, and have grown to manhood and to womanhood seeing no place in the outside world save the strange country of China round about them. And to the children this city is not home; they never speak of it as such. London is their home, or New York City, and shortly they mean to cross the wide stretch of their country on a train drawn by that stupendous engine, the locomotive, an idea of which they have gathered from illustrations in books and their parents' talk. It is a community of friends and acquaintances, each bent on one object, and the object not pleasure. When a new face is seen on the streets the question goes around: "Who's he?" with perhaps its answer: "Oh! he's So-and-So's new manager, just out from home." Again, an old and familiar face is suddenly missed from its accustomed haunts, and one will ask: "Why, what has become of Brown? I haven't seen him for a month." "Oh! he's gone home." "Gone home! Happy man, Brown." Everybody here lives to go home. Whether he be the child that is born here, the comer of yesterday, or the resident whose years of stay upon the island have begun to whiten his hair and to set deep wrinkles in his face, it is the one object of his life. And here in this valley, beneath the cedars and the willows, many little mounds with granite stones and marble shafts mark the final resting-place of those poor, hopeful souls who, after years of exile, have, in one sense anyway, at last "gone home." It is a sorrowful place to visit, and the writings upon the stones tell pathetic stories. Many of those that here find graves have lost their lives by

wreck on the coast or have been killed in engagements with the Chinese, and the monuments have been raised to their memories by brother officers and shipmates. But the most pathetic of all these monuments are the wooden crosses and ships' wheels that the skilful ship's carpenter has deftly and lovingly carved, the crew being too poor to provide other mementoes.

Though many nationalities are represented in the city, its society is eminently English. There are few American residents, probably not more than twenty-five or thirty, and but one American house—this a large one, however. There are possibly a thousand Englishmen, many Germans, Portuguese, Spaniards, some few Japanese and Armenians, many Parsees and Indians, in addition to a great Chinese community.

If one is not sufficiently familiar with ethnological science to enable him to distinguish the members of one Indian race from those of another, he can always pick out a Parsee by the style of hat he wears. It starts vertically from the head for an inch or so, then turns abruptly back at an angle of sixty degrees, and so runs on the anterior portion for seven or eight inches, when it is suddenly cut off at right angles, which makes the posterior portion, which is parallel with the face, only about three or four inches long. The top is left open, save that inside and directly upon the head rest several folds of silk. Were not the hat itself made of purple silk it would look for all the world like an old-time coal-scuttle.

A Parsee never smokes—this is a matter of religion with him—but he enjoys a long glass of brandy-and-soda. As the Jews have come to be regarded, so the Parsees, one and all, are reputed rich. Let one dress as meanly as he may, still he is reputed to have money. They are the Jews of the East. Their native home is Persia, though for a thousand years but few have lived there. They have made a home for themselves in and about Bombay, but many are scattered in towns throughout the whole coast from Corea to Arabia. Their religion is not the religion of India—neither Brahmanism nor Buddhism—but the ancient religion of Persia as given to the Persians by that highly mythical personage, Zoroaster, and set forth in the Zend-Avesta.

Men of three distinct nationalities perform the police duty. Some few are Englishmen, many are Chinese, but by far the greater number are Sikhs. These latter make the best policemen in the world. Tall, agile, graceful, athletic, the Sikh is not afraid of a fight, but on occasion will arrest any man, be he the

biggest, burliest, roughest kind of a sailor. The general calm repose of his face, his noble carriage, the military air with which he paces his beat with shouldered musket, seem to show that he has a soul worthy of more exalted duty; yet there are none in Hong-Kong that are not policemen. It is with stoical indifference the Sikh leads a Chinaman to the place where the crime was committed—some petty larceny—sets him in the stocks, hangs a board about his neck whereon the story of his crime is set forth in the Chinese character, and, never exchanging a word with his prisoner, paces before him from six o'clock to six o'clock. It is a severe punishment to the Chinaman to be thus held up and the tale of his offence told to a gaping, curious crowd, many of whom he knows to be no better, and some few he recognizes far worse than himself.

As the roads, with two or three exceptions, run either up or down hill, there are few horses and carriages, probably not a dozen in the whole place. The ordinary means of conveyance are jinrikshas and sedan-chairs. The jinriksha looks very much like an overgrown baby-coach, or an undergrown two-wheeled doctor's carriage with a man instead of a horse in the shafts. In many Chinese towns, and in Shanghai also, a curious sort of wheelbarrow having a squealing, whistling wheel—for it is rarely lubricated—is in ordinary use as a conveyance; and it is a remarkable fact that the barrow-man prides himself on his social position, holding the jinriksha coolie in contempt, because in his eyes the latter placed himself on the level of the brute in that he pulls a carriage like a horse. There are not many of these jinrikshas in the island, the hilly roads making them a dangerous sort of vehicle, and the few there are, barring private ones, are quite mean-looking. The coolies that draw them, and the chair-coolies also, finding an intoxicated sailor wandering about, will follow him for hours through the streets, and in the end have him arrested, laying a claim to so many hours' fare.

The sedan-chairs, at least those in use by the Chinese—the foreigners having made several alterations for the better in those they use—are much like the ancient sedans of Europe, save that they are carried directly upon the shoulders, thus giving the occupants rather an exalted position and a broad view of the surrounding country. If the poles are long and springy, and the coolies know how to walk in unison, as they generally do, the motion is pleasant; but if the coolies fail to keep step the motion becomes jerky and not agreeable. The chair in use by the foreigner—the private chair—is supplied with a movable top having

both bamboo shades and oil-cloth curtains to shield the occupant from the rays of the sun and to ward off the rain. The seat and the foot-rest swing upon straps from the poles; the back is also movable, so that when the occupant stretches out the chair fits him in every part. The coolies are provided with uniforms, generally white trimmed with rows of colored braids, the style of decoration showing by whom the coolies are employed. Often the wide, flowing sleeves are embellished with the name of the master, or as near as his name can be got in the Chinese character.

Perhaps the most grotesque, and, were it not for its solemnity, I might say the most amusing sight also, is a foreign funeral. A hearse leads the van; then, if the route be a level way, a carriage or so, followed by a line of jinrikshas and chairs—all sorts of jinrikshas, all sorts of chairs: private jinrikshas, private chairs; outside jinrikshas, painted in green, having large numbers on the sides; outside chairs with green oil-cloth tops, having large numbers on their sides; high chairs, low chairs; chairs with tops, chairs without tops; bamboo chairs; chairs with swinging seats—followed by a few walking friends of the deceased, make up this procession on its way to Happy Valley.

A Chinese funeral is altogether a different affair. If the Chinaman was poor, four coolies carry upon their shoulders the cumbrous coffin, made of four heavy slabs of wood five or six inches thick—each slab having a half-round side, thus a cross section of the coffin would show a quarter-foil. Preceding this a band of barefoot coolies with screeching fifes, tom-toms, and crashing cymbals; following it the chair (empty) he is supposed to have used when he travelled in the Middle Flowery Kingdom. I say "supposed," because the chair is generally a hired one. On either side of the coffin and the chair the family and the mourners—the latter also hired—dressed in sackcloth (white muslin, which, to avoid expense, is often in a single piece and by some mysterious process is wrapped about each and every one of them) and with wildly dishevelled hair, giving vent to the most lugubrious sobs and howls, each supported by two coolies, who seem to be making strenuous efforts to keep them from falling flat upon their faces and easing themselves of their superabundant sorrow by kicking.

The club is almost exclusively composed of the English and American part of the community. There is also a German club, whose building of brown-stone and fancy brick is much handsomer than that of the English, and contains a fine little theatre

in which good music is often heard. But it is at the English club-house most of the men of the community meet, pass the news of the day, and occasionally do a big business transaction outside of regular business hours. It has a large and good library, and the tables of its reading-room are supplied with the newspapers of the world, the pictorial weeklies, and the English magazines—none of the American.

Meeting here so frequently members of the community, one comes to know many of them more or less intimately and learns the little pursuits they take pleasure in following. Almost as a matter of course a large number are eager hunters of Chinese old china, much money being in this way given for old cracked blue-and-white ware. Some are interested in bric-à-brac of all kinds having the least Japanese or Chinese flavor—"gods," bronzes, brasses, old armor, swords, bows and arrows, curious silk robes, etc. The collecting of shells is prosecuted with interest, and many new species are found in Hong-Kong and the islands near by. Shells curiously carved with Chinese figures of men and women are displayed for sale in the shops. Often while the bivalve still occupies it the Chinese place little brass "gods" of about an inch in length within the shell, which, acting as an irritant, causes the occupant to pour out a liquid, which in time, hardening, fastens the gods to the shell, showing them in bas-relief in natural pearl. Nature also at times performs curious freaks with the shell. A fish is caught by the bivalve, the nacre is poured about it, and, hardening, the fish shows in relief, held to the shell by a mass of covering pearl. These latter shells are rare and valuable. Those beautiful pieces of amber that we sometimes see, in which a fly or other insect has unluckily and suddenly been imprisoned and so has remained for years in perfect preservation, are made artificially by the artful Chinaman. Not knowing this, one is readily deceived when he goes to buy, and is more likely to get the artificially made specimens than the natural, though the artificial is true amber and the insect a perfect fly or spider, or whatever it may be, placed within in such a way as not to be told from nature's own handiwork.

The climate of Hong-Kong is tropical, but the thermometer shows neither extreme heat nor extreme cold. In summer the mercury rarely rises above 85° and in winter rarely falls below 45°; but as the atmosphere is laden with moisture, it feels as though the mercury ranged from 150° in mid-summer to 0° in mid-winter—at any rate, it is hot in August, and an overcoat or a cheerful grate-fire of Nagasaki soft coal is a pleasant thing to

have in December. I am not sure this climate is as enervating as that of some of own cities, yet one will have to live in it a long time before he feels fully acclimatized. The people dress for it, wearing white in the summer months, with a coat that buttons to the throat, broad-brimmed sun-hats, and umbrellas. The glare of the sunlight on the yellow roads has a deleterious effect upon the eyes, and many people suffer from cataract. Although affection of the eyes is common in Asia (principally ophthalmia among the natives, caused by flies that fringe the eyelids while the person is asleep), cataract may be no more prevalent in Hong-Kong than in other cities of the world, but in the limited community the attention is attracted to it, and as a preventive almost all wear darkened glasses. Notwithstanding the August heat, and although brandy-and-water is taken almost continually and is considered a cooling drink, there is no such thing as "sun-stroke." Hong-Kong is the Island of Sweet Waters, and its water is of the best in the world, clear as crystal and as cold and sparkling; yet there is many a man in the city that has never tasted the water without its being largely diluted with Lafitte or good old Glenlivet. There is a superstition, held even by the intelligent classes, that death is somewhere hidden away in it unless exorcised by the "spirits of Bordeaux."

But it is not the thermometer that interests the people: the barometer is the instrument they keep their eye on. They glance at the barometer as people elsewhere glance at the clock, merely through force of habit. The island of Luzon is the hot-bed of typhoons, and in the summer of 1881 probably no less than ten telegrams came to Hong-Kong from Manila, each stating that a typhoon was raging about Luzon. Of these ten typhoons Hong-Kong got the "tail end" of no less than three. When these telegrams arrive the weather-wise keep a strict watch upon the signs and portents; and as the wind rises, the sky changing to a leaden hue and taking on a greasy look, the barometer rapidly falling, the typhoon-gun at the harbor-master's office is discharged. Then the steamers in harbor get under full steam, the sailing ships place out extra anchors fore and aft, the small boats and sampans hurry away to safe bays beyond the hills of the mainland. Ashore the flag-poles are lowered, typhoon-bars are placed at the closed windows, and everything got in readiness for a gale that frequently fails to come with much force—not with such force as "the stranger within the gates" expects and wants to see, and, seeing once, never wants to see again.

Wyndham Street is the only road leading to the "peak," all other roads running up the hill either swerving after a short distance and winding about the mountain, or converging into this one and so continuing on up. There is some talk of building a tramway from the city to the mountain-top, but as yet it is only a possibility of the future. There is some doubt whether such a road would pay, since it is more novel to go up a mountain seated in a sedan-chair borne on the shoulders of stalwart coolies than to take a tramcar and be hauled up by a stationary engine. It requires four coolies to carry one up, good walkers making the highest point in thirty-five minutes; but if the coolies are hired and the occupant of the chair be a stranger there is much more hard breathing on the part of the coolies than is necessary, which is a strong hint to an impressionable heart to order to be set down while they rest a little.

If one does not mind exertion it is well to walk, for then he has a better opportunity to observe the varied scenery and can loiter on the way as much as he pleases. And it is well worth the loitering, for the whole mountain-side for a third of its height is laid out into a beautiful garden where bloom all the rich and rare flora of the tropics. The road for some distance is paved with concrete and on either side lined with curious trees, prominent among which are bastard banyans, a common tree in the country. Between the trees, growing from the dank grass, and hanging from the crevices in the gray rocks forming the sides of the way, are ferns of a thousand kinds. Peeping out from among these ferns, struggling for a share of the almost hidden sunlight, are flowers innumerable. The pathway has many turns and angles, every turn disclosing new and unexpected beauties. Beyond the rocks and ferns on either side of the road low walls topped with iron railings enclose the most beautiful botanical garden in the East, containing many strange and rare trees and a banyan so truly magnificent as to be at once the pride of Hong-Kong and the envy of all the world beside. In more than one respect is it a curious tree; there never yet was a stranger passing under its shade that did not mentally ask why its boughs were so propped with poles. Everybody knows what a banyan-tree is, and expects to see many limbs hanging from its branches, entering the ground; yet, when people do see those of this tree, for a moment or so they take them for props. The reason of this is that when the root first reaches the ground it is encased in bamboos, so that when it is strong and hardy and the casings removed it is as straight as an arrow. Of a dozen or more roots

that the tree has, but one is crooked and gnarled. These gardens are delightful places for walks in the summer's twilight, when the band of the Royal Enniskillen Fusiliers is playing soft music. Beyond the gardens the road reaches a point from which the harbor with its ships and the black-tiled houses of all Hong-Kong lay spread out below one. From this point onward to the peak this grand picture, either wholly or in part, is ever present. Over towards the left a large part of the hillside is so dotted with white that it looks like a great cemetery; but the white objects, that in the distance appear so like marble slabs and tombstones, are but the linen garments of the people the washmen have spread out to whiten in the sunlight. It is not a temporary feature of the landscape; the linen is always there, giving to the hillside the appearance of a graveyard, and far beyond hangs suspended in the quiet air the black smoke from the foundries at Wanchai. A sinuous road winding in and about the hills, and running on a level for some three or four miles, is the justly-celebrated Kennedy Road, built a third of the way up the mountain and named after a former governor at whose instance it was built. It is the promenade of the community, and on Sunday afternoons it is filled with ladies and gentlemen, children with their ahmas, and with a large sprinkling of gaudily-clothed Chinese. Afar on the glistening water a great steamer may be seen slowly moving into the harbor, and here, running close into the shore, is a white bark with all sail set and bellying to the breeze, forming a delightful picture in the deep blue of the water; and as her helm is put hard down, her snow-white sails idly flap and chafe against the masts as she comes round for the opposite tack, and for an instant the rays of the powerful sun are reflected far up the mountain from her polished guns. As we turn from this charming scene from around the hill come the hurried tramp of many feet, and a line of chairs, each carried by four coolies, suddenly swings by and vanishes down the hill. It is then we realize that the way is steep and that it is a far easier matter to get down from, than to get up to, the peak; but when at length the peak is reached it fully pays one for his unwonted exertions.

It is a green island, this of Hong-Kong, filled with many rare trees and shrubs. Yet when it was ceded to the English it was as barren as the other islands about it; but since then they have been planting it with trees, till now it is a mass of gorgeous tropical flora. There is no autumn on this island nor winter; there is not that exquisite variety of color in the foliage that autumn

gives, nor that bleakness that winter brings; but all the year round there is a freshness and greenness truly enchanting. As no rude sportsman is allowed to fire a gun upon the island, the birds are at peace for all time. They seem to be conscious that they are safe, and as you pass along their melodies are always with you. Apparently there is no migration among them, for all the year round the air is filled with their vigorous songs. It is the isle of fragrant streams, and in June, when the atmosphere is heavy with the scent of the flowers and foliage, many small streams, gathering strength and volume from the rains, come tumbling down the mountain, and the air is filled with the sound of rushing waters. And in this month of June, too, the clouds seem to approach nearer the earth, wrapping the "peak" and the peaks of the adjacent mountains in dense fogs till the morning sun mounting upward drives them away, when they collect in the gaps of the mountains, like huge rolls of fleecy white cotton, lifting and moving so gradually that they seem to repose there for days together. Often these same clouds that thus enwrap the peak for a change of scene descend upon the harbor, blotting from sight all vestige of the shipping, save that from the hills the tops of the masts may be seen protruding from the upper strata of fog like so many stake-buoys from the surface of a river. But for these there is nothing to show that ships are within this slowly-moving vapor, save that as one looks there is perhaps a soft, silvery sound borne by the gentle breeze far up the mountain, and directly from all parts of the harbor, from the hoarse bell of a steamer to the high jingling bell of a bark, "eight bells" chimes from out the fog.

Yet with all its beauty one soon grows tired of Hong-Kong. In a week or so one has seen all there is to see, the novelty has worn off, and a sense of being in a manner imprisoned begins to grow upon him. He feels that he is on an island from which without much effort there is no getting away. He can make a short run over to Macao or go off to Canton, but the beauty of the one, the strangeness and novelty of the other, soon pall upon him and fail to bring any sensation other than weariness. He cannot travel into the interior of the country; he must stay by that great highway of China, the water; and at night, as he lies thinking of this state of things, most likely, a whistle in the harbor changes his whole current of thought. He know it is but a steamer's whistle, yet its sound transports him to home; he sees the green fields, the waving corn, the luscious fruit in the gardens, and near by the fleeing train rattling o'er the track and

vanishing in the long perspective of the rails. In the morning he is suffering from "homesickness," which in a few weeks passes away, and he settles down for a secluded life in Hong-Kong, but ever looking forward to the time when he shall go home.

KATHARINE.

A NEW ENGLAND STORY.

FORTY years ago there was still remaining in the heart of one of our Eastern cities an old family graveyard, a relic of colonial times. Originally it had been a long way out of town, but the city, which in its infancy clustered all in a heap about what are at present busy and bustling wharves lined with the steamboats that have replaced the sloops and other primitive river craft, had climbed up the hills, cut away the woods, and laid out streets through what were once open meadows or the grounds surrounding the country-seats of the old colonial aristocracy. The general burying-grounds, belonging to the various religious denominations, lay beside each other on one of the many hills on which the town was built, and were still beyond the limits of the city proper, yet so little beyond that already there was talk of buying cemetery grounds some miles farther off and removing them altogether. But this private burial-place, the property of an old Dutch family now nearly extinct, still held its own, though for many years no interment had taken place there. Its owners, two maiden sisters, Katharine and Elizabeth Overbeck—Aunt Katy and Aunt Leespat the generation next younger than themselves called them—had turned deaf ears to all proposals to buy and alter the disposition of the grounds. Reasoning with them having proved useless, the affair was by general consent allowed to wait the limit of their lives for its final settlement, when the next heir promised himself to turn an honest penny and oblige his neighbors.

Meanwhile the town had grown up all about it. Streets ran past two sides of its time-stained wooden palings; at one end was a blacksmith's forge, with its resounding anvil and its heart of glowing coals; on a fourth side a long, rambling brick house, two of whose lower windows gave directly on the untrimmed grass and rank burdocks of the graveyard. Another small and

high window looked into it from the kitchen, built on at the back years after the erection of the main structure.

When she climbed up on the table which stood under this window Kitty Danforth could just see the fence which enclosed, in the upper end of the burying-ground, two graves, set apart from the others for some reason which she could not divine. The long, grassy space with its defaced and darkened gravestones, on many of which the names were half obliterated, the weeds growing high and rank about them, the few trees near the street, had a sort of fascination for her which was quite unmixed with fear or with any sentiment of respect for the dead. More than once she had escaped out of the low windows of the long dining and sitting room, when they stood open in the summer time, and enjoyed a good romp in and out among the tombs before she was discovered and brought back. "You ought to be ashamed to be racing like that over dead people," was said to her at such times, to which Kitty answered: "Do you think they care?" And when, after her school-days began, her playmates, coming down the hill with her in the late afternoons, would sometimes say, "I should not like to live so close beside a graveyard; don't it make you afraid to go to sleep in the dark?" Kitty would open wondering eyes. "I am never afraid of anything," she said. "And after people are dead what can they do to you?"

Kitty was now seven years old, and already her great pleasures were to read and to romp, as her mother and Aunt Rebecca Forrest declared, the one in a prophetic spirit and a somewhat querulous, old-maidish tone, and the other with a sense that although little girls should not be quite so much like boys, yet there was still abundant time for better things.

"That child is a perfect tomboy, Eliza," Aunt Rebecca said one day when she saw her flying headlong down the hill on her way from school, leading a shouting troop behind her. "She ought be made to behave herself."

"Kitty," said Mrs. Danforth, turning to the child as she came in with her cheeks red, her dark eyes shining, and her hair in a tumble under her loosened hood, "how often have I told you not to run so in the street? Little girls should walk and act like ladies."

"And not scream like hawks," added Aunt Rebecca, "nor turn in their toes like parrots. Just see how she stands!"

"I *had* to run," said Kitty, between explanation and indignation. "We were all Indians, and my name is Thayandanagea,

and I was running the gauntlet. And I had to turn my toes in, too, for all Indians do. The book I read last night said so."

"Well, Thayandanagea," answered her mother, smiling, "when you come into the wigwam you must remember to turn them out again and to knock the snow off out on the stoop. Go back into the hall and take off your hood and your rubbers, and come and sit down to your patchwork. You have hardly time to make your block before tea."

To make a block every afternoon had been Kitty's daily obligation for more than two years; there was always one lying ready for her on the top of mother's work-basket, neatly turned down and basted for her overhand seam, when she came in from school. She had a great pile of them in the under-drawer of the high red bureau with brass handles which stood in the corner of the sitting-room, beside the door which opened into the hall. Sometimes she spread them all out on the rag carpet, with empty spaces as big as themselves between them, to see how many quilts they would make when they were joined, and also in the hope of beguiling from mother those stories of the past in which Kitty delighted, and which the sight of the bright bits of chintz was always likely to evoke. Her patchwork was a sort of family history to Kitty, and much more interesting in that light than in the plodding business of making the separate blocks. That one with the turkey-red ground, spotted with tiny green and yellow roses, which she always put in the centre, was made of a scrap of the dress mother wore when she was taken, at six months old, to assist at Aunt Jane Richards' wedding. Aunt Jane was father's aunt, having been grandfather Danforth's sister, but she was mother's godmother as well—a degree of relationship which it puzzled Kitty mightily to understand.

"What made her your godmother?" she asked one day.

"Oh! she stood for me when I was baptized," replied her mother.

"But I haven't any godmother. Why don't everybody have one? And what is it to be baptized? Have I been?"

"Yes," said her mother; "and a fine squalling you made about it, too. I had to take you out of church directly it was over."

"Oh!" said Kitty, with a gleam of intelligence, "I suppose this is the mark of it." And she turned up her sleeve to look at a round white scar above her elbow. "I thought the doctor did

that in the house for fear of small-pox. And why hadn't I a godmother?"

"No," said Mrs. Danforth, laughing, "it wasn't your baptism that made that scar. And you have no godmother because we are Methodists."

"But how did you get one? Isn't Aunt Jane a Methodist too?"

"Now she is, but when I was a baby all our folks were Episcopalians, and Aunt Jane too."

"I don't understand at all," said Kitty, "What is an Episcopalian, and why do they have them? Do Episcopalian little girls have them now? I never heard of anybody's godmother except yours."

"Oh! it is their nonsense," said her mother, "and their holding on to old Catholic mummeries and superstitions."

Kitty had never yet got beyond that point in the solution of the mystery, and had many speculations about it in her small head whenever Aunt Jane came down the hill to pay her fortnightly visit, arrayed in black silk, laid across her thin and narrow chest in a multiplicity of folds, at the meeting of which showed, ever since her widowhood, her chemisette of crinkly white *crêpe*. Kitty's memory did not recall Aunt Jane before her widowhood, although one of the ineffaceable recollections of her own short past was of a walk up the long Hawk Street hill—which still looked endless and dangerously steep to her childish eyes—holding on to father's forefinger, and of seeing in the parlor at Aunt Jane's, after that walk was ended, a long red box in which Uncle Richard Richards was lying with a silver dollar over each eye.

Nowadays she sometimes climbed the same hill when she went with her mother on alternate Fridays to see Aunt Jane. Mrs. Danforth was a home-keeping body and seldom went out of her own door on week-days except to pay these visits, and to go to class-meeting every Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock. Kitty had once accompanied her to class in a little room which adjoined the larger one where Sunday-school was held, and into which a narrow flight of uncarpeted stairs led down from the church above. The minister was sitting at a small table with his back to these stairs when Mrs. Danforth and Kitty entered, and perhaps a dozen women sat with sober, unsmiling faces on the narrow bench which ran round three sides of the room. The minister started a hymn, which the class-members took up in more or less musical voices. Kitty for the first time heard her

mother try to sing, in a thin, weak voice which did not keep the tune at all, but went off in little, unexpected squeaks where the lines ended. Then the minister prayed, and afterwards the women rose, one after the other, beginning at his left hand, and made speeches of varying lengths which were both unintelligible and uninteresting to Kitty, whose mind, ever since she began to see what was going on, had been filled with the thought that mother's turn would soon come, and with wondering what she would say and how she would say it, and whether the minister would call her sister, as he did the others. When at last she felt her mother rising from her place, and looked up under her bonnet, she saw a faint flush on the cheeks usually so colorless and yet so bright, and heard her say in a tone not much above her breath that she "felt to bless the Lord for what he had done for her soul." Kitty suddenly felt herself grow hot from head to foot with an unaccountable shame, and a burning wish that mother wouldn't talk out so before all those people. And, almost before her wish was fully formed, Mrs. Danforth sat down again, having made the shortest and lowest-toned recital of her "experience" of any person present. Class, Kitty learned afterwards, was the most disagreeable to her mother of all her religious duties, and the only one which she recognized as imposing on her any obligation to speak in meeting. She never again took her little daughter with her, nor, indeed, would the child have been willing to go. Her curiosity had been fully and unpleasantly satisfied the first time.

Going to Aunt Jane's was quite another matter. It was a pleasure she did not always share with her mother, chiefly because she had to miss afternoon school whenever she did so—a circumstance which made it all the pleasanter as often as it happened. Friday-afternoon school was a weariness to Kitty. It always ended in a mysterious exercise in which all the boys and girls were kept standing for an hour in front of their benches, repeating certain strange formulas which Kitty knew, years after, must have belonged to the Westminster Shorter Catechism. She never succeeded in retaining any of it in her memory, but had to be prompted every time to each word by little Miss Merrifield, who complained much of her stupidity in this regard. "It is no great matter," said Mrs. Danforth once in Kitty's hearing, after the usual complaint had been made at the time of paying the quarterly bill; "I am not anxious to have her learn the Presbyterian catechism." Perhaps she took Kitty with her all the more frequently after that. At least the child

thought so, and felt in consequence a certain disrespectful gratitude to the catechism.

Aunt Jane Richards lived in a white two-story, clap-boarded house with solid green shutters, a low stoop painted yellow, and a green door with a brass knocker. Since her husband's death another old lady had come to live with her, and the two kept house all alone, without a servant, although Aunt Jane owned this house and others besides it and had money in the bank. She had it also in a box in the mahogany bureau which stood in the passage between her bed-room and the parlor. Kitty knew that, because she had seen her go there to get out the silver dollar she gave her last New Year's day. She had wondered at the time if it were one of those she had seen on Uncle Richard's dead eyes, but had concluded that those were in all probability buried with him. Kitty liked old Mrs. Armstrong, with her square, mild, wrinkled face enclosed in a frilled cap tied under her chin, better than she liked Aunt Jane, whose face was thin, her forehead puckered, her nose sharp, and her eyes small and bright. But she liked her pretty well, too, and delighted in going down-stairs with her into the kitchen, and sitting perched up in the high window-seat beside the cat to watch the process of putting the pan of raised biscuits into the oven and waiting for them to come out again, high and brown and hot, ready to be eaten with butter, and smoked beef, and cheese, and quince preserves. The warm milk and water which Kitty called tea never looked so nice as when she drank it out of Aunt Jane's thin, pink china cups, though it often tasted better. And she liked better than all to sit on her carpeted stool on the rug behind the high, polished wood stove, reading, while mother, with blue ribbons in her lace cap, stitched a wristband by the window, and the two old ladies in their black haircloth rockers, knitting in hand, talked with her about the next conference, or the visit of the presiding elder, or the new minister's family, and other things of the sort that Kitty's ear was familiar with, though her mind was indifferent to them.

There were not many books at Aunt Jane's, and not very interesting ones as a rule; but all books were agreeable to Kitty, though some were undeniably more agreeable than others. What she read there oftenest was an old copy of Fox's *Martyrs* with leather covers and woodcuts and queer f's, and some of the pages discolored with water and others entirely missing. The horrors described in it made Kitty tremble, although she had said truly that she was never afraid of anything. She asked her

mother once why people did such wicked things to other people, though how they could bear to do it was more puzzling to her still. She was told in answer that it was done by Catholics to punish Protestants, "people who believe as we do," for not believing otherwise. "Believing what?" asked Kitty. "Nobody could make *me* say I believed a thing if I didn't—no, not if they made me drink water until I burst." That was the torture which had struck most forcibly her young imagination.

Within the last few months there had been a change in the Danforth household. The maid-of-all-work whom Kitty remembered from her infancy, who had, indeed, come to Mrs. Danforth in the early days of her marriage, and rocked the cradles and wept beside the coffins of the two children who preceded Kitty, had at last gone away to a home of her own, having married a Scotch baker with three grown-up sons. The history of this maid, partly known and partly fancied, was also one of the treasures of the little girl's memory. Her thoughts often went back, in her solitary playtimes in the garret on rainy days, to the time when Margaret, then a child not much older than herself, was left fatherless and motherless to fall into the hands of old Mrs. Daniel, down on the Nazareth road below the city, by whom she had been cruelly ill-used and despoiled of the little that had been left her by her parents. In Kitty's fancy Mrs. Daniel was a sort of fabulous monster, an ogress tempered by the Biblical associations connected with her name. "Only," she said to herself, "it was Margaret who was in the den, and Mrs. Daniel fed her to the lions."

"After my mother's death," the girl had once said to her, "I never had a friend nor heard a kind word until I came into this house."

And now, although she had gone out of it, she was still not far away. From the parlor windows Kitty could look straight down Hubbell's Alley, at the end of which, behind a grass-plot and one or two young trees, was the one-story double wooden house, painted yellow, in one half of which Margaret now worked harder than ever for her new master. Sometimes, but not often, Kitty was allowed to pay her a visit on Saturday afternoons, and enjoyed herself much, curled up on the chintz-covered lounge reading *Dombey and Son*, of which the successive numbers, in yellow paper covers, lay on the little table where Margaret's ready-made sons had left them. But she ran home when John came in to his supper—the big, burly man with red whiskers dusty

with flour, a general mealiness, indeed, pervading him from head to foot.

"I think he is cross to Margaret," Kitty told her mother, who sighed and said she feared there was trouble in store for the poor wife.

"She certainly won't have much difficulty now in keeping her vow," she added, "nor much merit either."

Margaret's vow! That also belonged to Kitty's bits of knowledge. The girl had been converted and joined the church a year or two after coming to Mrs. Danforth, at the same time, in fact, with her mistress; and when the new down-town church had been started, with Kitty's father as chief contributor and most zealous promoter, Margaret had determined to give all she could save from her wages into the sinking-fund, and vowed that she would never again buy a silk dress until the building was out of debt. She had a stiff black silk at the time, and a watch with a thin gold chain which had been her father's, and which old Mrs. Daniel had surrendered to her when, before her death, conscience made her send for the girl and ask pardon for the worse than cruelties inflicted upon her in her youth. She looked very nice, Kitty thought, when she sat in the pew on Sundays.

"Now she will earn no more," said Mrs. Danforth, "and John Marshall will drink up all that might be saved. If she manages to get a clean calico to wear to church after what she has are worn out she will be lucky. What possessed her to marry that drunken old Scotchman is beyond me!"

Her place had been taken by another Margaret—Mag Bannan, Kitty called her—the first Irish girl she had ever seen. What rosy cheeks she had, and what shining rows of teeth; what curling lashes fringed her gray eyes, and what waves of black hair rolled behind her ears! Kitty liked to look at her, and to hear her sing as she went about her work. Once, when all the rest of the folks had gone to evening prayer-meeting, the girl had sung her a long ballad about "Alonzo the brave and the fair Imogen," which went far towards altering the child's opinion that there was nothing to be afraid of in living so near to graves. When she was alone at night afterwards she sometimes thought of it and kept her sleepy eyes fixed on the lamp, lest it should burn blue and betray the presence of a ghost. But still she was more curious than afraid.

It was now the eve of Christmas—a day to which Kitty had never been taught to attach any special importance. For her there were but three great days in all the year: Fourth of July,

when the ringing of bells wakened her at dawn, and cannons roared, drums beat, soldiers passed, and father took her at night to see the fireworks in the Capitol Park; Thanksgiving, with its turkey and pumpkin-pies and company to dinner; and New Year's, when she hung up her stocking and found it in the morning full of candies, with one of Aunt Anne's ölëkoeks in the toe, and when there were callers until bed-time, and a table spread with fruit-cake and nuts and oranges in a corner of the parlor. But with Christmas she had, as yet, no associations. To-night Margaret was putting her to bed—a task usually performed by her mother or Aunt Rebecca Forrest. But mother was busy this evening, and Aunt Rebecca was away on a visit.

"She has gone to Orange County," explained Kitty to the maid, as she sat on grandmother's chest behind the dumb-stove which brought up a little heat from the fire down-stairs—"to Orange County, to visit our relations. I don't know if that is where oranges come from, but I suppose so. We have a great many relations there, for mother's grandfather was brought there when he was a little boy no bigger than me. His father and mother had come away from France because they were Huguenots." Kitty made three syllables of the word and sounded both of the final letters.

"And what are Huguenots?" asked Margaret, all attention.

"Protestants, don't you know? Just as we are. The Catholics were very wicked and wouldn't let them stay at home."

"Sure, you come honestly by the black drop," said Margaret, pulling off Kitty's shoe, "if it's been in the family all that time."

"The black drop! What is that?"

"It's only a way I have of speaking, honey," replied the girl, bethinking herself. "And what are you going to do to-morrow?"

"Just what we did to-day, I suppose. Why?"

"And won't you go to church?"

"To-morrow will be Tuesday," said Kitty. "People don't go to church on Tuesdays."

"Not on Christmas? Troth, then, it's haythens ye are, and not Christians at all."

"Why," said Kitty, "do Irish people go to church on Christmas? Are you going? How can you, when it's ironing-day?"

"'Deed I am, then, before daylight. I hope there'll be a moon, for it's dark the streets will be at four o'clock!"

"Mag," said Kitty, "you have to sleep in this room while

Aunt Rebecca's gone. Mother said so. Wake me up and take me with you to-morrow morning. I don't know how the moon looks on the snow; I always have to go to bed at seven o'clock."

"The mistress 'ud be angry," said Margaret.

"No, she wouldn't," protested Kitty. "You could wrap me up and put on my rubbers."

"I'd be afraid, then," said the girl; "and besides, you'd be too sleepy. It's hard enough to get you up at seven o'clock, let alone four." And she lifted Kitty up and deposited her in the high bed as she spoke.

"Mag," the child went on, as the blankets were tucked about her, "what is Christmas, anyway?"

"Sure, it's our Lord's birthday. Didn't you know that? Go to sleep now; the mistress'll think I'm never coming down to the dishes!"

"The Lord's birthday!" thought Kitty, as she lay awake in the dark. She had had a birthday herself last Friday, when mother had given her seven little slaps and a new red merino dress, and father seven great kisses and seven new copper cents. Pennies Kitty called them, just as she called twenty-five of them two shillings, and the little silver piece which mother had offered to exchange for six of them, if she would put it in her tin savings-bank, a sixpence. Kitty had declined the silver, for she seldom had money to spend, and her soul had for days past been hungering for *Goody Twoshoes* and the *Babes in the Wood*, of which she had read and re-read the first pages as they lay displayed in the toy-shop window. Four of her pennies went for them, and one for one of Mrs. Taylor's red and white striped jackson balls, so that her savings-bank was only two cents richer by reason of her birthday. That the Lord had a birthday also was an idea unfamiliar to her, although she remembered now that father had read that chapter about the stable in Bethlehem, and the angels singing in the sky that very evening, as they sat around the table after tea for night prayers. Her mind went back and dwelt upon it until she fell asleep.

When she awoke there was a light burning on the bureau and Margaret sat on the floor pulling on her stockings. Kitty awoke as healthy children do, with her wits all about her, and her thoughts went back at once to her wish the night before. Slipping out of bed, she went up in her bare feet behind the girl.

"Do dress me and take me along," she begged. "I will put on my own shoes and stockings."

"Sure, I suppose it can't hurt you, for once," said good-natured Margaret. "But you must be quiet and make haste. I heard three o'clock strike before I got up, and it's a long walk we'll have."

The moon was not down yet, and the stars were shining in the clear December sky, when they came softly out of the hall-door. But the street-lamps were all out, and no one seemed to be stirring in the neighborhood except themselves. When they got down by Kane's Walk, and Kitty saw the shadows of the bare branches of the trees on the untrodden snow behind the palings of the enclosure in front of the great house, and the icicles sparkling in the pale light, she said nothing, but she drew a long breath of pleasure and reflected that people lost a great deal by sleeping at night instead of in the daytime.

At last they reached the church, a large one in the lower part of the town, not far from the building where Kitty was taken every Sunday, and as yet almost the only one of its kind in the entire city. The vestibule was dark, and there was a close smell which the child found unpleasant. The church was already nearly filled, and they took seats far back toward the entrance, under a side gallery. Those were the days of whale-oil lamps, and the body of the building was ill-lighted and gloomy. But up at the farther end there was such a blaze of sparkling candles as Kitty had never seen before. Everything was strange to her—the queer, monotonous singing, of which she could not understand a word; the odor and smoke of the incense; the ringing of the bells, and the incessant shuffling of feet and coughing inseparable from a large crowd of people of all ages collected in the cold of an early winter morning. But at last, at the sound of one of the bells, a perfect silence fell and every head was bent except that of Kitty, who still sat on the bench and looked straight before her. But only for a moment. Then a sudden, strange emotion of awe possessed her, and she, too, sank down on her knees by Margaret's side and dropped her head in her hands. Nor did she lift it—although she had a vague consciousness that people were moving all about her, and that even Margaret had left the pew—until at last the girl touched her and said it was time to go back home.

"What ails you, Kitty dear?" she asked as they came out of the porch. "Have you been asleep, that your eyes look so wild?"

"No," said Kitty, clinging fast to her hand. "But what was it, Mag?"

"What was what?"

"What the man in the gold cloak was doing? What was that he held up in his hands when the bell rang and all the people kept so still?"

"It was the Blessed Sacrament," said Margaret.

"And what is that?"

"The Lord himself," said the girl slowly, adding presently, in a lower and much quicker tone, "Sure, Protestants are haythens."

"You said that last night," said Kitty. "But heathens live a long way off, and we send missionaries to them. I belong to the missionary society, and I put a penny in the box the first Sunday of every month. And you are a Protestant yourself, aren't you?"

"The Lord be praised, I'm not!" said Margaret promptly.

"What then? I thought everybody was Protestant in this country."

"Faith, it's not quite so bad as that," said Margaret, laughing. "I'm a Catholic, and so were all the people in the church this morning."

Kitty was amazed. She said, with some hesitation and after a pause:

"But they are all very wicked. They burn up Protestants, and put them on racks, and break all their bones. I read about them at Aunt Jane's. And we send missionaries to them, too."

"'Deed you do," said Margaret bitterly. "There was one of the black lot came to me father, and he dyin' o' famine, and offered him a tract and a piece o' mate on Friday, and nothin' at all the rest o' the week because he wouldn't ate that. Don't you believe all you hear, Kitty darlint. 'Tisn't Catholics only that know how to burn folks up an' tear 'em in pieces. Many's the wan of me own blood that's had that same sauce served to 'em by Protestants, bad cess to them!"

Kitty was silent, as she usually was when an entirely new idea came to her. It was only after it had lain in the young darkness of her mind, and been turned over and over, that it fructified into speech. And, moreover, what she had felt in the church was yet stranger to her than the new thoughts inspired by what her companion was saying as they walked quickly through the still dark and silent streets. Margaret undressed and put her back in bed again when they reached home, and she slept soundly until daylight. But when her parents learned of her night adventure Margaret fell into disgrace and was sent away.

And gradually the remembrance of it faded in the mind of the little girl, leaving only a vague impression, which lay there like a late-germinating seed.

CHAPTER II.

IN the summer following Kitty's seventh birthday her father had a fall as he was getting out of the buggy in which he usually drove himself to and from his place of business, and bróke one of the bones of his right leg. The surgeon who was summoned, being momentarily engaged, sent a callow student to make ready for his impending visit, and the young fellow practised surgery according to his lights—which were, indeed, not special, but common to his time—by binding up the injured member in cold compresses and applying pounded ice. The circulation, so effectually interfered with at the start, avenged itself by retarding the healing process, and the patient was kept in-doors for many unnecessary weeks. Yet, despite her pity for her father, Kitty thoroughly enjoyed at the time, and ever after remembered with pleasure, the period of his confinement in the sick-chair which was nightly extended into a couch. A revolving and removable desk which had been fitted on to one of the arms held the books and writing materials with which he solaced himself for this sudden interruption of the course of a busy life. Kitty had come honestly by her love of books, having inherited it from both father and mother. But whereas the latter of late years read little except denominational religious publications and an occasional novel, protesting always that *Ivanhoe* and *The Spy* were vastly preferable to *Pickwick* and *Oliver Twist*, and that none of them were to be compared in the matter of entertainment to the *Scottish Chiefs* or *The Children of the Abbey;* while she studied Pollok's *Course of Time* with great diligence and thought it a sublime poem, superior in some respects to *Paradise Lost*—with which, notwithstanding, she had an acquaintance capable, on occasion, of extended and apposite quotation—her husband's tastes were of a wider and more critical sort. As ardently religious as his wife, his devotion burned with a more variable and impulsive flame, kindled rather by his emotional than his intellectual nature. He had "experienced religion," as the phrase went, at the time when he had been subjected to his keenest sorrow—the loss of a passionately-loved and only son. His Methodism was the accident of his surroundings, but by temperament he was devout. By temperament, also, he was pleasure-loving

and artistic; but, with the exception of one passage in his youth, when, after having been driven from home by a harsh father for some trifling rebellion, he had for a time become a strolling player, this part of his nature had been granted small scope. The actor's life had soon disgusted him, and he had settled down, some years before his marriage, to hard labor at a mechanical trade, abandoning it for a partnership in manufacturing on a larger scale about the time of Kitty's birth. He held a tight hand over himself, and was, by instinct as well as by principle, as honest as the day, but he was not, like his wife, ascetic and reserved by natural predisposition. Now, in his enforced leisure, he found that the prolonged study of Scott's and Clark's commentaries, and the perusal of Wesley's sermons, the *Ladies' Repository*, and the weekly *Advocate and Journal*, left him many hours in which he was keenly conscious of a mental weariness, increased rather than diminished by this sort of reading. He turned once more, then, to the chief favorite of his youth, and, finding in his little daughter a never-wearied auditor, he read her the plays of Shakspere. For the evening readings which were inevitable, and took place, indeed, after the child was in bed, his wife, the choice being left to her, always demanded "anything but Shakspere"; but Kitty was enchanted. An admirable reader, a good mimic, he made the dramas real to her in a way which solitary perusal at her age could never have done; but the heavy volume was, nevertheless, pored over by her afterwards until she knew it half by heart, and numbered her favorite characters among the inhabitants of the dream-world in which she lived as she sat hemming her sheets or learning painfully to knit and darn when the days of her father's imprisonment were ended.

When the holidays came round this year they brought another notable increase to Kitty's stock of mental furniture, and one which led directly to a still further enlargement of her spiritual experience. Among her gifts on New Year's day was an illustrated copy of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, in which the child took an immense but bewildering pleasure. She sat reading it one night when bedtime came, but, repeated summons failing to rouse her attention, her mother finally came behind her and bent over her shoulder to see what she was about before leading her up-stairs.

"So you like Christian, do you?" she said, chatting while the undressing and hair-brushing were going on.

"Yes," answered Kitty, "but I don't understand it all. What burden was that he had on his back?"

"The book is an allegory," explained her mother. "It describes what goes on in the soul as if it took place outwardly in daily life. Christian is man himself—all men. His burden was his sins, which he got rid of, as we all get rid of ours, by repenting and beginning a new life."

Kitty opened wide eyes. "All men? That means women too, and children. Have I got a burden on my back? Have you?"

"I had," said her mother. "And you have, because you are not yet a Christian."

"I never felt it," said Kitty. "How can I get it off?"

"You must be converted," said her mother, "and then you must join the church."

"But I don't know how."

"Well," said her mother, "next week the protracted meeting begins. When people are anxious about their sins and want to be converted they go to the revival meetings, and when the invitation is given for sinners to come forward they go up to the altar to be prayed for. And usually they are converted then. I wasn't, but father and Becky were. I think you are hardly old enough to try it yet awhile."

"But I am," said Kitty, whose fancy was already busy with the pack on her back, "and I shall."

"Father," she said the next Monday night, when he got up at the stroke of seven o'clock to put on his long round cloak; Kitty had run under it as usual to feel the dark and have her usual romp—"father, can't I go to meeting to-night?"

"Why, I suppose so," he answered, "if mother is willing. But it will be rather late to keep your eyes open."

So Kitty went to her first revival meeting—the only one to which her own good pleasure ever led her. The memory of the long, low basement room, lighted by ill-smelling lamps fastened to the square wooden posts which supported the ceiling, and filled with people standing in the aisles and sitting on the benches, remained with her long afterwards like a bad dream. Her father left her with Aunt Rebecca in a seat near the enclosed platform one step higher than the floor, which it was customary to call the altar, and which he himself entered to join the minister, the trustees, and other exhorters who were already there. To the preliminary sermon Kitty paid small attention, her mind being bent, according to its usual fashion, upon her own thoughts. Her burden—her sins—she must rid herself of them. As sins they troubled her but little, perhaps because they were not in

reality very heinous. As she reviewed her past she had said to herself: "I told mother a story the day I was late from school, because I went home with Sue Thomas when she pretended she had a doll that talked. But I took it back the next morning. And I don't get up when I am called; but I don't think of anything else, unless it's a sin to be a tomboy and race so in the street."

As a burden, however, they appealed strongly to her imagination, and, with the straightforward simplicity which was natural to her, she had resolved to act without delay on her mother's instructions. The sermon ended and a hymn was sung —it was "Come, ye sinners, poor and needy"—and Kitty's father started it in his full, pleasant baritone voice. Then the usual call was made for sinners to come forward to the altar and the "anxious-seat." Now was Kitty's time. To the lively surprise of Aunt Rebecca, who was not in her confidence, the little girl got up, and, slipping out of the seat, joined the kneeling "mourners" at the railing. Her father did not see her at first, and when he did he also experienced an astonishment which, if it was on the whole pleasant, was not, at least in its earliest moments, entirely unmixed. The child was, in effect, too small fry to get much attention where there were so many of her elders bent on the same errand with more emotional seriousness, if with no more unquestioning faith. She knelt beside a weeping woman and listened attentively to the advice and the exhortations addressed her by Moses Hicks, the fat grocer, from whose close proximity Kitty involuntarily recoiled. But she got up at last when the meeting was over, not only without any interior satisfaction, but with an ill-defined dissatisfaction which deepened into positive self-disgust when, after walking home in silence between her silent companions, she heard her father say to her mother, sitting by the lamp with the evening paper:

"Katharine went forward to-night."

Her father seldom called her Katharine, except when she had been naughty and he was about to reprove her; and now, though she felt the absence of all minatory intention, the sound of the unfamiliar name only increased her disagreeable self-consciousness. She would not meet the inquiring eye turned upon her, and when later her mother asked in a softer tone than usual, as she tucked her between the blankets, "Well, Kitty, are you a Christian now?" the little girl answered shortly, "Don't talk about it, mother! I'll tell you another time."

The question was repeated the next afternoon as they sat

alone at their sewing, Kitty in her little arm-chair at her mother's side.

"Mother," she answered, "there was a woman beside me, and Moses Hicks came to talk to her. He asked her if she was sorry for her sins, and she said she was. Then he told her that all she had to do was to believe that Christ died for her—'lay right hold of it by faith' was what he said—and they would be pardoned. And she cried and groaned, and he talked and prayed, and by and by she shouted and said she 'saw the bright spot' and felt happy and was saved. And so did other people. But why did they? I believed all that and I felt just the same as ever. I didn't want to cry or to shout or anything. So they said I wasn't converted and would have to try once more. But I will never do that again."

"I tried that way a good many times," replied her mother, "but it wouldn't answer. I thought you were too much like me for that, but there's no knowing beforehand."

"How too much like you?" asked Kitty. "You have got your burden off, haven't you?"

"Ah!" said her mother, "it was never easy for me to believe what I could not see. When I was young the other girls used to call me Thomas Didymus, because I would never take anything on trust."

"How was it, then, that you were converted?" persisted Kitty.

"Well, it was after the first baby died. Grandmother Danforth was a Methodist, and after we were married father and I used to go to church to please her. I didn't care much where I went. My father had been an Episcopalian, but after his death mother went back to the Presbyterians. All our folks down in Orange County have always been the bluest sort of Calvinists. But I never could accept that doctrine of election. I don't want any salvation that isn't free to everybody on the same terms. Well, after Johnny died your father was in despair, and one of the members told him it was a judgment on him because he had begun to stay home Sundays to play with the baby instead of going to church. So he made up his mind to attend the next revival meeting, and he was converted the first time he went forward. So was Becky; but she isn't like me, and she had always a very tender conscience. I went and went, but it was no use. I was like you. I said, 'I believe all that already,' and I felt no change at all. But one night when they had all been praying for me, and I had been thinking of it until I fell asleep,

I woke up and found the room all bright with the light that came from the word 'Unbelief,' written on the wall at the foot of the bed in letters of fire. Then I saw that really I had never believed at all. And at once belief came to me and I was converted."

"Mother," asked Kitty after a long pause, "do you think the word was really there, or did you dream it?"

"I am not sure," replied her mother. "Perhaps I was only half-awake at first, and mixed up a ray of moonlight with my dream. But there was a new light in my mind, at all events, and the next morning the very sun seemed to shine brighter, the grass was greener, and all things looked new. And since then I have really from my heart believed."

"Believed what?"

"How can I tell you? The creed I learned when I was little—'I believe in God the Father Almighty, and in Jesus Christ, his only-begotten Son,' and the rest of it."

"I never learned that," said Kitty. "But I believe it."

"Yes," replied her mother, "just as you would believe the moon is made of green cheese, if you had always been told so. That isn't saving faith."

"What is?" asked Kitty.

"I don't know—at least I cannot describe it. For my own part, I think people have to wait until their time comes for it, and then God sends it, if they ask it, in the way that suits each one best."

"Well," said Kitty, after a long silence, "I know one thing. What you just told me made me think of it. When I went to church with Mag Bannan last Christmas she told me, when we came out, that what I saw up at the other end of the church was Jesus Christ himself, and I believed her, I felt so strange—as if God were not away off in heaven, but right there."

"He is everywhere," said her mother. "But don't talk about Mag Bannan and her church. Church indeed! A nest of papists! I wish you had never set your foot inside it."

"Papists!" said Kitty, pondering. "That wasn't the name. Mag said they were Catholics. Yes, and she said we were heathens because we don't keep Christmas. Why don't we? I should think folks would like to keep the Lord's birthday."

"So they would, if they knew when it was. But the Bible doesn't tell, and nobody is going to take the word of that corrupt church about it. And, Kitty, we won't talk about that at all. You must wait until you are older."

"Very well," acquiesced the child. "But go on and tell me something else. What did you mean about Aunt Rebecca? What is it to have a tender conscience?"

"Kitty," said her mother, "you are like the fool to-day. You ask questions that the wise man cannot answer. I will tell you a little story. When Becky and I were children mother lived away down near the river, and the sloops landed just in front of our door. One day when they were unlading one a box of lemons broke open and some of the lemons rolled about in the dirt. Your Uncle Tony and Becky and I each picked up one. Tony and I ate up ours, but Becky put on a long face as soon as she had hers in her hand, and went back indoors and sat down, thinking. Then she came out and put her lemon back just where she found it."

"She was afraid of stealing," said Kitty. "And you were not?"

"They were dirty," answered her mother, "and I suppose I thought nobody would care about picking them up. And I don't even remember thinking about it until I saw what Becky did. That is a tender conscience—to be quick to know what is wrong, and not wait for some one else to show you."

"But I wish she had got her lemon," said Kitty. "She looks so sober always—as if she never had anything she wanted. It would have been nicer if you had put yours back, too, and then somebody had come and given you each an orange instead. That's the way it is in the stories. I suppose Aunt Rebecca always feels sorry because she hasn't any little boy or girl. When I am big I mean to have a house of my own, and I hope none of my children will die. I should like a whole lot of them."

"Remember the maid with the milk-pail," said her mother, laughing. "Perhaps you'll change your mind when you are older. And, anyway, it takes two to make bargains of that sort."

TO BE CONTINUED.

EVOLUTION IN THE LIGHT OF RECENT RESEARCHES.

THE doctrine of evolution, such as we now understand it, has stood before the gaze of men long enough to enable us to determine the exact value of its conclusions, the amount of truth they embody, and the admixture of error which obscures them. From a mere attempt to solve a biological problem it has shot its branches into every department of science, it has sought to unravel difficulties which had puzzled the wisest of men in the past, and it holds up to our eye the alluring hope that the tangled skein of truth will at last run into parallel and separable strands at its bidding. Little did Malpighi, Bonnet, and Haller dream, when they first adopted the term evolution in opposition to the epigenetic doctrine of Harvey, that they had struck the keynote of a conjecture which was to leave an indelible impress on the philosophy of the nineteenth century. And yet it is claimed to be the unifying generalization which marks the correlation of mental and physical phenomena and supplies the light by which we can discern their common source and tendency. Not only is the progress of the individual from a homogeneous cell into the most complex condition of heterogeneity the goal of its inquiries, but it aims at explaining the manifold steps by which society has emerged from its primitive conditions, and the devious changes through which state-craft and morality have developed into their present complex attitude. Thus, there is no problem affecting human life and human interests which has escaped the searching influence of this principle, so that it is always worth while not only to keep well in view its tendency and activity, but to note the counter influence which researches and discoveries in the various fields of human inquiry exert upon it as modifying, confirming, or diminishing its power. Passing over what evolution has accomplished at the hands of Spencer and Darwin, we will view it now as a logical whole—viz., as having a necessary beginning, middle, and end. English evolutionism exhibits a disposition to halt; it is, so to say, illogically conservative. This disposition is eminently characteristic of the English philosophic mind, for no English philosopher, from Locke to John Stuart Mill, has accepted the entire consequences of his principles. Once the road to radical and revolutionary doctrines had been reached, the

signal to halt was given; and so English philosophy, to my mind, exhibits the curious spectacle of magnificent links powerfully welded together, but sustaining nothing at the end, giving to the eye the promise of that hope which it breaks to the ear. This is especially noticeable in the history of the various phases of the doctrine of evolution. If ever a principle implicitly contained within itself the necessary identity of organic life and inorganic existence, that was the underlying principle of evolution. The most simple cells consist of well-known chemical elements to which they may be readily reduced. Wherein, therefore, do they differ from their component parts? The conservative evolutionists tell us that they possess a potential vitality of which the elements are devoid. But why may not these elements be lifted up to the plane of that potential vitality which they enjoy in the cell? If we disallow the operation of every other force except that which is expressed by the term evolution, we cannot logically deny the possibility, nay, even the entire probability, of such a transition of inorganic elements into cells endowed with a vitality we call potential. Many German disciples of the English school, having overcome the hesitancy which marked the conclusions of their masters, have boldly avowed the logical necessity of admitting a continuous and unbroken evolution from the simplest forms of inorganic matter into the highest and most complex phases of organic existence. Of course the position thus assumed by the German evolutionist materially increased his difficulties, but it at least filled him with the gratifying sense of consistency. This is the view of evolution, regarded in its totality, which is held by Czolbe, G. T. Fechner, Lotze, and especially Lange, who recognizes, indeed, how difficult it is to determine "where and how the transition is effected from the manifoldness of the collisions of the atoms to the unity of sensation." Another German exponent of what may be called mechanical evolution—Radenhausen—has endeavored to account for the existence of the solar system and all the organic life found therein by a gradual unfolding of the implicit powers of chemical elements. Thus the German mind, true to its known characteristics, rushes to conclusions heedless of accompanying consequences, not caring what interests may be marred or overborne on the way. This legitimate outcome of evolutionism is not by any means a new factor in the history of philosophy. It enters into the mystic pantheism of the Hindoos, it is to be found in the number-theory of Pythagoras. Its feeble echoes resound in the teachings of the Eleatics. It was virtually

the system of Empedocles and Anaxagoras. Even Aristotle is claimed as an evolutionist by Zeller and Lange, though his theory of first matter and substantial form does not seem to share much in common with the views of Huxley and Spencer. Yet it was Aristotle who supplied to Harvey the suggestion of his theory of epigenesis, wherein he supports the theory of "equivocal generation." Though he has often been credited with the dictum, "Omne vivum ex ovo," he in reality held to the transition of non-living, inorganic matter to the highest types of organized, living substances. It is not my object to present a summary of the stages by which the doctrine of evolution has reached its present status, but to show that its doctrinal congeners in the early history of philosophy as well as its latest developments, of which recent German philosophy has been the mouthpiece, have not halted at the point where the doctrine of the transition of inorganic into organic existence becomes a logical necessity.

When Professor Tyndall rejected this doctrine on the ground that all attempts at spontaneous generation had failed, he *failed* to realize that the whole theory of evolution was thereby imperilled. He had already by his writings and experiments contributed so much to the erection of the structure that he did not deem that danger could frown upon the edifice, and so he left it, after the fashion of the Islamite's coffin, suspended in the air. Evolution must rest incomplete, and that, too, at the most important point, till it accounts for the bond of union which allies organic to inorganic substances. Helmholtz and Sir William Thomson felt this necessity and sought to account for it by means of a theory which few now accept. We therefore have here a hiatus which evolution cannot cross, a gap it has failed to fill up; and whatever facts which science reveals tending to widen the chasm between organic and inorganic matter must of necessity detract from the claims of evolution as a scientific doctrine. Early in the century Schwann pointed out the impossibility of obtaining the usual products of the fermentative process under conditions wherein the living germ was excluded; and yet, notwithstanding the cogency of the reasoning he employed and the apparent completeness of his experiments, contemporary chemists, among them the illustrious Liebig, refused to accept his conclusions. Their spirit was opposed to the views of even those early German evolutionists such as Schopenhauer and Von Baer, and Schwann experienced the sadness, often the portion of bold innovation, of beholding his laborious

and truly scientific researches go down into the sea of neglect where lie swallowed up the fruits of many and toilsome vigils. Hoffmann, Schröder, and Dusch repeated the experiments of Schwann under more favorable circumstances, and the results proved in each case identical. Thus it was established in a general way that no change from purely inorganic surroundings to any condition of organic existence could take place in the absence of germinal, or, in other words, of already organized, materials. But the still more careful investigations of Pasteur were needed in order to complete the proof and in many ways to demonstrate at least the actual non-transition from inorganic existence to organic life. Pursuing the labors of Schwann and the successors of that investigator in the same field of inquiry, Pasteur speedily reached and thoroughly confirmed the same important conclusions. But pushing beyond the pale of their inquiries, he put together what they had taken apart, and proved that each species of fermentation can proceed only in accordance with special rules governing special cases. With wonderful painstaking and closest observation, he showed us that throughout the changing steps which characterize vinous fermentation none but a vinous result can be obtained; that, provided effective measures be adopted for the exclusion of all other fermentative elements, no progressive metamorphosis can take place except that for which the elements seem *per se* to be adapted. So strict is this intransibility that no two germinal elements of the same genus but of different species can cross over from their natural medium. This interesting fact foreshadows for us in the realms of microcosmic existence what naturalists like Quatrefages hold to be the truth in the species and genera of zoölogy. Thus we find that not only is the transition of inorganic into organic life experimentally impossible, but that organic elements are so determined by their primitive constitution that they can develop only into one form of organized being, and are as incapable of passing over into other forms as though they were wholly inorganic. The most interesting experiments of Pasteur have been conducted with the view of establishing this essentially distinct character between the various fermentescible elements, and their success has been attended with most important practical results. The distinction which is made between fermentations known as chemical and those which possess a purely physiological character lends additional weight to the objection which is urged against the transition of inorganic into organic substances; for though the former begin with organized germs,

they pass up into higher forms only through the agency of chemical force, and it is thus we obtain "diastase," "emulsine," and "pepsine." No strictly physiological process is discernible in this species of fermentation; and no matter how we may change the conditions, the results remain the same, which shows that Nature surrounds the processes taking place in her vast laboratory with lines of limitations which cannot be passed, and which consequently stand in the way of an indefinitely progressive metamorphosis. On the other hand, in that species of fermentation known as physiological the chemical force remains inoperative, and throughout the gradual changes which occur in it a vital function alone can be observed. All attempts so far made to modify the normal process of vinous fermentation have not changed its essential character, but merely reduced its intensity of action and exhibited it in a pathological condition. Thus, a German brewer named Oskar Brefeld has succeeded in producing saccharomyces in brewer's wort without a trace of alcohol. The same statements hold good in regard to lactic and butyric fermentation, and the conclusion is again forced upon us that Nature constantly conducts her processes within well-marked lines, and that, as a matter of fact, no such gradations take place by which one process may merge into another, as is claimed theoretically by the doctrine of evolution. There is another result of Pasteur's labors which, though never contemplated by that savant as calculated to exert any influence on any other line of thought, yet possesses a decided and interesting bearing on the doctrine of indefinite evolution. Up to his time two views were held regarding the nature of fermentation, which, though extremely ingenious and sustained by a deal of speculative argument, constantly failed to account for the facts. One view was that this change was effected by the gases of the air, and particularly oxygen, and consequently that every kind of fermentation was a chemical transformation. Impressed with this belief, Jules Guérin, a celebrated surgeon of Paris, in the hope of arresting the fermentative process of putrefaction, adopted every possible means for the exclusion of the air from contact with wounded surfaces. He even devised a special apparatus by means of which the air was pumped away from the vicinity of the wound. But all to no effect: putrefaction set in as actively as ever. Leconte and Demarquay even substituted other gases in the place of oxygen, espécially carbonic acid gas, but the result remained as before. The other doctrine which fought for supremacy with the atmospheric one was that a spontaneous alteration occur-

ring in organic fluids after their issue from the body made the change a consequence of the loss of vital power. The experiments made to arrest putrefactive change fared no better when conducted in the light which this view was supposed to throw upon the process. The mere empirical treatment of wounds by the various preparations of coal-tar was found far more efficacious than all the attempts which have been based upon scientific theories. This fact strongly impressed Mr. Lister, an eminent English surgeon; and though he could not at first account satisfactorily for the results of what was then known as the antiseptic treatment, enough was perceived and understood by him to convince him that a thoroughly scientific explanation lay behind the highly interesting accumulation of facts with which hospital records teemed, and at last the investigations of Pasteur furnished him the key to the difficulty. It was ascertained that putrefaction was only a species of fermentation agreeing in its main features with the other fermentative processes, and differing from them only in the different character of the micro-organism which gave it birth. The question then arose, Whence came the germs which gave rise to putrefactive fermentation? The blood itself was but the pabulum, the congenial *nidus* or habitat wherein a suitable germ could take up its abode and thrive and multiply. The germ must, therefore, reside outside of the blood; and as the atmospheric air in the majority of cases was the only medium with which wounds come in contact, it was shrewdly conjectured that, if the air itself was not the fermentative agent, it might contain floating in its interstices the germinating elements in question. A number of experiments were instituted with the view of determining the correctness of the surmise. The air was in one case heated to 700° Fahrenheit, so that it could not possibly hold any germinating elements under the conditions of potential vitality. A highly fermentescible substance, one that under ordinary circumstances undergoes putrefactive change in six hours, was brought into contact with this degerminated air, and after an indefinite period of time no change was seen to have taken place. Two conclusions, both highly interesting, followed from this experiment. In the first place, it gave the finishing stroke to the nearly exploded doctrine that the putrefactive change was due to the action of the gases of the air; and, in the next place, it followed by the logical process of exclusion that the true germinating material was of an organic nature, which was held suspended in the air and perished by exposure to an unusually high temperature. Surgery, that human-

est of arts, was the first to profit by this unexpected turn of affairs, and the very discovery which set back indefinitely the claims of radical evolution has made us indebted to it for one of the most marvellous innovations in the most exact and progressive branch of modern medicine. The schizomycetes, supposed to be the special micro-organism which induces fermentation in putrefying wounds, not only float in the ordinary atmospheric air, but cling to every material with which they come in contact. Had M. Jules Guérin been aware of this fact he would not have contented himself merely with excluding the air from wounded surfaces in order to prevent putrefaction, but he would shut off all substances in which the noxious germs could have found a congenial medium. To accomplish this became the problem to the solution of which Mr. Lister at once addressed himself. The treatment of wounds with the different preparations of coal-oil, and especially carbolic acid, had long been tried with pronounced success, and their beneficial agency was deemed to be of a directly curative character. This supposition led to their use in more concentrated solutions, when it was discovered that, so far from contributing to healing of wounds, they proved to be highly irritating. This fact puzzled the advocates of carbolic acid and led even to its partial abandonment, till it occurred to Mr. Lister that the possible beneficial influence exercised by carbolic acid was due to its toxic effect upon the schizomycetes with which it came in contact. This thought inspired the Listerian treatment of wounds, and each day's experience lends its testimony to the value of the discovery. Of course the antiseptic idea lay at the bottom of the principle, but it lay there in the dark, groping for the light. Men felt that the fermentation of putrefaction had to be arrested ere sloughing of wounds, pyæmia, and the traumatic inflammation of internal organs could be prevented. The theory of evolution, however, stood in the way; for, they asked, how could it come to pass that a biological process should be arrested, since this would imply a halt in the onward course of beings constantly struggling to emerge from a lower to a higher grade in the scale of organized existence? But the fetters had been partially broken, and the truth was soon fully established. The supposition that a progressive development from a lower order of being must necessarily continue was finally abandoned, and the triumph of Listerism was complete. These results of Pasteur's investigations possess a pregnancy of meaning that may not be appreciated at once, but their significance, so far as they are going to affect the future of the doctrine of evolution,

will be better understood when their relation to that theory will be more clearly perceived. The French experimentalist never had in view any possible or probable consequences which his researches might exert upon any system, nor did this enter into the scope of his inquiries; but as a fact the result of his explorations will most surely make itself felt upon the future fortunes of evolutionism. They will especially tend to confirm the belief of many eminent naturalists that zoölogical species and genera are immutable, and will check the disposition to theorize over and beyond what the actual facts justify. If each species of fermentation is rigorously confined within its own limits, and has been proved, under every conceivable variety of experiment, as incapable of passing over into any other form, why may we not consider fair and rational the claim of such zoölogists as Quatrefages, who maintains that animal forms can undergo only definite and specific changes?

Here is a theme whose vastness grows as we contemplate it—a theme which might spread itself indefinitely, and which will repay the minutest treatment. I feel I have but suggested its bare outlines.

THE WISDOM AND TRUTH OF WORDSWORTH'S POETRY.

PART III.

IV. We will next proceed to consider the Wisdom and the Truth of Wordsworth's poetry in its appreciation of Nature.

Our theme is not alone its wisdom, but its wisdom and truth. There is, perhaps, no poet in whose writings the relation between these two things is so strong; and it is in their joint dealings with Nature that it becomes most apparent. That relation is one of constantly reciprocal aid; for it is an antecedent gift of wisdom which opens our eyes to the truth, that is, to the inner meaning, of those things which surround us, whether in the moral or the material world; while, on the other hand, it is the habitual perception of that truth which sustains wisdom, and by an insensible accretion enlarges and develops it. Modern poetry has abounded in description; but that description has often been more striking than truthful; while in other cases it has been satisfied with a

prosaic accuracy, and not risen to the significance and beauty inherent in Truth. The truthfulness of Wordsworth's observation came from a faculty higher than observation, which ever taught him what he was to observe, and what he was to pass by as unworthy of observation. His lines,

> "With gentle hand
> Touch—for there is a spirit in the woods,"

are a type of his poetry, which touches all things material with a spiritual hand, knowing that within them there is a spiritual element. Sometimes the faculty which directs the observation is a meditative imagination, as in the poem on the Butterfly and the allusion to his sister in childhood:

> "But she, God love her! feared to brush
> The dust from off its wings."

Sometimes it is philosophic thought, as in "We are Seven," where a child's expressions confirm his deep conviction that Immortality is with man an innate idea. In many a later poem the same interpretation of the lower by the higher is as marked, as in the sonnet on the flowers on the summit of the pillars before the cave of Staffa:

> "Calm as the Universe from specular towers
> Of heaven contemplated by Spirits pure."

In his record of the world's early religions ("Excursion," book iv.) Wordsworth tells us that

> "The Imaginative Faculty was Lord
> Of observations natural";

and it was through the predominance of that faculty in him that observation became something hardly distinguishable from inspiration. This peculiarity of his mind was illustrated in what it hid from him as well as in what it revealed to him. In his poem commonly known as "Tintern Abbey" the only object in the landscape, so minutely described, which he does not see is the great monastic ruin itself. When he wrote it Nature was to him "a Passion"; and his heart did not incline either to the ecclesiastical or to the ancient merely as such. In his early days one of Nature's most striking effects remained to him invisible:

> "Once I could hail (howe'er serene the sky)
> The Moon re-entering her monthly round,
> No faculty yet given me to espy
> The dusky Shape within her arms imbound,

That thin memento of effulgence lost
Which some have named her predecessor's Ghost."

The experience of life taught him at last to see it and more:

"Now, dazzling Stranger! when thou meet'st my glance
Thy dark Associate ever I discern;
Emblem of thoughts too eager to advance
While I salute my joys, thoughts sad or stern;
Shades of past bliss, or wishes that to gain
Their fill of promised lustre wait in vain."

Far more often Wordsworth's imagination made him see what others failed to mark. In all that deeply moves him he sees at once what exists and what is to be, as in the lines to H. C. (Hartley Coleridge), at six years old. The first stanza begins with a vivid picture of childhood; the second shows us that childhood bent down beneath the sorrowful weight of life. What the poet could not have foreseen was that in the child then addressed the childhood was still to live on under that yoke; that in him "the fancies from afar" would never be driven away by the cares near at hand; that gamesome words would remain the "mock apparel" of "unutterable thought"; and that "the breeze-like motion and the self-born carol" would be but the more striking when the locks that they waved were of silver, not of gold.

But we have already remarked that if Wordsworth's observation is ever colored or shadowed by wisdom, that wisdom was no less sustained by his observation. He found aid for it everywhere—now in an effect of Nature, as described in the sonnet, "One who was suffering tumult in his soul"; now in casual incident, as in "Stepping Westward"; now in the landscape's recurrent changes, as in the sonnet, "Hail, Twilight, sovereign of one peaceful hour." But it was yet more from what is permanent and universal in Nature that man, according to Wordsworth's philosophy, was to build up his moral being. To assist Nature thus to become man's teacher he believed to be the poet's noblest task.

"I, long before the blissful hour arrives,
Would chant, in lonely peace, the spousal verse
Of this great consummation; and, by words
Which speak of nothing more than what we are,
Would I arouse the sensual from their sleep
Of death, and win the vacant and the vain
To noble raptures; while my voice proclaims
How exquisitely the Individual Mind

(And the progressive powers, perhaps, no less
Of the whole species) to the external World
Is fitted; and how exquisitely, too
(Theme this but little heard of among men),
The external World is fitted to the Mind;
And the creation (by no lower name
Can it be called) which they with blended might
Accomplish: this is our high argument."

Regarding Nature as a teacher ever pointing out to him new lessons, Wordsworth recurred again and again in memory to the scene that had touched him once, and thus by necessity idealized it. Many of his "Memorials of a Tour" are but the growth of seed sown in his mind during the day's journey. Instances of this are found in his "Highland Girl," his "Lines on Kilchurn Castle," the third of his poems on Burns, and the sonnet to Haydon. Nor was this an accident. Human incidents alike and Nature's changeful aspects needed time to sink into his meditative mind and blend with it. The slower the process the more perfect was the crystallization, and the more definite the resultant shape. We learn this from himself. The best comment on his poetry is that derived from his own account of their origin and aim, as in his letter to Charles James Fox. For hints on these subjects his sister's diary is invaluable. Her moral mind was a section of his. She had not her brother's creative faculty, but she had that imaginative sympathy and moral susceptibility which constitute so large a part of female genius. She doubtless often observed for him as well as with him; and in what she describes we have what he saw.

We must ever bear in mind Wordsworth's philosophy respecting the external world, in connection with the inner world of thought, if we would understand his poetry in its relations with Nature. The most habitual intimacy with her had in him never subdued a reverence that sometimes amounted to awe. Near him as nature was, she also remained apart from him. She had for him something of the supernatural, and could never cease to be

"The resplendent Miracle."

He tells us that in boyhood he often clasped the trees to convince himself that they had a substantial existence external to his own mind. The closeness of our intimacy with nature is increased through our enjoyment while inhaling her breath—not alone the fragrance of her flowers, but her winds and rains, the

smell of the leaves, the grass, and the earth itself. By a strange fortune, or misfortune, the great Poet of Nature was almost wholly without the sense of smell. This strange "pain of loss" may have had for him its compensations. What was denied to the sense in his fruition of nature may possibly have been added to his intellectual appreciation of her. Every one must have observed, when gliding along the water-streets of Venice, what a saliency is imparted to their beauty by their silence. The ear remaining unchallenged, the eye seems to have acquired a two-fold power, and the long line of palace-fronts arrests it like a vision. That visionary power which Nature ever exercised on Wordsworth may also have been thus enhanced by privation. Renunciation of the lower, even when involuntary, intensifies our enjoyment of the higher. Thus much, at least, is certain: that in Wordsworth's poetry, as in none beside, the beauty of nature becomes a moral beauty, and her power a human power. The brightness of a human face is by it descried in the grove, which, though just touched by autumn, has not yet lost hold of its summer glories; and the gaze that dwells upon it is the gaze of one who watches the physiognomic changes in a face well loved:

> "Departing summer hath assumed
> *An aspect tenderly illumed,*
> The gentlest look of Spring,
> That calls from yonder leafy shade
> *Unfaded, yet prepared to fade,*
> A timely carolling."

In his delineations Nature ever takes her place side by side with man. Thus in "Animal Tranquillity and Decay":

> "The little hedge-row birds,
> That peck along the road, regard him not.
> He travels on, and in his face, his step,
> His gait, is one expression; every limb,
> His look and bending figure, all bespeak
> A man who does not move with pain, but moves
> With thought. He is insensibly subdued
> To settled quiet: he is one by whom
> All effort seems forgotten."

So with "The Old Cumberland Beggar":

> "The sauntering horseman-traveller does not throw
> With careless hand his alms along the ground,
> But stops, that he may safely lodge the coin
> Within the old man's hat."

Who but must share the aspiration:

"Then let him pass, a blessing on his head!
And, long as he can wander, let him breathe
The freshness of the valleys; let his blood
Struggle with frosty air and winter snows;
And let the chartered wind that sweeps the heath
Beat his gray locks against his withered face.
. . . . . .
As in the eye of Nature he has lived,
So in the eye of Nature let him die."

The "Solitary Reaper" is a poem which Wordsworth alone could have written, such is the sympathetic softness with which Nature and human sentiment are blended in it. To see the maiden aright you must see "the field," and see that she is the latest to remain in it, but not too wearied to be solaced by her song. It lies embosomed among mountains, and

"The vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound."

The poet cannot hear it without remembering how many a wanderer in solitudes deeper yet has been cheered by Nature's songsters—the traveller who listens beneath Arabian palms to the night-bird close by; the mariner who sees his native moorlands rise around him when first greeted by the cuckoo's call

"Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides."

He thinks now that the strain relates to "old, unhappy, far-off things," clan-fights of days gone by, and now that it may lament but

"Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again."

All that is certain is that this daughter of the hills bends above her sickle and sings

"As if her song could have no ending."

The clan has lost its independence, but a silver thread of minstrelsy binds them still to the memory of heroic days. The poem is not an Elegy—there is more of sweetness than of sadness in the "melancholy strain"; nor a Pastoral—there is nothing in it of changeful incident; nor a descriptive poem—we are not told whether trees diversify the field or a river engirds it; and had we been told more the ideality would have been

lost. It is a poem of Nature and of man, a melody at once and a picture, a record and a reverie.

Not less characteristic are the poems on Yarrow. That legend-haunted river had, while yet unseen, been so dear to the poet that he feared to see it, lest the dream of years might be dispelled; and the charm of "Yarrow Unvisited" consists in the pretended indifference with which he evades the importunity of his companion, who urged him to visit it. He sees it ten years later, and only as he could have seen it:

"Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,
For sportive youth to stray in;
For manhood to enjoy his strength;
Old age to wear away in!
Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss,
A covert for protection
Of tender thoughts that nestle there,
The brood of chaste affection."

With the pathos of the present the tragedy of the past mingles:

"Where was it that the famous Flower
Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding?
His bed perchance was yon smooth mound
On which the herd is feeding."

But the sorrow was transient, the sweetness perennial:

"Delicious is the lay that sings
The haunts of happy lovers;
The path that leads them to the grove,
The leafy grove that covers:

And Pity sanctifies the verse
That paints, by strength of sorrow,
That unconquerable strength of love;
Bear witness, rueful Yarrow!"

At first, when Yarrow as a reality had superseded Yarrow as a dream, the poet felt defrauded; but by degrees dream and vision reclaim each its own "divisum imperium":

"I see—but not by sight alone,
Loved Yarrow, have I won thee!
A ray of Fancy still survives—
Her sunshine plays upon thee!
Thy ever-youthful waters keep
A course of lively pleasure;
And gladsome notes my lips can breathe,
Accordant to the measure."

It is this blending of the inward and the outward worlds, and again the fusion of intellect with emotion, which makes the poetry of Wordsworth, while anything but sentimental, yet eminently the poetry of elevated sentiment. It is never dry thought; it is never irrational feeling. It comes from hidden depths of the spirit, but it weds itself in delighted sympathy with the purity and splendor of the visible universe; and its Philosophy, like the Socratic Wisdom of old, walks familiarly amid the thoroughfares and tarries at the doors of men. The genius of Wordsworth would commonly be called "subjective," yet in its habit of minute observation it deserves no less to be called objective. The union in him of those two qualities, each in its highest degree, is one of those characteristics which Wordsworth shares with Shakspere; while, on the other hand, his poetic method was in polar opposition to Shakspere's, of whose dramatic instinct he was signally destitute. Each is a profound thinker and a large-hearted humanist; and they have, therefore, far more essential resemblance to each other than Milton possesses to either. This was early remarked on by Landor, who, in his dialogue between Southey and Porson, claims for Wordsworth a breadth of human sympathies, and power of illustrating human character, not put forth in an equal degree by any other poet since our great dramatist.

Shakspere learned his insight chiefly from the stirring life of a metropolis; the philosophic bard mainly from the woods, the fields, and the cottages of humble men. In the world of convention Wordsworth had as little part as they had. To him, as to them, Nature remained the mighty Mother; and wisdom is near to those to whom nature is dear. That wisdom does not come to those who can only declaim about the picturesque, but to those in whom nature has a living part, whose yearnings are those that she inspires, whose joys are those that she ministers, whose sorrows are those which she consoles, whose daily round of dutiful and neighborly life she approves. The poet who wrote "The Churchyard among the Mountains" had considered the ways of those laborious men, as he had "considered the lilies of the field, which toil not, neither do they spin." He had marked how nature, with her rough sweetness, had prompted their youthful vivacities; how, with "the strong hand of her purity," she had corrected their aberrations; how the wilds and the moors had fostered their industry and those hardier virtues which would have starved in luxurious climes; and how the adversities of life had generated on the one hand their softer charities,

and, on the other, an ascetic self-sacrifice in the form of frugality. He had noted how that mighty Mother had spoken to their souls of a mightier Father in whose law there was peace, and in whose promise there was hope. He had noted that, while the rich live among their fancies, the poor live mainly among the great verities of nature—health with its triumphant strength, or depressing sickness; that rest was a real joy to those who had labored all day, and the prayer for "daily bread" a real prayer for those whose daily food was uncertain. The truthfulness of his own heart made dear to him the society of those who lived among great truths; and though he disclaimed the love of "personal talk," no one enjoyed it more when it was free from frivolity and detraction, and no one learned from it wiser lessons. He was interested by the wayfarer's tale, by the babble of the child; and when new forms of industry had banished the spinning-wheel from the cottage floor his ear missed, as we learn from the sonnet which he alone could have written, that soothing sound every tone of which was in harmony with a virtue, or with some condition of life proximate to a virtue. When the cottage dame no longer put on "fresh raiment," spun from the "daintiest fleece," in honor of the Easter morn; when at Christmas the village church no longer drew to its ivied chancel the mountain peasant through the winter snow, his verse lamented the loss of ancient pieties which long had won

> "Their pensive light from a departed sun";

but he still found consolation in the pure morals and in those ancient manners, their "viewless fence," which had long lived on, protected by their rocky ramparts:

> "Hail, usages of pristine mould,
> And ye who guard them, mountains old!"

But for Wordsworth external Nature had offices yet more holy. She was not intended, he believed, to feed man's body only, but his soul also. She was an hourly ministrant of peaceful gladness to many an unconscious recipient who served God well by gratefully accepting his gifts. For him Matter was but the shadow of Spirit, and all things fair and good on earth were but types of things yet higher subsisting in the Ideas of the Divine Creator. The Psalmist had said that the ways of God are like the firmament, and his counsels like the chambers of the deep. The converse statement must, then, be equally true: the firmament and the seas must be material symbols of things

spiritual and supernatural. We read that "as the mountains stand around Jerusalem," so God protects his people; if the higher is like the lower, then the lower must have been so placed, in relation with the human mind, as to elicit the idea of the higher, otherwise doubtless as inconceivable to man as to the inferior animals. That things visible actually represent things invisible is the confession of language itself; for such words as sweetness, brightness, greatness, harmony, stability are applied to both classes alike. A materialistic philosophy affirms, indeed, that material things are the sole realities, and that the terms in which we describe them are but metaphors when applied to spiritual things; but it is easier to make this confident assumption than to disprove the converse assertion made by a spiritual philosophy—viz., that things spiritual are the realities, and that the material world was created after their image, as man was created after the Image of God. Our inferior faculties have an earlier development than our nobler. Our dealings with things around us precede our dealings with the things above us; but what is the inference from this? Only that the lower is first in the field, that it may minister to the higher. Language, which is largely formed from material things, enables man to make inquiry respecting spiritual things; but it could never have prompted the instinct to make such inquiry, if it were not that in the mind of man the Ideas of things spiritual are innate, or at least exist potentially. The sea, though vast, is finite; yet its vastness suffices to elicit the idea of the Infinite, not, however, in an animal, but in man in whose mind that idea abides; and if we stand in delight looking down through its translucent depths, this is

> "Because the unstained, the clear, the crystalline
> Have ever in them something of benign;
> Whether in gem, in water, or in sky,
> A sleeping infant's brow, or wakeful eye
> Of some young maiden, only not divine." *

It is obvious that this estimate of the visible universe, if sound at all, must apply to the whole of Nature, even to her minuter details, though her significance will be best understood in proportion as the scene she offers to our regard is characteristically beautiful, and as the beholder's imaginative sensibility has been trained aright. If he be but a beginner he will have to spell out Nature's language letter by letter; if he be

* Wordsworth, "Sonnet by the Sea-shore, Isle of Man."

her apt scholar he will be able to read sentences; and his delight will not be the less because her meanings are expressed not distinctly, but vaguely. Music has a meaning, if it be true music; and we express that meaning vaguely when we apply to it such terms as pathetic, mirthful, impassioned, warlike, or religious; but if we are required to be definite we reply that the ideas of Beethoven or Mozart are already expressed in the language of notes; that they cannot be *definitely* expressed in words; but that their presence may not be doubted, since in their absence we should have but that senseless music which Coleridge compared to a school-boy's nonsense-verses. It is thus that the Wordsworthian Philosophy regards a beautiful landscape as a coherent whole. Every one not blind is struck by a forcible passage, here and there, in Nature's open book; but to one who is acquainted with her language she pours forth a continuous strain; stanza after stanza of her Ode, her Elegy, or her Pastoral coming out upon him in exquisite succession, as he confronts her mountain ranges, or advances along the glen, or tracks the stream in its windings through woodlands, pasture, and flowery mead.

Now, among the high offices of poetry, as a "virtuous art," and consequently as a truthful art, one is this: to bring out Nature's meanings in their fulness to those who otherwise would but have caught glimpses of them occasionally—persons who are without that keener insight which is at once creation and perception, but who are not without a responsive sensibility. She has to teach them first Nature's characteristics; and nothing is characteristic without being essential Truth. A skilful Dutch picture gives to a poultry-yard or the interior of a kitchen an interest which we do not find in the original. There is no object which does not admit of being idealized; but the process of idealization consists not in an attempt to ornament, but to represent truly what is characteristic. Objects which we should pass without regard please us in a picture from the truth of the representation, the painter's eye having discerned that which belongs to them essentially, while an ordinary eye would have dwelt as much on the irrelevant and the accidental. It is thus that genuine art is more true, not indeed than the Nature which it imitates, but than that Nature as seen by an undiscriminating eye. The true artist idealizes by a process the opposite of the false artist. The latter adds to what he copies something which he fancies to be flattering, but which is simply incongruous and unmeaning; the true artist takes away what is incongruous, and what remains is the characteristic and the true. The bad artist

thus adds detail to detail while he remains ever within the limits of the merely individual, and thus makes his portrait a caricature, even though it may be a "beautified" caricature; while the true artist brings out in his portrait the great generic type of Humanity by subtracting from it the accidents ever found in flesh and blood, while at the same time he emphasizes what is generically characteristic in the countenance copied. In other words, he creates while he copies, by seeing the Truth and representing it stripped of disguise. Such is the poet's function in his delineations of Nature. He has to see its Truth and express it. He expresses it mainly by eliciting its Beauty; for Truth and Beauty are but different aspects of the same thing as regarded by Reason or by Imagination. The eye of a dog is more powerful than that of a man, and not a bush or brake escapes his remark or fades from his memory. But he has not the higher Reason of man; and therefore for him neither the Truth nor the Beauty of Nature exists. He sees objects, but does not see the landscape, as he hears the sounds but does not hear the music. When the poet has fulfilled his mission aright that Truth of Nature which he has elicited flashes forth into Beauty; that Beauty breaks into life; and the voice which it utters is Nature's hymn of praise to her Creator. That voice is always ascending from Nature's lips, but inaudibly to the many:—when the true poet holds up his shell the hymn is heard.

It is heard by those who have a true ear. Though Nature has ever a meaning in her landscape, she is contented to adumbrate that meaning, and does not always choose to speak it plainly. It is thus that she speaks best; for which reason her most striking scenes are often not the most beautiful, not those which we remember best and to which we would most gladly return. She does not "cry aloud"; her voice is low and persuasive: there are other voices—those of Duty and of Faith—which address the soul with a more imperative authority, and she is often contented to sustain their loftier music with an accompaniment in undertone. If the seer is forbidden to prophesy "unless he interpret also," Nature has her interpreter in the true poet of Nature. But he, too, speaks to the few, not the many. His function is to make her meanings intelligible to the willing apprehension, not to the reluctant, the self-absorbed, or the dull. He, too, has to remember that as there are departments of thought in which, as in science, our knowledge cannot be too distinct, so there are others in which knowledge comes to us both most safely and most with power when it falls on us like mountain out-

lines seen through mist. There are meanings which must be felt before they are apprehended, and which are not felt unless a certain degree of mystery clings about them. A poet who professes to set forth Nature's meanings as plainly as if he were translating her words is apt to read his own meanings into Nature. He makes her *allegorize;* and this is not her way—even though it is true that without parables she does not open her mouth.

We have affirmed that Wordsworth is the poet of Nature in a sense special to him. The assertion admits of many tests. Here is one of them: Let the thoughtful reader compare the really Wordsworthian descriptive poems with those two early poems, "An Evening Walk" and "Descriptive Sketches," written with ability and witnessing to an ardent love of Nature, but written also before his genius had matured itself and thrown off the recollections of the eighteenth century. He will perceive little resemblance between the authentic and the unauthentic inspiration. Here is a second test: Let him compare them next with "A Night-Piece," "Waterfowl," "View from Black Comb," and "The Haunted Tree"; these are poems of a purer taste, and as literal descriptions they are effective. But one feels that they were poetic exercises, or records kept in a poet's diary. These, too, are not in the higher Wordsworthian spirit. Its power, its pathos, and its wisdom are not in them. They were written "sine numine," though not without discernment, feeling, and skill. A third test may be added: Take the best descriptive passages in Thomson or Cowper, and compare them with Wordsworth. The difference is that between mere veracity and spiritual truth, or between eloquence and great poetry. Still more striking is the contrast if we turn to such intensely Wordsworthian poems as "Influence of Natural Objects" and "Yew-Trees."

The two last poems represent a special variety of Wordsworth's descriptive poetry, in which observation is neither detained by the beauty of the object described, nor works as a servant of memory, but becomes mastered by the imagination, seeing Nature with an eye that more than "half creates," and adding to Nature's Truth

> "The light that never was on sea or land,
> The consecration and the poet's dream."

Even in him, however, such description is exceptional. That nature which he loves best to describe is nature not when it re-

flects the rapt moods of an extraordinary mind, but nature as she is loved by the general heart of man, as she brightens the dejected, consoles the unhappy, yields its reward to industry, gives rest to the weary—the brook that has taught the child his first lesson of hardihood; the river on which rival oarsmen have measured their strength; the thicket that heard the youth's first declaration of love; the bridge "crowned with the minster towers," and on which the cripple asked for alms; the churchyard sombre with the groves of death. The nature which has ministered to God's creatures and mirrored human life is Wordsworth's nature. And in the main it is a nature as gladsome as it is serene, though it has nooks which might well be called

> "Apt confessionals for one
> Taught by his summer spent, his autumn gone,
> That Life is but a tale of morning grass
> Withered at eve."

Carlyle's view of human life was a gloomy one; to him the earth presented an aspect full of Fortune's irony and the implacability of fate. It yielded, indeed, even if with seeming reluctance, a reward to persevering virtue and a field for the labors of valiant men; but it was filled with stains and shams, and deserved the tyrannous tread that stamped it down. Far other was the aspect which the life of man bore in Wordsworth's eyes. It had, indeed, its woes, deeper than those which the selfish and the weak cannot face; but its sorrows, too, were sanative, and the sword of God that pierced carried with it a healing virtue, from the hour when childhood was sufficient to itself,

> "As a faggot sparkles on the hearth
> Not less if unattended, and alone,
> Than when both young and old sit gathered round,"

to the years when age, full of hope because true to faith,

> "Rejoices secretly
> In the sublime attractions of the grave."

All things, he maintained, are "full of blessings." While we are in health every breath we draw is a satisfaction; the humblest green field is a comfort to the eye, every sound of Nature, almost, is pleasant to the ear; man's laws may be bad, but a divine law continues to fecundate the earth with all the charities of house and home. The oppressor cannot hinder the violet from reappearing, or restrain the hawthorn from renewing its snowy bloom, or reprove hearts as spotless when they spring to meet it. A fair

picture must have its shadows as well as its light, and the unguilty sorrows of human life are but such shadows. This is the estimate of man's lot taken by one whose poetry never contented itself with being the idle pastime of a vacant day, never shunned the painful side of things, and never railed against the appointed trials of humanity. It was because he had faced those trials that Wordsworth saw what a light of consolation mingled with them and spread beyond them. He had had personal experience of bereavement, poverty, and a disappointment perhaps the deepest which he could have known—that of his political hopes for man.

Wordsworth's genius was made strong by a moral faith, in the absence of which imaginative soarings bequeath but exhaustion and dejection. It was part of his Credo that man's race advances

> "With an ascent and progress in the main."

He believed that the pessimist estimate of things proceeded but from the lack of a faculty accorded to teach us truth, not fiction —the Imagination:

> "'Tis hers to pluck the amaranthine flower
> Of Faith, and round the Sufferer's temples bind
> Wreaths that endure affliction's heaviest shower,
> And do not shrink from sorrow's keenest wind."

He bade the poets and the artists be sure that

> "A cheerful life is what the Muses love,
> A soaring spirit is their prime delight,"

and that he who possesses

> "Faith in the whispers of the lonely Muse"

must also

> "Brook no continuance of weak-mindedness."

Hope, he asserts, is "the paramount duty" which God lays on us; he insists on it that

> "In all men sinful is it to be slow
> To hope";

and even in the churchyard he listens to the

> "*Jubilate* from the choirs of spring."

The cynical poet and the whining poet sing as if nature and man's life were nothing but the blundering workmanship or

bad jest of an evil power; that is, they see them unwisely and report them untruly. What Wordsworth sees in them is predominantly (though he does not fail to see also "what man has made of man") the essential splendor left on them by the Face of the Creator when he looked and beheld "that they were very good." To see thus is to see the Truth; and that Wordsworth thus sees and thus witnesses is the "Wisdom and the Truth" of his poetry.

HISTORIES AND CATECHISMS.*

THE editor of a popular newspaper once remarked to us that when he wanted news he found a way to manufacture something. If this be a good device for journalism it is surely a bright idea for histories. Catechisms are for all Protestant sects a matter of manufacture, since the principle of private judgment applies to all questions of faith. The church has no authority whatever; and each individual being for himself the sole judge, there can be no objection to every man having a catechism of his own, as he has his own creed. The only logical difficulty here is the teaching of one man's catechism to children, thus intruding upon their inexperienced minds and interfering with their right to judge for themselves. We have never seen how any Protestant sect could logically teach any catechism. Still, each man will probably be zealous for his own opinion, and such inconsistencies will arise. There will be such things as creeds which are open to the private interpretation of every one. But the catechism treads upon more dangerous ground and ventures to explain the creed, thus teaching dogmatically, and even entering upon the domain of history. Let it be, however, understood that the whole business is free to all, and that every mind must apply its own judgment to the catechism as well as to the creed. If this be not good Protestantism we fail to grasp its character.

The same blessed privilege applies to histories. If there are none made to suit let them be supplied. It is easy to find almost anything in the records of nineteen centuries. Let the enterprising student choose for himself. He can perhaps persuade

* *Studies on the English Reformation.* By J. Williams, D.D., Bishop of Connecticut.
Instruction-Books for Sunday-schools. Edited by the Right Rev. W. C. Doane, S.T.D.
Manuals of Christian Doctrine. By the Rev. Walter Gwynne.

himself of anything he chooses to believe, and, after sufficient effort, black will seem white to his eyes. Since the days of what is called the blessed Reformation the grand principle of private judgment has been fully applied to history, and the studies in this department have often been attempts, more or less successful, to support private opinions.

Such reflections have occurred to us on reading the volumes which we have named on the foregoing page. The *Studies on the English Reformation* are quite curious, and, in the line of special pleading, quite remarkable. The *Manuals of Christian Doctrine* may seem refreshing to the few friends of the *Anglo-Catholic* school; and surely these active people need some little refreshment amid the persecutions of their own great *branch* of the *One* Church. We would not grudge them this cup of cold water, though it be not taken in the name of a disciple. But to all others, the great majority of their own communion, not to mention the other *branches* of the Catholic Church, these enterprising catechisms are funny beyond all expression. The Hon. Mark Twain never accomplished anything so facetious, even when his Innocents went all abroad.

We have no hope of converting to the truth the authors of these bright books. They are believers in their own infallibility, and wisdom will probably die with them. Still, it may be of some use to hold the mirror before them, and let them see what others among the great *branches* of the church think of their curious performances. We will select, therefore, a few points, and seek to throw upon them the light of Protestant authorities. When doctors disagree who shall settle the dispute? And all we say shall be said in the interest of truth. Who can say whether the seed shall fall upon the wayside, or upon good ground where some fruit may spring up for God's glory?

It has been a favorite plan of apologists for the Reformation to confound doctrine with discipline and morals with faith. The Son of God, who founded the church, never promised to keep all men, nor any class of men, not even the priests and princes of his people, from sin. He did promise to keep his church from error in faith. He did found it on Peter and promise that the gates of hell should not prevail against it. It will be just and right to be severe upon the sins of any Catholics, and especially upon the offences of the hierarchy or sacred priesthood. But it will be a false and dishonest argument to seek to conclude therefrom the failure of the church in faith. The moment the church of God teaches falsehood in faith she ceases to be the church, fails

utterly, and proves her Founder to be a liar. Much is said in these *Studies on the English Reformation* about the wickedness and corruption of the Catholic world. Stress is laid upon the vices which at various times have prevailed at Rome, the centre of Christianity. Our own opinion is that at all times the city of Peter has been distinguished by great virtues, and that the corruption of morals has been less there than in any part of the world. Everything that malignant hate could do to blacken the character of the popes has been done; but nothing has been really proved against the life of any of the long line of pontiffs while on the papal throne. Yet let it pass. What does it all amount to, but to show that men are men and that God keeps his treasures in earthen vessels? That the divine wisdom has kept the faith pure and entire in the hands of sinful men is the great proof of the mission of the Son of God and of the supernatural character of the church which he founded. The author of the *Studies* seeks to gather from the admission by Catholic writers of the need of reformation in morals that they have conceded the corruption of faith. This they could not do, and this they never did. There is a quotation from a letter of Adrian VI. in which this pontiff is represented as holding the errancy of the popes in questions of faith. It is given in the text as if he, while pope, had uttered such an opinion, although there may be no intention to thus misrepresent him. A careful investigation of the whole matter renders it at least doubtful if he speaks of the popes in their official capacity, and it is certain that he does not speak of the pontiff teaching *ex cathedra*. Moreover, the language attributed to him is simply his private opinion as a professor of theology at Utrecht. It is false that he permitted the republication of his work when he was pope. It was published against his will and before his arrival in Rome. The church does not hold the inerrancy of the Supreme Pontiff as a private individual. But the words quoted—if, indeed, they are accurately quoted—are not the words of Adrian VI., but of the cardinal before his election to the papacy. Perrone (*De R. P. Infallibilitate*, p. 152) states that there is no utterance of this kind in his works published at Rome in 1522.

The author of the *Studies* lays great weight upon the words of Gerson, as if he held that the church could err, while in the sense intended by the quotation no Catholic could for one moment be supposed to speak.

The learned Dr. Williams has not one glimpse of the apostolic church, nor the least conception of what it is to be a Catho-

lic. In regard to the powers of the Vicar of Christ, Gerson has these words: "He alone can compile the symbol of faith; he alone can treat of the causes of faith, and other greater questions; he alone, as is actually done, makes definitions, laws, and canons. Whatever is defined, decreed, published, or established by others is void and of no effect. No constitution of any other, whatever it may be, binds him. I am very much in error if this tradition, even before the celebration of the sacred Council of Constance, did not so hold the minds of the greater number that the teacher of the opposite opinion would not have been condemned of heretical pravity" (*De Potestate Ecclesiastica*, ii. p. 247).

The University of Paris, in a theological treatise offered to Clement VII., thus speaks: "The first conclusion is that it pertains to the holy, Apostolic See to define by supreme judicial authority the things which are of faith. And this is proved, because to define judicially belongs to the authority of that Supreme Judge whose faith never fails; because of this Holy See, in the person of Peter, it was said: 'I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not.'"

Wherefore, says Cyprian, "He that deserts the chair of Peter, upon which the church is founded, how does he prove that he is in the church?"

And Jerome declares: "Upon him is the church founded, and he that gathers not with the Roman Pontiff, scatters" (Mazzella, *De Religione*, p. 852).

If we mistake not the author of the *Studies*, he charges the whole church with corruption in doctrine. He says: "Practical evils in the church have, as a rule, their roots in doctrine." Quoting Bossuet, he declares that his words "are a perversion of the truth" when he affirms that not one of the doctors who called for reformation in morals "even for once thought of changing the faith of the church, or of correcting her worship, or of subverting the authority of her prelates, and chiefly that of the pope."

His view is, therefore, that the Catholic Church had become corrupt in faith, and so had ceased to be a safe guide to any one.

The *Manual of Christian Doctrine* says that "the Church of England, in the course of several centuries, became corrupt in doctrine and practice, like most of the other churches in Europe."

If we mistake not, the conclusion to be drawn from this is that the Lord Jesus Christ for many centuries had nowhere a

pure church. In connection with this assertion of the complete failure of Christianity the author of the *Studies* attacks the belief in a *present* church, and asserts a *successional* church in its place. We understand this to mean that the *existing* church in any age is not the teacher of truth, but the faith is to be learned from historical investigation of the teaching of all ages. Of course he does not refer to tradition properly so called, which is a rule of faith to the *Ecclesia docens*, but to the private interpretation of the individual. We humbly aver that a church which has lost the faith or corrupted it is no authority whatever to any one at any time. And when the enterprising historian has fixed the time when the church was corrupt, we insist that he must exclude this time from his studies. In honesty those who are not believers in a *present* church are not believers in any church at all, since the churches of preceding centuries are not now in existence, and are nothing.

We do not propose to argue this question here. We only say that those who admit that the church at any time has erred in faith, have really destroyed the whole institution of Christ. The devil could not have a better instrument than a church teaching falsehood. The *Manual of Christian Doctrine* tells us that "the church of God is a creation of God, and not a work of man." Yet it also teaches us that this "creation of God" has signally failed by a corruption of many centuries.

To this glaring contradiction of common sense and Holy Scripture we simply add the following quotations:

"Behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world" (St. Matthew xxviii. 20).

"Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it" (St. Matthew xvi. 18).

"For this cause did the Lord take the ointment on his head, that he might breathe incorruption upon his church" (St. Ignatius, *Ep. to the Ephesians*).

"The Spouse of Christ cannot become adulterate; she is undefiled and chaste. She owns but one home; with spotless purity she guards the sanctity of one chamber" (St. Cyprian, *De Unitate*).

"The gates of hel shall not prevail against the church. I consider the gates of hell to be vices and sins, or certainly the doctrines of heretics, by which men are enticed and led to hell" (St. Jerome, t. iii. l. iii. *in Matt.*)

"There follows in the Creed *the holy church*. . . . God and his temple have been shown you. This is the holy church, the one church, the true church, the Catholic Church, which fights against all heresies. She may fight, but cannot be defeated" (St. Augustine, t. iv. *De Symbolo*).

"I believe, the holy Catholic Church, that thou mayest acknowledge a church, the spouse of Christ which will abide in the uninterrupted society of Christ" (St. Peter Chrysologus, *Serm.* 61).

It is quite evident that the author of *Studies on the Reformation* never made, nor could make, an act of faith in the church. And as there was, according to his theory, a time when the universal church was corrupt, there was then "no pillar and ground of the truth." It will be also observed that the private judgment of each individual is the sole authority to determine the extent of this corruption. The corrupt church could not well be relied upon; and even if it were it has no authority to speak.

Another point in this luminous view of the body of Jesus Christ is that, while the greater part of the church was sunk in the depths of vice and error, the time came when a portion of this corrupt mass arose and purified itself. To use the exact language of the *Manual* before us, "it arose and washed itself." This is the theory also of the *Studies*. The Continental churches went too far and were guilty of *revolution*, which ruined everything. The Church of England was just the wise one, who washed himself and did not wash himself away. The dirt came off, and behold the spectacle of primitive purity which the world had not seen since Pentecost. "The vision of a national *autonomous* church, holding the faith, orders, and liturgy of the universal church, and subject only to a free and lawful general council, *looms* up *indistinctly* but unmistakably in the petition of Convocation in 1531, and takes on shape and consistency till it stands out a *living* thing in 1534." * What a blessed *looming* this is, of a coming into life of a thing which was not *living* till 1534! How like the phœnix it arose from its ashes to spread its wings in its national *autonomy!* Here, to cast more light upon the vision, we quote the catechism: "By a vote of the two Convocations the Church of England declared that the Roman bishop has no greater jurisdiction given him by God in this kingdom than any other foreign bishop. And she *gradually* reformed her doctrines and practices." "At this time the Bishop of Rome committed a great schism." What did he do? Why, "he ceased to hold communion" with this national, pure, and *autonomous* church. The more is the pity; but this is nothing to what he had done before. "In 1054 he separated himself from the Eastern or Greek churches." Then he completed his iniquity by "establishing a Roman Catholic sect in England which is only three hundred years old." It is a beautiful theory, and it "looms" upon us like a thing of beauty which is a joy for ever. It is delightful to teach children these fairy-tales. The *Arabian Nights* were never read in

* *Studies*, p. 122.

the Sunday-schools; but these catechisms are more marvellous. And schism is a deadly sin, and especially when the body committing schism is so large and the true church is so very small. Let us, however, draw near and look at this spectacle of a church washing itself, and not washing too much nor too long. It was not an ordinary wash, for it washed away a part of its faith. Suppose we find that, after all, it did not wash itself, but that it was washed pretty well against its will, and by hands that were anything but clean!

We will proceed to quote from Protestant historians to show that this washing was not done by the church itself, but that the ecclesiastical body was bound hand and foot, and then washed until there was nothing left of it. This point is important, because it shows the romance of the catechism, and opens another field of inquiry whether those who did this washing had any divine commission to do it.

Rev. R. W. Dixon, vicar of Hayton, in his history of the Church of England, thus testifies:

"The Church of England was so handled by the Assembly which began to sit (1529) as she had never been handled before. This was the Parliament which, by successive acts, within a few years took away much of the ancient liberties of the church; which caused her to renounce all dependence upon the See of Rome; and which backed the king in his contest with the Convocations of the clergy." "A full generation at least of the fiercest hacking and hewing followed ere the ancient system was spread upon the ground. The fury of a great revolution fell first, as in all such cases, upon religion and the church."

"The church was taken out of the hands of the clergy, to be managed by *the laity*. The king and the temporal estates overruled the spirituality. If the church had been left to her proper officers to be reformed, and the needful compulsion given to them which it was always in the power of the king and the temporality to apply, the state of the nation would have been better at this day." "It is not known that the Parliament condescended to consult the Convocation on any of their measures, according to the ancient custom of the realm."

"The struggle now actually commencing between the king and the clergy, which ended in the victory of the former, consisted of two great parts or actions, rapidly succeeding each other, in which the spiritual jurisdiction was destroyed. The first was the Præmunire, which led to the king's new title of the supreme head of the church. The second was the supplication of the Commons, of the year following, which brought about the formal submission of the clergy." "The papal jurisdiction or authority in spirituals was not the object of Henry's attack, but the liberties of the Church of England. The proof of this is that the pope's jurisdiction fell after the fall of these liberties, not before it. The pope's jurisdiction fell in consequence of the fall of those liberties; and they were not abridged

that it might be abrogated." "The Convocation of the clergy of Canterbury, when the thunderbolt of the Commons fell upon them, was actually engaged in making canons. These laws would have been sufficient, if they had been enforced, to have freed the church from her worst corruptions, while they preserved her ancient jurisdiction. They never became laws upon her authority. The power of making laws was taken from her before they could pass through her assemblies. In this, as in so many other things, the clerical reformation was stopped by violence."

"The famous submission of the clergy ran thus: 'We your most humble subjects and beadsmen, of your clergy of England, having our special trust and confidence in your most excellent wisdom, your princely goodness, and fervent zeal in the promotion of God's honor and Christian religion, do offer and promise *in verbo sacerdotii* here unto your highness, submitting ourselves most humbly to the same, that we will never from henceforth enact, promulge, or execute any new canons or constitutions provincial, or any other new ordinance, only as your highness by your royal assent shall license us to assemble our convocation, and thereto give your royal assent and authority.'"

The second part of this servile submission agrees to abrogate any previous ordinances which seemed prejudicial to the royal prerogative. At this time we presume the *autonomous* Church of England began to *loom*. We cannot see it. We see a king, but no church. Much less do we see any autonomy.

"A great tyrant," says Dixon, speaking of Henry VIII., who washed the English church, "tries the nature of men. Under him all were distorted, all were made worse than they would have been." "The burden of these crimes is laid, as a matter of course, by one writer after another, upon the clergy, and especially upon the bishops; but the reader will by this time have perceived that *the clergy had wonderfully little to do with them;* that they broke out whenever the king desired it, and ceased at his command." "That such a king was on the throne was the circumstance which, above all others, brought on the Reformation."

We quote now a few passages from the history of Dr. Short, one of the English bishops:

"The existence of the Church of England as a distinct body, and her final separation from Rome, may be dated from the period of the divorce" (pp. 53, 54). "Henry now suspended all the bishops from the use of their episcopal authority; and after a time the power of exercising it was restored by a commission which was granted to each of them on their petitioning for it. It must be confessed that this commission seems rather to outstep the limits of that authority which God has committed to the civil magistrate; but in this case there was no opposition raised on the part of the bishops, excepting by Gardiner" (§ 201).

"The plan of reformation pursued by Cranmer was to entrust the task of reforming any particular branch of church matters to a committee of divines appointed by the crown, sometimes on the ground of the eccle-

siastical supremacy, and sometimes under an act of parliament, and then to sanction the result by a fresh bill, or by publishing it under the royal authority." "This method of proceeding may be esteemed very unconstitutional with regard to the Convocation; but if the supreme authority be lodged in the chief magistrate, in him, too, must be vested the power of finally approving or rejecting all regulations with regard to the service of the church." "The Articles of Religion published in 1553 might appear from their title to have derived their authority from Convocation; but if they were ever submitted to the upper house, which is very questionable, it is indubitable that they were never brought before the lower, while all the original mandates which remain prove that they were promulgated by the royal proclamation alone" (§§ 338, 484).

The English bishop Burnet, in his *History of the Reformation*, refers to the submission of the clergy in 1532, when, according to Dr. Williams, the autonomous church began to loom. "By this submission," he says, "all the opposition which the Convocations would probably have given to every step that was afterwards made in the Reformation was so entirely restrained that the quiet progress of that work was owing to *the restraints* under *which the clergy put themselves by their submission*" (vol. iii. 120).

The Rev. F. G. Lee, an English clergyman, vicar of All-Saints', Lambeth, thus writes: "Humanly speaking, the severance of England from the rest of Christendom in religious and ecclesiastical matters, and the repudiation of the primacy of the Apostolic See, were brought about by the king's divorce of his lawful wife and his alliance with Anne Boleyn. The complications then caused ended in the visible separation of England from Catholic nations on the Continent, and have sealed her continued *irreligious isolation* ever since" (*History of the Reformation*, p. 289).

The Rev. Mr. Lee evidently does not see the *autonomy*, nor does he admire the washing of which the catechism treats. For he thus speaks of the doings of 1534, when, according to Dr. Williams, the *autonomous* church became a *living* thing: "Grave and startling changes were introduced by which the traditions of nine centuries, common to every other part of the family of God, were abolished. That innovation, however, was sufficient to amaze and startle which had taken away from the pope all such authority as by obvious necessity had existed in England since the days of St. Augustine. For the kingdom of Christ was universal and world-wide, its laws being framed for all nations, while the kingdom of England was, comparatively speaking, new and national" (pp. 224, 225). Knight's *Popular History of England* thus speaks of the great epoch 1534:

"The parliament assembled in November, 1534, had some root-and-

branch work to do at the bidding of its imperious master." "The most arbitrary man that ever wielded the large prerogatives of sovereignty had now united in his person the temporal and spiritual supremacy." "The crown had become all in all. The whole system of human intercourse in England was to be subordinated to one head, king and pope in one." "No Amurath of the Turks could write more insolently to his provincial slaves than Henry of England wrote to his sheriffs." "The higher clergy were terrified into the most abject submission before this spiritual lord. The Lords and the Commons crawled at his feet." "The ecclesiastical authority which had regulated the English Church for eight hundred years was gone" (vol. ii. pp. 356, 357).

The *Studies on the Reformation*, while not wholly approving the conduct of Henry VIII., seek to apologize for the Act of Supremacy and to find some precedent in the conduct of Christian kings of England who preceded him. Even Dr. Williams cannot approve of Henry's whole conduct, nor of the acts of his lay vicar-general. Still, in all he sees much to be thankful for, and beneath all tyranny and humiliations of the clergy he beholds the blessed *autonomy*. The Rev. Mr. Lee is not of his mind. He says: "The idea of an English monarch claiming or owning a supreme spiritual jurisdiction, which of course implies the right and power of correcting and redressing heresies and errors, and pronouncing finally upon matters of faith and practice, never before entered into the minds either of monarch or people" (*Sketches*, p. 9). There were no such Christian kings as Henry VIII. before his time. Mr. Lee says again, quoting another English clergyman, whose language he commends:

"The royal supremacy over the Church of England has been called, I think, by some one the *brightest jewel in the English crown*. But it is a jewel which has been stolen from the crown of the Incarnate God. Let us replace it where only it has a right to be. On any other brow, on any other diadem, but that of Christ it shines with an ominous gleam, which is a sign of wrath and vengeance against all who have taken part or are implicated in the robbery which transferred it from him to those with whom it ought not to be."

And he adds:

"The ritual conflict, important enough in itself, is of slender interest in comparison to that of authority, jurisdiction, and spiritual independence." "To the parsons the question will come, Will you have subservience, slavery, and spiritual degradation with your useful and convenient endowments, or are you ready to surrender your temporal advantages for the sake of perfect spiritual freedom?" (Lee, pp. 410, 411).

The *Studies on the Reformation* would seem to evade the plain meaning of words and the more indubitable language of facts.

"The Act of Supremacy was repealed in 1553, and never revived in its original form. Elizabeth refused the title 'Supreme Head,' and substituted for it that of 'Supreme Governor' as well in all spiritual and ecclesiastical things or causes as temporal." This curious view of the supremacy of the crown needs some preparation of mind to understand it. The restoration of the liberties of the church which had been washed away took place among the first acts of Queen Mary's reign in 1553. And when Elizabeth came to the throne the statutes of Henry VIII. were revived. This took place in the parliament of 1559, when once more royalty was invested with ecclesiastical supremacy. We do not see the great difference between the title of *governor* and that of *head*. The meaning was entirely the same, and the oath required of her subjects implied all that Henry VIII. ever demanded. Indeed, the obligation to take this oath was extended to all the functionaries of the crown as well as to clergymen. All laymen suing out the livery of their lands were obliged to take it. Not one of the bishops except Landaff consented to take it, and they were therefore deprived of their sees. The bishops created then by the mandate of the crown were the obedient slaves of Elizabeth. And from that day to this, as Dr. Williams knows, the bishops of the English Church have had no power whatever to make laws or determine questions of faith. The bishops are only ornamental, and the last appeal in every controversy is to the crown.

"The bishops," says Macaulay, "were little more than Elizabeth's ministers. By the royal authority alone the prelates of the Church of England were appointed. By the royal authority alone her Convocations were summoned, regulated, prorogued, and dissolved. Without the royal sanction her canons had no force. One of the articles of *her faith* was that without the royal consent no ecclesiastical council could lawfully assemble" (*History of England*, i. 62). "Her bishops," says Froude, "Elizabeth treated with studied insolence as creatures of her own, whom she had *made*, and could unmake at her pleasure." "To an episcopacy so constituted the most extreme Presbyterian would not long have objected." "Pretensions which many of them would have gladly abandoned have connected their office with a *smile*." "The latest and most singular theory about them is that of the modern English *Neo-Catholic*, who disregards his bishop's advice and despises his censures, but looks upon him nevertheless as some high-bred, worn-out animal, useless in himself, but infinitely valuable for some mysterious purpose of spiri-

tual propagation" (*Hist. of England*, xi. 100, xii. 577–579). "The oath of homage," says Rev. Mr. Lee, already quoted, "which the bishops still take on their knees before the sovereign, asserts that all *spiritual* and temporal authority and jurisdiction come from the monarch. This is a very wide and large assertion, and covers so much. A recent writer, the Rev. J. H. Blunt (who is also an enterprising student), holds 'that the courage of the clergy in Convocation under Henry VIII. secured under God's providence the *future freedom* of the church'; but those who use the term *freedom* in its ordinary sense, and remember the course of ecclesiastical legislation from the days of Thomas Cromwell to the time of Lord Penzance, will scarcely agree with him. The national church is as much subject to the crown as is the Board of Trade or the Admiralty" (*Sketches*, 108, 109). Wonderful magnifying-glasses and a distorted vision must be necessary to see any *autonomy* here. Rather, with Cardinal Newman, we "see in the English Church not merely no descent from the first ages, and no relationship to the church in other lands, but we see no body-politic of any kind. We see nothing more nor less than an Establishment, a department of government, or a function or operation of the state. Its unity and personality are gone, and with them its power of exciting feelings of any kind. As a thing without a soul, it does not contemplate itself, define its intrinsic constitution, or ascertain its position. It has no traditions; it cannot be said to think; it does not know what it holds nor what it does not. Bishop is not like bishop any more than king is like king." "Elizabeth boasted that she *tuned her pulpits;* Charles forbade discussions on predestination, George on the Holy Trinity; Victoria allows differences on holy baptism. Similar differences have been lately allowed by the Supreme Court of Appeal in ecclesiastical causes with regard to various other important matters, such as the eternal reprobation of the finally impenitent, the inspiration of Scripture, and the Real and Adorable Presence in the Eucharist" (*Anglican Difficulties*, p. 4).

"One of the Articles," says Dr. Döllinger, "declares, indeed, that the church has authority in matters of faith, but no one is able to say *what* and *where* this church is. It cannot be the *English state church*, for this has no organ, and since the Reformation has never had one, unless it be the political supremacy of the prime minister for the time being and his privy council of laymen" (*The Church and the Churches*, p. 160). Even Archbishop Wake said in 1710 that "the English church was only preserved from destruction by her hands being bound by the civil

power, so that she could not destroy herself" (Calamy's *Life of Baxter*, i. 405).

The bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States have never been bound by the civil power, and thus they have been able to do much mischief. They have rid themselves of the Athanasian Creed and of the only adequate form of absolution, have asserted a Zwinglian doctrine of the Holy Eucharist, and have denied regeneration in holy baptism. We agree with Archbishop Wake that the only safe way is to tie their hands and keep them from doing anything.

The author of the *Studies* not only sees *autonomy* where no one else can see it, but he sees it from the beginning. The Church of England was planted on an island, and was always isolated from the Catholic world, being all-sufficient to itself and independent. The catechism tells us this also, and asserts that Augustine, who came to England in 597, had no power to interfere with "the canonical rights and immunities of the Church of Britain." Dr. Williams seeks to prove that this independence of the British church was secured by the Council of Ephesus, and that the right of appeal to Rome was forbidden or denied by the second General Council of Constantinople. He refers to Hefele, and therefore we will quote Hefele, with the desire that he may study the work a little more. First, the canons of the Council of Constantinople were never received in the West, and the confirmation of the council by the pope refers only to its decrees on faith. The Vicar of Christ has had more than once to contend with jealous and contentious bishops, but he has always maintained his rights, and the church universal has acquiesced in them. "It may certainly be said," says Hefele, "that in the sixth century the œcumenical character of this council had come to be most distinctly acknowledged in the Latin church, and, as we have seen above, had been expressly confirmed by the popes Vigilius, Pelagius II., and Gregory the Great. But this acknowledgment, even when it is not expressly stated, only referred to *the decrees on faith*, and not to the canons, as we have already observed in regard to the third and sixth of them" (*History of Councils*, ii. 374). The canon of the Council of Ephesus in 431, which is said "to cover with the shield of law the Anglican position," is not given by Hefele at all. There was discussion "in regard to the churches of Cyprus, and it was resolved that they should be confirmed in their independence, and in the right to consecrate and elect their own bishops, and that the liberties

of all ecclesiastical provinces generally should be renewed, and all intrusions into foreign provinces forbidden" (Hefele, iii. 72). This resolution is put down in some manuscripts as the eighth canon, but it treats of local matters and has no reference whatever to the prerogatives of the Bishop of Rome.

What this third council thought of the rights and authority of the Roman Pontiff may be gathered from its language. When the letter of Cœlestine was read commanding the synod to act, and instructing the bishops on the questions of faith before them, they replied: "That is the true judgment, thanks to Cœlestine the new Paul, to Cyril the new Paul, to Cœlestine the *watchman* of the faith." "One of the papal legates, the presbyter Philip, now thanked the synod for this, that the holy members had adhered to the holy head, *knowing well that Peter was the head of the Catholic faith* and of all the apostles, and asked that the decisions of the synod might be laid before them, so that the legates might confirm them in accordance with the commission of the pope. This was agreed to, and the session then ended" (Hefele, iii. 63). The prerogatives of the pope are quite fully stated by the general councils. We will quote still further from Hefele: "The Council of Chalcedon, in its synodal letter to Pope Leo, expressly says: 'Thou by thy representatives hast taken the lead among the members of the synod, as the head among the members of the body.'" "It is undeniable that the Fourth Œcumenical Council looked upon the papal confirmation as *absolutely necessary* for insuring the validity of its decrees, and there is no good ground for maintaining that this was a new principle, and one which was not known and recognized at the time of the Nicene Council." Its address to the pope thus speaks the sense of all Christendom: "We acknowledge the whole force of the things which have been done, and the confirmation of all that we have accomplished to be *dependent upon your approval.*" One sentence like this is conclusive to any honest and unprejudiced mind. "We see from these considerations," says Hefele, "of what value the sanction of the pope is to the decrees of a council. Until the pope has sanctioned the decrees the assembly of bishops which formed them cannot pretend to the authority belonging to an œcumenical council, however great a number of bishops may compose it; for there cannot be an œcumenical council without union with the pope" (Hefele, i. 32, 44, 46, 52).

It will be seen, then, that neither the Council of Ephesus nor any other council "covers the Anglican position with the shield of law."

The catechism, with which, as far as we can see, the *Studies* of Dr. Williams are in accord, asserts that the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country is "the Holy Catholic Church," and that it has the marks of its Catholicity in its doctrine, in its ministry, and in its worship. These marks are worthy of study.

For the first mark of doctrine there is nothing to be said except that the Protestant Episcopal Church retains the Apostles' Creed and the Nicene Creed. The latter symbol is, we believe, optional, and need not be said by those who object to it. We humbly submit that the possession of a creed is no mark of anything whatever, since the veriest heretic may recite a creed and either misunderstand or misrepresent it. And we conscientiously believe that in the Episcopal communion there is no proper comprehension of the creed. We feel sure that this church generally does not possess the proper doctrine of the Incarnation, and we know that it cannot have any idea of "the communion of saints, the Holy Catholic Church, or the forgiveness of sins." We consider this point very puerile, because it means just nothing at all. The real opinions of the English communion are to be sought from the Articles of Religion which she set forth, and which are her explanation of the Creeds. Dr. Williams admits that these work both ways and "bear a double witness." We think that they bear a very decided witness against any possible conception of the Catholic Church. They were, as Bishop Short has told us, set forth by royal authority, but the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States has adopted them by its convention of 1801. They assert in the plainest terms heresies which are suicidal to the Catholic faith or practice. Among many of their errors are the Lutheran doctrine of justification, the denial of inherent righteousness and of the merit of good works, and an ambiguous profession of the Calvinistic doctrine of election. The thirteenth article implies total depravity; the nineteenth asserts the corruption at times of the whole church; the twenty-second condemns the doctrine of purgatory, the invocation of saints, and the use of images or relics; while the twenty-fifth denies five of the sacraments and declares that Penance, Confirmation, and Extreme Unction have grown "of the corrupt following of the apostles." Orders and Matrimony are "states of life allowed in the Scriptures," but no sacraments. The twenty-seventh article guardedly denies the actual regeneration of the soul by baptism, and the twenty-eighth in so many words excludes from the Eucharist the real presence of Christ, "as the mean whereby the Body of the Lord is received

is *faith*." The thirty-first declares that "the sacrifices of Masses in the which the priest, as it was commonly said, did offer Christ for the quick and the dead, to have remission of pain or guilt, were blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits." We commend these plain assertions of Protestant doctrine to the *candid* editor of the catechisms. And we would put another question to the enterprising student: "When a church by its articles teaches a different doctrine from the catechism, what must the good child do?" Would it be right for him to consult the other *branches* of the church, or must he go after the "successional church"?

The Eastern churches have more than once condemned the whole English communion, and they would not give the sacraments to any member of that church unless he first anathematized the Articles of his faith and the English church also. Fallen as are the Eastern churches from the vigor of faith, they have never countenanced the Protestant heresy nor communed with any who professed it. We give the language of Dr. Overbeck, a Russian priest: "Are we to commune with a church *so replete with heresy* as the English church is? You have installed heresy in your pulpits; you do not cast it out; you *cannot* cast it out, because your church is historically a Protestant Church, and Protestants framed your Articles, which you contrive in vain to unprotestantize. There is no communion with an *heretical church*, no communion with the English church. God forbid! It would be the grave of orthodoxy" (*Catholic Orthodoxy*, Overbeck, p. 97).

When, then, the catechism teaches the direct contrary of the Articles and thus disputes the highest authority of its own church, what does it teach any intelligent mind but to forsake its own communion as untrustworthy? We would beg the children who are so happy as to study these manuals to ask the Right Rev. Dr. Doane if he signed the declaration of faith in which the bishops of the Episcopal Church, October 11, 1871, assert that "the word *regenerate* used in the office of baptism does not signify any *moral change* wrought in the sacrament"? Then perhaps the editor of these manuals will put out another edition telling us what the *new birth* really is. One thing is very certain: the children taught by these manuals can have little respect for their own church, and less for their bishops.

Still, these bishops are, according to the catechisms and the *Studies*, the successors of the apostles, and every one of them is in himself an independent apostle. The same blessed *autonomy* which belongs to the body belongs also to the members. But

what if these bishops are no bishops at all, not even priests? The catechism tells the children that they may be "surer of the apostolic succession than they are of their Bibles." Yet suppose they are not sure of their Bibles, which they cannot be, unless they are all inspired? Suppose you ask the children whom you seek to rear in this Neo-Catholicity what proof they have of the *orders* of these bishops? Ask them if these orders have been ever recognized for one moment by any part of what you call the Catholic Church. Ask them to read what the authorities of the Eastern churches which they so love say on the subject. Tell them that they say that "all the Catholic world refuses intercommunion with you, re-ordains your priests, and have continued doing so for three centuries." "All the ordinations by Parker and his successors in the whole present episcopate and clergy of the English Church are considered by the Eastern churches *invalid*, *null*, and *void*" (Overbeck, pp. 14, 70).

Tell them the honest truth, that their illustrious fathers from whom the Neo-Catholic Church descends did not put forth any such claims as now the catechism insists upon. Ask them to read the writings of Cranmer, Jewel, Hooker, Field, Ussher, Hall, and Stillingfleet, who "did not hold the theory of an exclusive *jure divino* episcopacy, and fully recognized the validity of presbyterian ordination." Tell them that "Bishop Poynet was of opinion that the word *bishop* should be abandoned to the papists; that prominent clergymen of the Church of England had received only presbyterian ordination on the Continent; that the doctrine of the divine and exclusive right of episcopacy was *first intimated* in self-defence by Bishop Bancroft in 1589, then taught and rigidly enforced by Archbishop Laud in 1633, then apparently sanctioned in 1662 by the Act of Uniformity which expelled from office two thousand ministers, including some of the ablest and most worthy men in England" (*Creeds of Christendom*, Schaff, i. 605, 607). Above all, ask the enterprising student to read the "judicious Hooker," who in his last moments received absolution and Holy Communion from Dr. Saravia, sometime a pastor both in Flanders and Holland.

Then on the subject of the *worship* of the church it would be well that the inquiring child should know that there is no likeness whatever between the liturgies of the ancient church and the *Book of Common Prayer*. If there be, why do not the Anglo-Catholics make use of the Roman Mass and imitate the ceremonies of priests in the Holy Sacrifice? Why were altars pulled down at the establishment of the *autonomous* Church of England?

And why was it a crime, punishable by death, for a priest to celebrate Mass in England? Why was the crime of hearing even one Mass punished by a year's imprisonment?

Let the ingenuous child study well all these points, and "mark, learn, and inwardly digest them." If he can see any point of continuity or resemblance between the ancient church and the Protestant Episcopal communion, he will be as bright as the man who sees *autonomy* in the creature of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth.

Nevertheless, says the catechism, "Is there a true *branch* of the Catholic Church in this country?" Answer: "Yes; that body known to the *civil law* as the Protestant Episcopal Church."

"What is its *true* name?" Answer: "The Holy Catholic Church in the United States."

Perhaps the boys will not believe this, but nevertheless we urge them and all the girls of the Sunday-school to call themselves Catholics. We advise all the ministers to call themselves Catholic priests, and beg all the bishops to insist upon being called Catholic bishops. Let them not be deterred from this praiseworthy effort because of the laughter of the world. Let them give this thing a really fair trial. It is hard if a man cannot be called by his own name. They may seem like "Dreamland folks"; but to persevere in a good cause is the fruit of virtue.

St. Cyril of Jerusalem says: "If ever thou art sojourning in any city, inquire not simply where the Lord's house is (for the sects of the profane attempt to call their own places houses of the Lord) nor merely where the church is, but where is the *Catholic* Church. For this is indeed the *peculiar name* of this holy church and mother of us all, which is indeed the spouse of our Lord Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son of God" (*Catech.* xxiii.)

St. Ambrose writes: "He called the bishop to him, and, not accounting any grace true which was not of the true faith, he inquired of him whether he agreed with the *Catholic bishops*—that is, with the *Roman Church*" (t. ii. l. i. *De Excessu Fratris*).

St. Augustine says: "The Christian religion is to be held by us, and the communion of that church which is *Catholic* and is *called Catholic* not only by its own members, but also by all its adversaries. For, in spite of themselves, even the very heretics and disciples of schisms, when speaking not with their fellows, but with strangers, call the Catholic Church nothing else but the Catholic Church. For they cannot be understood, unless

they distinguish her by that name by which she is designated by the whole world" (t. i. *De Vera Religione*).

And again: "The *name* itself of the Catholic Church keeps me —a name which, in the midst of so many heretics, this church alone has, not without cause, so held possession of as that, though all heretics would fain have themselves called Catholics, yet to the inquiry of any stranger, 'Where is the meeting of the Catholic Church held?' no heretic would dare to point to his own basilica or house" (t. viii. *Contra Ep. Manichæi*).

This test of the Christian Fathers has been well tried since their day. We recommend the writers and students of these catechisms to try it now. One real fact is worth many words, no matter how enticing these words may be.

SPRING IN THE NORTH.

GRAY clouds trail o'er the cypressed air
  Like nuns, with eyelids down, the chapel door,
  Awaiting dawn to silver heaven's floor
And summon vestal choirs to matin prayer.

No hunter's boat cleaves stealthily the weeds,
  Nor shot resounds from up the hilly wold,
  Nor plaint of lamb disturbs the sleeping fold,
Nor cautious fowl flaps warily the reeds.

Gray silence reigns along an ice-chained coast:
  Heaven and earth alike benumbèd seem;
  The shivering birds blink, coo, and dream:
A gray fog wanders like an aimless ghost.

ARMINE.

CHAPTER XLIII.

WHEN Mrs. Bertram went out of the room, leaving her daughter and Mr. Talford alone together, it is not to be supposed that she was insensible to the possibility of that declaration which Sibyl on her part feared. But it did not strike Mrs. Bertram as a thing to be feared, but rather as a thing to be desired, on one ground, if not on another. Though she had no reason to believe that her daughter would accept Mr. Talford, neither had she any reason to believe that she would reject him, and under the circumstances it was surely well that the matter should be brought to an issue. And there was at least no precipitation in it. Any other woman than Sibyl would have been disappointed that the offer had not been made long before this; and although it might readily be Sibyl's own fault that it had not been made, her mother was nevertheless anxious that she should not be deprived of the triumph of having Mr. Talford's difficult taste and large fortune laid at her feet. "If she would only accept him!" Mrs. Bertram sighed, with some faint hope that she might do so—for that consideration of manner toward him which struck Egerton so forcibly had not escaped her observation—but, if this were not to be, it was none the less desirable that he should not resign his suit without having come to a decisive point; for Mrs. Bertram knew her world, and knew what would be said in that case, since it was well understood that Mr. Talford had more than once roused hopes in fair bosoms which he finally walked away without gratifying. If retribution overtook him there would be heartfelt pleasure in many quarters; but unless there was certainty of this retribution there would unquestionably also be strong incredulity.

Aware of this, Mrs. Bertram, like a wise woman of the world, said to herself that it would be no fault of hers if Mr. Talford did not leave the house either an accepted or a rejected suitor. Nothing would have induced her to efface herself in an obvious manner; but she was not sorry for the summons which called her from the *salon*, and, having despatched

the business which demanded her attention—the simple payment of a bill—she saw no necessity for returning to the room, where a steady murmur of conversation indicated that her daughter and Mr. Talford were agreeably, and she hoped profitably, occupied. She therefore retired to her chamber and awaited the issue with mingled hope and fear, meditating the while upon the superior excellence of the French marriage system, which leaves so little to the vagaries of individual choice.

Mr. Talford's departure was presently audible, but there was no sound or sign of Sibyl. Mrs. Bertram waited for what seemed to her a considerable length of time, and then entered the *salon*, where she found that young lady seated in the chair where she had left her, gazing absently out of the window at the sun-gilded tree-tops of the Parc Monceaux. She did not turn her head as her mother entered, and after a moment's pause Mrs. Bertram walked up and laid a hand on her shoulder.

"Are you dreaming?" she said. "I hope the subject of the dream is pleasant."

Sibyl looked around at her with a smile.

"Poor mamma!" she said. "The dream is not what you would like it to be. It is sad, is it not, to have a daughter who is so impracticable? I wish for your sake that I had been made differently. Though I cannot say," she added, as if to herself, "that I wish I had been made able to marry Mr. Talford."

"Then you have refused him!" said Mrs. Bertram in a low tone. She thought that she had not indulged in much hope, but she learned by her disappointment that it was greater than she imagined.

"Did you think it possible that I would accept him?" Sibyl answered. "If so, I am sorry for your disappointment; but there has never been a moment in which it was possible to me."

"And yet—" said Mrs. Bertram, then paused.

"And yet—what?" asked her daughter. "You cannot mean to imply that I gave you any reason to believe it possible?"

"No," was the reply. "I cannot say that you gave *me* any reason."

"If not you, who then? Certainly not *him*."

"Perhaps not—certainly not—that you would accept him,"

said Mrs. Bertram. "But you have not indicated in any manner that you disliked him."

"Why should I, when I do not dislike him? Is there no medium between disliking a man and being willing to marry him? It seems to me that it is not a passive but an active feeling one requires for the last."

"That is not what I mean—you know that is not what I mean," said Mrs. Bertram. "Of course it is an active feeling that one requires for such an important step, and I am not as worldly as you think—I should not wish you to marry without love. But you have seemed to *like* Mr. Talford—for you."

"And you thought such liking might be a substitute for love—for me?" said Sibyl. "Certainly no one is accurately known even by those who should know one best."

"But you cannot deny," said Mrs. Bertram, a little obstinately, "that you have treated him better than you treat other people."

"If I have it was because I was too indifferent to him to treat him otherwise. One does not quarrel with an absolute stranger—and Mr. Talford was an absolute stranger to all save the surface of my life. And then—I suppose you will hardly understand—but I was interested in him a little, as a study. I wanted to test the value of his philosophy of life."

Mrs. Bertram ejaculated, "Good heavens!" under her breath.

"And so," Sibyl went on, her gaze returning again meditatively to the tree-tops, "I may unintentionally have misled him a little. But I do not think it could have been very much. I have been considering the matter ever since he went away, and I am sorry if in the least degree I have brought on him a disappointment—which is, however, no deeper than his vanity."

"You cannot possibly tell that," said Mrs. Bertram. "Why should he have asked you to marry him, if he were not attached to you?"

"There are different forms of attachment," said Sibyl quietly. "Some are flattering; others again are—not. I do not think I could make you comprehend what I felt when Mr. Talford offered me what *he* called love."

"I am not very stupid, yet I doubt if you could," said Mrs. Bertram dryly. "Your ideas are altogether too exalted for my comprehension."

Sibyl gave a short sigh. "It is a pity when people do not understand each other," she said, "but at least I do not obtrude my ideas, save in affairs that concern myself alone."

"But how can you think that the affair of your settlement in life concerns yourself alone?" said Mrs. Bertram pathetically. "What can concern me more? I would give anything to see you happily and brilliantly married, for the end will be that I shall die and you will be left alone—an old maid with a very moderate fortune."

"What an appalling picture!" said Sibyl, with a smile. "But I hope you do not mean to die soon; and as for the old-maidenhood—I could not only support that, but I should consider it happiness compared to marrying a man who was uncongenial to me. It must be a struggle to marry even a man whom one loves and admires—for one can never be free again. But to think of marrying one whose character one despises, whose aims in life one scorns—'that way madness lies.' Nothing could induce me to do it—*nothing!*"

She rose as she spoke, looking so beautiful and stately in her energy that Mrs. Bertram involuntarily clasped her hands.

"O Sibyl!" she exclaimed, "you will throw away all your attractions—and you have so many!—if you do not look at things more—more practically."

Sibyl laughed. "That was Mr. Talford's word," she said. "He, too, advised me to look at things 'practically.' But unfortunately I am incapable of following such advice. It is a pity for you, mamma. I wish you had a different daughter—one who would make a brilliant marriage and do you credit."

"If you imagine that I am thinking of myself you make a great mistake," said Mrs. Bertram, a little wounded—for her worldliness was of a mild order. "I am thinking of *you*, of your life, and of the position you ought to occupy in the world."

"I am sure that you think of me," said her daughter gently. "I did not mean to imply otherwise."

And, indeed, she said to herself, what was the good of farther words? There are characters so essentially different that, like parallel lines, they may run side by side during the intercourse of a lifetime without ever approaching near enough for comprehension. It had not been a mere form of speech when Sibyl said that for her mother's sake she wished she had been made differently—"for it must be hard when an only

child disappoints one!" she had often thought, feeling the defective sympathy between them more on her mother's account than her own. But wishes on such a subject being quite vain, the defective sympathy remained, though veiled by mutual affection, and only coming to the surface on a few occasions.

The present was such an occasion; but when her first disappointment was over Mrs. Bertram said to herself that, after all, things might have been worse. It was quite possible—so she acknowledged—that Mr. Talford might not have made a perfect husband for one so highly strung as Sibyl, and at any rate it was something to have rejected that difficult and fastidious personage. No one would *now* be able to say that he had trifled with Miss Bertram, for Mrs. Bertram determined that in a quiet way the truth should be known.

The opportunity for disclosure was not difficult to find; in fact, it soon presented itself in the person of Miss Dorrance, who a day or two later made her appearance, and, finding Sibyl out, opened her purpose to Mrs. Bertram.

"I should like to know what you and Sibyl propose to do with yourselves this summer," she said. "Don't you think it would be pleasant if we could go to the same place? Mamma and I have been talking of it, and I thought I would inquire what your plans are."

"I cannot say that we have formed any plans," Mrs. Bertram answered. "When Paris becomes too warm we generally go to the sea-shore or to Switzerland; but there is nothing to take us to any special place, and I should be delighted if our plans could be made to agree with yours."

"To a certain extent ours are fixed by the doctors," said Laura. "They say that mamma must go to the German baths. Do you think you would care to go there?"

Mrs. Bertram replied that for herself she liked the German baths very much—"though Sibyl does not fancy them," she added. "But there is time enough in which to discuss the matter. You are certainly not thinking of leaving Paris yet?"

"I do not want to leave it," Laura answered, "but Cousin Duke is trying to persuade mamma to go. He seems suddenly to have conceived a great desire to get away; and he is bound to see after us, you know. Papa has laid that on him as a duty he cannot escape. He *must* take us and settle us wherever we decide to go; so he wants us to go at once, which is most disagreeable of him!"

"Paris will certainly be very pleasant for another month," said Mrs. Bertram, "and I should think that your mother would like to remain as long as possible under the immediate care of the doctors."

"So she would," said Laura, "and she should simply decline to go; but she has an idea that she ought not to detain and inconvenience Cousin Duke—though Heaven knows he has nothing to do, and no reason why he should be in one place more than another! It is abominably selfish of him; but he always was selfish!" Then the young lady paused and turned her sharp eyes on Mrs. Bertram with a very penetrating look. "His desire to leave Paris is so suddenly developed that I think Sibyl must have something to do with it," she said.

Mrs. Bertram smiled slightly—a lady-like and gently regretful smile. "I am sorry," she said, "and Sibyl, I know, will be very sorry, if any disappointment which she was obliged to inflict upon Mr. Talford has even remotely inconvenienced your mother and yourself."

"So she *has* rejected him!" exclaimed Miss Dorrance. "Well, I suspected as much, and I am sure I hope it will do him good! I told him she would not marry him, but he was so sure that no woman would refuse him. Now he sees who was right! Of course it was foolish of Sibyl—you must acknowledge that, Mrs. Bertram, for he is very rich and a good fellow on the whole—but still it is not a bad thing for him to realize that there is one woman who would not marry him!"

It is needless to say that nothing would have induced Mrs. Bertram to acknowledge that she had herself thought it foolish of Sibyl.

"Your cousin was indeed very much deceived if he imagined that Sibyl would marry him," she said, with quiet dignity. "A man has, of course, a right to try his chance, but he has no right to count on a favorable answer when he has only been treated with ordinary courtesy."

"He is very much spoiled," observed Laura. "That goes without saying. But Sibyl did treat him with a good deal of consideration for a time. We all observed that."

"She was interested in his philosophy of life," said Mrs. Bertram, standing to her colors.

Miss Dorrance lifted her eyebrows. "That sounds like Sibyl," she said. "I wonder if Cousin Duke has a philosophy of life! I think I must ask him. It would be very instructive.

And he would be pleased to know that he was regarded as a study."

"I hope you will not think of implying anything unkind—" Mrs. Bertram began, when the young lady interrupted:

"Oh! dear, no. I shall not mention the subject to him unless he speaks of it. One cannot take liberties with him beyond a certain point. And this disappointment has really struck deep: he is not like himself at all. It is a pity, for it may interfere with our summer plans. It would not be pleasant, under the circumstances, for him and Sibyl to be thrown into contact, unless you think there is a chance that she might change her mind. Women do sometimes, you know."

Mrs. Bertram shook her head. "Sibyl will not change hers," she said gravely.

"It is a pity!" repeated Miss Dorrance. "She might do a great deal worse. And there is really no telling what she *will* do in the end! Clever people are so—peculiar sometimes, and Sibyl is capable of going any lengths for an enthusiasm."

"I do not think that you understand Sibyl," said Mrs. Bertram, with an air that expressed more than the words. "She is enthusiastic, but not at all likely to be carried away in a foolish manner. And, although she might certainly do worse than accept Mr. Talford, she might also do better. But you have not yet mentioned to what one of the German baths your mother thinks of going."

In this way Sibyl's champion gallantly refused to confess the misgivings which she felt, and Miss Dorrance was effectually silenced. But not deceived. "Mrs. Bertram will not own that she is uneasy about what Sibyl may do," that young lady averred afterwards, "but I am sure she must feel that it is perfectly possible she may either marry a Communist or become a nun any day!"

Meanwhile when Sibyl heard of Laura's visit and its object she begged her mother not to think of joining the Dorrance party anywhere or under any circumstances. "It would be impossible for me to entertain such an idea," she said; "for Mr. Talford must be with them and look after them, in a degree at least, and the position would be very disagreeable to both of us. Indeed, on my part it would look as if I desired him to repeat his offer."

"Yes, it would not do," said Mrs. Bertram, with a slight sigh. "It might be pleasant to spend the summer with the Dorrances, but—"

"Do you think it might be pleasant?" asked Sibyl a little dryly. "I confess that I do not. I am glad of an excuse to avoid it."

"O my dear! I am not so *exigeante* as you are," said Mrs. Bertram, unable to resist sending this small arrow. "Mrs. Dorrance and I have been friends for a long time, and I like her society very well, but of course it is not to be thought of under the circumstances."

"I am sorry if I am at all to blame for the circumstances," said Sibyl.

"How could you be to blame?" replied her mother. "I did not mean that. If men fall in love no one could expect *you* to prevent it. But we must be thinking of our plans for the summer," the speaker went on quickly, anxious to change the subject. "I always like to know where I am going well in advance."

"Why should we go anywhere?" said Sibyl half-absently. "For once I should like to stay here."

Mrs. Bertram looked at her in surprise. "Here?" she said. "Stay in Paris all summer?"

"Well, not in Paris, perhaps, but in some place near Paris. How would you like Fontainebleau, for instance? I have always felt that I should be glad to spend a summer wandering through that forest."

"I think that I should prefer some more lively amusement," said Mrs. Bertram. "And so, I fancy, would you before long. Why have you taken an idea to stay near Paris? You usually speak of longing for the mountains or the sea when summer comes."

"Yes," said Sibyl; "but there are some things better than even the mountains or the sea—the companionship and the influence of a noble soul, for example. And if one might lose that for ever by going away—I mean if one should find it gone for ever when one returned—nothing that one gained could compensate."

"I suppose you are speaking of M. d'Antignac," said Mrs. Bertram. "Is he likely—to die?"

"He is likely to die at any time," was the reply. "When one thinks of his suffering it is impossible not to feel that it *must* end soon. I was there to-day, but I could not see him—it is one of his bad days. I saw Mlle. d'Antignac for a few minutes only, and she spoke of him with tears. I believe that she thinks the end is drawing near—not immediately, perhaps, but certainly."

"It is very sad," said Mrs. Bertram; "but since his recovery is impossible—and his suffering so great—one should be resigned to his release."

"It seems so, no doubt, to those who do not know him," said Sibyl, with the slight bitterness that is excited by such easy consolations. "But the world could better spare a thousand men who walk these streets to-day in health and strength."

"That may be; but if he suffers so much, existence can be only a pain to him."

"It is natural to think so, but I am sure that to *him* it is a blessing, because he can still do so much for others. And I, who have come so late into his life—I cannot consent to lose one day of what I shall always remember as the greatest blessing of my life."

Mrs. Bertram looked at her curiously for a minute; then she said, "He seems to have a great influence over you."

"Has he?" said Sibyl. "I do not know. I only know that he is able to supply every need of my nature—or, at least, to point out how they may be supplied. I have heard of a physician for the soul. He is one."

"But why should your soul need a physician?" said Mrs. Bertram, who had never felt the need of one for her own soul, and who thought that the words had a suspicious sound. "O Sibyl! I am afraid that the end of all this will be something very foolish and visionary!"

Sibyl smiled a little.

"Dear mamma," she said, "your fears would be set at rest if you could know what an absolute antidote to visionary folly M. d'Antignac's influence is. He leads one into a region where it can have no place—a region of truth as exact as logic and as clear as light. And if he shows one visions, it is only after he has taken care to set one's feet firmly upon a rock."

CHAPTER XLIV.

IT was indeed a terrible ordeal of suffering through which D'Antignac was passing, and those around him thought more than once that the end was at hand. But his strong vitality still resisted the approach of dissolution; and after days of agony he came slowly back to a knowledge of the things of life, wan, exhausted, shattered from the onslaught of pain, which like a sullen foe retreated slowly, in preparation for some

fiercer attack which the worn forces of life could no longer resist.

During these days no one shared more constantly the vigil by his bedside than the Vicomte de Marigny, and in this way he was thrown into frequent contact with Armine. It was a contact which both avoided at first, but in the sharp tension of anxiety as D'Antignac's danger increased they forgot all save this anxiety which they owned in common, and when the worst was over it was as familiar friends that they congratulated each other.

"And now," said De Marigny as they talked softly in the *salon*, while deep quiet reigned in the chamber adjoining, where Hélène kept watch by him who lay wrapped in the bliss of respite from agony, "you should also think of resting. So much watching and anxiety has told upon you."

"Has it?" she said. "But relief seems rest enough—and it is such great relief!"

"Yes," he said a little sadly, "to us; but to him it is only a fresh lease of suffering. One cannot forget that."

"No, one cannot forget it," said Armine, "but who can say what it enables him to merit—for others as well as for himself? I am sure there is comfort in that for him, and so there should be for us."

"You have learned something of his way of looking at things," said the vicomte, with a smile.

"Everything that I know of good I have learned from him," she answered simply.

There was a moment's silence. It was late afternoon, and through the open windows floods of long sunshine came, together with the subdued sound of the city's life—the beating, as it were, of its great heart. The soft air was full of refreshment, but it brought no touch of color to Armine's pale cheeks. Watching and anxiety had told upon her, as M. de Marigny said, but it had not lessened the charm of the sensitive, poetic face with its deep, beautiful eyes. Those eyes were gazing out of the window at the depths of blue sky when she spoke next, as if unconsciously uttering a thought aloud:

"But it will be harder than ever to leave him after this."

The vicomte started. "To leave him!" he repeated involuntarily. "Are you going—away?"

She, too, started a little; and now a faint tinge of color came into her cheeks. It was evident that she had spoken unconsciously.

"Oh! yes," she said, a little hurriedly. "I thought you knew. I go—soon—to join the Sisters of Charity."

The vicomte did not answer immediately. Indeed, it was plain that it cost him a strong effort when he said presently:

"I have heard that you thought of the religious life, but I did not know what order—"

"There could be no question with me," she said. "I want a place in the ranks of those whose lives are given to the service of the suffering and of the poor. And where should I find that save with the daughters of St. Vincent de Paul?"

She paused after the question, and M. de Marigny forced himself to say something about the merit of such a choice.

"I do not think that I can claim much merit," she answered quietly, "for it is less a deliberate choice between the higher things of God and the lower things of the world than a passion which impels me. I could not rest in ease and happiness. The misery of which the world is full, and which I know so well, would pursue me. I could not forget it. For others such forgetfulness may be possible. It would not be for me. The poor call me. My place is with them and my work is among them."

She looked at him, as she spoke, with eyes full of wistful entreaty. Her voice, though very low, seemed with every sentence to deepen in feeling. He could not resist the impression that she was pleading with him to understand her now, as he had understood her before. Again the thought of the churchyard of Marigny came to him, and of the letter which he had read on the terrace of the château—full of the same entreaty. It was impossible to withhold the expression of his comprehension and sympathy.

"I understand you," he said in a low tone. "The passion of which you speak is that with which God fills the souls which he destines for noble deeds. Before it all human passions must veil their heads. And you have this great happiness," he added in a tone that despite himself was sad, "that you offer to God a heart and a life that will be his supremely—a heart that has not been wearied by the world, a life that has not been soiled in its service. You have chosen 'the better part.' No one could even desire to take it from you."

Comprehension was not on his side alone. She understood the sadness under the self-forgetful words, and a longing filled her to say something—anything—to lessen the pain

of which she was instinctively conscious. She did not pause to think as she spoke hurriedly:

"Such words are like all that I have known of you. You have always understood; you have never made a mistake; you have been kind and generous from the first. Do you know what it is to be placed in a difficult position and to meet one who divines all that you feel without the need of speech, and who never fails in sympathy? That is what I have always found you. Do not think that I have not felt it—that I do not feel it in my heart." She paused for an instant, then went on in another tone—that tone, at once proud and pathetic, which he had heard from her once before—"I told you once that it mattered little what name one bore. Where I am going it matters nothing—for there alone the Socialists' dream of equality is realized, so I may for once acknowledge the tie of kindred blood, and say that in leaving the world I shall take with me no happier memory than that I leave such a noble kinsman fighting in a cause for which I can only pray."

Words failed him with which to answer her. She seemed already to speak from a height which no prayer of his could reach, had he desired to make any. But he had not forgotten the hour when he resigned his heart's desire to the will of God; and now that he was face to face with Armine, that he heard her words, saw her spirit, as it were, unveiled, he felt, as D'Antignac had felt before him, that her resolve was based on no impulsive fancy, but on the clear and positive words—heard now as of old by many a faithful soul—"Leave all and follow me."

"What can I say to you?" he asked presently in a low tone. "You know what is in my heart, but you have sealed my lips."

"Have we not understood each other almost without words from the first?" she answered gently, rising as she spoke and standing before him, a slender figure in the slanting sunset glow. "Believe me, all is better so; and you—in a little while you will feel it. For this is God's will—I am sure of it—and he makes no mistakes. See!" she clasped her hands with the old familiar gesture—"after what I have known could I turn my back upon humanity which suffers, and upon God who calls, to be merely happy? Ah! no. You must feel—say that you feel I could not!"

He, too, rose, answering with every faculty of his being to the sudden passion of that demand upon him.

"I feel it now," he said, "if I have not felt it before. All that I have offered is worthless compared to what you choose. How could a man dare to make himself the rival of God? I do not dare. Go, in God's name! Leave happiness to those who have no higher good."

"But is there not happiness in the higher good?" she said. "The world may not know it, but *you* know that there is. To work, to endure, to spend and be spent in God's service and the service of the poor, in lessening for a few the misery that drives them to despair—what is the happiness of ease and content and natural love to this? It is wonderful that God should have called *me* to this happiness; but since he has—oh! if hereafter you ever think of me, let it be to thank him for me!"

She turned and went away before he could utter a word; but, left alone, he said to himself that he should ever after remember her chiefly as she had stood before him then—her eyes full of infinite radiance, and her figure touched by a light that left the room with her.

As D'Antignac grew better one of the first visitors admitted to his presence was Egerton. The young man had been solicitous in his inquiries, but he had not seen D'Antignac until this occasion, when Hélène admitted him to the familiar chamber, warning him, however, not to remain long.

It was an unnecessary caution. For Egerton was so shocked when he saw the face that lay motionless on its pillows—as white and thin again as when he saw it last—that he would fain have escaped almost immediately, fearing to exhaust the little strength which the sick man still possessed, had not D'Antignac detained him.

"Nay, do not go," he said, when, after his inquiries were over, the young man made a movement to depart. "I have not seen you for what seems to me a long time—whether it be long or short in reality I do not know—and I have something to tell you."

"I only fear to tire you—or to suffer you to tire yourself," said Egerton, hesitating. "Mlle. D'Antignac warned me—"

"Never mind Hélène," said D'Antignac. "I don't allow her to play tyrant over me a moment longer than I am able to assert myself. *Restez!* I want to speak to you of Armine."

He made a slight motion with his hand—a hand as thin and

pale as the face—which Egerton obeyed by resuming his seat, wondering as he did so over the marvellous faculty of this man for forgetting himself in others. He had dismissed the subject of his own suffering—that absorbing subject to most invalids—in the fewest possible words. But he was ready to talk of Armine, to throw himself into the interests of another life. It was so wonderful to Egerton that he did not speak, and after a brief pause D'Antignac went on:

"Do you remember—but of course you remember—our conversation one day about the last charge which her father laid upon you? We decided then that she must be told of it, if the necessity arose. You will be glad to know that it has not arisen, and that it will never arise."

"I am glad—very glad—to know it," said Egerton, much surprised; "but pardon me if I ask how can you be sure that it will never arise?"

"Because," answered D'Antignac, "we agreed that she need not be told unless there was a probability of her marrying M. de Marigny. There is no such probability."

"But there may be," said Egerton a little obstinately.

"No," said D'Antignac, with a smile in his dark, serene eyes, "there will never be. For those who enter the religious life there is no more question of marriage than there is for the dead; and Armine will soon enter that life."

"What! she will become a nun!" cried Egerton, startled beyond control.

"Not exactly a nun—that is, not a cloistered nun," answered D'Antignac calmly. "She will become a Sister of Charity, to follow in the footsteps of our Lord, to nurse his sick and tend his poor. If you will think a moment you will perceive that it is the only fitting end for Armine."

Egerton did not answer; he sat still and thought for more than a moment. And he said to himself at length that it was indeed the only fitting end for the girl whose youth had been passed amid the terrible sounds of the social revolution, who had heard the divine counsels of perfection perverted into war-cries of communism and robbery, who had seen face to face the misery that leads to revolt and the spiritual ignorance that leads to crime. What could she, with her passionate soul and her clear mind, do but join the great army of those whose mission it is to carry light and comfort into the dark places of earth? Dimly the young man felt as she had said—that happiness, mere commonplace, earthly happiness, was not for her.

It was beneath the exalted soul that could not do less for God than her own father had done for humanity. By a flash of inspiration Egerton saw and understood it all. Even before the light of faith had shone upon him he, too, had felt, as noble souls must feel, the divine necessity of sacrifice; and though he could not yet in his ignorance fathom that mystery (which must be ever a mystery to the carnal mind) of prayer and intercession for a guilty world which the cloister hides, he had often bowed before those heroines of divine charity who carry through hospital wards and scenes of infinite wretchedness the habit of St. Vincent de Paul. It was truly a fitting end for the Socialist's daughter that she should wear this habit of the devoted servants of the poor, and that she, whose father had denied God with his dying lips, should go through life holding the crucifix before dying eyes.

"I understand now why it was that I could never feel as if any worldly destiny within my power to imagine would suit her," said the young man at length abruptly. "As I told you once, she always seemed above the possibility of love from *me*. That was not remarkable; but even when I thought of her in connection with M. de Marigny, I might feel that it would be an ideal marriage, yet I could not fancy her merely a happy wife like other women. She seemed made for some higher destiny—to be a heroine, a genius, or perhaps a saint."

"She may be all three yet," said D'Antignac, smiling. "Saints are the geniuses of the supernatural order; and, indeed, in the natural order I have always thought that there was a touch of genius in Armine. But then, you know, I have always been an enthusiast about her."

"Every one who knows her must be," said Egerton.

"Oh! no," D'Antignac answered. "To the commonplace all things are commonplace—and all persons also. To appreciate even a genius or a saint one must have a little, at least, of that fine quality called sympathy. I do not flatter you, *mon ami*, when I say that you possess more than a little of it."

"It proves a misleading quality sometimes," said Egerton.

"Without doubt. What is there of good which cannot be turned to evil? But surely by this time you have learned—or, if you have not, you will learn—that a man must have some certain guide to distinguish between the good and the evil of this life, where evil so often wears the guise of good."

"I have learned it," answered Egerton. "I have learned it by the bewilderment with which I have listened to the dif-

ferent voices that tried to solve the riddle of life and only added to its mystery and its sadness. When one is young and rich, and the sun shines, this is a delightful world—provided one does not think, and that one cares for nothing beyond the surface of existence. But if one does think, and if one begins to question, then there is no longer peace until one has followed principles to their ultimate end, and reached either the dreariness of absolute scepticism or the satisfaction of absolute faith."

"And you have reached—?" said D'Antignac eagerly.

The door opened at that instant, and Egerton rose to his feet, glancing around quickly. Then he smiled.

"I thought it was Mlle. D'Antignac coming to eject me," he said, "but it is Mlle. Armine. She never appeared at a better moment. Come, mademoiselle, and hear the answer to a question which M. d'Antignac has just asked. I think it will interest you a little."

Armine advanced, and, laying her hand in that which he held out, said, with the exquisite smile and voice that charmed him first: "Whatever concerns you, M. Egerton, must interest me."

Egerton did not release her hand at once, but, holding it, stood looking from herself to D'Antignac for an instant. Then he lifted his glance to the crucifix that hung over D'Antignac's couch.

"After God," he said reverently, "I owe it to you two that I am able to say to-day, '*Credo in unam, sanctam, Catholicam et Apostolicam Ecclesiam.*'"

CHAPTER XLV.

"IF you should meet Miss Bertram, will you tell her how much better Raoul is, and that he will be glad to see her whenever she can come?"

It was Mlle. d'Antignac who said this to Egerton as he was taking leave, and the words lingered in his memory when he found himself again in the streets. Indeed, as he crossed the Pont du Carrousel he said to himself that they were in fact a message which it would be well to deliver at once, since he had nothing else to do, and—he remembered it suddenly—this was the Bertrams' reception-day. A minute later he had stopped a passing *fiacre* and was driving toward the Parc Monceaux.

It was a very familiar scene on which he entered when the door of the Bertram *salon* opened—a fragrance of flowers filling the air, sunshine streaming on the pretty, fantastic appointments of the room, while half a dozen voices were talking, and the clatter of teaspoons indicated the usual accompaniment of these informal social occasions. Egerton knew most of those present, and after he had exchanged several greetings he found himself approaching Miss Bertram. She was standing near one of the windows of the *salon*, talking to a man who turned as she said, "How do you do, Mr. Egerton?" and revealed, to Egerton's great surprise, the face of Winter.

"Ah! Egerton, is it you?" he said cheerfully. "You are in Paris yet, then?"

"So it appears," answered Egerton. "Why should you imagine that I was not?"

"I called to see you a few weeks ago, and the *concierge* told me you had left. I thought it very natural, considering your experiences just at that time."

"Yes, it would have been quite natural," said Egerton a little drily. Then he turned to Miss Bertram. "I think," he said, "you have heard me speak of my Red Republican friend of the Quartier Latin, who gave me my first impulse toward Socialism. Behold him."

"Mr. Winter!" said Sibyl. "You surprise me. I should never have fancied him a Red Republican."

"Now that Egerton has betrayed me, it is too late to deny my opinions," said Winter; "but I may be permitted to ask why you would not have fancied that I held them."

She smiled a little. "You have a perfect right to ask," she said, "since we have only talked together for ten minutes, and it is therefore rather strange that I should have formed any opinion concerning you. But, in point of fact, do we not conceive an idea of a person as soon as we hear of him? If your aunt"—she glanced across the room at an elderly lady talking to Mrs. Bertram—"had said, 'I want to bring my nephew, who is a student of the Quartier Latin, to see you,' I should immediately have imagined Red-Republicanism of the most furious type. But what she did say was, 'I want to bring my nephew, who is a great Oriental scholar, to see you,' and how could I imagine anything so incongruous as Orientalism and Red-Republicanism?"

Egerton laughed at the expression of Winter's face. "The oldest and the newest ideas of the world brought into contact

—the Avesta, the Veda, and the *Philosophie Positive!* Confess, Winter, that it *is* incongruous!" he said.

But Winter was far from confessing anything of the kind. "I am very sorry," he said, "that Miss Bertram should have been led to believe that I am 'a great Oriental scholar,' who am merely a student of Oriental languages and literature; but I fail to perceive that there is the faintest incongruity in studying the oldest myths of the world and believing in its latest creed of progress. On the contrary, the one naturally leads to the other, as childhood leads to manhood."

"And so the *Philosophie Positive* marks the manhood of the human race!" said Miss Bertram. "But may it not—I merely throw out the suggestion—mark its second childhood? With the idea of gradual development there must be connected also the idea of decay. And since we do not know the length of life allotted to the race, how are we to tell that it is not the downward instead of the upward path?"

"Humanity is immortal," said the Positivist very positively. "There is no downward path for it. The race will constantly advance in knowledge and the application of knowledge until—"

"Yes, until—what?" asked the young lady as he paused.

"Until we attain social and political perfection," said he boldly.

"And then?" said Miss Bertram. "Excuse me, but this is very interesting, and I always like to press things to their ultimate conclusion. After we have attained social and political perfection—what then?"

"Why, then we—or if not we, for I fear there is no hope that *we* shall ever see it, but those who *do* see it—will enjoy it," said Winter, smiling.

"And become immortal?" asked she.

It began to occur to him that this young lady with her grave, attentive face was covertly laughing at him.

"You are surely aware," he said, "that we do not believe in immortality for the individual, but only for the race."

"Yes," she said, "I am aware of it, but I really cannot understand why you should deny what the world has believed for ages with regard to the one, and assert what it has denied with regard to the other, unless you have had some new light upon the matter."

"We have had the light of positive science," said Winter.

"And has positive science discovered anything about immortality? I thought that it was a subject which lay entirely outside of its domain—that it refused to advance one step beyond the grave."

"True; but there is no grave for humanity. That is the point."

"It does not seem to me a point very well made," said she, smiling. "If you will not recognize any power outside of nature, I am unable to see where you find ground for believing that anything is exempt from the law of decay and death which governs everything that we know. Whatever had a beginning must have an end—is it not so? Or if you believe in the immortality of the race, for which you have no warrant in nature, why not believe in the immortality of the individual soul, and a heaven that will not be only for some distant mortal generations, but for the immortal hosts of all ages?"

As she asked the question, with her eyes full of the brilliant light that always came into them when anything roused her interest, Egerton thought that he had never seen her look more beautiful, and the same fact probably made Winter hesitate before saying:

"Ah! that old dream of heaven—what a fascination it exerts over the human mind!"

"Yes," said Egerton. "One may be permitted to doubt whether your ideal of human progress will ever exert a like fascination."

"Perhaps not," said Winter. "Yet that ideal at least is tangible."

"So far from it—but you and I have been over this ground before without appreciable result, so we will not inflict a fresh discussion on Miss Bertram."

"I assure you that it interests me very much," said Miss Bertram. "There is nothing I like more—*you* ought to know that, Mr. Egerton."

"I know how delighted you always look at the D'Antignacs'," said Egerton, smiling.

"Yes," said she, smiling in turn, "and that reminds me: why have you never taken Mr. Winter to the D'Antignacs'? It would be just the place for him."

"I really never thought of it," said Egerton, "but I fear Winter would not agree with you. He would not think it the place for him."

"I cannot give him credit for such bad taste," said she. "I cannot imagine any one not enjoying M. d'Antignac and the atmosphere which he creates. I wonder"—she paused a moment, and her face as well as her tone changed—"if we shall ever enjoy that atmosphere again! Do you know, have you heard, how he is?"

"I am just from there," Egerton answered, "and I found him very much better—so much better that I talked to him for half an hour—and when I was leaving Mlle. d'Antignac asked me to tell you of his improvement, and to add that she knew he would be glad to see you whenever you cared to come."

"How good of her!" said Sibyl. "And how good of you to bring me the message at once. It makes me happy to think of seeing M. d'Antignac again!"

"You will be terribly shocked when you see him," said Egerton. "He looks more like a spirit than a man."

"He always looked like that."

"Oh! he looks as much so again now. He has evidently passed through the most horrible suffering possible; but he puts it aside, like a thing of no importance, and begins to talk about the affairs of the person visiting him. It was a way he always had, you know, and of course one's egotism falls easily into the trap. I am always disgusted, when I go away, to remember how much I have talked about myself."

Miss Bertram laughed. "I know very well what you mean," she said, "but on such occasions I am not disgusted with myself, because I am sure that M. d'Antignac's interest has not been pretended."

"This M. d'Antignac must be an accomplished man of the world," said Winter. "To set people to talking of themselves and make them believe that they are thereby immensely interesting him—that is the perfection of worldly tact."

"Yes," said Miss Bertram; "but worldly tact is only the imitation of something better—of real self-forgetfulness—and that M. d'Antignac possesses. To put others before one's self—that is what spiritual perfection and good-breeding both demand. But one is to the other what gold is to paper currency. Somebody long ago said that."

"Well, one must admit that paper currency is more convenient," said Winter, "but one likes now and then to touch gold. I think I should like to see this M. d'Antignac. Who is he?"

Egerton gave his history in few words; then he said: "You see he is a person with whom you have little in sympathy, but if you really care to see him I am sure that he would be willing to receive you."

Winter hesitated. A papal soldier, a passionate Catholic—certainly he had little in sympathy with the man who was these things. He was about to say, "No, thanks; on the whole I do not care to know him," when Sibyl spoke:

"M. d'Antignac is a man who has something in sympathy with every one, and his friends—or at least his acquaintances—seem to belong to all shades of opinion. I do not think you will find yourself at all out of place in his *salon*, Mr. Winter; and if you take my advice you will certainly allow Mr. Egerton to present you next Sunday. We always go there on Sunday, if he is able to receive."

The "we" conquered. The student of Oriental literature, who had been dragged against his will out of his Bohemian retirement in the Quartier Latin, felt that he should like to meet again those brilliant eyes and hear that charming voice.

"I shall follow your advice with pleasure, mademoiselle," he said, "if Egerton will present me."

"I shall be delighted," said Egerton, "to have an opportunity to repay your kind offices. I have not forgotten that I owe my introduction to Duchesne to you."

"Ah, poor Duchesne!" said Winter. "He was your enthusiasm for a time. But I never expected you to be a serious convert to Socialism, and I was therefore surprised that you should have been going to Brussels with him when he was killed."

"It was curiosity, idleness—I hardly know what, but certainly not conviction—which was taking me," said Egerton. "It was a narrow escape from death, and yet—I am and always shall be deeply indebted to you for having enabled me to know Duchesne."

Miss Bertram glanced at him a little keenly as Winter said:

"He was a wonderful man and a great loss to his cause. We could have better spared many who are more famous. If he could not convert you, no one ever will."

"I am quite sure of that," said Egerton. "No one ever will—to Socialism. Though I am ready to acknowledge that Socialism has an ideal which is noble and generous compared to the selfish materialism of the society against which it re-

volts. It is, in fact, the reaction against this materialism; and it cannot be long before the two forces come to open war. There is a terrible judgment approaching for the world which has made Mammon its god and prosperity its supreme excellence."

Winter regarded the speaker curiously.

"What a singular person you are!" he said. "You are neither fish nor flesh. You acknowledge that materialism is crushing society, and yet you will not join the forces that fight against it."

"How do you know that?" asked Egerton tranquilly. "There are other forces besides Socialism which fight against it. It was not Socialism which said, 'Woe unto ye rich,' and 'Blessed are ye poor.'"

"Oh!" said the Positivist, with contempt, "the great Founder of Christianity may indeed have said that, but you know as well as I that the so-called Christian churches have long since abandoned such doctrines and made a complete and lasting alliance with Mammon."

"I grant you that the human so-called churches, founded by men whose first act was to seize the heritage of the poor and to obliterate from men's minds the counsels of perfection, have done so," Egerton answered; "but we may put them aside. They have indeed upheld the worship of material prosperity which now curses the world; but their day is over. Every man who thinks recognizes now their want of logical basis, their absolute incapacity to teach or lead human society. But the church—the one, majestic church of all ages—which taught them all that they know, repeats for ever the words that I have uttered, and for ever proves her right to utter them by being continually slandered, persecuted, and led to Calvary like her Lord."

Winter stared for a moment. Then he said: "I told you how it would be! I am not surprised! When people have reactionary sympathies one never knows where they will end."

"Or, rather, one knows very well where they will end, if they have any logic," said Egerton. "Unfortunately a great number of worthy and excellent people have none at all. And we are all more or less prone to the amusement of setting up a man of straw in order to knock him down. We do not care to investigate doctrines which we do not wish to believe true. The history of the perpetuation of error lies in that."

"Some things one scorns too much to think them worth examination," said the other.

Egerton shook his head. "Ah, *mon cher*," he said, "there is fear as well as scorn, else you would not forget all scholarly and philosophical rules. You would not look at the most stupendous fact of human history solely by the light of partisan testimony. But"—he turned to Miss Bertram—"I am afraid I must apologize. I forgot that I was not at M. d'Antignac's. In a *salon* like this one should not fall into such grave discussions."

"No," said Miss Bertram, with a slight air of disdain, whether for him or the *salon* it was difficult to tell; "we should be talking about the Opéra Comique, the fashions, and the races. To do us justice, we were discharging our duty in that line—were we not, Mr. Winter?—when you came up."

"Then there only remains for me to take myself away," said Egerton, with a smile.

"Wait a moment," said Winter. "My aunt, I see, is rising, and after I have put her in her carriage we will walk down the Boulevard together."

A few minutes later they were in the open air, strolling along the Boulevard Malesherbes toward the Madeleine. Both were silent for some time, and it was presently Winter who spoke:

"What a beautiful woman Miss Bertram is!—and as clever as she is beautiful! I am tempted to wish that my aunt had come to Paris a little earlier; yet I know that things are best as they are. I should only have singed my wings—to no purpose."

"You cannot tell that," said Egerton somewhat absently.

The other glanced at him quickly and, as it seemed, a little indignantly.

"Don't tempt me to knock you down!" he said. "As if I could not see how she changed color when you came up! Well, there are some things that not even Socialism can set straight. We can never give all men an equal chance with a woman."

"Nor with many other things," said Egerton, smiling, yet effectually startled. "But, my dear Winter, if you imagine that *I* have any chance with Miss Bertram you are greatly mistaken. Sometimes I think that she dislikes, and I am al-

ways sure that she scorns, me—though, honestly, I do not know why."

"Because you are so stupid, I presume," said Winter drily. "You must be uncommonly stupid if you believe that. If ever I saw a woman's eyes speak—but why should I enlighten you? You don't deserve such luck!"

Egerton could not restrain a laugh.

"I never knew before that imagination was your strong point," he said. "The idea of Miss Bertram—who is a veritable Lady Disdain—regarding me with favor is absolutely ludicrous, though I don't mind confessing that I have never at any time needed more than a grain of encouragement to precipitate me into a grand passion for her. But the grain of encouragement has never come."

"Nor ever will," said Winter, with a scorn equal to that of Miss Bertram. "Encouragement! Bah! does one look for a queen to smile like a grisette? The man who wins Miss Bertram must win her without encouragement—he must win her in spite of herself! And I only wish"—with an honest sigh—"that I were the man!"

CHAPTER XLVI.

ON Sunday evening, for the first time in many days, his friends gathered again around the couch on which D'Antignac lay—pale, worn, but with tranquil content in his eyes and smile. Not a single face was missing of those most familiar to him, and he looked at them as one who did not know how long such sight may be granted; for he was as well aware as the doctors that the sharp suffering which had withdrawn for a time might return at any hour, and that the exhausted forces of life must then go down before it. Something of this thought was in the smile with which he received congratulations on his improvement and put aside all discussion of his condition. "I am comparatively free from pain today," he said. "That is enough; we will not think of yesterday or to-morrow."

Egerton was one of the latest arrivals, having gone to the Quartier Latin for Winter, who had forgotten his promise and was only animated to keep it by the thought of meeting Miss Bertram. Yet even he was touched indescribably by the scene upon which he entered—by the pale, serene, almost radiant face of the man who lay helpless on his couch, and by

the joyous cheerfulness of those around him. D'Antignac held out his hand with a smile. "Miss Bertram has been telling me about you," he said to the young man. "I wish you had come earlier. Egerton should have brought you before."

"I have seen very little of Winter of late," said Egerton. "His life and mine have somehow drifted into different channels."

"There was no drifting about it," said Winter. "They have always been in different channels. Life for me means work, and for you pleasure. There is a wide difference."

"A difference altogether in your favor," said D'Antignac. "There are few people more to be pitied than the man who lives only for his own pleasure; though I do not mean to imply that Egerton belongs to that class."

"I *have* belonged to it," said Egerton simply, "and I can testify that you are right. The man is indeed to be pitied who has no better end."

Winter shrugged his shoulders. "Here we are at once at our old point of disagreement," he said. "Men who are elevated by fortune above the need to work will always live for their own pleasure."

"You see the conclusion," said Egerton, looking at D'Antignac with a smile. "Therefore—so runs the syllogism—no one should be allowed to accumulate enough of fortune's goods to elevate them above the need to work."

"The conclusion is as false in logic as in fact," said D'Antignac. "The man who is not restrained by a sense of duty from living for his own pleasure as a millionaire would not be restrained as a laborer, except by the narrowness of his means. But even in narrow means there is scope for selfishness—and the selfishness of the workman who leaves his family without food while he spends his wages on drink is more keenly felt than the selfishness of the fine gentleman who lives for his own amusement."

"And therefore," said Winter, "living for his own amusement is a luxury which fortune secures to the fine gentleman, and of which a considerable part of the world desire to deprive him."

"In order that they may have greater freedom in living for *their* amusement?" said D'Antignac, with a smile.

"On the contrary, that no one shall possess such freedom; that every one shall be forced to do his share of the work of the world."

"That sounds very well," said D'Antignac quietly, "but have you a recipe for banishing selfishness from the world that you think it possible to prevent men—most men—from seeking their own interest and pleasure? Yet, notwithstanding this tendency of human nature, there are not many drones in the human hive, and democrats like yourself should remember that for every great achievement of the world—for statecraft, for heroism, for art, for science, for all that gives permanence and splendor to civilization—you are indebted to men who were elevated by fortune above the need of servile toil."

"Even Oriental research might come to an end if its students were reduced to the necessity of digging for their bread," said Egerton.

"As it happens," said Winter, "it is exactly for my bread that I *am* digging among Oriental roots."

"Secondarily, perhaps, but not primarily," said Egerton, "else I am sure you might find a quicker way to make it. No, no; in the ideal republic of Socialism there will be no leisure for refined pursuits or high intellectual processes. The aristocracy of intellect and attainment must follow the aristocracy of birth. What! do you think that we are going to tolerate scholars and geniuses any more than dukes and millionaires? Let us be consistent and have equality in all things. Nature, it is true, disdains to recognize it; but then we may improve upon nature."

"I can't flatter you, Egerton, that sarcasm is your *forte*," said Winter. "If there is anything for which the Revolution is remarkable it is for the manner in which it fosters intellectual life."

It was at this moment that Sibyl Bertram, unable longer to restrain her impatience, abruptly ended another conversation in which she was engaged, and drew near. The smile which the last assertion had drawn to D'Antignac's lip at once attracted her attention.

"I am sorry I was not a moment sooner," she said. "M. d'Antignac looks so much amused that something very entertaining must have been said."

"Something very entertaining was certainly said," answered D'Antignac, "though I acquit Mr. Winter of any intention to be amusing. He has just informed us that the Revolution is chiefly remarkable for fostering intellectual life."

"And can any one deny it?" demanded Winter with as-

tonishment. "Is not every fetter removed from speculative thought? Is not the educational question the burning question of the day in every country in Europe?"

The smile had left D'Antignac's lip now, and a light came into his eye that meant, as Sibyl knew, the rousing of his deepest feeling. But his voice was as calm and gentle as ever when he answered:

"Yes, it is true. Every fetter is certainly removed from speculative thought, and the right to deny God's truth has ended in the right to blaspheme and denounce him. It is also very true that the educational question is the burning question of the day in every country of Europe. But why? Is it because the Revolution is filled with zeal for learning? Every dispassionate man must be aware that, on the contrary, it is simply because the schools are the propaganda of revolutionary and infidel ideas. The battle is not for education, but for *godless* education. Else why are the teaching orders expelled from France, and, with few exceptions, every religious house of instruction closed?"

"You will pardon me," said Winter, "but we do not believe that education, in the proper and enlightened sense of the word, can be given in a religious house."

"And therefore," said D'Antignac, with unmoved calmness, "you forbid those who differ with you to send their children where they please. I will not pause to point out the admirable consistency of liberal ideas—for we have long since learned that 'freedom of thought' means freedom to oppress all who do not agree with you—but I will venture to ask when the church became incapable of guiding the civilization which it created? For you, a student, a scholar, you who have your dwelling in the old *Pays Latin*, cannot be ignorant of the fact that 'there is not a man who talks against the church in Europe to-day who does not owe it to the church that he is able to talk at all.'"

"I am aware," said Winter, "that we owe a great debt to the ecclesiastics of the middle ages, but—"

"But you think it well to repay that debt by exiling their descendants and converting houses of learning into barracks for soldiers. *Eh bien*, do you ever, in passing through the famous quarter where you live, try to recall the idea of the great university which once existed there, with its swarming thousands of students, its forty-two colleges, its abbeys, cloisters, and churches, enriched by an art that had been taught by faith?

Then does it occur to you to remember that every noble foundation was laid in centuries that an age of shallow learning ventures to call 'dark,' by ecclesiastics to whom the modern world pays its gratitude in reviling? and how and by what it was destroyed?"

Winter colored slightly. "The Revolution, of course, did not spare it," he said, and then paused.

"No," said D'Antignac, "the Revolution did not spare it. Through those splendid halls, through the great libraries and stately cloisters, swept the storm in the name of freedom of thought, and those who now excuse this storm find it convenient to forget that it not only demolished churches and violated tombs, but that it also suppressed all houses of learning. Under its fierce blast the great University of Paris perished, and was replaced by a bureaucratic system of public instruction which has filled even the chairs of the Sorbonne with doctors of infidelity, and degraded such few of the ancient colleges as remain to mere lyceums, where the youth of France are trained to despise all that their fathers honored, and to extol and imitate the deeds of men who, while calling themselves apostles of reason, strove to extinguish the light of human intelligence as well as that of divine faith."

There was a moment's silence as the clear, vibrating tones ceased. For once Winter could not reply. He knew the stubborn facts of history, and, confronted with them, had no word of excuse to make. Presently D'Antignac looked at him with a kindly smile.

"When next you enter the Sorbonne," he said, "think a little of this, and try to realize that the church which did such great things for human learning when she was queen of all nations and no man denied her power is not likely to desire to doom men to ignorance now. On the contrary, she desires to rescue them from the ignorance and the false learning—that is, learning resting on false premises—which are destroying society and menacing civilization."

"He is certainly a remarkable man," said Winter to Miss Bertram, when he had discreetly withdrawn from the immediate neighborhood of the couch. "It is not so much what he says—one has heard that before—but the way in which he says it, and the look with which he accompanies it. I understand now the change that has come over Egerton. A month or two ago he was as near a Socialist—by Jove! I beg your pardon, but that cannot be Mlle. Duchesne yonder?"

"Yes," said Sibyl, smiling at the amazement of his tone, "that is Mlle. Duchesne. You know her, then?"

"I met her once at her father's. But it is impossible! It cannot be the person I mean. How would she come here?"

"Very simply. The D'Antignacs are old friends of hers. And she is certainly, I think, the person you mean—that is, she is the daughter of the Socialist Duchesne."

"But *his* daughter—*here!*"

"It does seem remarkable, no doubt, especially when you knew him. But I assure you that she is his daughter; and here is Mr. Egerton to support me in the assertion."

"Yes," said Egerton, who drew near at the moment, "it is certainly Mlle. Duchesne. Should you like to renew your acquaintance with her?"

"Renew! I have no idea that she remembers me," said Winter. "But I wish you would tell me how her father's daughter comes to be here."

"There is not much to tell," said Egerton. "The D'Antignacs, strange as it may seem, were her oldest friends in Paris, and she had no relatives. Suppose you come and speak to her? I assure you she does not shrink from her father's friends."

Thus encouraged, Winter consented to be taken up to Armine, and, having presented him, Egerton returned to Miss Bertram.

"I have returned good for evil in the most admirable manner," he said, with a smile. "It was to Winter that I owed my introduction to Duchesne, and now I have repaid the debt by presenting him to Armine. If any one can counteract her father's work she can."

"Did she counteract it in you?" asked Miss Bertram.

"Yes," he answered. "I think I owe more to her than even to M. d'Antignac, since but for her I do not believe I should ever have been roused to sufficient interest to listen to him."

There was a moment's pause. Then, without looking at him, Miss Bertram said:

"Do you know—have you heard—what her intentions are?"

"To enter the religious life?" he answered. "Yes, I heard that some time ago. Did not you?"

"No," she answered, lifting her eyes now and regarding

him with a scrutiny so keen that it puzzled him. "I only heard of her resolution to-day. It surprised me very much."

"Is it possible?" said Egerton. "It did not surprise me at all. Of course there was a little shock at first, but in five minutes I agreed with M. d'Antignac that it is the only fit end for her. It is what I always dimly felt that she was intended for. I might have fallen in love with her but for that," he ended, with a smile.

"Are you sure that you did not do so?" said Miss Bertram—involuntarily it seemed.

"I am quite sure," the young man answered, though he looked a little surprised. "My feeling for her was not at all of that kind. She seemed to inspire something altogether different—as if she had been a saint already. I always thought her like Guercino's St. Margaret," he added, smiling again.

"Saint or no saint, I think if I had been a man I must have fallen in love with her," said Miss Bertram; "so you see I only gave you credit for good taste in suspecting you of having done so."

"You are very kind," Egerton answered, "but"—he paused, then added in a low tone, "*you* should have known better."

Miss Bertram lifted her eyebrows. Her glance said as plainly as words, "What had I to do with it?" But notwithstanding this, there must have been some faint sign of that encouragement concerning the lack of which Egerton had complained, for he went on quickly:

"I have long said to myself that there only needed a word, a glance, to make me passionately in love with you; but I am not sure now that the word or glance has been needed. You have always seemed to regard me with so much scorn that hope has been out of the question; yet I think it is possible to love without hope."

Sibyl did not answer—indeed, there did not seem to be anything in this speech which required an answer—but after an instant she rose and moved away, not, however, toward any of the various groups, but farther away from them, to one of the open windows which overlooked the river. This emboldened Egerton to follow her.

"I know," he went on, in the tone of one who pursues an argument, "that my life has been deserving of your scorn, and that your vague aspirations at which I used to smile were more than my contentment with lower things. Yet perhaps

I seemed more contented than I was, and if self-disgust may lead to better things—"

He was interrupted here. With her old impetuosity Sibyl turned to him.

"And what was *my* life that *I* should have ventured to scorn any one?" she said. "You do not understand—you never understood—it was because I thought you had the power to do something better that I was impatient. But I have grown a little wiser. I know now that one should not criticise unless one has a better way to point out. I had none."

"But there is a better way," said Egerton, "and, if you will, we may seek it together. This sounds presumptuous, perhaps"—as she stood still and did not answer—"and I have no right to expect you to believe in me. But we have both felt that life is meant for something better than mere living for one's own interest or one's own pleasure; and I think we both see that the nobler existence is within our reach. The question is, shall we enter upon it together or apart? That is for you to decide. But if—if there is the least hope for me, I am—willing to wait—to serve—"

"I have come to say good-evening, dear M. d'Antignac," said Sibyl half an hour later.

D'Antignac looked up at her as she stood in her charming beauty by the side of his couch, extending her hand. He took it with a smile, and glanced from her to Egerton, who stood by. Did those kind, dark eyes read everything? It seemed so to the two who met them.

"We have a better salutation than that in French," he said. "It is the most exquisite of all forms of greeting. For brief or long parting, for joy or sorrow, for life or death—what better can we say than adieu? It expresses all blessing and it places those whom we love where we would wish ever to leave them. So, my dear friends"—he held out his other hand to Egerton—"*à Dieu!*"

THE END.

THE BUILDING OF "THE MOUNTAIN."

ONE Indian Summer's day in the year 1808 a horseman rode out of the village of Emmittsburg, Maryland, in the direction of the Catochtin Mountain, which was about two miles distant. It was one of those days which come only in Indian Summer. The persimmon-trees along the roadside were loaded with ripe fruit; the air was balmy and perfectly still; a slight haze tinged the landscape, giving it a reposeful, dreamy look; overhead, soaring round and round in a vast circle, were a number of turkey-buzzards; and as the eye rested upon the broad sweep of primeval forest which clothed the beautiful mountain—one of the spurs of the Blue Ridge—you might almost have fancied that a gigantic rainbow had dropped down from the sky and remained to give it all its joyous, glorious autumn tints.

"How do you like Emmittsburg?" spoke the Rev. Mr. Dubois, addressing a pale-faced boy of twelve or thirteen, who rode behind him with his feet thrust deep into the good priest's pockets, which served him for stirrups. "I like it much better than Baltimore," answered Jim Taney. "And if my sister were only here I'd be perfectly happy."

"Well, be patient," said the priest. "Agnes is now in the care of Mother Seton, who is coming by and by to make a home not far from our home." "How glad I shall be to see my sister again!" continued Jim. "This is the first time we have been separated since father and mother died. Oh! I love Agnes very, very much."

When they had reached what is known to-day as Featherbed Lane they entered the shadow of the woods, and, after proceeding a short distance, came to another road which led straight up the mountain. Here young Taney clapped his hands and in his excitement almost fell out of the saddle; for he had discovered an opossum waddling across a fallen tree which spanned a roaring brook ten paces to the left, and he had never seen an opossum before; the animal looked so droll as it turned its roguish head half round to wink at him, and Jim wanted to run and catch it. "O Father Dubois!" he exclaimed presently, "do stop here. Do build the college here!" "This would not be a bad spot," replied the reverend gentleman, as he took a pinch of snuff out of an old French snuff-box. "But, my dear boy, let us explore a

little further; let us go as far as yonder log-cabin on the other side of the stream." So saying, the priest with the boy forded the trout-brook, in those days a good deal broader than it is to-day. They were welcomed at the humble abode by a widow named Peggy McEntee, who with her own hands hitched the nag to a hickory sapling, then bade Mr. Dubois, whom she knew, to enter and take some refreshment. "And you, too, little boy," she added, "must be hungry after your ride. Come in and taste my doughnuts."

Taney needed no urging, and when, after eating his fill, he accompanied Mr. Dubois afoot to a point somewhat more elevated, he declared that he had never dreamed of a finer place than this. "For Mrs. McEntee has stuffed my pockets full of chestnuts," he said. "And she tells me that the rabbits and 'possums cannot be counted, and that there are thousands of squirrels. Oh! look, look; there goes a rabbit!" And before Mr. Dubois could stop him Jim was scampering at full speed through the bushes and briars. By and by he found his way back; his pretty blue cap was missing, nor could he find it anywhere, although he spent a quarter of an hour in the search, so dense was the laurel thicket into which he had foolishly plunged.

"That rabbit is no doubt laughing at you," spoke Mr. Dubois. "Well, I'll set a trap and catch him, and then *I'll* laugh at *him*," returned Jim, with a grin, who had thick curly hair and looked much better without his cap than with it. The clergyman smiled, then, after climbing a few steps further, paused and exclaimed: "What a magnificent view! 'Tis here I will build the church; and down below, shielded by the mountain from the cold west winds in winter, shall stand the college and seminary."

"When? How soon? Oh! do let us come here at once," cried Jim. "For there are so many chestnuts here, and rabbits, and 'possums!"

"You will have something else to do besides trapping rabbits and getting nuts," answered Mr. Dubois, patting his head. "Oh! to be sure, I will study very hard and become very learned," pursued Jim. "Mount St. Mary's College—" said Mr. Dubois in a musing tone.

"What! is that to be the name?" asked Taney, who had keen ears. "Yes; and let us hope that the institution may give to our country many worthy priests and scholars. Mount St. Mary's is a sweet-sounding name. Dear Mount St. Mary's!"

"And my sister will not be far from me," said the boy, his

eyes sparkling with delight. "And when Agnes is here this will be Paradise—nothing else but Paradise."

Having thus decided that the college should stand on the right bank of the stream, between Mrs. McEntee's and another dwelling occupied by an aged slave belonging to her, who had been born in Africa and was named Pompey, Mr. Dubois jogged back to Emmittsburg, reading his breviary as he went along, and now and again telling restless Jim not to thrust his feet entirely through his coat-pockets.

The glowing account which Taney brought to the eleven boys who had stayed behind made them all eager to move as soon as possible to the foot of the mountain.

And to the foot of the mountain they went towards noon of the following day. It was no easy task for Mr. Dubois to keep his merry band in order. Five rabbits crossed the road within a few steps of them; a lazy opossum was discovered dozing on top of a persimmon-tree; while one boy declared that he spied a flock of wild turkeys. And turkeys, opossums, and rabbits drew from the future collegians a volley of stones; while Jim Taney, whom it was impossible to restrain, was half-way up the tree before Mr. Dubois could make him come down. "Wait, wait," exclaimed the priest. "Time enough to catch 'possums by and by."

Being very hungry, the youngsters were glad to reach the house of Mr. Joseph Elder, about a mile east of Peggy McEntee's, where they found a substantial dinner awaiting them—fried chicken, hominy, and stewed apples. And here for the next six months they took their meals as well as slept, studying in another log dwelling hard by.

Bright and early next morning the boys stood in line before Mr. Dubois; there were James Taney, John Lilly, Frederic Chatard, Jonathan Walker, Harry Beelen, Tom Conner, John and Felix McManus, William Miles, Robert Hickey, Richard Cole, and James Shorb.

Their reverend master told them in a few earnest words that they were to begin immediately to fell trees and clear the ground for a college. "Take good care," he said, "of the axes and hatchets which I shall give you. Be not distracted while at work by rabbits and squirrels. We are about to lay the foundation of a great institution. Every day we shall devote a few hours to study; but our chief occupation for some time to come must be hewing logs, digging up roots, and rolling away stones. Let us pray that Almighty God may bless our undertaking."

This brief address was answered by three cheers; after which, led by Joe Elder, who was to teach them how to use their implements, they proceeded towards the babbling brook, and there, between the cabin of Mrs. McEntee and that of her venerable slave—who was to assist them in their labor—was begun the building of "The Mountain"; for by this name the college was known in after-times.

It greatly edified Mr. Dubois to see how zealously the lads, after a brief instruction from Mr. Elder, set themselves to their task; the brambles and trees were attacked with an energy that was uncommon, and Mrs. McEntee stood at her door with hands outstretched in wonder. At ten o'clock she was to bring them a supply of doughnuts. "But, alas! if they go on at this rate," she ejaculated, "they'll have such appetites that they'll eat me out of house and home."

It happened, however, that the chestnut-tree which Taney and Willy Miles were trying to lay low had a good many nuts upon it; and after hearing them drop here and there—sometimes they dropped plump on their heads—they could bear it no longer, but, throwing aside their axes, made for the tempting chestnuts. Just at this moment a hickory-tree which Pompey was cutting down began to creak and totter; and lo! what should presently emerge from a lofty clump of leaves but a flying-squirrel. At once arose a chorus of shouts and yells. In vain did Pompey tell them it was only a poor little squirrel and that they could not possibly catch it; as it sailed from tree to tree along the mountain-side the eager throng followed like hounds in full cry. Into the brook two of them tumbled—Jack Lilly and Fred Chatard—while the others continued the break-neck pursuit, until by and by Mr. Dubois could no longer hear their voices in the distance. Then, after taking a pinch of snuff, he gravely asked Mr. Elder what was to be done. The latter shrugged his shoulders and advised that the scapegraces be given no doughnuts at ten o'clock. Whereupon Pompey scratched his grizzly wool a moment, then in a most deferential tone said: "Massa, I'd no punish 'em for running off. Leave 'em to me; I cure 'em." "What will you do, Pompey?" inquired Mr. Dubois. "Wait, massa, and you'll see. They no quit work again. I cure 'em." "Well, I shall trust to your wisdom, Pompey," answered Mr. Dubois. "I only hope they'll not get lost in the forest." After waiting half an hour the boys were seen strolling back; they were all breathing very hard, and some had their faces scratched by the briars. Then Taney,

looking most innocent, informed his reverend master that he had found his lost cap. "And I do believe it was hidden in a rabbit's nest," he said. "For it was under a hazel-bush, and a rabbit was sitting upon it." "And oh! what fun we had chasing the rabbit," put in Miles. "Which you no doubt caught, and the squirrel too," answered Mr. Dubois, trying to look serious. "You are indeed very successful hunters."

"No, sir, they both got away," said Hickey, which remark caused everybody to laugh.

Here Mr. Dubois perceived that Chatard and Lilly were endeavoring to screen themselves behind their comrades, for they were wet through and through—having fallen in the brook, we remember—and were ashamed to be seen. But instead of reprimanding them he merely bade them repair to Peggy McEntee's and there dry their clothes.

"Father Dubois is the kindest master I ever knew," said Lilly to his friend as they descended the hill. "Yes, he hardly ever gets out of humor," replied Chatard, who had known the good priest in Baltimore—where from his likeness to Napoleon he was called the Little Corsican—"and in future I'll not leave my work to go after—a rabbit or a squirrel." "Well, if he had flogged me for falling into the water," continued Lilly, "I'd probably be much inclined to wade in it this very afternoon in search of a bullfrog that I saw swim under the bank. But now I mean to do just what will please Father Dubois."

While they were talking the Widow McEntee was discovered climbing the ascent, holding her apron wide open as if it was filled with something. "Doughnuts are coming," whispered Pompey to Jim Taney. Jim needed but this to rouse his whole being into full activity. He had scarcely yet got back his breath after his long run; but the word doughnuts sent a thrill through his veins, his lungs filled out at once, and down the hillside he went, followed by the other excited youngsters. So great was the impetus of their combined rush that had not Mrs. McEntee dropped her load of cakes and fled for her life they might have overturned her and broken her precious neck.

The scene which now took place made even good-natured Mr. Dubois brandish his cane, while Mr. Elder exclaimed, with a rueful shake of the head: "'Tis little work we'll get out of these idle brats."

Pompey, however, enjoyed the scramble and tussle immensely; perhaps he saw anew—through the mist of far-off years—a combat in the jungles of Africa. His huge mouth

grinned from ear to ear, his eyes well-nigh jumped out of their sockets, and his arms swung round like two flails, while Mr. Dubois and Joe Elder hastened to quell the disturbance. But it was several minutes before even their voices could be heard. Jim Taney, although only thirteen and seemingly a frail lad, was as active as a cat, and had grabbed much more than his fair share of doughnuts: his pockets were crammed full, between his gleaming teeth he clinched a cake—which happily hindered him from shouting, but made his face grow exceedingly red—while in each fist was a doughnut crushed out of all shape; for his fists were striking right and left at Lilly and Miles, who were both attacking him with intent to make him surrender a part of what he had so greedily grabbed.

Hickey and Shorb, in endeavoring to get possession of the rest of the scattered cakes, were trampled upon by a number of heels; and a sorry aspect the ravenous scramblers presented when finally peace and quiet were restored by their master's hickory stick.

"Golly! Dat was glorious!" ejaculated Pompey as he picked up one of the warriors, whose nose was bleeding. But Mr. Dubois thought otherwise. After bidding the slave to hold his tongue he administered a sharp reproof to these early students at "The Mountain," and concluded by allowing them only one doughnut apiece. Taney, however, got more than one, for he had already swallowed a cake and a half.

And now timidly from her hiding-place behind a stump crept Peggy McEntee, who could do nothing but roll up her eyes and clasp her hands; for they were fine-looking lads, these twelve "Mountaineers," and now to behold their dishevelled hair and torn collars did deeply move her loving heart. But presently she smiled and patted Taney's cheek; for woman, being a non-combatant by nature, doth eminently admire pluck and pugnacity in the other sex.

Having obtained leave of Mr. Dubois, Pompey now proceeded to address the boys a few words. "Young gemmen," he said, "you are young and inexperienced, as you showed by chasing a flying-squirrel awhile ago, thinking that he might be caught. Next time your axes scare a squirrel out of his nest don't even look up at him. Father Dubois wants us to make a big clearing here for a college where your heads are to become chock-full of learning. Therefore, young gemmen, while you are at work, work in downright earnest; don't notice squirrels and rabbits. But there is a time, too, for play; and now I wish

to say that I'm going to teach you how to make rabbit-traps, and that some night when the ground is a little damp I'll get my hounds, Bowser and Towser, and we'll all go after 'possums. And believe old Pompey: there's nothing better than roast 'possum for breakfast and dinner and supper; stuff him with chestnuts, stick an ear of corn in his mouth, and then—well, young gemmen, roll up your eyes."

When Pompey had ended this brief speech every boy made for his axe, while Mr. Dubois complimented the aged slave on his well-timed remarks; and during the rest of the day—barring an hour for dinner—all labored with good-will, so that by the time evening arrived not a little ground had been cleared. Such conduct pleased Mr. Dubois, who said as they wended their way back to Joe Elder's: "Boys, you have done well to-day, and it shall not be long before Pompey takes you out 'possum-hunting." "Oh! do let him take us this very evening," exclaimed Taney. "Why, I'm not in the least tired."

But Mr. Dubois answered: "This evening, James, you must go to bed early; you all need a good long sleep."

Next morning Taney awoke an hour before it was time to rise, and he at once proceeded to rouse his schoolmates, who began immediately to talk about rabbits and squirrels; no thought of a book entered their heads, until by and by Hickey said: "I hate Latin grammar; don't you, Shorb?"

"Y-yes," answered Shorb, a fat, good-natured lad, who was only half-awake. Upon which Taney jerked the pillow from under his head, and presently Shorb added with a yawn: "English grammar is—is hard enough. What a—a horrid time Roman boys must have had with their grammar!" "Well, Pompey says he never studied any grammar at all," spoke Miles. "Yet see what a fine speech he delivered yesterday." "Pompey's a perfect Cicero," said Lilly, flinging his pillow at Hickey. This was the signal for a volley of shoes, stockings, and pillows; and the fun and uproar only ended when Mr. Dubois opened the door. But then it ended suddenly, as if by magic. You might have heard a pin drop, a mouse creep over the floor; and when Mr. Dubois bade them get up and come to prayers, one boy after another stretched out his arms and yawned, and the kind-hearted priest, bending over Jim Taney, said: "I am sorry to wake you, James, but it is late and time for prayers."

In a jiffy all the youngsters were on their feet crying out, "Oh! do let's make haste; it's late; it's time for prayers."

The reverend gentleman, be it here said, had just returned

from Emmittsburg, whither he had gone before sunrise to offer up Mass; and he had brought back two pedagogues sent to him from Baltimore. The moment the boys laid eyes on their teachers, who stood a little behind Mr. Dubois, a violent chill crept over them, and Hickey, his fevered fancy conjuring up visions of rattans, determined to put on two pairs of trousers, which might prove useful in case of contingencies. Mr. Smith was tall and lank, with a sallow complexion and of a bilious temperament. Mr. Monahan was a thick-set Irishman, with short-cropped hair which stood up like bristles.

"The tall fellow looks as if he had been feeding on Latin grammar; doesn't he?" whispered Taney. "Yes," answered Miles under his breath. "And I think I see a Greek root sticking out of his left ear."

"Well, the stout one with red face looks as if he had some fun in him," said Miles.

"Humph! I wish they hadn't come," said Taney, heaving a sigh—"at least not till we had finished the big log-house where our school is to be." Here Mr. Dubois clapped his hands, and presently all were on their knees.

Having performed their morning devotions, they breakfasted, and all ate with good appetites except Taney. To him had come a letter from his sister, and so deep was his emotion on reading it that he could not prevent the tears from flowing; and when Hickey giggled and called him a baby for crying, Taney gave him a pretty hard punch in the side, which caused Hickey to utter a groan and spill some hot coffee on his lap.

This disturbance made Mr. Smith knit his brow and lift his right hand in a threatening manner. But he went no farther, for this was Jim's first offence; and presently Taney and Hickey were good friends again. But still Taney did not touch his breakfast; he could do nothing but read and reread Agnes' letter. And after they had left the table he took Mr. Dubois' hand and asked how soon his sister would arrive. "I have already told you," replied Mr. Dubois, "that she will be here next spring with Mother Seton." "Next spring!" sighed Jim. "Oh! that seems very, very far off."

Thanks to Pompey's promise to take them soon on an opossum-hunt, the youngsters worked like beavers this day, as well as the next and the next; and besides the old slave and Mr. Elder there were several other skilful axemen to assist them, so that by the end of the week the ground for the college and college garden had been pretty well cleared, and Peggy

McEntee declared that she hardly recognized the place, it was so changed.

At ten o'clock every forenoon she treated the boys to fresh doughnuts; nor had the boys ever tasted more delicious water than the water which flowed in the brook close by, and which in years to come was to give delight to so many thirsty students as it bubbled out of the fountains on the college terrace.

Saturday evening after supper they were allowed to go with Pompey to the mountain in quest of opossums. Mr. Smith shook his head and hinted to Mr. Dubois that they might get into mischief. But Mr. Dubois was not afraid to trust to their honor; and so off went the frolicsome band, Pompey leading and carrying a big bag in which to put the game, while at his heels trotted Bowser and Towser—dogs seemingly of no particular breed, and which he aptly styled meat-hounds.

No sooner had the boys departed than Mr. Smith, who had nothing to do, set out for Emmittsburg to get whatever letters or parcels he might find addressed to the care of his superior. It was a dark night, the air a little moist, and just the kind of weather for scent to lie well. When the youngsters heard this they rubbed their hands in glee and began to count their opossums in advance, while Shorb exclaimed: "I do wish my whole life could be a 'possum-hunt."

"Well, I reckon these be your happiest days," observed Pompey, as they entered the forest at the foot of the mountain.

"They would be the happiest days for me if my sister were here," said Taney, who was constantly thinking of Agnes—his dear Agnes.

"I don't see the good of studying Latin grammar," put in Miles. "Do you, Pompey?" "Can't answer that," replied the venerable African. "'Twouldn't, of course, be no good to me. But I'm only a poor nigger; you may become an—an archbishop some day." This remark was greeted by a peal of laughter, and for many a day afterwards Miles was known among his schoolfellows as the "Archbishop."

The first opossum was captured right at the back of what is to-day the college God's-acre, and he was taken alive by Taney, who, braving the animal's sharp teeth, climbed the tree, and, deftly unwinding his tail from the branch round which it was coiled like a snake, let him drop into the bag which Pompey held open underneath. "We'll have him for dinner to-morrow," cried Shorb, as he peeped into the bag. "No, let's keep him and tame him," said Felix McManus.

"Let's hide him in Mr. Smith's bed to-morrow night," said mischievous Taney.

"But 'possums bite right hard," observed Pompey gravely. "Very glad they do," said Hickey. They were still debating what should be the fate of their first opossum when the dogs treed another; and soon afterwards a third and a fourth were bagged.

"I'd like to find a coon afore we get home," said Pompey, "for then we'd see a tussle; 'tisn't every dog can whip a coon." "Yes, yes—a coon, a coon!" cried all the boys at one breath.

A quarter of an hour later Pompey came to a sudden stop, and, putting his hand to his ear, listened intently. His dogs were barking furiously down in the valley. "What have they treed now?" said Miles. "Perhaps a wild-cat," said Chatard. "Well, I never heard that kind of bark afore," said Pompey. "It's a strange bark to me; let's make haste and see what they've treed." Immediately the boys armed themselves with stout sticks; and now, with daring Taney leading the van, carrying a stick and a stone, down the mountain they hurried, for the barking seemed to be in the direction of Featherbed Lane.

But the youngsters were soon a long distance ahead of Pompey, whose limbs were stiff with age, and he was far behind when by and by they reached a cedar-tree up at which Bowser and Towser were barking like mad.

"O fellows! it's a bear! a bear!" cried Taney, flinging a stone at a big, dark object dimly visible among the topmost branches.

"A bear! a bear!" cried the others; and only one boy was afraid to approach near the cedar. His name we do not give, for in after-life he became a most holy and learned bishop.

"Boys! boys!" shouted Mr. Smith down from the top of the tree, "what are you doing? Don't you know me? I'll flog every one of you!" "A bear! a bear!" screamed the youngsters louder and louder; so that poor Mr. Smith's voice was drowned in the din, and he feared to descend lest the dogs might devour him. The unfortunate man was obliged to bury his head in a crotch of the cedar for fear of the stones, which were whizzing by like a swarm of bees; while his legs, which unhappily were very long, dangled in full view of the hunters and were hit more than once. The boys were highly elated at having treed such big game.

"Young gemmen, what in tarnation is it?" cried Pompey,

arriving almost out of breath. "A bear! a bear!" was the excited response. Then, while Pompey was stretching out his neck and straining his eyes to get a glimpse of the animal, the boys kept up a deafening yelling and shouting, and presently Taney, seizing the negro's axe, proceeded to fell the tree, which, after a shower of heavy blows, tumbled with a crash on venturesome Hickey, who was partially stunned; and before the latter could regain his feet Mr. Smith had clutched him by the collar. Immediately the other boys scattered in different directions, Taney and Shorb making for the mountain, up which they went as fast as legs could carry them.

"I wonder where we are?" said Shorb after they had run a long way through the woods. "I reckon we're lost," answered his friend. "But no—no, we're not. I see a light ahead of us." In a few minutes they emerged from the gloom of the forest and found themselves at a rock which stood on the northeast brow of the Catochtin. This spot was afterwards called "Indian Lookout"; for seated by a fire, which was not at all unpleasant this moist, chilly night, was an Indian. "Don't be scared," spoke the latter—for the boys looked a little startled at the grim, dusky visage turned upon them. "You've got out of the trail, have you? Don't be scared." "We have been hunting 'possums," replied Taney. "Is it far from here to Mr. Joseph Elder's?" "Some distance. I'll show you the trail which leads down to the valley," said Tobias—or Uncle Toby, as he had been christened by the people of Emmittsburg, whither he went now and again to sell cigars, or "Tobies," as the college boys called them long after the old Indian himself had gone to the Happy Hunting-Ground.

"Well, is this your home?" inquired Shorb. "Yes," answered Tobias. "My wigwam is near by. I am the last of my tribe, and I cultivate a patch of tobacco, which in winter-time I make into cigars."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Taney.

"Smoke?" said the Indian, offering the boys a handful of "Tobies." "I have promised Mr. Dubois not to smoke," replied Taney, "and I will not break my promise." "Nor I," said Shorb.

"I know Mr. Dubois," said Tobias. "All the folks about here know him. He's very good, and very strong too. He can walk 'most as far as I could when I was his age. But he isn't here now; he can't see you. Do try my tobacco."

Again the boys shook their heads, and the Indian, after star-

ing at them a moment in wonder, rose to his feet and guided them safely down the mountain.

Next morning Mr. Dubois was obliged to punish his schoolboys. For Mr. Smith had told him what they had done in Featherbed Lane: how they had wantonly flung stones up the tree and bruised his legs, which were all black and blue, and called him a bear, and then had hewn the tree down at the imminent peril of his neck. Whereupon his brother pedagogue had inwardly laughed and wished that he had been present to witness the sport.

"I say, fellows, it's worth being obliged to learn seven pages of Latin grammar just to have such a jolly hunt as we had last evening," spoke Taney. "Well, Mr. Smith suspects that I was smoking," said Shorb; "for he made me open my mouth, and I came near biting his nose off."

"But Mr. Dubois believed our word of honor," said Taney. "And it's true we didn't smoke." Then presently he added: "But, fellows, Shorb and I discovered a lonely spot on the mountain where lives an old Indian named Tobias, who makes cigars." "Really?" ejaculated Harry Beelen, who was fond of tobacco. "Well, I must make Tobias' acquaintance."

Having committed to memory their seven pages of Latin grammar, the boys repaired to the mountain, where, on a part of the clearing nearest the brook, a big log-house was commenced—the first building of Mt. St. Mary's College.

And here day after day they labored industriously with Pompey, Joe Elder, and their teachers, while happy Mr. Dubois, seated on a stump, read his breviary and superintended the work.

Nor did Peggy McEntee ever forget to bring them doughnuts at ten o'clock.

And often at noontime, while they were resting, Mr. Dubois would tell them of the thrilling, awful scenes he had witnessed in France during the Reign of Terror, and how one morning he met his former schoolmate, the redoubtable Robespierre, who, instead of taking his head off, had invited him to breakfast.

One Saturday Mr. Dubois went to Baltimore—afoot, too, the whole fifty miles—and shortly after his departure Mr. Smith set out for Emmittsburg, where he said he hoped to find a letter. At about the same hour Harry Beelen disappeared. But, strange to say, he was not missed. For the other boys begged Mr. Monahan, who was a well-read scholar, to tell them about Hannibal's invasion of Italy. "Beelen will be back before his absence is

discovered," whispered Taney to Miles. Then aloud he said: "Oh! how interesting it is, Mr. Monahan, to hear you tell about Hannibal." "Please go on, sir," said Miles. "I could listen to you a whole week talking about Hannibal."

And, thus encouraged, the guileless Mr. Monahan proceeded, while the truant boy made his way through the forest to Indian Lookout.

"I have come here," spoke Beelen, when at length he found himself at the wigwam—"I have come here to get a supply of cigars. I am a school-boy under Rev. Mr. Dubois; and I love 'Tobies,' as I am going to call the cigars you make."

The Indian made no response, but put his finger to his lips; at which Beelen wondered not a little and threw his eyes curiously about him. Then, never having seen a wigwam before, he determined to enter this one. But Tobias grabbed him by the trousers and drew him back. At this moment a moth-eaten red blanket which hung across the entrance fell to the ground, and whom should the dumfounded lad discover within the narrow abode—which was full of tobacco-smoke—but solemn Mr. Smith, looking very confused; for his pockets were crammed with "Tobies," and his nether jaw dropped about two inches when he saw Harry Beelen, whom he had flogged the day before. But if Mr. Smith felt abashed in the presence of his pupil, the latter was frightened, and Beelen's first impulse was to run away. In less than a minute, however, Mr. Smith recovered his self-possession, and, coming out of the wigwam, he patted the boy's head in a kindly manner and said he would grow to be a learned man; which unexpected praise almost took the boy's breath away. For if there was a dunce at school it was Beelen; and Beelen knew it. Then together they went back to Mr. Joseph Elder's, neither of them uttering a word; and when in Featherbed Lane a "Toby" slipped out of Mr. Smith's pocket, Beelen was afraid to pick it up, while the pedagogue lifted his eyes towards a turkey-buzzard which was soaring overhead, and muttered something in Latin which the boy did not understand.

Mr. Dubois seemed never to have been told of Beelen's visit to Tobias, the cigar-maker, for the lad was not punished for having gone there without leave; and albeit mischievous Taney extracted every one of the "Tobies" from Mr. Smith's pockets at midnight in the little dormitory, Mr. Smith did not complain of the loss, but asked Mr. Dubois to give the boys a half-holiday on the following Monday, which request was granted, and for a while Mr. Smith was almost as popular as Mr. Monahan.

Happy indeed were these first "Mountaineers"; and when Agnes Taney heard from Mr. Dubois how much her brother was enjoying himself at "The Mountain," she begged Mother Seton not to wait until spring-time, but to move to Emmittsburg immediately.

But, happy as the boys were, a grief came to them at last. Before the winter was over Felix McManus was seized with a fatal cold. Felix had caught a rabbit in his trap a week before he took to his bed, and ere he breathed his last he asked Taney to set his rabbit free; which Taney did with moistened eyes, he and Hickey first moving the dying boy's cot as near to the window as possible, then rubbing the frost off the glass, so that Felix might see his pet escape from the narrow space where it had been too long immured, just as, a few hours later, the soul of young Felix broke loose from its own prison and flew away. In an old God's-acre, about twenty rods north of the spot now called Clairvaux, Felix McManus was buried. No stone marks his grave; the little wooden cross has long disappeared, nor do any traces of the humble cemetery remain.

In April the boys moved from Mr. Elder's house to the new building at the foot of the mountain. It was a day of great rejoicing and kept as a holiday. Pompey escorted them thither, thrumming on a banjo, while Peggy McEntee begged to be allowed to wait on the youngsters at their first meal in the refectory.

But Mr. Dubois said: "I wish the students to wait on one another." And this has been ever since the time-honored custom at Mount St. Mary's.

But of all the boys, whose number was now increased to twenty-five, the most frolicsome was Jim Taney. And Jim studied, too, with good-will, holding first place in English and arithmetic. "Because," he said, "I promised Agnes that I would study hard." No brother ever loved sister more than Jim loved his. Twice a month she wrote to him, and he to her. In glowing words Jim described the happy life he was leading; he told of the sweet echoes which the college bell awakened when it rang the Angelus, and he only made Agnes' heart flutter when he mentioned the battered Revolutionary musket which Hickey and himself owned between them, and which once in a dozen shots might graze a squirrel's head. Sometimes Taney would read aloud to the other boys what his sister wrote concerning Mother Seton, who was coming soon to dwell near Emmittsburg; and all agreed that the weeks passed too slowly. Mother

Seton would not arrive until June, and with her were coming twelve little girls whose brothers were at "The Mountain"—no wonder, then, that the boys were impatient.

At last, on the evening of the 21st of June, word was brought by Joe Elder, who had galloped from Emmittsburg with the glad tidings, that a couple of big, canvas-covered wagons were slowly approaching the village along the Westminster road, and that the dear ones so long expected were in these creaking, old-fashioned vehicles. Yes, Mother Seton and her companions had arrived after a two days' journey from Baltimore. And now loudly, joyously pealed the college bell; down dropped grammars and slates, and forth from the classroom rushed the excited students, Jim Taney at their head, who was noted for fleetness of foot. Half a mile south of Emmittsburg Mother Seton was met, and the little girls who were with her waved their handkerchiefs when they espied their brothers bounding towards them.

But when Jim Taney cried out, "Where is Agnes?" Mother Seton's countenance fell, and, after whispering something to Rev. Mr. Dubois, she drew poor Jim aside, and taking a ring from her pocket—a pretty gold ring—she slipped it on his finger and said: "Agnes is no longer with us; she is gone to live with the angels. 'Give this ring to Jim,' were her very last words, 'and tell Jim to keep it as a pledge to meet me in heaven.'"

The boy, when he heard this, spoke not a word; he turned quite white and presently walked away into the fields with his head hanging down. Jim's parents had died when he was a mere child; he had never known what it was to love them and weep for them. But around Agnes his tender heart had thrown all its roots—in nearly every dream she had come to him—and now to lose her!

For several days the mourner held aloof from his school-fellows, and when Hickey asked him to play at marbles something in Jim's throat rose up and choked him so that he could not answer yes or no; nor did he care for the nice apple-tarts which Peggy McEntee made specially for him.

But Time, we know, has broad wings, and Time gently flew away with the boy's grief, as she flies away with all our griefs. Within a month he who had firmly believed that he would never be able to smile again was playing at marbles and whistling like the other boys. He continued, too, at the head of his class. For Jim considered the promise which he had once made to Agnes as binding still; for her sake he always studied hard, he was always industrious.

And among the first "Mountaineers" no name in after-years stood higher than that of James Taney.

Taney lived to a green old age; he saw the fame of his Alma Mater spread from one end of the land to the other; he never took Agnes' ring off his finger; and he was always proud to tell of the Indian summer's day in 1808 when he had ridden behind the Rev. Mr. Dubois and helped him choose a site for Mount St. Mary's College.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A CATHOLIC DICTIONARY, Containing some Account of the Doctrine, Discipline, Rites, Ceremonies, Councils, and Religious Orders of the Catholic Church. By William E. Addis, Secular Priest, sometime Fellow of the Royal University of Ireland, and Thomas Arnold, M.A., Fellow of the same University. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1884.

The preface to the American edition of the *Catholic Dictionary* states that it is a reprint from duplicates of the English stereotype plates, and that "such alterations have been made as to fit the work more satisfactorily to American needs." The editors in their preface acknowledge their indebtedness to American contributors, and to two English contributors, for a certain number of articles. Nearly the whole work, however, has been written by the two gentlemen whose names appear on the title-page—a very extensive and laborious task indeed, the fulfilment of which gives evidence of great competence and industry on their part. The best notion of the extent, comprehensiveness, and value of the work can be gained by examining the list of titles of articles which is given in the advertisement elsewhere. The greater number of them, of course, are short. Some, however, on the most important topics, are really little treatises, succinct and condensed, yet quite thorough and complete.

The most salient and characteristic quality of the principal articles is that of a critical rigor and severity in the treatment of topics. Outside the limits strictly determined by authority, or by a science and history which are certain and universally recognized, the editors and writers have expressed their own opinions with great freedom; and of course the official sanction of the prelates who have given their *Imprimatur* extends no further than to attest that they have not transgressed any obligation by which the church binds Catholic writers. There can be no question concerning the great utility of a work like the *Catholic Dictionary*, whose merits we expect to see universally recognized.

CLAVIS RERUM. Norwich: F. A. Robinson & Co. 1883.

The design of this work of small bulk but immense scope is to set forth the conclusions of its author in respect to the plan and purpose of the universe considered as a perfect and inseparable whole. In belief he is nearer to the orthodox and semi-Catholic type of Protestantism than any other, with some peculiar opinions of his own. His essay shows an

uncommon capability for high speculative thought, an elevated moral sentiment, and a clear apprehension of several of the principal Christian dogmas. Of these latter we specify the Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Mediation of Christ. On these and other topics he has written some admirable passages. The style of the book is good and suited to its themes.

There is only one sure criterion by which an absolute and final judgment can be pronounced on the theory of the universe elaborated with so much care and ability, and offered to lovers of truth with modesty and yet with assurance as "the key of things." This is the doctrine of the Catholic Church. The theology of the theory partly exceeds and partly comes short of this unerring standard. In respect to its purely philosophical part, our standard of judgment is the scholastic philosophy approved by the highest authority in the church and the test of ages. Tried by this criterion it is in several respects erroneous. Beyond these matters of established certainty, there are some opinions in physics in which our own personal convictions differ from those of the *Clavis Rerum*. An accurate discrimination and discussion of all the points in which we agree with and differ from the conclusions of its author would take up a great deal of time and space. Let it suffice to say that the fundamental ideas and essential structure of the author's theory of the plan and purpose of the universe are in accordance with Catholic theology and based on the revealed truths of the Christian faith. The portions to which we must take exception, though not unimportant, are yet not really the main supports on which his theory rests, which is substantially sound in respect both to faith and reason.

THE BAPTISM OF THE KING. Considerations on the Sacred Passion. By H. J. Coleridge, S.J. London: Burns & Oates. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1884.

This is, to our thinking, the most beautiful of all the minor works of Father Coleridge, and one of the best among the books we have in English treating of the Passion of our Lord. It does not go into the details of the pathetic tragedy of the Passion, or appeal directly to the imagination or the emotions. It deals with general considerations of a theological and moral kind concerning the causes, reasons, results, and special significance and end of the sufferings and satisfaction of Christ in relation to God and man, this world and the other, as a part of the universal plan of the divine providence. The style is that of conferences given during a retreat, or sermons of a mixed doctrinal and practical character.

THE WORKS OF ORESTES A. BROWNSON. Collected and arranged by Henry F. Brownson. Vol. vi. Controversy—ii. Detroit: Thorndike Nourse. For sale by The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1884.

Mr. Henry F. Brownson is getting out his father's works with commendable expedition. The present volume embraces the second part of Dr. Brownson's writings in defence of the church. In many respects it is one of the most interesting volumes of the series. It contains several of Dr. Brownson's most notable articles on transcendentalism, as well as the striking controversial story, "The Two Brothers; or, Why are you a Protestant?" The other articles in the volume besides those on transcendentalism are: "Protestantism in a Nutshell," "The Presbyterian Confes-

sion of Faith" (two articles), "Professor Park against Catholicity," "Thornwell's Answer to Dr. Lynch" (three articles), "Literary Policy of the Church of Rome," "Methodist Quarterly Review," and "Hopkins' British Reformation."

EINSIEDELN "IN THE DARK WOOD"; or, Our Lady of the Hermits. The story of an Alpine sanctuary. With numerous illustrations. New York: Benziger Bros.
(Mrs. Anne R. Bennett, *née* Gladstone.)

Goethe, in his *Memoirs*, writes of Einsiedeln: "The antique dwelling of St. Meinrad appeared to me something extraordinary of which I had never seen the like. The sight of the little building, surrounded by great pillars and surmounted by arches, excited in me serious reflections. It is there that one single spark of holiness and the fear of God kindled a flame which is always burning, and which has never ceased to give light; a flame to which faithful souls make a pilgrimage, often attended with great difficulties, in order to kindle their little taper at its holy flame. It is such a circumstance as this which makes us understand that the human race stands in infinite need of the same Light and the same heat which the first anchorite who inhabited this spot nourished and enjoyed in the depths of his soul, animated as it was by the most perfect faith." Lists of the most distinguished of these pilgrims have been kept from the tenth century down. There are found the names of prelates, from Bishop Adalbert of Bâle (A.D. 915) and St. Charles Borromeo to Bishop Dupanloup and Archbishop Spalding. Among the royal and noble visitors we read the names of the Emperor Otho the Great and St. Adelheid (955); St. Elizabeth of Hungary (1335); the Emperor Frederick III. (1442); Louis XIII. of France (1622); Ludwig I. of Bavaria; Archduke Nicholas, afterwards Emperor of Russia; Queen Hortense with Louis Napoleon; Frederick William, Crown Prince, afterwards King of Prussia; William, King of Würtemberg; Count Montalembert, the Count de Chambord, the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Denbigh, and numerous others of similar rank. The vast number of pilgrims is shown by the fact that the average number of yearly communions during the last three hundred years has been 150,000, and in the year 1861 rose to 210,000, in 1749 to 226,000, in 1710 to 260,000.

The monastery, which began in 838 with St. Meinrad's hermitage, is one of the few of the grand old monastic establishments of the mediæval period which are still extant and flourishing, and, so far as we are informed, takes precedence among these few, as the one which at the present time has the greatest importance. It seems to fulfil the purpose which Leibnitz regarded as the one for which the great monastic orders are the best fitted of all other institutions in this modern age. It is a great seat of learning, of the arts, and of education, as well as of religious contemplation and the active work which is strictly sacerdotal. In its immediate neighborhood, and under the shadow of its venerable walls, there is the great publishing and printing establishment of the Benzigers. The adjacent village with the outlying country region, under the parochial care of the Benedictine fathers, presents the example of a most exemplary and happy community where practical Christianity exists in as perfect a state as we can ever hope to see realized anywhere in this world. Of all this, and of the past history of the place, Mrs. Bennett gives a complete and most interesting account

in the first part of her little book. In the second part she describes a visit which she made to the sacred spot, with many pleasant incidents.

DARWINISM, STATED BY DARWIN HIMSELF. Characteristic Passages from the Life of Charles Darwin. Selected and arranged by Nathan Sheppard. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

None but a bigot would dispute that Mr. Darwin was a close and assiduous observer in the domain of natural history. No one who loves truth will deny that, though over-fond of theorizing, he contributed not a little to the branch of science called natural philosophy. Let him have cheerfully sincere sympathy and credit for what he really did.

But he played a part for which he deserves no credit or sympathy—the part of a speculator in the higher branches of knowledge, for which he was not equipped. It would make an interesting pendant to the present volume to draw from Mr. Darwin's writings the evidence of his repeated infringing upon the laws of sound logic, and his departure from the dry light of science. But we shall have to wait another generation, perhaps, for the production of this volume. The minds of men will first have to be willing to settle down to solid facts, and to an impartial estimate of the value of the physical sciences, before men of this class receive their just deserts and their true place in the temple of fame. However small may be his worth in other respects, in these Mr. Darwin's value will not be insignificant.

We presume the volume before us has been prepared by a competent person and gives a fair résumé of the unwearied labors in the fields in which this celebrated naturalist was at home.

THE IRISH BIRTHDAY-BOOK. Selections from the speeches and writings of Irish men and women, both Catholic and Protestant. Arranged by "Melusine." London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1884.

Amid the deluge of "birthday-books" (there is even a Martin Farquhar Tupper Birthday-Book) it is a wonder that an Irish birthday-book has not made its appearance before now. The publishers of this tasteful little volume, with its cover of unbleached Irish linen and its clear type, have hit on a bright idea which will very likely prove a profitable one; and as they are first in the field with it, they deserve that it should prove profitable. The compiler purports to give a couple of sentiments by Irish writers for every day of the year to go opposite the blank spaces for birthday signatures. He (or she) does not fulfil this laudable purpose; but then, on the whole, the book is as good as the average of birthday-books, and perhaps we have no right to criticise it further than to say so.

Nevertheless an Irish birthday-book, compiled with proper care and understanding, which would give a gleaming thought or stirring sentiment from one of Ireland's bards, or orators, or historians, or novelists for every day in the year, would be such a desirable thing that we are tempted to dwell on this little book a moment longer. What a charming little volume could be made up of choice bits from the works of Ossian, and Moore, and Mangan, and McCarthy, and Allingham, and Furlong, and Davis, and Williams, and Lover, and Grattan, and Curran, and Burke, and Mitchel, and

Edgeworth, and Wilde, and Joyce, and Graves! But why particularize among the host of sweet singers and golden-penned writers? Any one of them—Mangan, or Davis, or Burke—could fill a volume with brilliant things himself. The book before us, out of all that Edmund Burke has said or written, has only one quotation, and that an entirely uncharacteristic commonplace that any man might have uttered as well as Burke. On the other hand, there are abundant extracts from the *Penny Magazine*, "Speeches from the Dock," extinct newspaper articles, and harangues delivered during the late land movement. There is only one quotation from William Allingham, and none at all from Thomas Furlong, and only one accredited to Robert D. Joyce, though there are a few extracts from the *Deirdré*, given as if the compiler was not aware that it was Dr. Joyce who wrote that beautiful epic. "Melusine" (to call the compiler by his—or her—*nom-de-plume*) does not seem to know of any of Arthur Percival Graves' exquisite contributions to Irish balladry, for he quotes nothing of them. And we never dreamed that "Junius" was an "Irish man or woman, Catholic or Protestant"; for Burke repudiated the identity, and indeed "Melusine," with charming aplomb, settles the vexed controversy by printing "Sir Philip Francis" in parentheses after "Junius'" name.

"Melusine" deserves credit for the idea of making quotations from historians. Some of the pregnant sentences occurring through the book are like rents in the veil of the past; such as this from Lecky: "The commercial and industrial condition of the country was, if possible, more deplorable than its political condition, *and was the result of a series of English measures which, for deliberate and selfish tyranny, could hardly be surpassed*"; or this from Mitchel: "For the next two weeks, awaiting the result of this trial, all things stood still in Ireland, except the famine, and the 'addresses of confidence' from landlords, and the typhus fever, and the clearing of estates, and the wail of the Banshee!" And what a luminous remark is this of Lecky's as to the subject of English criticisms of Irish politics: "We should have heard few eulogies of the honorable character of the Irish policy of Pitt, if English writers were not accustomed to judge Irish politics by a standard of honor very different from that which they would apply to English ones."

IRISH PEDIGREES; or, The Origin and Stem of the Irish Nation. By John O'Hart, Q.U.I., Fellow of the Royal Historical and Archæological Association of Ireland, etc. Third edition. 8vo, pp. xxxvi.–808. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1881. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

While our fellow-citizens of English or of Dutch race are amusing themselves by tracing their ancestry back for two or three generations, to some industrious kitchen-gardener, perhaps, some of them, too, appropriating, without so much as "by your leave," the coats of arms, crests, and mottoes of such European aristocrats as happen to bear the same name, our fellow-citizens of Irish birth or origin are here enabled to trace their lineage—that is, if they can make a link with the pedigrees given—up to Adam, the father of us all. This statement, however, is too wide, and must be qualified. Mr. O'Hart, in this volume of wonderful research, traces the pedigrees of all the chiefs of Irish clans up to Adam; he does not take so much pains with the non-Gaelic Irish. In a few cases he has been consid

erate enough of us on this side of the sea to show the connection between some of these chiefs and American citizens. He finds in Cincinnati, for instance, a lineal descendant of the MacCarthaigh Mor—the "great McCarthy," as one would say in English; in St. Paul, Minn., another representative of the same illustrious line; and in the proprietor of the New York *Herald* he finds a lineal descendant, through his mother, of Amhailgaidh O'Feargail (phonetically written "Awley O'Farrell"), who in the twelfth century was chief of Connemara. From Amhailgaidh that gentleman, by means of Mr. O'Hart's book, can continue the pedigree to Milidh (or Milesius, whence Milesian as applied to the celtic Irish) of Spain, who, long centuries before our era, married the daughter of the king of Egypt and then led the Milesians, Scythians, or Scots to Ireland.

But, in all seriousness, there is no civilized country that has passed through such vicissitudes as Ireland. In Cromwell's time entire populations, whole clans with their chiefs and families, were dispossessed and sent to the mountain territory of the West—"to hell or Connaught" was the phrase. Even now many hereditary chiefs are recognized by their people, and though "the O'Flaherty" or "the MacAonghus" (Magennis) may wear a frieze coat, and his only arms may be "a bit of a stick," and as he passes along the road he may be set down by the ignorant and arrogant English tourist as a "peasant," he is none the less a haughty nobleman, and has, probably, all the natural qualities of a born leader, if only he had a country that offered him a field. And, by the way, in spite of O'Connell's often-quoted remark about "the finest peasantry in the world" being Ireland's, Ireland has never had a peasantry in the sense of the word as used in England and on the Continent of Europe. The peasantry of those countries are the descendants and successors of the serfs who obeyed a feudal lord. But Ireland never had feudal lords, or—so far as the Gaels, the true Irish, are concerned—lords of any sort. There were in ancient times a few slaves, mostly Anglo-Saxons, taken in sea expeditions, but the men of Ireland were all equal socially. An Irishman's deference to a lord is always hypocritical. The most stupid rustic in Ireland recognizes no superiority over himself in the man who is powerful through wealth. The clansman looked on the chief as his kinsman, as the most direct descendant of that far-off hero from whom he himself descended. The bard, the brehon (lawyer, or judge), and the file (poet) had privileges, just as the chief had, but the Gaels had no classes. They were the most perfect democrats the world has ever seen. Something of this spirit of honest pride in one's self is to be observed in the country-people of France, though there feudalism stamped out much of the old ideas of their Gaelic ancestors. The most sturdy, self-possessed people of Spain are said to be the inhabitants of Galicia, also a Gaelic people. We all know how difficult some Americans complain that it is to get Irish servants to acknowledge their own inferiority. The Gaelic language has no equivalent for the English word snob; it is doubtful if any other language than English has.

The first half of *Irish Pedigrees* contains three hundred and two pedigrees of Gaelic families traced to Heber, Ir, or Heremon, sons of Milidh, and Milidh's line is traced to Adam. Though we may smile at Milidh's pedigree, there can be little doubt of Milidh's existence many centuries before Christ; and, considering that bards and brehons had strong reasons

for keeping the line of inheritance sure, there can be little doubt of the genuineness of these pedigrees as far back at least as Milidh. Cæsar speaks of the carefulness shown in his time by the bards of the Gaels of France in this matter. The tenure of land depended on accuracy as to the lineage of the chiefs, who did not inherit from father to son, but were elected out of the one chief family.

The part of the volume given up to the families of non-Gaelic origin is not so elaborate, and it contains, in one pedigree at least—that of the Bourkes—some errors. This family is traced correctly to Pepin of Landen (A.D. 622), and thence to Robert, the half-brother of William the Conqueror, who took part at Hastings in the rout of the Saxons, and whose great-grandson, William Fitz-Adelm, went to Ireland in 1169. But why Mr. O'Hart should trace it through Godfrey of Bouillon, the great Crusader, who lived and died a bachelor and was honored universally for his chaste life, is a mystery past finding out, perhaps. The truth is, of course, the pedigree passed through Godfrey's cousin Eustace—not brother, as he incorrectly refers to him.

Another interesting use that this volume can be put to by those who have no pedigree to trace, or no inclination to trace it if they have one, is the light it throws on the corruption of Gaelic surnames during the last three centuries. Scarcely one Irish name to-day is spelled correctly or pronounced as it was pronounced by those whose only language was Gaelic. Here are a few instances: Mac Giola Mhochudha we now see as McGillicuddy, MacEllicott as Elliott; Mac Amhailgaidh as MacAwley, Macaulay, etc.; O'Flaithbhearthaighe as O'Flaherty; Gall Chobhair as Gallagher (the name signifies "the help-bringing foreigner"); Mac Uidhir as McGwyre, Maguire, etc.; O'H-Aonghusaigh as O'Hennessy; and in like manner Mac Aonghus as MacGennis, Magenniss, Guiness, etc. The old names had a meaning; the new forms have none.

In fact, if Queen Victoria's pedigree be left out—and there can be no reason for introducing that person, except historically, into an Irish book—Mr. O'Hart's volume will be a constant source of delight to all who have Irish blood in them or take interest in Irish matters.

FLOWERS AND THEIR PEDIGREES. By Grant Allen. New York: Appleton & Co.

This book is one of the will-o'-the-wisps that flit about the pathway of scientific study, seducing the unwary traveller into pleasant by-ways and leaving him benighted in a morass. The student who would trust himself blindly to the teaching of this engaging volume would find himself in a morass of hopeless evolutionism.

The book is one of the most fascinating tracts on a scientific subject we have read, except perhaps the same author's *Colin Clout's Calendar* and *Vignettes from Nature*. Mr. Grant Allen quite evidently is a literary man before he is a scientist. He is master of the art of imparting information—such information as he has to impart—and he writes in a style that enchains the reader's attention and charms it from the first sentence. You go with him out into the buoyant air, by blossoming summer hedge-rows, through daisy and cowslip speckled meadows, up heathy hillsides, and it is there he

keeps you while he talks of the flowers and plants he culls by the way. What lover of Nature would not such a method lay under a spell?

Mr. Allen in *Flowers and their Pedigrees* confesses himself a devotee of the theory of evolution, and he clings to it with as content and ardent a faith as an African devotee to his fetich. His object in the work is to trace the supposed processes which some half-dozen familiar specimens of plant-life have undergone, and the relationships they have contracted with other specimens in their evolution from their primordial state to their present form. He promises the narrative will be as wonderful and as interesting as a fairy-tale. That he fulfils his promise any one who reads his astounding family histories of the long-pedigreed daisy, of the rose and the strawberry, his account of the origin of wheat, his "romance of a wayside weed" (the wood-spurge, to wit), or his story of the cuckoo-pint and "a mountain tulip," will readily confess. But how these positivists stultify themselves! If you grant any one certain impossible premises which still baffle and will ever baffle the scientific speculators, it will be only want of a vivid imagination that will hinder him from weaving an endless web of marvellous possibilities. Mr. Grant Allen, who belongs to the school who refuse to believe anything that they cannot see demonstrated with the eye of flesh, finds it essential to the eking-out of his fairy-tale that his readers should renounce, whenever he asks them, the like inconvenient anxiety to see for themselves. In bridging over the yawning chasms on the pathway of evolution he requires an effort of faith something akin to that demanded by the chorus in a Greek drama when it informed the audience that thirty years had elapsed since the previous act. In fact, Mr. Allen's evolutionism is an appeal to faith in essentials, and would bind the reason in fetters more galling than those which the rationalists are so fond of saying the theologians cast around it.

Mr. Allen says the present book is merely the first instalment of a great work on which he is engaged and which he intends to be a "functional companion to the British flora." We are sorry to hear it. It is to be deplored that a writer so gifted with the rare and desirable power of rendering attractive to the many a study delightful in itself, but still overladen with the dust and rubbish of the museums, should be captivated with the desire to make scientific fairy-tales rather than with the ambition to simplify the presentation of truth. Nor would Mr. Allen's pen find any lack of wonderful material if he confined himself to the domain of truth—if he contented himself with ascertained botanical metamorphoses instead of soaring with waxed wings into the nebulous region of Darwinian and Huxleyan evolutionism.

*** Several notices of new publications have been crowded out this month which will appear in our next number.

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XXXIX. JUNE, 1884. No. 231.

DARWIN'S MISTAKE.

NOT long ago there was published the reply of the late Charles Darwin to the letter of a German student, N. D. Doedes, dated 1873, which attracted a great deal of attention to his system of reasoning in his scientific treatises, and very justly. There is no denying the ability of the celebrated naturalist, the reputed author of the so-called system of evolution. His knowledge of facts is remarkable; his patient study wonderful; his deductions, while strictly within the limits of natural science or comparative anatomy, most frequently not to be gainsaid. But in this letter he has given the key to his method, and we have accounted for the extraordinary bound by which he leaped to his conclusion that all animals have a common ancestor and that species have evolved one from the other. We use the word extraordinary advisedly, because this proceeding is not in accordance with the sound reasoning that should obtain in the study of natural facts. He has not reached it by the proper study and correlation of facts. He noticed the resemblances between the various orders of animal life and guessed at his conclusion, and that in the very face of facts revealed by the accurate study of the relation of species among themselves. It is a well-known *fact* that a species maintains itself, propagates itself; does not pass into another, though there may be races comprised under each species; moreover, when violently joined with another species, or rather race of widely differing characteristics, hybrids are produced which are not prolific. This is

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the general, well-known law. So well known is this that to note the exceeding fertility of the province of Rieti, in Italy, there is a common saying that "*in terra Reatina mula peperit*"—a mule brought forth there. Yet, in the face of this law, Darwin asserts the convertibility of species—makes all one family, with power of reproduction among the members of it. And he does this in spite of the fact that he can show no link, fossil or other, of any such transformation of species. He acknowledges he cannot. He puts the question to himself, and says he cannot *completely* answer it. But he immediately tries to answer it, and says his fossils of missing links have not yet been found, it is true, but he believes that they are buried in submerged continents. On this point Dr. Constantine James, in his recent work, *Moses and Darwin*, of which we shall make frequent use in this article, very justly remarks that it is strange the fossils should be found in their proper strata, according to time, and yet the intervening fossils of Darwinian transformations should nowhere be seen. He speaks of Darwin's use of Lyell's comparison of the archives of nature, and laughingly says that these archives are a very strange book, of which every alternate page is wanting. It is not necessary to call attention to the numerous following of clever men the Darwinian theory has. The names of Huxley, Büchner, Haeckel, etc., are too well known. How is it that all these brilliant intellects have gone wild over this theory?

To us, especially after the letter cited above, the answer is easy. Darwin started out with the practical disbelief in a Creator. He acknowledges, in this reply, that he knew of no proof of the existence of a God, and, this being the case, he ignored the Creator entirely. It must be said he was not frank in this. He was afraid to say it. He used expressions that misled many into a conviction that he did believe in a Creator, and in this he did a great deal of harm with the incautious. It was the fashion to say that Darwin's disciples were responsible for atheistical conclusions, not he. Those who read his first edition of the *Origin of Species* saw there his statement that animals received "the breath of life." The expression is Scriptural, and naturally was understood in the Scriptural sense of man's creation. He was violently attacked for this by Haeckel, Mlle. Clemence Royer, his translator, and others. In his second edition he gives up the obnoxious expression, and in an apologetic tone says he did not intend to convey the Scriptural meaning, but thought the wording well adapted to show our ignorance of what really did take place; and that, *perhaps*, he should have

used some other expression! What does all this mean, if not that Darwin really did start out with a disbelief in a personal God; that he was a pantheist; that his school is pantheistic, and that, this being so, he and his are perfectly logical in their assertions? We shall endeavor to show this briefly.

Any one who starts out with such a principle as the negation of a personal God has no other refuge but to attribute to matter all the energy that exists and is possible. To him matter becomes God. This is the inevitable conclusion of every one who denies even one essential attribute of the Divinity. He must, therefore, exclude any plan outside of matter itself. Any other procedure he is right, from his stand-point, in calling absurd, or, more delicately, unscientific, as Darwin does in his *Descent of Man* (c. i. p. 24, Appleton & Co., 1876). In his mind matter is the only factor, an impersonal one, a blind one, developing itself by a law of its own, a necessity of its nature. It is the old proposition over again, that God develops himself in nature, condemned by the œcumenical council of the church. This mode of development, absurd as it must be to any believer in God the Creator of all things, is by no means unphilosophical in the eyes of Darwin, Büchner, Huxley, and Haeckel, with their followers. Matter with them is capable of spontaneously evolving itself into all possible forms. Such energy belongs to it necessarily. So all things visible have come from it. Circumstances surrounding any object are a sufficient reason to account for the peculiar development or evolution of the matter it contains. The seeds of plants and the ova of animals, all come spontaneously from matter, are this natural divinity developing or evolving itself; and therefore we can readily understand how similarity of parts and progressive development are convincing proof that what is has come out of what is similar to it and prior to it. Spontaneous generation of the seeds and ova, of the germs of all things, first came about; and this impulse inherent in matter, continuing in its ever-increasing activity, suffices to produce the never-ending work of evolution, one species giving origin to the one next in order.

We pause here for a moment to remark that such evolutionists are, in making the above assertion, guilty of most unscientific teaching. They are, moreover, in a dilemma: they must so teach from their principles; while, on the other hand, the researches of Professors Tyndall and Pasteur, with others, have convincingly proved that there is no such thing as spontaneous generation. This is the deduction from *facts*, and all positivists must admit that a deduction from carefully-observed facts is a

scientific deduction. The pantheistic school, to begin their reasoning, must perforce admit as a postulatum spontaneous generation, and science tells us there is no such thing. The result of starting out in this way leads a man to construct his theories beforehand and adapt his facts to them. Everything that does not agree with his ideas is to be swept aside disdainfully as unscientific; for his ideas, logically in keeping with his first principle, pantheism, must necessarily be right. In this view we have taken of the system of reasoning of the Darwinian school it is a source of great satisfaction to us to have the support of such an authority as Agassiz. This distinguished naturalist writes as follows: "Darwin, by the disdain he affects for material proofs (apropos of his 'missing links,' and supposition of submerged continents which contain them), recalls that school of thinkers who, taking their inspiration from Schelling, applied his philosophy to natural history. Then, too, was seen acclaimed a doctrine, ready made, embracing all nature, and offering no other guarantee but the infatuation of its authors. I believe Darwin's teaching will meet with the same fate which overtook that of this sect."* It must be remembered that Schelling's philosophy is pantheistic, and that the infidel philosophers following in his wake threw aside everything that Christianity holds dear, to see, later on, their efforts fail and the religion of revelation assert a still stronger hold on the human mind. So will it be with the pantheistic school of to-day. If nothing else will convert them, men of judgment will understand that a system which confounds man with the brute creation, takes away free-will and responsibility, and opens the gate to the free indulgence of passion, which in the masses even now is developing in the forms of socialism, anarchism, and nihilism, cannot be a sound one; for no sound system produces such fruit, and from the fruits one comes to know the tree.

Darwin's system, therefore, has a sin of origin which taints it essentially and vitiates his conclusions, as far as they are deduced from his first principle—pantheism. His conclusions, as we have already said, when strictly in accord with the sound principles of comparative anatomy which made the name of Cuvier one that will outlast his, are most worthy of respect and evince his undoubted ability. Having, however, unscientifically leaped to his conclusion, it is curious to mark how he is dominated by it in such a way as to draw the very gravest deductions from the very weakest grounds, or rather from no ground at

* Quoted by James, p. 236.

all. Let us take, for example, a very important and capital instance on which Darwin bases his deduction that man came from a fish.

We are not aware that Darwin lays claim to being a physiologist. But he supports his views by frequent citations of what he thinks favors them, from physiologists of name. In his *Descent of Man* (c. i. pp. 9, 10) he speaks of the similarity of the human fœtus with that of other animals, and especially with that of the fish, and he refers to the branchiæ, or gills, of the fœtus, in which later on are to be seen "the slits on the sides of the neck" where the gills were. He gives from Ecker a drawing of a human embryo at the twenty-fifth day. The impression left on the mind of the reader is that here is the convincing proof that man came from a fish, for he has gills! The fish developed into an animal with lungs by frequently-repeated acts which forced the gills down into the breast, and so the gills became lungs! Now, what is the real state of the case? The human embryo, in the early stage such as this drawing represents, having no attachment by which to draw sustenance from the mother, gets its sustenance indirectly from her through the medium of the fluid in which it floats. The absorption must take place through the arteries, which must come in contact with this fluid for such a purpose. Hence the arteries form the arches which are in contact with the fluid and therefore necessarily outermost. When the placental formation takes place, then the exposed condition of the arteries is no longer necessary, and they recede into the interior of the body, leaving the marks where they were exposed in the neck. In the meantime the air-passages, entirely distinct from these arteries, begin to form, and, coalescing with them so as to be immediately in contact with the arteries, which, as it were, come to meet them to be enveloped by them, the lungs are formed, useless till birth, because the blood circulating in the placenta takes its nutrition entirely by exosmosis from the blood of the mother. Huxley and Haeckel could easily have seen this and understood it; they could have comprehended that an accidental resemblance of the arteries, disposed as above, to the gills of a fish in the embryo did not constitute them essentially the same thing, inasmuch as the gills are for *breathing*, while these arterial arches are for *nutrition*. That accidental resemblance came from both the fish and the fœtus floating independently in the fluid from which they draw what they need—the fish the oxygen required for the blood, the fœtus the oxygenized matter from the mother

for nutrition. The condition of the fœtus is temporary and transient, and in no way can such a thing as gills be made out. The gills are a permanent, essential organism of the fish, made to live and die in the water from which it draws oxygen; the arterial arches of the fœtus, on the other hand, have only an accidental, temporary exposure of the vessels to the circumambient fluid, and they are not gills, nor, being gills, do they become lungs by being forcibly driven back into the body—a really strange idea. Still, this makes no difference with our evolutionist. All species came from prior ones, therefore the fœtus bears the mark of gills—there is the proof! Instead of his having a proof of his theory, Darwin has only furnished a proof of the unscientific reasoning into which his preconceived theory has betrayed him.*

To cite one more instance of this precipitate way of drawing conclusions, we mention his argument drawn from rudiments. Now, we do not believe we risk anything in saying that no proof of transformation of species can be drawn from the existence of rudimentary bones, muscles, or organs. The type of animal life is more or less one. To sustain and develop it certain tissues have been created, and the beginning and growth of these tissues depend on *life;* they will not develop without life. What life is we shall see further on. The fact stands that life is what makes tissues begin, evolve, and perfect themselves from inert matter. Take, says Dr. James, phosphate of lime. What more incapable of self-development as you look at it? Let life once begin its action, and forthwith you see the fish form from it its fins, marvellous in their beauty and adaptation; the various animals their bones, hoofs, horns, claws; man his body's frame of bone. Now, whatever tissues are needed for the body the mysterious agency of life takes, and the development of the tissue depends on the circumstances of the animal. They will be fully developed or rudimentary according to these circumstances. Accidental circumstances

* We had written the above, when, consulting a professor of standing, we learned what it never would have entered into our mind to suspect Darwin of being ignorant of—that the most weighty physiologists and authorities in this matter have rejected entirely the theory of these arterial arches being gills, and therefore the name branchiæ is a misnomer. They tell us that from the very first the nutrition of the fœtus is from the mother, through the filaments which mediately or immediately come in contact with her blood. Such is the teaching of Em. Bailly in the *Dictionnaire de Médecine*, etc., and also of A. Kölliker in his most valuable work on embryology. These writings are those of experts in the matters of science they treat of, and no one in the medical profession can gainsay the weight of their authority. What are we to say of Darwin, with such evidence on the other side, building up a most momentous theory with results of the very gravest import? It is certainly not the mark of wisdom to make grave assertions on the lightest foundation; and in this matter the part played by Charles Darwin is not happy.

may cause hypertrophy, or fuller development, such as irritation, which determines a flow of blood to the part, greater nutrition therefore, and growth of teeth, hair, or bones, where only the possibility of their production existed. On the other hand, quiet or disuse determines a less flow of blood, consequently less nutrition, less growth, atrophy or reduction to the condition of a rudiment. As all these tissues are more or less alike in all animals, it is to be expected that rudiments should exist, as not all animals call their tissues into play equally. Nature seems to abound in precautions, so that these rudiments sometimes come into play in a very curious and often very important manner. It is wonderful to see how nature will at once adapt itself to a changed condition, and what is rudimentary will not unfrequently, to compensate, develop fully in a most extraordinary way. Even in some of the prehistoric animals of vast proportions there are to be found teeth hidden in the gums, though the other teeth have not fallen out as yet. Darwin makes an excellent remark (p. 61, *Descent of Man*): "I am convinced, from the light gained within the past few years, that very many structures that now appear to us useless will hereafter be proved to be useful." We think we are justified in applying this remark to rudiments; may not rudiments which are considered by his school to be useless and only signs of descent from other species be hereafter proved to be providentially useful, at least in certain contingencies? It seems to us exceedingly probable, and that therefore the argument from rudiments in favor of transformation of species is not only a weak one, but unfounded, a piece of mere conjecture.*

The work of Dr. Constantine James, *Moses and Darwin*, to which we have referred, is one of decided merit and bears evidence of great research. The writer is a French physician, and was formerly a co-worker and assistant of the celebrated Magendie, whose brilliant success in studies of physiology and comparative anatomy gained him deservedly a world-wide reputation. His efforts are all devoted to showing the baseless na-

* Darwin, p. 61, *Descent of Man*, acknowledges he "perhaps [in his *Origin of Species* prior to the fifth edition] attributed too much to the action of natural selection or the survival of the fittest." He "did not formerly consider the existence of structures, which as far as we can judge at present are neither beneficial nor injurious; and this I believe to be one of the greatest oversights as yet detected in my work. I may be permitted to say, as some excuse, *that I had two distinct objects in view:* FIRSTLY TO SHOW THAT SPECIES HAD NOT BEEN SEPARATELY CREATED, AND, SECONDLY, THAT NATURAL SELECTION HAD BEEN THE CHIEF AGENT OF CHANGE"! Preconceived notions appear to have led to this result of unscientific reasoning.

ture of the theories of Darwin on the origin of species and on the descent of man. His work is accompanied by a brief of the late venerated pontiff, Pius IX., which is more than usually liberal in terms of commendation and of congratulation, as well as of condemnation of the absurd "dreams" which Dr. James undertakes to refute in the name of true science. Such words are grave and impressive, for they are not uttered at hap-hazard; without being intended to contain any "infallible judgment," they are the words of authoritative decision based on the views of intelligent and learned men employed by the Sovereign Pontiff to expedite such letters for him; and for this reason they mean a great deal.

It is the fashion to look on anything English, and perhaps American, in the way of scientific investigation and critical judgment as of supereminent value, and to rank with these the Germans who agree with them. With all due respect we beg to be regarded as not sharing this opinion. One of the reasons why we do not share it is because a clever Englishman has taught us otherwise. Something over two hundred years ago a learned and able English writer who knew what he was saying, by name Thirlby, editing an edition of the works of St. Justin, martyr and philosopher, wrote as follows: "The art of judging and critically discerning the value of facts and of documents, of determining what is genuine and to be received, and what is false and to be rejected, is a most difficult one. Not many among us succeed in it. In France more have been successful. In Italy, where 'fervescente sole calescit ingenium'—the heat of the sun, that is, seems to force the intellect—those who have succeeded are still more numerous." The two hundred years and more which have gone by since Thirlby wrote have not changed the Italian mind. The Ausonian Peninsula can boast of great writers still, of that calm and judicial temperament so valuable, yet so little appreciated except by the learned. At this moment there is no man in Europe who ranks higher in this respect than the distinguished Roman, Giovanni Baptista De Rossi, whose word is listened to with the utmost deference by men of learning in all matters of antiquity requiring critical examination. It is precisely this character of calmness, of exclusion of all preconceived notions, of weighing well all facts before coming to a conclusion, which distinguishes the real man of science from the superficial lecturer, half-learned and full of preconceived notions. The man who is to be trusted is the one who realizes the extent of what he does not know; and only a

truly learned man, one who has studied and appreciated the difficulties of the matter he has in hand, can be said to belong to this category. Such a man can be relied on with confidence when he gives evidence of not being under the influence of a preconceived idea, than which no idol is more fatal to his usefulness. We have referred to an Italian as an example of the frame of mind so necessary for the discovery of truth. Among the French, also a Latin nation, we have Barthélemy de St. Hilaire, Quatrefages—both cited by James—and Pasteur and Moigno, men of world-wide reputation in their respective spheres. It strikes us as injudicious, therefore, to look only at the American or the English or the German side of a question, especially when in all those nations there is a larger contingent on the other side, and not to take into consideration what may be said by able men of France, of Italy, and of Spain, particularly when, in the judgment of a critical scholar of English nationality, those latter nations are especially prolific in that very kind of intellectual ability so useful and so necessary for the discovery of truth.

Although the author of the book we have referred to indulges from time to time in the sarcasm and ridicule which, we must confess, spring naturally from such a theme as the learned English naturalist has made so prominent, Dr. Constantine James writes as a scholar and man of science, as he is. Thus, for example, page 249, he says: "Darwin establishes as the basis of his system that there is not only question of a simple modification of species, but of their radical transformation. Thus from the larva a fish is produced; from a fish a reptile; from a reptile a bird; from a bird a mammal; whence results the unheard-of phenomenon that each of these metamorphoses brings with it a complete renewal of the solid and liquid parts. I said that the solid and liquid parts must be completely renewed. As for the solid parts, the thing is evident. It is enough to recall the fact that the bone and flesh of one animal differ essentially from the bone and flesh of another. The differences do not consist only in the disposition of the cellules and in the arrangement of the fibres; the microscope reveals a difference in the woof, so to speak, of the organs. Every animal, therefore, to pass from one species to another, must perforce lose its proper material organization to take on that of the species into which it is transformed. So much for the solid parts. As for those that are liquid there is not less evidence. Let us take the blood, for example. It is well known that the blood is not a homogeneous

fluid, but that it contains in suspension myriads of little bodies known as 'globules.' I could not give a better idea of them than by comparing them to the little golden flakes which float in the brandy of Dantzig. These globules are fitted, in volume and form, to the diameter of the extremely small vessels they must go through. Lenticular in men, elliptical in birds, ovoid in frogs, they vary according to the species. They will, therefore, vary each time the species changes. This enables us to understand why, in the operation of transfusion of blood recently again resorted to, there cannot be injected into the veins of a man any but human blood, under penalty of causing the gravest disorders in the circulation, owing to the stopping of the globules in the capillary vessels." We ask: Are we to accept such extraordinary changes and revolutions on the faith of a theorist who has not proved his theory?

At page 253 Dr. James begins an interesting chapter on Harvey's celebrated axiom, "omne vivum ab ovo"—every living being comes from an egg. He continues: "But that egg, as long as it is only a germ, represents only a colorless globule, inert, and without determinate characteristics; however skilful you may be in handling the microscope, you will never be able to distinguish the germ of a bird from that of a fish or from that of a mammal. From that period, the manner in which the organs gradually come out of a mass apparently homogeneous; the changes, the complications, the relations, the functions which are established at every new phase; the manner in which finally the young animal takes on his form and definitive structure to become a new and independent being, prove that there is in the egg a very extraordinary something which differs from its material composition, and which is very extraordinary in its nature, and is due to the pre-existing action of an organizing spirit. Whence we are to conclude that every animal bears in itself the principle of its own individuality." Or, to speak more clearly in the language of strict philosophy, every animal has a form—that is, a principle in virtue of which a thing is actually what it is. This form is the substantial form of St. Thomas. Thus a human body is a body in virtue of the substantial form, the soul, which it has. It is this soul which united to matter determines the development of that matter into what becomes the human body. This is the "breath of life" of a body; this, with the development it determines, is life. Each animal and each organized living plant has its own form or determining simple essence, varying in grade of excellence, till we come to what

is called inert matter, which seems to act merely by general laws exterior to it or inherent in it—crystallization, endosmosis, exosmosis, expansion or contraction, chemical combination or chemical decomposition. To matter thus acted on, without power of self-movement, we may, by comparison with higher organizations, attribute a form, but the wording in this case, it seems to us, would be more figurative than exact. It is the First Cause which wills the laws in every instance; but his action, if we may so speak, is more immediate in the case of inert matter than in the development of living, organized matter, though that action in this latter case is of a nobler grade, requiring greater exercise of creative power, inasmuch as the form is created directly to make use of general laws and thus determine the development of the matter it needs to constitute with it a composite unity. To make a further application of this theory of forms, upon which depends the development of matter, we say that each animal has its own proper form, which is simple in its nature or essence, and not compound or material. This being so, this simple form or essence cannot change into another; it either exists as it is or is annihilated, ceasing to exist at all. It follows, therefore, that one species which owes its existence to its form cannot change into another; but if a species essentially differing from another is to arise, a new form must be created. Whether this can be done by the new form being made to take on the qualities of a preceding form, plus what is in it distinctively essential, seems to be a disputed question, as we find some writers, who hold to revelation, referring to a possibility of a perfected species being raised to a higher grade by the creation of a higher form for it. Thus Professor St. George Mivart, in his recent article in the *Catholic Quarterly*, January number, 1884, thinks it not untenable to teach that this actually took place with regard to man, and that, when the evolution of species had reached the desired perfection, the Creator infused the nobler form, the soul of man, into the species so perfected, and, doing it only to one pair, thus made the whole race of mankind of one man and of one woman. We confess, however, we are not convinced of the truth of the position; for the facts we have already given—the absence of the missing link in the chain of development, the impossibility of breeding a different species from a pre-existing one, the sterility of hybrids, etc.—seem to us to make such a position very unsafe as a scientific theory. It is certainly simpler, safer, and, we think, sounder to say that a personal God,

creating matter, gave it the forms he wished it to have; and having first the noblest of all in his mind—that of man—made the other forms partake, in varied degree, of the excellence of that form, first in his intention, though ultimate in realization, beginning with the simpler form of animal life and by successive steps reaching the most complicated, that which immediately precedes man. In this theory there is no need of the missing bond of development, and the sterility of hybrids and of differing species among themselves is explained; for in the case of communication between differing species the form is not created, while in the case of hybrids the action of the form is hampered by the physical state in which it finds itself, it being not essentially but functionally rendered incompetent to produce an animal organization like to its own, the reason being that the Creator has made no provision for such a state of things.

In conclusion we think it well to state that what we have written on the present subject we have given as a matter of individual opinion; and we hereby disclaim any intention of representing any other than ourselves.

THE NEW FLAGELLANTS.

A PHASE OF NEW-MEXICAN LIFE.

SOME time since a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* made quite a vigorous onslaught on some of our pet phrases, and he seemed to single out with special acrimony that one about history repeating itself. This is to be regretted, the phrase was so convenient, it conveyed to one's hearers so succinctly the desirable impression of one's wealth of historical knowledge and powers of historical criticism. But now all that is over. The anonymous writer I refer to says it is all a mistake—or worse—to think that history repeats itself, and that any one who says so is but risking his reputation for good sense. I do not, of course, presume to dispute this judgment; I am quite satisfied that no one would set up his tripod in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, an oracle with authority so Delphic and distinctness of meaning so very un-Delphic, if he were not eminently well qualified for so doing. For my part, I now hold religiously that, whatever else

history may do, it does never repeat itself. But still there are times when one is tempted to think otherwise; and if in the present instance the writer seems to yield somewhat to the temptation, the weakness, he trusts, will be pardonable. For here in New Mexico we are not supposed to be over-gifted with critical acumen, and when we chance upon scenes much the same as others that were enacted in the middle ages and proceeding from very similar causes, we are apt to use the obnoxious phrase.

But the middle ages! *Quid Athenis et Hierosolymis?* What have the middle ages to do with the United States? Surely the United States—this land of the railway and the telegraph, this typical country of our advanced civilization—should be the last place in the world in which one would think of looking for a repetition of mediæval practices, and of habits of thought supposed to be peculiarly mediæval. But, nevertheless, here they are. In this little-known and less understood corner of the United States, New Mexico, we have the thirteenth century, with much of its good and much, too, of its evil, face to face with the nineteenth. Much of its good is here that has elsewhere grown rather unfashionable—the filial dependence, the reverence for parental authority, the fervid Spanish faith, and a certain spiritual way of viewing things that contrasts oddly and not quite unfavorably with our too common dollar-and-cent criteria. On the other hand, there is a great want of energy in the right direction, and while some of our good citizens hold life—other people's life—altogether too cheaply for comfort, there are others whose primitive disregard for forms of law strongly recalls mediæval ways of meting out justice.

Then, to go on with the parallel, there are sheep-lords here and cattle-lords who, so far at least as their immense land possessions go, might well do duty as the old barons, while the cow-boys, without any limitation whatever, would make admirable Free Companions, and in our Penitentes we have the Flagellants.*

For the cow-boys and lynching-parties, and other such amenities of New-Mexican life, I was prepared; but I did not expect to find a repetition of the penance-doing extraordinary by which the Flagellants have secured their little niche in history. This was novel to me, and as it will be so, I think, for most peo-

* It should be remembered that the lynchers and the cow-boys, who fill so satisfactorily the place of the dispossessed Apaches and Navajos, are rarely Mexicans; in nearly every case they are products of our own American civilization.

ple outside New Mexico, a few words about it and the people who distinguish themselves by the practice of it may not be uninteresting.

The first trace I had of these people was in February of last year while riding along a mountain-road some distance from Las Vegas. A dismal-looking road it is at the best of times; but in winter it is particularly cheerless. The undulating country that stretches away to the right is perfectly bare; the monotony of its barrenness was at that time unbroken by tree or shrub or any sign of life; even that ubiquitous New-Mexican nuisance, the barbed-wire fence, was absent. On the left the view was drearier still; for at the place I speak of the road runs near the Cañon of the Pecos. This cañon is about three hundred feet wide here and four hundred deep. These figures may not be very correct —one cannot be too Dantesque in measuring such uncanny places—but, apart from width and depth, I can answer for it that, what with its steep descents and overhanging precipices, its sides rent and furrowed and bespread with huge boulders and broken rock, it is as savage a place as even a tourist could wish to see.

Just at the head of one of these break-neck descents into the cañon I noticed a peculiar-looking house, an ugly adobe building—not peculiar in *that*, but in being ornamented with crosses painted on the doors and close-shut windows, and having a rude wooden cross set up on the roof. I rode over to examine it more closely, thinking it might be a chapel; but I could make nothing of it until an old Mexican who came jogging along on his donkey told me it was a *morada* (lodge) of the *Penitentes.*

This mystified me still more, so he explained that the *Penitentes* are a set of people who make penance the chief end of man, and that this was one of the houses in which they hold their lugubrious assemblages.

What I gathered from him then, and what I learned afterwards, about the origin and aim of these *Penitentes* recalled to me very forcibly the Flagellants, and made me, I confess, use that never very brilliant and now altogether objectionable phrase about history and its repetitions. But certainly they do resemble each other very much. The Flagellants, as every one knows, were a widely-spread sect that flourished in Germany and the south of Europe during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. They owed their rise in some measure to the circumstances of that period—one of the gloomiest of the middle ages. For, to say nothing of private crime and dis-

order, there were wars and rumors of wars, plagues and famines which succeeded each other so rapidly that it would be strange if men—especially the susceptible natives of southern Europe—were not profoundly impressed thereby. They were so; but the impressions were by no means uniform in kind. The skull on the banquet-table of Lucullus was much the same, was quite as ghastly, as the one St. Jerome used to contemplate in his cave, but the impression it made on Lucullus and his guests was very different from the impression his made on St. Jerome. So with this shadow of death that was then deepening and lengthening over Europe. To some its only significance was that time—the time for pleasure—is short and fleeting, and while it lasts man should make the most of it,

> "For who knoweth
> What thing cometh after death?"

And so they gave themselves up to riot and indulgence until the spread of libertinism became something appalling. Of this class the extreme representatives were the *Dancers*, who resolved, with commendable philosophy, to "dance the ills of life away." They succeeded in part—they danced themselves off this mortal scene, but not, unfortunately, before other people had become so infected with their disease that the laborious amusement developed into a sort of nervous epidemic that at last had to be suppressed by force.

The other class believed that these calamities had been sent as punishment for sin; some even thought that the end of all things was near and these visitations were the shadow of the coming event; but they all agreed that the wisest thing was to do penance and reform their lives. Of these the extreme representatives were the *Flagellants*. I have not heard of any organized successors to the *Dancers*, but the Flagellants, I think, have their lineal descendants in the *Penitentes* of New Mexico.

Let us put them side by side for a moment and see how far the resemblance goes. The Flagellants were founded by saintly men for an end entirely praiseworthy—the reformation of morals, with legitimate penance as a means thereto—but when their founders died they began to regard those penitential practices, not as a means to the end, but as the end itself; not as the medicine they are, but as the very food of the soul. In consequence they went to the greatest extremes; and some, as was inevitable, fell into the opposite excesses, while others made a fetich of their Sangrado-method of sin-cancelling and held to it as the one thing

necessary. Their public exhibitions became revolting and ludicrous; they brought discredit on religion, and did more harm than they could ever have done good; and when ordered to desist from those extravagances they became contumacious and violent, and refused to obey, and in consequence were condemned by several popes and finally disappeared altogether as a sect.

In like manner our Penitentes were founded by the Franciscan friars, the first missionaries of New Mexico, holy and self-sacrificing men, who chose this means of penance as one admirably adapted to the genius of the people—for the purposes of satisfying for their own shortcomings and of putting them into intelligent sympathy with the Passion of Christ. But the Franciscans were expelled in 1825. The enlightened government of Mexico, that tolerates scoundrelism and sets a premium on blasphemy, denies men—especially if they have property that is desirable for government uses,—denies them the right to use their personal freedom in the highest and holiest way that a man can use it, in binding themselves to poverty and chastity and obedience, so that they may serve God more perfectly and do more good to their fellow-men. Callow republicans in all nations seem to have a fancy for making this a crime. It was the crime of the Franciscans, for which they were expelled from Mexican territory, and their reductions in California and missions in Old and New Mexico were given over to the lupine mercies of the government officials. The history of what followed is little different from the history of all such triumphs of might over right, where the gloom of apparent failure is relieved and made almost bright by the heroism of those who have failed; but here we are concerned only with the effect the expulsion of the Franciscans had on people they had been guiding.

The apostolic labors of the present Archbishop of Santa Fé, which have been so fruitful for New Mexico, did not begin until 1837, and in the meanwhile there was time for the good customs the Franciscans had introduced to degenerate into the barbarous practices at present in vogue. The isolation and primitive condition of the people has also conduced to this. And, besides, there has been always a scarcity of priests; for though there are here so many zealous men of the race to which America owes so much, who have exiled themselves from France for the sake of this people and have done wonders among them, still many more are needed for a population that is scattered over an extent of territory greater than New York and Pennsylvania and New Jersey together.

Like the Flagellants, also, these descendants of theirs have had their own wars and their plagues; and like them, too, many came to regard penance, not as the supplementary and medial thing it is, but as the only coin current for discharging all debts of the world to come. They dispensed—many of them—with confession altogether, and calculated to a nicety by just how much scourging every Holy Week a year's peccadilloes—neither few nor light, says rumor—could be paid for. For this, ordinary flagellations of course would not do. So they set about devising unusual kinds of torture whose ingenuity throws quite in the shade all the results of Hindoo inventive talent in the same line.

Upon this followed the third stage of likeness to their mediæval prototypes. Their theatrical processions and floggings and crucifixions were condemned by the clergy, and their whole system was discountenanced, especially as it became in many places (and could everywhere become easily) a machine of unscrupulous politicians. There is living not far from where I write a foreigner, who years ago settled—as the bee settles—hereabouts. He became a Catholic and *Mexicanis ipsis Mexicanior*, and a Penitente of the most fakir-like type, and it was all a cleverly-laid scheme for getting a high political office. His reputation for holiness—measured by the force with which he laid on the scourge in public—was great; he became *Hermano Mayor*, a leader in Israel; and when the time for office-getting came about he had only modestly to intimate that the place he coveted would not be unacceptable to him, and lo! the numbers and influence of his admiring co-disciplinants bore him, as on a tidal wave, into the haven of his desires. Once in office, as may easily be guessed, his lamp of zeal began to flicker suspiciously and grow dim, and at last, to the great scandal of the faithful, it went out altogether. This is a comparatively harmless instance; sometimes the results of brotherhood amongst these people are more serious. For example, in places where they are numerous, if one of them commit a crime against another who is not a Penitente, it is almost impossible to secure his conviction; judge and jury are either Penitentes themselves or under the influence of the society. On the other hand, it is never difficult in these places (and they are by no means few) for a Penitente to revenge himself on some personal enemy, provided the latter be not one of the initiated.

For the settlement of disputes among themselves each *morada* resolves itself into a sort of *Vehmgericht*, before which all of-

fenders are tried and by which they are punished. The Penitente is certainly happy in his tribunal. It dispenses him from the necessity ordinary people are under of having recourse to some higher court, spiritual or civil; for this tribunal will take cognizance of any offence whatever, no matter whether against the civil law or the Decalogue, and will judge the offence and punish the offender with a firmness and swiftness that it would be pleasant to see transferred to the methods of courts more legitimate. The punishment for certain offences is accompanied by impressive ceremonies. The culprit, after he has been judged and found guilty, is cited to appear before the fraternity on an appointed night.

When he comes to the door of the *morada* he is forbidden to enter until he has stripped himself to the waist and presented himself in sufficiently penitential style. He does so, and then, kneeling on the threshold, again craves permission to enter. It is granted, and he comes in on his knees, to find himself at the bottom of two rows of the brethren, who stand in silence waiting for him. The guilty man advances, always on his knees, to the nearest one, and, prostrating himself, confesses his fault and asks pardon, and so remains until the other absolves him in the consecrated formula: "De mi, estás perdonado; Dios te perdone"—"For my part, I forgive you; may God forgive you." He then turns to the first one of the other row, and, prostrating himself as before, repeats the confession and receives the same absolution. And so he goes from one to the other until he has been absolved by every Penitente except the *Hermano Corregidor* (Brother Chastiser), who must take a great and grim pleasure in this pardoning scene. This worthy stands, armed with a formidable scourge, at the end of the two lines, waiting for the victim, who comes up to find he has run the gauntlet in vain. He has crossed the sea safely only to be wrecked in port. Again he makes his confession, but no absolution follows now; the *Hermano Corregidor* has no bowels of mercy—he is Justice itself: he rolls up his sleeve, takes a firmer grip on the scourge, and says to the penitent, "Everybody else has forgiven you, but I won't"; and so saying, down comes the scourge on the man's naked shoulders, and it rains blows until the Brother Chastiser thinks he can conscientiously forgive him. This chastiser is not the chief, however. The style and title of the latter is *Hermano Mayor*—Eldest Brother. His power is almost absolute. The rest bind themselves by oath to obey him in whatever he enjoins, and the oath is generally kept. What a danger lies here it is

easy to imagine when we consider that this man is nearly always as ignorant as the others, and, for the most part, is distinguished from them only by being more fanatical or more crafty than they; while at the same time dense ignorance and fanaticism are generally not the least prominent mental characteristics of the devotees over whom he has such complete control.

It is evident, therefore, that, apart from the nature of the penances they undertake, there is weighty reason for the strenuous opposition these people have met with at the hands of the priesthood throughout New Mexico. On account of this opposition the society is much less powerful than formerly, and is driven from many of its old strongholds; but it still thrives in a number of places and counts among its adherents some people of excellent private character, while the public exhibitions of the endurance and fervor of its members go on as openly as ever. I was desirous to witness one of these performances, and after two fruitless journeys my zeal was rewarded.

There is a little village not far from here, in a spur of the Rocky Mountains, where the Penitentes are in a most flourishing state; and thither I betook myself to see them in their habit as they live. The village is situated on a plateau, encircled by hills, that looks as if it had once been the bed of some lake. About two miles distant stands the solitary *morada*, where the Penitentes assemble every day in Holy Week to go through their exercises. They are not visible to outsiders except on Wednesday and Holy Thursday and Good Friday, when they come out in procession. (Each procession, by the way, has its own name. That of the one on Wednesday I have not been able to discover for certain; *scinduntur doctores.* But it is probably *La Procesion de los Dolores*—Procession of the Sorrows. That which takes place on Holy Thursday is called *La Procesion de la Santa Cruz*—Procession of the Holy Cross—at which it is the proper thing for every participant to carry a cross. And the one on Good Friday is *La Procesion de la Sangre de Cristo*—Procession of the Blood of Christ.)

The remainder of the time is spent in a pious and penitential way, if one may judge from the quantity and quality of the noise made; and they sally forth in Indian file on these three days, merely to edify the community. The objective point of their processions is a great cross, erected more than half a mile from the *morada*, and directly in front of the door. It is called "the Calvary." Towards this place we set out on the afternoon of Good

Friday, and we fortunately found a hill from which the cross could be well seen. We climbed it, and sat down to await the course of things.

Most of the Penitentes were already in the *morada*, but from two o'clock there was still a continual stream of threes and twos, every one carefully muffled up, and with his sombrero drawn down over his eyes so that it was impossible to see the face. At some distance from the place of meeting the new-comers were challenged, as it seemed, by one of several sentinels whose duty appeared to be the keeping out of the profane, and if all was satisfactory they would pass on and enter the *morada*. While we were waiting one of these sentinels set off on a run for a clump of bushes midway up a hill near ours. And in a few minutes he returned leading a man who wore only nether undergarments and was barefooted; his face was concealed by a cloth wrapped round the head and having two little holes for the eyes; he carried in one hand his clothes and shoes, and in the other a big cactus. He was led to the *morada*, introduced, and left to his fate within. Several more such arrivals took place before three o'clock. It appears that some people, who do not belong to the society, are allowed by favor of the *Hermano Mayor* to participate in the exercises for Holy Week; and as they wish to remain unrecognized even by the Penitentes, they undress and mask before entering the place of torments.

Towards three o'clock we could hear now and then the shrill notes of a fife and sounds (very discordant) as of chanting or praying from within. This continued for some time, and then the door of the *morada* was thrown open and a group of men appeared advancing with difficulty through the doorway, as if they were bearing some heavy object. When they were well outside they raised up their burden, after much exertion, and steadied it. It was a cross ten or twelve feet long, on which hung a naked man. His arms were stretched out tensely on the cross-beam, and bound to it with ropes from wrist to shoulder. His feet and legs were bound to the upright piece in like manner along their length, and, except for a waist-cloth, he was quite naked. While they were raising up the cross we caught sight of something on either side of the man that glistened in the sunlight; these, as we discovered when they came nearer, were two long swords fastened at the hilts to the victim's wrists in such a manner that their points just touched his sides, and at every rough movement of the bearers they pierced the flesh. What their torture must have been may be imagined when we remember

that the men who bore the cross were walking barefooted over a rocky, uneven road, where the sharp stones and briars and cactus wounded their feet at every step, and, no matter how good their intentions were, made the walking very unsteady.

After cross and crucified, which were borne slowly forward swaying always to and fro, came the long line of Penitentes—every man with his face masked, stripped to the waist, barefoot and clad (like the first we saw, whose green-room was in the bushes) in light under-garments only.

Immediately behind the group of cross-bearers walked a tall Penitente, straight as an Indian, who was playing furiously on a sort of flute. He was followed by the *Hermano Mayor:* a typical Penitente this—gaunt, and large-boned, and dark. He directed the exercises and intoned the hymns and prayers the processionists chanted from time to time. I think he must have been chosen for his choral abilities; he was, like the Athenians' *μήστωρες ἀυτῆς*, great as a shouter. Nothing there could bear comparison with his wonderful lung-power, if it were not his own reverberant flagellation. He scourged himself fiercely with thongs that at the end were armed with pieces of cactus, and when he stopped occasionally it was only from sheer fatigue. After him came the long, irregular line of disciples.

It was a sight to be remembered; no kind of torture that they could devise was unrepresented—swords, daggers, chains, barbed wire, cactus, even logs, were utilized.

Here is one man staggering along under an enormous weight of cactus bound on his back. Near him walks another with his hands stretched above his head and tied to the ends of a stick; and at either wrist a sword is fastened in the same way as with the man crucified. He holds his head up, so as not to see the ground, and so he walks on, stumbling over large stones, starting involuntarily as he steps on jagged pebbles, and getting pierced with the sword-points every moment; his sides are covered with wounds and blood. Many discipline themselves with cow-hide and scourges of wire, and one even has a heavy chain. There is a young man who walks slowly; his ankles are tied with thongs, so that he must take very short steps; and on the thongs there are bound two daggers with the points touching his legs in such a way that they are continually gashing the flesh. Behind him walks a man who has made an incision in the small of his back; he scourges himself with a large cactus, carefully prepared and wielded with great skill. Evidently he has rehearsed this in private with much assiduity, because at every

stroke the cactus lights on the wound with mathematical precision. Another man has a heavy log tied to his ankles, and another, who is scourging himself, has a halter around the neck. An irreverent bystander remarked that altogether the demonstration was like a moving-out of the Tower of London.

All the while the fifer kept tooting and shrilling with edifying vehemence, especially when there was any chanting to be accompanied; the chanting, too, was very fervent—more fervent than harmonious; and so they went on, fifing, chanting, and torturing, until they reached the Calvary. Here they set down the cross into a hole prepared for it, and, while two or three remained by it to keep it steady, the rest, as they came up, threw themselves on their knees in front.

The crucified man by this time was in a most pitiable condition; the blood had been flowing profusely from the wounds in his sides, and the white cloth around his waist was streaked red with it; his face was haggard and pale, but he was still conscious, and his brethren seemed determined that, if it could be done by noise and fury, he should remain so. Some kept shrieking out encouragement to him, others grovelled in the dust and moaned with all their might, and all prayed and beat themselves with tenfold vigor. But the torture was growing too great for him: his face became distorted with the pain, and his body, as the tight ropes hindered more and more the circulation, grew purplish gradually, and at last almost black. As they saw his strength giving out the singing became wilder (and, if possible, less harmonious) and the shouts of encouragement became more frantic, but they roused him only for a moment; the limits of endurance were passed, and his head sank again heavily on his breast: he had fainted. Then they hurriedly took down the cross, unbound him, and dashed water over him until he began to revive. It took some time for that—so long that we were apprehensive of a fatal result—but he recovered at last, and the doleful procession took up its march homeward.

Once in the *morada* we saw no more of them. This *Procesion de la Sangre de Cristo* has sometimes a much more tragic ending. There have been at least four cases within the last six years when the crucified man died after being taken down from the cross; and what makes matters worse is that death, under the circumstances, is considered a thing to be courted rather than avoided, for they hold universally that a *Penitente* who dies under the torture (like the Moslem who perishes in battle) goes straight to Paradise and glory. These lamentable occurrences

have always been made by the clergy an occasion for protesting against the cause of them, and the last such death (which took place near Las Vegas) was made the text of a very emphatic condemnation of all these penitential masqueradings. Of course it is understood that what is condemned is not the principle of penance, which the church has always taught to be not only salutary but necessary—it is the manner and kind, the publicity and barbarism, of that which is practised by the Penitentes.

But the time is not distant when their society will die its natural death and their likeness to the Flagellants be complete. This is not to be regretted; Flagellantism in New Mexico, as in mediæval Europe, is an excrescence, and it is better that it be removed. But it is to be hoped, however, that while such evils as Penitentism are removed, the characteristic good of that Spanish civilization which until now has obtained in the Mexican countries will remain undiminished and untouched. The remedying of the defects of this civilization and the eradication of their cause is a thing wholly to be wished for, but that itself should disappear is not an entirely desirable consummation; for, taking it all in all, it seems to me that we may well question whether the civilization of which Flagellantism is an excrescence be a lower kind or less fitted to ennoble men and make them happy than that other among whose excrescences figure Know-nothingism and Spiritism and Oneida Communities.

THE "LEADING ARTICLE" IN ENGLISH JOURNALISM.

I.

WHEN did a "free" press begin in England? We should be inclined, if urged closely for an answer, to say it began with the institution, "leading article." Not even the tenth or twentieth newspaper could have developed England's present freedom had it not been for the introduction of "leading articles" as the *most* prominent characteristic of journals. The date of this introduction is uncertain. The *Times* newspaper of June 22, 1815, contains, it is true, one leading article, on "The Victory of Wellington over Buonaparte," and the elation of the editor is best shown by the huge type in which he twice writes "two hundred and ten pieces of cannon." In the same issue there is an allusion to a weekly paper called the *Monitor*, which paper had apparently been "cribbing" from the *Times*, or affecting to have the same (French) correspondent. But the *Monitor* of that time, though it gave its views on passing events, was not given to the luxury of leading articles. Indeed, the growth of this feature—destined to change our literary habits and to make us almost expect our newspapers to think for us—was very slow, very cautious, and at the first only an elaboration of what was popularly accepted as "the news." The leading article of our own day, which "reads lessons" to everybody, from the president and the prime minister down to the smallest venturer on public fame, is an institution which sprang chiefly from competition so soon as many papers vied for favor. If one paper got a reputation for taking one side, another paper would find its interest in taking another side; and then the credit which would be begotten of talented advocacy would suggest a gradual extension of subject-matter. Hence the one leading article of seventy years ago suggested the two leading articles of sixty years ago, and so on till every new rival paper tried to "cut out" other papers by its leaders. A reference to newspaper-files of fifty years ago shows that the institution, leading article, was fully established; but it was not, perhaps, till the *Saturday Review* was originated, for the publication of "leaders *without* news," that the function of the

leader became that of "thinker for the public" as to every possible intelligent estimate of current events.

We may therefore say that the institution, "leading article," was contemporary with the institution, "free" press. Some people talk as if a free press were a free grant made by a liberal government to a free people. It would be truer to say that governments are at the mercy of a free press for their successes, their popularity, their "in" or "out." Leader-writers are the schoolmasters of governments! At least they write as if they thought themselves to be so; and the public—in England at least—seem to confirm their impression. Nine persons out of ten, when they want to read of some great speech which has been made by a prime minister on a great subject, turn straight to the leading article, so as to get the gist of the arguments *with* the ready-made criticism they should evolve. Why take the trouble of wading through two columns, only to be obliged to form your own judgment after the wading, when both the arguments and their collective value are given in one column, and with much more accuracy of estimate than you can hazard? Thus English public opinion is formed by leading articles; the ministry takes its cue from public opinion; the ministerial cue rules the nation; ergo, the nation is ruled by leading articles. Exaggeration as this is, there is yet sufficient truth in it to make the institution, leading article, to seem imperial.

In these days there is no conceivable branch of news, nor scarcely any department of philosophy, about which we are not taught what to think by the gifted writers who are so kind as to think for us. Say that a daily paper contains an average of four leaders, or twenty-four leaders in the week; that gives us twelve hundred and forty-eight leaders in the year, which treat of perhaps three or four hundred subjects. Nor is there any limit to the "freedom" of such censorship, save only the limit of "propriety." It is true that the libel laws restrain freedom; but these laws are interpreted by the canons of public taste much more than by fixed rules of right or wrong. "Freedom" in itself implies the right of interpreting the whole domain of ideas in regard to freedom; for in the fact that I may publish what is most offensive to another person—say in the advocacy of a particular religion or form of government—I exercise my freedom as to the choice of first principles equally as to their *modus operandi*. If I may advocate heresy in a country which is Catholic, or Catholicism in a country which is heretical; if I may advocate republicanism in a country which is monarchical, or

autocracy in a country which is republican, it is manifest that the limits of my freedom are defined only by what is called "public taste." If I do harm to another's character, or morally injure a just cause, or financially impoverish a good movement, I offend against the limits of my freedom, because I get across "the moral law." But the whole domain of religion, of politics, of social matters (bar only the advocacy of immorality), being within the compass of my freedom, it follows that my freedom includes the right of misleading others equally with that of being misled myself.

So that it would be absurd to argue that the enjoyment of a free press is necessarily the enjoyment of just views—first, because *all* views are advocated with equal talent; and, secondly, because we choose our advocates for ourselves. The immense majority of Englishmen read the "organs" of their own views, but do not read the organs of unpalatable views; while in certain exceptional grooves—say religion and politics—not one Englishman in a thousand reads the *Tablet and* the *Rock*, the *Standard and* the *Daily News*. And what is it that makes the difference in these papers? In "religious" papers, so-called, there is a difference in the "news"—a difference in the whole object and subject; but all the political (morning) papers contain substantially the same news, the same telegrams, the same reports. There is substantially no difference between the *Standard* and the *Daily News* in any department of the mere columning of information; it is only in the fact that the *Standard* takes one view, and the *Daily News* takes another view, of the same people, the same events, the same politics, that one paper is called Tory or Conservative and the other paper is called Liberal or Radical.

II.

Now, it is necessary, if we would arrive at a just estimate of the history of the growth of leading articles, that we should pay a visit to the British Museum, and there study the files of the first newspapers.

"A somewhat dry way," you may think, perhaps, "of passing a whole day, and one that I would rather not experience." And yet in this estimate you would be mistaken. You would find the "dryness" relieved by much amusement. Even a good laugh will be got sometimes out of the oddness with which "news" two hundred years ago used to be published. It is true that you must be prepared to wait at least a whole hour

while the old newspapers are being "dug out" by the searchers; but, seeing that there must be a million newspapers in the British Museum, this is no very great penalty to pay. Then when your papers are brought to you your nineteenth-century eyes will be astonished and annoyed by the black letter, and by a sort of brownish hue which a couple of centuries will have imparted to "This day's foreign and domestick news." The names of the papers will be much alike. When first started papers affected kindred titles. Thus the *Observator*, the *New Observator*, the *Legal Observator*, the *General Observator*, with the *Post Boy*, the *Postman*, the *Post Bag*, the *English Post*, the *Flying Post*, will crop up about the year 1700. Indeed, it was at this time (about a hundred and eighty years ago) that English newspapers, and therefore necessarily London newspapers, became an institution "for the million." Their price at the first was only a half-penny. No tax was imposed on English newspapers before the year 1712, so that the cost of their issue was a mere trifle; and when the penny tax was first levied, so great was the consternation excited among the newspaper proprietors that, as Dean Swift expressed it, "an earthquake would have been less terrible than this announcement to the news-venders in Grub Street." Even a *Farthing Post* had been published in 1701, but this venture only lasted seven months. After the year 1712 the normal price of the newspaper was the not very huge sum of three half-pence; and the public soon showed that they were practically indifferent to this extra demand for "the latest news." The size of a newspaper would be well represented by half a sheet of what we at present account foolscap; one side being devoted to a digest of news, and the other side to all kinds of advertisements. And here it may be observed by the way that the geniuses of advertising of the year 1704 seem to have had exactly the same spirited ideas as they have in the year 1884; for we read in the *Post Boy* of June 9, 1702, that "Dr. Lower's famous purging pill surpasses all pills and all elixirs now extant," and that—but no, we will draw a veil over the "best ways of preserving an elegant symmetry." The Book Column of this same issue contains the following, which might have been published only last week in the Protestant *Rock*: "The Church of Rome is no guide in matters of faith; being an answer to a letter from a nephew to his uncle, containing reasons why he had become a Roman Catholic; by the Very Reverend, the Dean of Exeter." No doubt in the time of William of Orange it was a plucky thing for a young man to become a Catholic. And the Dean of

Exeter, if he wanted a bishopric, did wisely in "shooting a pamphlet" at his nephew. It was just about this time—in the month of March, 1702—that the *English Post* thus announced the death of William of Orange in not more than about three inches of space: "Yesterday morning died our Glorious Sovereign Lord, King William the Third, our Glorious Deliverer from Popery and Slavery."

However, to turn to our more immediate subject, the origin and development of leading articles, let it be said that, even so late as a hundred years ago, no trace of a leading article is to be found in the *Morning Chronicle*—one of the most respectable and important of the London papers. Yet Charles Lamb wrote for the *Morning Chronicle* for many years; Lord Campbell, Sir James Mackintosh, and Mr. William Hazlitt were, in their earlier days, members of its staff. But though these gentlemen wrote in various grooves of literature, leading articles were never included in those grooves. We find "contributions" and "criticisms"; we find detached opinions as to events, and we find very important "correspondence"; but the modern "leader" had not come into existence during the first twelve years of the *Morning Chronicle*. That paper was started in 1769; and it may be said that up to 1781 it did not contain a leading article. What it did contain was, however, admirable writing: no wonder, considering the great men who wrote "on it." Messrs. Longman, the publishers, thought the paper sufficiently important to advertise sixty books in one issue. We know nothing as to the rate of payment for these advertisements. What we do know is that the rate of payment for "literary contributions" was so small as to be almost imperceptible. Let our modern press-writers or leader-writers, who imagine that their services are in these days but imperfectly remunerated, gladden their hearts by this one grateful fact: that William Hazlitt, one of the most distinguished of literary critics—possibly even the most so—of the eighteenth century, received only five shillings for a very long, small-type column of most elaborately thought-out critical writing! The editor of one of the principal daily papers was remunerated by half a guinea a week! Our authority for these statements is Mr. Grant, the well-known author of the *Newspaper Press*. This gentleman has made the remark that there was "no intellect" in the leading articles which were published in the papers of eighty years ago. If the gentlemen who wrote the leaders lived on half a guinea * a week we can well understand

* Two dollars and a half.

that their "intellectual" capacities would not be in the liveliest possible mood.

The following introduction to the first number of the *Daily Courant*, which was issued in the reign of Queen Anne, seems to justify the opinion of Mr. Grant in regard to the want of power in leading articles. The editor thus opens his new newspaper: "The *Daily Courant* is confined to a small compass, to save the public at least half the impertinences of ordinary papers." And again proceeds the plain-spoken editor: "The *Daily Courant* professes to give only foreign news, as the editor assumes that other people have sense enough to make reflections for themselves." Such a preamble was certainly modest and very respectful. Yet we cannot help suspecting that the editor was slyly alluding to the fact that he had only "half a guinea a week," or was wishing to let the public know that he had more lucrative avocations than "writing criticisms at five shillings per column."

It seems likely that the *idea* of leading articles, as a most captivating auxiliary of first-class newspapers, was generated by such ventures as the *Tatler* and the *Spectator* papers, and by such splendid writers as Addison and Steele. We, in these days, can well imagine with what avidity and sense of luxury the English gentleman must have "devoured" his *Spectator* paper, which was placed on his breakfast-table with his coffee and roll, and which was certain to be consummately exquisite. Nor is it strange that contemporary with the *Spectator* was a huge growth in *all* the daily papers of satirical and playful compositions. Thus the *Times*—which was first published in 1788 under the title of the *Universal Register*, and three years later under its present and better title—contained no leading articles in its infancy; but it did contain in 1801 would-be satirical compositions on the follies, the fashionable weaknesses, of the day. Indeed, there are long "funny articles," so to call them—not "leaders" in any sense of the word—which really, if we may speak honestly of their literary value, were beneath the level of even ordinarily fair wit. That grave, dignified censor, the *Times*, who now rounds his periods like cannon-balls, and who for half a century shook Olympus with his nod, was in his infancy but a very pleasing child, who did not promise to develop into a Jupiter.

It is just possible that the *Times*, which for more than half a century has been prince of the journals of Great Britain, began its mission as "leader-writer-in-chief" from the date of the Austro-French war. It was about the year 1805–6 that the British

government (during the Sidmouth administration) stopped the foreign correspondence of the *Times*, actually seizing its letters and parcels. The *Times* very properly resented such injustice, and in wrathful "leaders" roundly abused the administration for a tyranny which in our own day would be impossible. So far as we can gather, most of the newspapers "took up" the scandal; and from that date the "freedom of the British press" was a recognized and unassailable institution. And here it may be mentioned that just a little before this date the *Morning Post*, which was established in 1772, had got into very hot water by libelling the character of a great lady. The damages claimed were four thousand pounds; and this amount was awarded and was paid. So that the great leader of "fashionable" journalism, the *Morning Post*, began its career by a sharp lesson in damages, perhaps the largest ever awarded in a civil action; and the great leader of "political" journalism, the *Times*, fought its way to the summit of public favor against the hostility and the executive force of the British government.

And yet it would be unfair to give to the *Times* the whole honor of having "bearded" the great powers of the state. The *North Briton*, about the year 1762, accused the king of having uttered downright falsehood in his speech at the opening of Parliament—an act of impudence, if not of treason, which at least showed that "journalists" had some pluck about the middle of the last century. The *North Briton* was impeached. It soon died. But the mistake of the *North Briton* was in not having learned the art—which in these days is common to most journalists—of making the most unjust and most offensive observations in the most serene and perfectly gentlemanly spirit.

Once more: it may be noted that antecedent to leading articles was the custom of publishing (first) in the newspapers whole volumes of romances or essays. The Letters of "Junius" first attracted attention in a newspaper which is now quite forgotten. And, to speak of a very different publication, yet one which is far more widely known, Daniel Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe* first appeared in the *London Post*, having been refused by twelve or fourteen English publishers! It was not until romances and columns of facetious matter ceased to be a feature of the "morning papers" that leaders became a fixed institution; the modern "weekly paper" taking up the mantle which the modern "morning paper" has quite thrown aside.

III.

If Macaulay's saying be true, that the history of a country may be most accurately gathered from its newspapers, we should be driven to the conclusion that England had but little history before the time of the invasion by William of Orange. Journalists, before that period, could not, had they had a mind, give reports of proceedings in Parliament, because the jealousy of both houses as to the fulness of reports was a constant source of quarrel with "outsiders." And newspapers which could not give Parliamentary reports, save in a garbled or guessed form, could not be accepted as "historical." Take even the *Times* of June 22, 1815, only sixty-nine years ago. The first page (of four small pages) consists of advertisements; the second and third pages are about the war; and the fourth page is again all advertisements. What, then, must have been the newspapers of a century and a half ago as authorities on "foreign and domestick news," when, of two small pages only, one was devoted to advertisements and the other to "bits" of news and correspondence? One issue of a morning paper in these days contains seven or eight times the quantity—not to speak of the increase in variety—which was contained in the early numbers of the *London Gazette*, the *St. James' Chronicle*, or any paper of a hundred and fifty years ago. And the leaders alone of every one of the English morning papers take, as a rule, five to six columns to themselves, printed, it is true, in such exceptionally grand type as to betoken that *they* are *the* paper.

And they *are* the paper; it is to them that the reader turns, because they embody at once the gist of important news and the right "party" estimate to be taken of it. In other words, a Conservative turns to the *Standard* leaders to know how best he may find fault with Mr. Gladstone; while a Liberal turns to the *Daily News* leaders to know how best he may vindicate that great statesman from the attacks which the Conservatives make upon him.

Are, then, leaders, in their modern sense and empire, a boon or a bane to the community? They are a boon, because they give people the advantage of seeing *their own* views expressed in intelligible form, with possibly one or two ideas which would not have occurred to them or which they could not have clothed in such good language. They are a boon, because they are a saving of time in giving both facts and their (apparent) value in one column. They are a boon, because, when they are

well written, they are a real literary pleasure, or even profit. They are a boon, because a man who writes a leader is assumed to have digested his subject; and though the assumption may be but flattering, it is obvious that "composition" must be in itself a strong stimulus to accuracy. Lord Bacon's assertion that "writing makes an accurate man," just as "reading makes a full man" and "speaking makes a ready man," is just true so far as this: that what a man dares to print is not likely to contain gross misstatements. The art of knowing what *not* to say is doubtless more apparent in ninety-nine leaders out of a hundred than is the art of lucidly summarizing a whole argument; and it is a great gift of many leader-writers to be able to write profoundly upon almost any subject they take in hand, without saying anything whatever, from beginning to end, which is more than a display of good grammar. Still, the very capacity for "dancing among eggs" warns the reader of the delicacy of the subject; and teaches him to be reserved in his opinions, since even the gods of the press are not assured. Again, all leaders are a boon —even bad ones—because the importance or the triviality of their subjects is a sign of the movements of the times. Blessed are the times when all the subjects of all leaders are purely domestic, artistic, or speculative; for in times of disaster the first and second leading articles are sure to be charged with terrible interest. And, once more, leading articles are a boon, as teaching us to distrust all "fine writing"; for since the champions of exactly opposite opinions may write bravely and assuredly, and even profoundly, in advocating what we *know* to be wrong, it behooves us to give to journalism its right place in authority, and not to conclude that any amount of human advocacy can of itself make what is wrong to be right.

But in some respects this branch of journalism is most baneful. The bane of leading articles is that, most readers being superficial, or incapable of distinguishing reasoning from bias, most readers are led away by the apparent persuadedness with which a journalist will lay down the law. It is needless to name papers; but every one knows of this paper or of that paper which week after week, or even day after day, advocates falsehoods with audacity. This is true, however, in the main only of "religious" newspapers. Thus there is one paper in London, a "religious paper," which, week after week through twenty years, has had leaders against the Catholic religion; the arguments and the data being correlatively idiotic, because neither of them rest on any truth. Are such leaders a bane or a boon?

The "freedom of the press," as was observed at the beginning, includes the right of misleading the public equally with that of being misled ourself; and it is in leading articles we have the full use of the freedom. To withhold facts in regard to news is undoubtedly as great a falsehood as to create facts which never had existence; but to comment on *some* facts, as if they were *all* the facts, or to comment on facts which have been proved fictitious, is even a still bigger falsehood than to misrepresent facts, because it is the assumption that the facts are all admitted. Morally, it is probable that the biggest liar that ever existed is that impersonal chatterbox, the leading article; because it is constructed only for a "view," or to preserve the "line" of the paper, with perfect knowledge that there has been a beginning on a wrong tack. "Sir, you stultify the paper," said a proprietor to a journalist who had the manliness to argue dead against himself, and who considered that it was more honorable to confess that he had been mistaken than to go on blinding his subscribers by a false advocacy. Just as some papers—or editors—refuse to insert letters which prove that some journalist has made mistakes, so some papers—or editors—will go on "writing up" a cause which has been proved over and over again to be rotten. Now, it is the institution, leading article, which has introduced this form of lying by committing newspapers to certain grooves of party-advocacy. In politics can anything be more ridiculous, or more utterly contemptible or childish, than the rule of always abusing the champions of one party and always eulogizing, or at least excusing, their opponents? You might imagine that the one party was impeccable and the other party incapable of any good, so virulent or so testy is the criticism on every act or every policy of the "other party." This, perhaps, is the worst bane of leading articles. To be the "organ" of a political party means to be the accuser of the other party; not principle, not public advantage, being the object, but solely to "turn out" the other party at all hazard.

It was impossible, however, that the institution, leading article, should not be abused like every other institution. Begun probably with the perfectly legitimate intention of dressing up the news in attractive form; developed by the necessity of from time to time repudiating the imputation of false news or false advocacy; and finally made to rival all sorts of "critical" writings, such as the wondrous and fascinating papers of Addison, leader-writing has come to mean the assumption of in-

fallibility as to the right view of everybody and everything. Journalism no longer means news-gathering, but the affectation of teaching the right bearings of all news. The office of the editor is didactic. The attitude of the reader is pupillary. And the anomaly of the relation is that the editor teaches the reader what he *knows* that the reader will like best, while the reader is under the impression that he enjoys a "free press" because he can enjoy an "organ" of his own predetermined views. The freedom of the press, as it is presented in leading articles, is the freedom of being flattered in our own opinions; it is not the freedom of enjoying the "nuda veritas," but of having the "veritas" toileted to our own taste. Dr. Johnson was once asked by Mr. Boswell whether he thought that reading the newspapers was a waste of time. The blunt doctor replied that the wisdom of all reading must be sought first in the wisdom of the reader. But in regard to leading articles the wisdom of the reader almost always moves in the groove of a preconception. No Tory was ever converted by a rabid leader in a Liberal paper; while as to Liberals, they turn away with irritation from the organs of the old-fashioned Toryism. In some districts of London, where political feeling runs high, a news-vender cannot expose in his shop-window the organs of the unpopular party. In one London parish you may ask for a Conservative paper at every shop where the daily papers are sold; but the answer is, "We don't keep it," and the reason which is given is that "every one is a Radical about here." This is an illustration of the real meaning of "free press." Freedom there is certainly in being able to buy your favorite organs, but freedom there is not in either reading both advocacies or in suffering everybody to read everything they like best. The editor of the *Daily Courant*, whom we have quoted for his candor, and who professed to save the readers of his paper from "half the impertinences of ordinary papers," would have to change his tactics now, if he were to come back to his editor's chair, seeing that no paper can command a sale *without* impertinences. That highly respectable editor, were he to tell his readers in these days that they "have sense enough to make reflections for themselves," would be answered by "We pay you for making reflections for us, and if you can't do this we shall not buy your paper." Leading articles are the modern machinery for thinking well with others' brains; only the machinery is intended solely for thinking just as you wish to think, not for thinking as it is best to think or truest to think.

THE VERY LAST CENTENARY OF PROTESTANT ISMS.

It would seem to be a growing—with many, a full-grown—conviction among a number of Protestant dignitaries and notables that the general cause of the "Reformationists" is rather advanced than retarded by indefinite splitting of sects into numbers of other sects, no matter how divergent or contradictory what they dignify by the name of tenets. Though their original fathers set the rough-cast seal of their condemnation upon division and lustily damned dissension from their dissension, the legitimate children follow the works rather than the faith of their progenitors, and have so long and ardently hugged the first principle of each one's right of making doctrines and churches, handed down in a straight line of tradition, that they have come to glory in their shame.

This is the logic of error, always self-condemnatory. It does not prevent the logic of truth from continuing to batter the shields and helmets and breastplates of these self-deluded defenders of men-made creeds with the blade they furnish, and drive home their confessed defeat. It still remains unassailable that the multiplication of churches upon churches, everlastingly severing the broken limb of the Protestants Isms into matchwood fragments and finally diminuting into invisible splinters, is physical and moral suicide without hope of redintegration. But if the blind will not see, we can, in common phrase, make them *feel*, by the palpable testimony of raised figures of their own invention, that their cause is lost and so confessed by their own. What are the figures of the knowable Isms in the last hundred years? Their own counts? For the sake of argument—though we do in no sense admit their solidarity, which in reality they claim not themselves—let us permit their leaders to put their forces all together and count as one body.

We have authorities, or what pass for such, making all the sects of some forty larger and one hundred smaller denominations, from the highest, 140,000,000, to the lowest, about 30,000,000, in the last forty years, and now. An inconsiderable few attempt to aggregate the whole at over 100,000,000, without attending to any details; these, therefore, we shall boldly and quietly set aside. Dr. Hurst, in his *Outline History of the Church*

(1875), is the only anyways respectable detailer who dares to sum the Protestants at 131,007,449. But his figures of 37,000,000 in the New World have proved so far wrong we may pass him by. Here are opposite tables of computers who sum about or below 100,000,000 as the whole count:

ALL THE PROTESTANT SECTS—1850–1883.

Authority.	*Count.*	*Year.*
Baron Hübner (Europe).	64,321,000	
Hitchcock's *Analysis*...	97,000,000	1875
Rand, McNally & Co..	*108,630,000	1882

Authority.	*Count.*	*Year.*
Almanach de Gotha....	70,500,000	1876
Bishop Hopkins.....	†61,000,000	1855
Hitchcock's *Analysis*..	‡50,000,000	1875
Macaulay.....	50,000,000	1850
Scientific Miscellany...	48,985,000	1850
Deutsche Reichzeitung.	§45,000,000	1880
Wm. Cobbett.....	30,000,000	1830

1. We will dispose of Baron Hübner's count, especially his 26,000,000 of Protestants in Great Britain, about an equal number in the German Empire, and not much less in Austria-Hungary, when we reach these several countries.

2. Rand, McNally & Co.'s detail of 30,000,000 Protestants in the United States has been answered elsewhere,‖ reducing their number to nearly that of the *Almanach de Gotha*, whose figures, again, make the largest Protestant sect only one-twelfth the size of the Catholic Church.

Taking all the other authorities' average, we may fairly put it at about 50,000,000 as the whole anyways reliable count for the past thirty years and up to very recently. Following the facile Yankee process of whittling, which these statistical worthies give fair samples of, we can cut down and pare around these figures considerably. But we shall make Protestants, at least all non-Catholics, bring their own statistics and their own condemnations to amuse us with.

Just at the period when the great Evangelical wave sweeping Europe, and especially Germany, ploughed the English Channel and washed over Great Britain forty years ago, a German Protestant of German Protestants, speaking of the flood of rationalism and pantheism, of which Evangelicalism was but the after-roll, in the last century and beginning of this, says:

"In the midst of German Protestantism an alliance (of rationalism, etc.) had been formed, which at first appeared to be of little danger, nay, *to be*

* *Atlas of the World*, 1882. † *End of Controversy Controverted*, Letter 22.

‡ The apparent contradiction is Hitchcock's real upsetting of his first general figure, 97,000,000, by his sum of details, footing up only about 50,000,000.

§ Not certain of the actual number, the count noted in the first draft of this has been increased some 3,000,000. The paper puts the Catholics of Europe at the highest figure—153,344,000.

‖ *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, January, 1882.

even advantageous, but which soon overthrew the scaffolding of doctrine that the old Protestant orthodoxy had raised up, and precipitated Protestant theology into that course which has, in the present day, led it entirely to subvert all the dogmas of Christianity and totally change the original views of the Reformers."*

This is too evidently true to the unbiassed student of church history to be confined to the blunt expression of this honest man's opinion. There have been two forces at work in Germany —as, indeed, in most parts of Europe—besides the sects' own inherent disintegration, which have militated in opposite directions against the possible increase of any of the larger sects. These two are the Jesuits and co-working restored or reformed religious orders, on the one hand, and on the other the rationalistic and infidel schools working hand-in-hand with the Christ-and-state-hating secret societies. These latter, originating in England, thence transplanted to the Continent, notably France and Germany, about 1717, spared no efforts to cajole the monarchs and weakening, if not dying, sects; then afterwards to unite their arms with both to undermine the church and honeycomb society with dark-lantern schemes and plots which, matured by infidels in these three important divisions of Europe, inaugurated a series of revolutions of which the last English was the first, and the latest Russian shall not be the last.

Things went well with the devil—let us not disguise the simple truth—when the suppression of the Jesuits in the height of their power for good in God's world, in 1773, became precisely coincidental with the uprise of the schools of Kant, Paulus, *et id genus omne*. The poor German Isms, faint with fighting the glorious vanguard of Jesus' Companions, the detailed campaigns of which we cannot follow, groaned again under the repeated blows of the indefatigable rationalists. These possessed acumen, high human cultivation, the zeal of their "father" for the destruction of immortal souls, and handed down a tradition of success to their followers and heirs, every whit as mad in their theories—and, alas! with all the method of their ancestors' madness. The pantheists under Schelling and De Witte in the beginning of this century soon bore their legitimate fruit—David Strauss in the first quarter, with his school, and in the second quarter of this hundred years the redoubtable Fichte and his brood of burrowers in philosophy and upheavers of the bases of society. The tercentenary of Luther in 1817 scarcely caused a much

* *Der Protestantismus in seiner Selbstauflösung*, von einem Protestanten, pp. 291–3. Schaffhausen, 1843.

greater ripple of enthusiasm than the Evangelical Alliance formed under Frederick William III.,* which was in reality but a damning compromise of state-forced sects and a frittering away of their remaining scraps of truth.

The popular preacher, Claude Harms, made the "Vaterland" ring, as the incomparably better Savonarola before him had made Italy ring, with his fiery denunciations, interlarded with some coarse truths. "Bah!" vociferated he, "I could write on my thumb-nail all the doctrines [of the Reformers] yet universally believed." A greater than he, the Alliance king himself, decreed that "the Alliance was formed in the sense of the Reformation and in the spirit of Protestantism," which was that "the Reformed [Calvinists] were not to go over to Lutheranism, nor *vice versa;* but both should make a newly revived evangelical church in the spirit of their founders."

But the Jesuits revived about the same time (1814), and increased and multiplied until they very nearly reach their number when suppressed. In fact, before their term of forty years' trial was fairly over they were re-established in Russia and some contiguous countries, whence they soon poured their legions into the hot-beds of Protestantism, "conquering and to conquer." The Alliance itself found other opposition besides the uprisings of the indignant peasants and honest common folk. Rebellions broke out on many sides. In 1847 Daniel Schenkel played fast and loose with the remaining traditions of Christianity among his Protestant brethren, flatly denying, with Ernest Renan, the mark of supernatural character to the teachings of any Christian. The Nine Articles of the Evangelicals imported two years before into England came to a sad end in the Assembly of Geneva in 1862, where English Methodism's orthodox stomach rose up against the German rationalists. Finally, to set the official seal to the grown infidelity of the whole government of the Evangelical Church, one hundred and nineteen Baden ministers and all believing Protestant clergy of the country, on applying for Schenkel's dismissal from his chair in the Prediger Seminar, were answered by the Supreme Church Council and General Synods at Carlsruhe that "Schenkel's opinions were reconcilable with Protestantism," as was confirmed by the same supreme authorities at Carlsruhe in 1867.†

What have been the more modern consequences of these op-

* Marshall's *Missions* puts the date 1834, others some differently.

† Alzog, *Allgemeine Geschichte*, ii. p. 632.]

posite forces, one Catholicizing and the other infidelizing German Protestants?

In Germany there are "thirty-eight Protestant sects, . . . with temples so empty and prayerless . . . that it must be plainly seen the days in which we live are ripe for the great apostasy." *

The famous Dr. Pusey quotes a German theologian as writing that in 1825, having recounted all the "professors who could anyhow be considered orthodox—that is, who in any way contended for the doctrine of the Gospel or its very truth—counted in all Protestant Germany *seventeen*." Messmer, in 1861, † "deplores that the deluge of unbelief is filtering through and wasting away the protecting dikes of family, state, and church."

Prof. Von Schulte, in the *Contemporary Review* and in the November *Edinburgh Review*, 1880, writes that "it resulted from an inquiry into the condition of the Lutheran Church in the Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg that no service at all had been held in the head churches for two hundred and twenty-eight Sundays, because there had been no congregation. . . ." As for religious home culture, there is, Prof. Von Schulte tells us, "an entire lack of it in Germany. Family worship," it is stated by the same authority, "is a thing unknown among Protestants belonging to the Prussian national church, except in a few pious households." The religious condition of the mass of the population is likened by one of our authorities to that "of pagan Rome just before the advent of Christ, when the people had ceased to bring sacrifices and cared no more for their idols, yet had nothing to put in their place."

The professor's judgment of the other churches is thus summed by a New York journal:

> "What is true of the Prussian church may be said, with some qualifications, of all the Protestant churches of Germany, which number twenty-six, besides the old Lutheran and several sects not belonging to any establishment. They all exhibit the same spectacle of stagnation and decay, the same indifference and apathy on the part of their nominal adherents, which have made of German Protestantism a church without a creed and a people without belief."

When Berlin statistics show only 30,000 people—and of these barely 4,000 Protestants—out of 1,140,000 being seen at any church, we may credit the lament of a Berlin clergyman to an American correspondent:

> "We have no influence," he said; "we can do nothing. Instead of be-

* Apud Döllinger, *Kirche und Kirchen*, pp. 275, 308, 330. † Ibid. p. 204.

ing represented in any way in the government of the country, we stand ourselves under most stringent police supervision. State support we do not expect; but we are, notwithstanding, hampered by state superintendence. Against the universal prevalence of agnostic and freethinking opinions our church can practically make no head."

Which correspondent honestly concludes:

"The Protestants and philosophers are too far divided by internal difficulties to make any head against a united body like the Roman Catholics, who have in all religious questions one undivided interest, and are prepared to sacrifice all others to that." *

After these crushing proofs of the preponderance of infidelity among the non-Catholic populations of the German Empire, it is the supremity of sardonic sarcasm and the acme of ridiculosity for encyclopædias, atlases, and statisticians to persist in simply dividing the populace into Catholics and Protestants, putting the latter at some 26,000,000 or nearly 27,000,000, leaving no margin for freethinkers, of which Protestant Germany is the world-known nation, or taking the bitter alternative of saying that the mantle of Luther is broad enough to cover them all. This latter is the more likely. *Bona-fide* Protestants in the empire may count 8,000,000 or 9,000,000 members. And how shall even that number be gathered together?

Passing down to Switzerland, the infidel Rousseau's influence on the Reformed Swiss in the beginning of the nineteenth century, combined with the nearly as disastrous influence of the incisive cynic and God-hater, Voltaire, in the latter half of the eighteenth century, blew away like chaff the stiff dogmatism of the worn-out Five Points of the cold tyrant, Calvin. All the world knows the beneficent reconversions of the Apostle of Geneva—the gentle and sensible St. Francis de Sales. It needs but naming.

The reaction at the Reform centenary of 1835 was trumpeted with ostentation by Merle d'Aubigné and his coterie of history-makers. But, to show how soon the enthusiasm cooled, in 1864,

* "A Catholic reaction is making itself felt in the upper classes of Germany, just as much as in those of England. Dr. Walcker, a professor in the University of Leipzig, has lately published a paper entitled *A Statistical Proof of the Growth of Catholicity among the Nobility of Germany.* The author, himself a Protestant, shows that in the course of the present century as many as forty-four members of families possessing sovereign rank have become converts to Catholicity; three of these are princes—viz., Prince Solms-Braunfels, Prince Isenburg-Birstein, and Prince Loewenstein-Wertheim; then there are eleven counts and twelve countesses. One of these was the Countess of Brandenburg, a daughter of King William II. of Prussia and aunt to the present emperor. As a set-off against these forty-four conversions Protestantism can only claim nine proselytes from Catholicity, all of them persons of minor note" (London *Universe*, April, 1883).

the third centenary of John Calvin's death, the heresiarch was publicly denied the honors of a national hero, and Geneva—the Calvinistic Rome—gave harsh prominence to the expression of its disgust at his horrid despotism. Here, too, in our very day, the University of Geneva declares our Lord and Saviour "a mere man"; and theological students are told *ex cathedrâ:* "Make anything you like of Jesus Christ, so that you do not make him God." *

A synod of Berne computes that "out of every ten or twelve householders but one can be counted with any faith," confirming what fallen De Lamennais declared of the Genevese: "They have no faith whatever."

In Geneva there are estimated forty-two thousand infidels, or Arians; Catholics are as many. The Protestant cantons can therefore not aggregate above a few hundred thousands at best.

"Religion in Holland," writes Huber,† "has never since the Reformation remained the same for thirty years together." Of its fifteen hundred ministers, fourteen hundred put themselves on record as denying the Incarnation.

"The death-waters of unbelief," Messmer testifies in 1861, "of rationalism, pantheism, and materialism, are in Holland, as in Germany, sweeping all before them." What need to repeat here the horrors of Dutch Calvinists in the apostasies of trade in China, the absolute tyranny of the long government of Ceylon, the persecutions and butcheries at home—Gorcum notably—and in the colonies of Dutch Guiana? Besides, government statistics show half the population of Holland is Catholic. Two-thirds of the other half, at a moderate calculation, are indifferent deists and practical atheists. The scores of thousands of Jansenists have no sympathy with the Isms. We can scarcely allow the sects more than in Switzerland.

Coming across to Great Britain, Dr. Pusey—a certainly unquestionable and capable authority—designates his own native Englishmen as "a numerous nation of heathens." In fact, the official census of about 1860 gave 5,000,000 as of no religion—a confession not made by any other nation of itself in the circumference of the globe. Officially, in Leeds and Liverpool, 40 per cent.; in Manchester, 51; Lambeth, 61; Sheffield, 62 per cent., are counted religionless.

The London *Times* (April 11, 1862) prints: "In this great

* *Religious Discussions*, pp. 4, 5. Confer *Considérations sur le Divinité de Jésus-Christ*, par H. L. Empaytaz.

† *Bibliothèque Universelle*, tom. xxiv. p. 181.

Christian nation vice exists to an extent utterly unknown in pagan countries," which is explained sufficiently by its recording in the preceding February: "Half the island are Dissenters; and of the rest the greater part take the Establishment as it comes, with very mixed feelings."

There are not churches enough for one-half—one authority says one-third—of the population of upwards of 4,000,000 in London. In the May, 1881, census of those churches, of 57 places of worship only 11 had 100 present; in more than one-half not 50 attendants could be counted. In one there were 10; in a second, 9; in a third, 8; in a fourth, 4; in a fifth but 2 were present. Of the 306 choristers, mostly hired, it is computed they had to sing to a total of just 3,853 worshippers. The clergymen's salaries in these churches amounted to $220,000 per year.* Similar statistics in seventy cities of England and Wales show steady decrease in attendance, the major part of the people spending the Sunday without going to church. If this be too general, Mr. John Bright, the head commoner of England, told the world in Parliament in 1880: "Nearly one-half of the Protestants of England and Scotland do not go to church at all. Many, after being married, never see the inside of a church any more. Some never go to church again after being christened." "But in Ireland," he contrasts significantly, "the great bulk of the people are Catholics and do go to church."

A member from Glasgow, on the same or equivalent occasion, proclaimed that in his constituency, having over 300 churches withal, one-third, or 100,000, never went to any place of worship. The English Church Establishment is surely divided against itself, as Macaulay so caustically points to the "religion of the Church of England as a bundle of religious systems without number, tied together by an act of Parliament: a hundred sects battling within one church." †

It is notorious in our own day that the Athanasian Creed's abolishment by law is only a natural sequence to the declaration that it is not of faith to believe baptism necessary for salvation.

What purpose can it now serve to trace the decay of the Isms in their successive transformations and breedings of swarms of petty sects in Great Britain, from the inoculation of Calvinism of old, through the new bodies of dissenters and the zealous propagation of Methodism in this century by the restless Wesley brothers?

* London *Universe*, May 1, 1881. † "Essay on Church and State."

Puseyism's history is commonplace. If conservatism have spared the English some of the disgraces of Continental countries, and there be a perhaps more Christian something, hard to define, which makes Episcopalianism a sort of breakwater to infidelity and, in its more advanced forms, a nursery for Catholic converts, it is sadly true that the uppermost class, as described by Disraeli's novels, notably his *Endymion*, and the lowermost, depicted so vividly by Thackeray, Dickens, and their co-workers, are permeated so deeply with irreligion and practical, if not openly avowed, agnosticism on the one hand, and stupid ignorance on the other, that there is but a redeeming feature or two in both classes.

If the hundreds of thousands of migrating Catholic Irishmen coming over to England against their pastors' and the interested English Catholic clergymen's better judgment and warning are not swallowed up in the whirlpool of God-denying and God-cursing lower British society and commerce, they may form the seed of the thousands that still will not bend the knee to Baal nor halt in their allegiance between God and Mammon. Conversions in the higher classes, so numerous and influential as the examples become, may save some of the upper ten thousands. The Salvation Army is too great a parody, nay, blasphemy, on religion to be even worthy mention. Of Quakerism the *Liberal Christian* (August, 1879) declares: "What is left of it is made up of *theeing* and *thouing*, and its straight coat and stiff bonnet. These are steadily losing authority, and when they are abandoned visible Quakerism will disappear."

In the concentrated light of these facts would it be folly to reduce the boast of the Anglicans, that their church proper yet contains twelve millions, to what even extravagant Cobbett tells them they numbered in 1824—viz., one-fourth or one-fifth of the then existing nation, say four or five millions?

We may divide the Dissenters, by our authorities, into one-half the supposed Protestant population, and make, perhaps, about four or five millions of them, who may by a very sanguine calculation, added to as many of the English church, sum up in the neighborhood of eight millions who are the adherents, in some sort, of some sect in Great Britain.

It is needless waste of space to devote more than a paragraph to Protestant Episcopalianism in Ireland, after its late disastrous disestablishment, and after Prof. Mahaffey, in his recent pamphlet, has opened out its inner hollowness and most sure extinctive

decay. Of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, Liebetrut * gives us to understand: "The Swedish church is a church desolate, dead, lying under the anathema of God. The church's unity is the unity and peace of the graveyard."

And Bayard Taylor,† in 1858, adds: "It is slowly ossifying from sheer inertia." As England has had to disestablish the Irish church and will have to disestablish the English, so Mr. Brace says:‡ "This century will see the disruption and convulsion of the Swedish state church." A Baptist American missionary adds still a note of disgrace to the ruin by the statement that "entire Baptist churches are gobbled up by the Mormons in Sweden."

Inglis § writes that, bad as is the state of morality in Sweden, "the standard of morals is higher in Sweden than in Norway," "where a general indifference is manifested for religion."

Who will say, after this, that there are more than a million or two, at the very utmost, out of the 6,400,000 inhabitants of the Scandinavian peninsula, claiming to be Christians in any sense or any sect?

Going back now for a moment to those nations now overwhelmingly Catholic, which, however, were once thought to be in the balance and inclined to the new fashions invented by the pseudo-Reformers, we will be surprised to find that in Austria, Bohemia, and Moravia, once for nearly a century thought to be, and counted as, mostly Protestant, the sects now count six per cent. of the population of Austria and two and a half per cent. of that of its dependencies. In Austria-Hungary there are accordingly, by census of January, 1881, some 2,130,000 Calvinists and 1,450,000 Evangelicals, which, properly reduced, may sum some 2,000,000.

In the last synod of Paris, gotten up under the auspices of Guizot and his associates of any prestige, the Union des Églises Evangéliques de France counted but sixty-one votes for the "orthodox confession of faith," against forty-five of the materialists of their own number who chose to follow Renan, Coquerel, and their ilk. And though as late as fifty years ago, in 1830, a French Protestant could boast of 2,000,000 of Lutherans and Calvinists combined in France, the whole Huguenot tribe to-day—census of 1880—could muster but a pitiful 580,761.

In Italy, Spain, and Belgium, where the Reformers never obtained any foothold—thanks, as Gibbon and Macaulay confess,

* Ap. Döllinger, supra, pp. 259.
† *Northern Travels*, p. 285.
‡ Laing, *Tour*, pp. 115–125.
§ *Norway, Sweden, and Denmark*, second part, p. 142.

to that very hated Inquisition they otherwise decry—there are respectively some nominal 100,000, 200,000, and 16,000 Protestants, mostly visitors or importations from abroad.

Before we make our final summing we will run cursorily over the fruits of Protestant missions as exhibited in the last edition of the unassailable *Christian Missions*, as revised to late date by the author. Scrutinizing the two bulky volumes for all the figures we could find, the inquiry results in the following table:

Mission.	*Converts.*	*Years.*	*Remarks.*
China	20 or 30.	17 societies, 50 yrs	Dwindled to "5."
India	25 or 50.	100 years or more.	Atheists in schools.
Ceylon	"105."	Since occupation.	Official, "3,137."
Australia	None.	" "	Natives extinct.
New Zealand	None.	" "	Maoris ⅞ extinct.
Samoan Islands.	"645."	.....	.....
Tahiti	.....	Since Capt. Cook.	Nearly extinct.
Sandwich Isles	.....	For this century.	" "
Fijian "	.....	.....	One-third officials.
Greece	None.	25 years.	Expelled, 1854.
Europ. Turkey	"Few Jews, Armenians"	.....	.....
Asiatic "	None.	.....	.....
Jerusalem	"10."	For 50 years.	With missionary and party.
Russia	None.	Since Cyril-Lucar	.....
Armenia	"2."	.....	Cost $7,500,000.
N. America	Not a tribe.	300 years.	.....
S. America	" "	.....	.....
Central America.	.....	.....	"No congregation."

In Asia, Africa, and Australasia nearly eight hundred and fifty converts in all the Protestant missions in the Old World! Of the New World Melville puts the whole history in a sentence: "The Anglo-Saxon hive have extirpated paganism from the greater part of the North American continent, but with it they have extirpated likewise the greater portion of the red race." * According to the liberal allowances to each separate country—giving a generous donation of some 10,000,000 to the Americas—we have in Europe: Germany, 8,000,000; Switzerland, 500,000; Holland as many; Great Britain and Ireland, by a great stretch, 8,000,000, with 2,000,000 for the great dependencies in the Old World; from 1,500,000 to 2,000,000, by sanguine estimate, in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark; some 2,000,000—say even 3,000,000—in the Austrian Empire; half a million in France; nominal 100,000 in Italy, 200,000 in Spain, and 15,000 or 16,000

* *The Marquesas Islands*, p. 217.

in Belgium;* throw in a round thousand for "converts" among aborigines in all the wide world, and the sum total of all Protestants of all sects in the whole globe will not exceed 34,000,000—after the fourth centenary of their first father and head.

In case these figures be not esteemed strictly just we will reduce them to strict bounds of justice by picking apart the heterogeneous mass called Protestant Isms, and count each Ism as it pretends to autonomy, and we will see whether the comparison with the church will favor them any by their own figures of themselves and of her children.

Blunt's † and the *American Cyclopædia's* count of one of the most numerous sects—Methodists—in 1874 is just: 3,626,830 full members and several hundred thousand probationists in Europe, America, and Australia; whilst the New York *Observer Year-Book* of 1871 makes the church 195,460,000; in 1875 Dr. Hurst's *Outlines*, 200,339,390; the atlases of Rand, McNally & Co., 1882, 202,368,000; *Deutsche Reichszeitung*, 1880, in Europe 153,344,000, in Brazil 10,000,000, in Mexico 9,389,460, in the United States 8,000,000; *Almanach de Gotha*, 1876, 211,000,000; *Scientific Miscellany*, 1850, 254,655,000. Let men judge from the adversaries of the church, as one learns best from a political opponent's organ his own party's success, whether this shall not be the very last centenary of Protestant Isms.

* For justice of particular figures, as modified here, consult the compared details of statisticians we quote.

† *Dictionary of Sects*, art. "Methodists."

THE WISDOM AND TRUTH OF WORDSWORTH'S POETRY.

Part IV.

V. We have reached the last of those topics which we proposed to discuss.

There is one class of Wordsworth's poems in which that Wisdom which so eminently characterizes them takes a higher flight than in the rest, and discourses on the origin of things in strains such as the olden time called "Orphic." To write "Orphic" odes on the marvels of Creation was among the aims of Coleridge's youthful ambition; and his Hexameter Hymn to the Earth, as well as a fragment of a Hymn to the Sun, survive as the memorial of that intention. What he had designed was in part accomplished by the brother-bard with whom such plans must often have been the subject of discourse. Wordsworth's "Vernal Ode" is one of his greatest poems. It is not among the works of his youth. It belongs to his forty-seventh year, and was briefly described by him as "composed to place in view the immortality of succession where immortality is denied, so far as we know, to the individual creature." Transience is the law of all things here; an eternal and still glory is that of the things above; yet earthly transience is so exquisitely modulated in the great creative scheme that it is itself ever sustaining the creature with the thought of that stability which, in his present condition, is denied to him. The forests die, but the fresh growths of each new year spring from a soil enriched by the dead leaves of its predecessor; out of the night issues the morning; and the nations are ever renewing their youth. Such is the theme, and it is treated as it might have been in those days when the bard was still reverenced as a prophet and a revealer. The Ode begins with the song of an Angel suddenly descended to earth. Its first stanza celebrates his native realm, the radiant stability of which is emblemed to man by the stars when they shine forth night after night,

> "Fresh as if evening brought their natal hour;
> Her darkness splendor gave, her silence power,
> To testify of Love and Grace divine."

But neither in heaven nor on earth is more than an emblem of stability vouchsafed to the material creation:

"What if those bright fires
Shine subject to decay,
Sons haply of extinguished sires,
Like them to pass away
Like clouds before the wind!
And though to every draught of mortal breath
Renewed throughout the bounds of earth and ocean,
The melancholy gates of Death
Respond with sympathetic motion;
Though all that feeds on nether air,
Howe'er magnificent or fair,
Grows but to perish, and entrust
Its ruins to their kindred dust;
Yet, by the Almighty's ever-during care,
Her procreant vigils Nature keeps
Amid the unfathomable deeps,
And saves the peopled fields of earth
From dread of emptiness or dearth.
Thus in their stations, lifting t'ward the sky
The foliaged head in cloud-like majesty,
The shadow-casting race of Trees survive:
Thus in the train of Spring arrive
Sweet Flowers—what living eye hath viewed
Their myriads! endlessly renewed
Wherever strikes the sun's glad ray;
Where'er the subtle waters stray;
Wherever sportive zephyrs bend
Their course, or genial showers descend!
Mortals, rejoice! the very Angels quit
Their mansions unsusceptible of change,
Amid your pleasant bowers to sit
And through your sweet vicissitudes to range."

A human being might well fear that even amid the glories of heaven the new-born Spirit might sometimes regret "vicissitudes" thus described—the changeful twilights of earth, and the flash of the earliest snowdrop; and the last four lines quoted hint that with such a regret even heavenly Spirits are capable of sympathizing. The poet, as he listens, catches the import of the Angel's song and returns to it a musical echo:

"O nursed at happy distance from the cares
Of a too anxious world, mild, pastoral Muse!
That to the sparkling crown Urania wears,
And to her sister Clio's laurel wreath,
Prefer'st a garland culled from purple heath,

Or blooming thicket moist with morning dews;
Was such bright Spectacle vouchsafed to me?
And was it granted to the simple ear
Of thy contented votary
Such harmony to hear?
Him rather suits it, side by side with thee,
Wrapt in a fit of pleasing indolence,
While thy tired lute hangs on the hawthorn tree,
To lie and listen, till the o'er-drowsed sense
Sinks, hardly conscious of the influence,
To the soft murmur of the vagrant Bee.
—A slender sound! yet hoary Time
Doth to the Soul exalt it with the chime
Of all his years; a company
Of ages coming, ages gone;
(Nations from before them sweeping,
Regions in destruction steeping,)
Yet every awful note in unison
With that faint utterance, which tells
Of treasure sucked from buds and bells,
For the pure keeping of those waxen cells."

The creature he sings of draws near him, and its very feebleness reminds him that the most fragile shapes are those which do battle most bravely against time:

"Observe each wing—a tiny van!—
The structure of her laden thigh,
How fragile! yet of ancestry
Mysteriously remote and high:
High as the imperial front of man,
The roseate bloom on woman's cheek;
The soaring eagle's curvèd beak;
The white plumes of the floating swan;
Old as the tiger's paw, the lion's mane,
Ere shaken by that mood of stern disdain
At which the desert trembles. Humming Bee!
Thy sting was needless then, perchance unknown;
The seeds of malice were not sown;
All creatures met in peace, from fierceness free,
And no pride blended with their dignity.
—Tears had not broken from their source;
Nor anguish strayed from her Tartarean den;
The golden years maintained a course
Not undiversified, though smooth and even;
We were not mocked with glimpse and shadow then;
Bright Seraphs mixed familiarly with men;
And earth and stars composed a universal heaven!"

There is in this poem a profound spiritual as well as philosophi-

cal Truth. The sorrow of man's estate does not come from the transience of external things, but from a defect within himself which has "disnatured" Nature's "sweet vicissitudes." The transience itself is realized by Sense. If Faith were as strong as Sense the restoration would be realized as vividly as the transience, and severance would cease to be, or at least would lose its sting. It would not then be in "glimpse and shadow" that the cyclic renovations of Time would present the Image of Eternity; nor would that Image be Vision only: it would be Fruition also. It would be with the changes of human life as it is with the changes of music, where each successive cadence passes away too sweetly to be regretted, and dies but to prepare the way for another, sweeter still.

Another of Wordsworth's Orphic poems is the Ode too modestly entitled "Stanzas on the Power of Sound." It was intended to have had a place in that poem of which the "Excursion" is a part, a poem of which some unpublished fragments exist, and which apparently was not intended to consist exclusively of blank verse. The Ode on the "Power of Sound" was written in 1828, when the poet had reached his fifty-eighth year. At least fifteen years previously, in the seventh book of the "Excursion," Wordsworth had recorded the lives of two men, each of whom had been deprived of one out of those two senses, the eye and the ear, through which chiefly the human soul holds communication with the outward world. To each of these sufferers was given a compensation which proved how largely man's interior powers can dispense with exterior aids. The man deaf from his youth is thus described:

"He grew up
From year to year in loneliness of soul;
And this deep mountain valley was to him
Soundless, with all its streams. The bird of dawn
Did never rouse this cottager from sleep
With startling summons; not for his delight
The vernal cuckoo shouted; not for him
Murmured the laboring bee. When stormy winds
Were working the broad bosom of the lake
Into a thousand thousand sparkling waves,
Rocking the trees, or driving cloud on cloud
Along the sharp edge of yon lofty crags,
The agitated scene before his eye
Was silent as a picture."*

* "The Churchyard among the Mountains."

In another passage of the "Excursion"* those two great organs of intelligence are thus contrasted:

> "The soul sublime and pure,
> With her two faculties of eye and ear—
> The one by which a creature, whom his sins
> Have rendered prone, can upward look to heaven;
> The other that empowers him to perceive
> The voice of Deity, on height and plain,
> Whispering those truths in stillness, which the Word
> To the four quarters of the winds proclaims."

Three of man's five senses are senses only, and the impressions which fall upon them terminate with them. But the senses of sight and hearing are more than mere material powers; the impressions that reach them pass through them to the intellect, which imparts to them in turn something of its own creative might, changing mere form and color into beauty, and mere sound into harmony. These two senses are the gates between the worlds of matter and of mind—Sacraments of Nature, feeding without intermission man's intellect and imagination. The greater part of Wordsworth's poetry includes a celebration of this sublime ministration of the eye. This particular Ode supplies what was wanting: it celebrates the corresponding ministration of the ear, which mediates no less between man and another mighty world assigned to him as a teacher. It is as "a spiritual functionary" that the Ear is thus addressed:

> "Thy functions are ethereal,
> As if within thee dwelt a glancing mind,
> Organ of vision! And a Spirit aerial
> Informs the cell of hearing, dark and blind;
> Intricate labyrinth, more dread for thought
> To enter than oracular cave;
> Strict passage, through which sighs are brought,
> And whispers, for the heart, their slave;
> And shrieks that revel in abuse
> Of shivering flesh; and warbled air,
> Whose piercing sweetness can unloose
> The chains of frenzy, or entice a smile
> Into the ambush of despair;
> Hosannas pealing down the long-drawn aisle,
> And requiems answered by the pulse that beats
> Devoutly, in life's last retreats!"

The second stanza—this poem consists of stanzas, each of sixteen lines—enumerates a few of the individual as distinguished

* "The Pastor."

from combined or harmonized sounds which challenge man's heart:

"The headlong streams and fountains
Serve thee, invisible Spirit, with untired powers;
Cheering the wakeful tent on Syrian mountains,
They lull perchance ten thousand thousand flowers.
That roar, the prowling Lion's *Here I am*,
How fearful to the desert wide!
That bleat, how tender! of the Dam
Calling a straggler to her side.
Shout, Cuckoo! let the vernal soul
Go with thee to the frozen zone;
Toll from thy loftiest perch, lone Bell-bird, toll!
At the still hour to Mercy dear,
Mercy from her twilight throne
Listening to nun's faint sob of holy fear,
The sailor's prayer breathed from a darkening sea,
Or widow's cottage lullaby."

The next four stanzas refer to harmonized sounds in their connection with the changes and chances of human life, rural, social, political, or religious. A marvellous number of themes are here compressed into narrow space—the Sabbath bells and the marriage chime, the milkmaid's ditty, the song that brightens the blind man's gloom, the veteran's mirth, the ploughman's toil, the galley-slave's task, the pilgrim's march, the prisoner's cell, and, lastly, the shout of a delivered people when

"Inspiration
Mounts with a tune that travels like a blast
Piping through cave and battlemented tower."

In the seventh stanza the theme changes: the power of music over the soul is traced downward to a region that underlies both human intelligence and consciousness; while the origin of that power is traced upward to a universal and divine law:

"As Conscience to the centre
Of being smites with irresistible pain,
So shall a solemn cadence, if it enter
The mouldy vaults of the dull idiot's brain,
Transmute him to a wretch from quiet hurled—
Convulsed as by a jarring din;
And then aghast, as at the world
Of reason partially let in
By concords winding with a sway
Terrible for sense and soul!
Or, awed he weeps, struggling to quell dismay.

Point not these mysteries to an art
Lodged above the starry pole;
Pure modulations flowing from the heart
Of divine Love, where Wisdom, Beauty, Truth
With Order dwell, in endless youth?"

In stanzas eight and nine the "Orphean Insight, Truth's undaunted Lover," is invoked to record the fabled triumphs of Music in early Greece, when Harmony put forth her subtler essence to kindle a sensibility which had not yet broken its primal league with Law, and when Art was "daring because souls could feel." Amphion, "that walled a city with his melody," and Arion, who "could humanize the creatures of the sea," are appealed to; but in the middle of the tenth stanza the classic legend yields place to something more potent than the highest imaginations of antique song—the dread realities of every-day life:

"The pipe of Pan to Shepherds
Couched in the shadow of Menalian pines
Was passing sweet; the eyeballs of the leopards
That in high triumph drew the lord of vines,
How did they sparkle to the cymbal's clang!
While Fauns and Satyrs beat the ground
In cadence, and Silenus swang
This way and that, with wild flowers crowned!
—To life, to *life* give back thine ear;
Ye who are longing to be rid
Of fable, though to truth subservient, hear
The little sprinkling of cold earth that fell
Echoed from the coffin-lid;
The convict's summons in the steeple knell,
The vain distress-gun from a leeward shore,
Repeated—heard, and heard no more!"

In stanza eleven the poet breaks forth into the expression of an impassioned desire that as "labored minstrelsies" are competent to combine the several tones of lute and harp in great concerted pieces for the delight of sense and imagination, so Nature were but able to combine in one, for the soul's behoof, all those separate sounds by which, whether harmonious or rude, she is able at once to pierce the heart and to heal its wound:

"O for some soul-affecting scheme
Of *moral* music, to unite
Wanderers whose portion is the faintest dream
Of memory! O that they might stoop to bear

Chains, such precious chains of sight
As labored minstrelsies for ages wear !
O for a balance fit the truth to tell
Of the Unsubstantial, pondered well!"

The twelfth stanza refers to the Pythagorean philosophy, according to which the whole universe rests on a basis of numbers, mathematical relations, and harmonic tones. More than six centuries before Ptolemy, Pythagoras, in anticipation to a great extent of Copernicus, had taught that the sun, not the earth, was the centre of our system, and that the planets moved round it. He had taught also, as though anticipating the law of gravitation and "the inverse square of the distances," that the movements of all the heavenly bodies were determined by geometrical principles, and that their velocities, sizes, etc., are mutually proportioned according to a certain graduated scale exactly represented by the science of numbers. Discovering that music rested on mathematical principles, and that harmonic tones stood to each other in numerical relations, he taught that the heavenly bodies in their movements through space produce musical sounds exactly proportioned to the speed and bulk of those bodies—a conception the more natural as it was then believed that a subtle ether pervaded all space (a theory to which recent science seems disposed to return), and that its agitations were excited by moving bodies, as those of our atmosphere are by the vibrations of musical strings. Such is the "Music of the Spheres" taught later by Plato, a harmony that sustains the whole creation, but which is heard by the great Creator alone, remaining inaudible to man, both because it is perfect and because it is unceasing, but the sudden cessation of which would notwithstanding be man's destruction. We now know that the range of sounds which the human ear can grasp are restricted to about ten octaves; and consequently that if the actual sounds all around us exceeded that narrow range by a hundred or a thousand octaves, they must, however loud, escape our consciousness not less than the Pythagorean Music of the Spheres. To such sounds the poet alludes at the close of the stanza:

"By one pervading Spirit
Of Tones and Numbers all things are controlled,
As sages taught, when faith was found to merit
Initiation in that mystery old.
The Heavens, whose aspects make our minds as still
As they themselves *appear* to be,
Innumerable voices fill
With everlasting harmony;

The towering Headlands, crowned with mist,
Their feet among the billows, know
That Ocean is a mighty harmonist;
Thy pinions, universal Air,
Ever waving to and fro,
Are delegates of harmony and bear
Strains that support the Seasons in their round;
Stern Winter loves a dirge-like sound."

The thirteenth stanza reverts to the aspiration of an earlier one that the sounds by which Nature is ever making her thrilling appeal to the human heart might be combined into a single "scheme of moral music." If such a palpable combination of them be impossible, a compensation has been provided. They *are* combined in the heart of the sage who meditates daily "the still, sad music of Humanity"; they are combined also in the Soul of the Race, and to it their true meaning is revealed. They constitute the ceaseless Hymn of Creation:

"Break forth into thanksgiving,
Ye banded Instruments of wind and chords;
Unite, to magnify the Ever-living,
Your inarticulate notes with the sound of words!
Nor hushed be service from the lowing mead,
Nor mute the forest hum of noon:
Thou too be heard, lone Eagle! freed
From snowy peak and cloud, attune
Thy hungry barkings to the hymn
Of joy that from her utmost walls
The six days' Work, by flaming Seraphim,
Transmit to Heaven! As Deep to Deep
Shouting through one valley calls,
All worlds, all natures, mood and measure keep
For praise and endless gratulation, poured
Into the ear of God, their Lord!"

The last stanza affirms that when we have put fables away from us there remains a Truth loftier than Pythagoras or any other philosopher of antiquity dreamed of. There was a Voice before Creation existed; there is a Voice which shall summon the sleepers from their graves; and there is a Voice, greater than these, which shall last for ever. As there is not only a Material Seeing, but a Spiritual Seeing also, so there is not only a Material Hearing but a Spiritual Hearing; and as that Spiritual Seeing is to feast for ever on the Beatific Vision, so for that Spiritual Hearing there remains, in the Beatific state, a Divine Object imparting to man an eternal contentment. Through a faculty of which the Eye is the Type, and no less through a faculty of

which the Ear is the type, Humanity, when it has "put on the Incorruptible," is to converse with God, and thus find the end for which it was created.

> "A Voice to Light gave being;
> To Time, and Man, his earth-born Chronicler;
> A Voice shall finish doubt and dim foreseeing,
> And sweep away life's visionary stir;
> The trumpet (we, intoxicate with pride,
> Arm at its blast for deadliest wars)
> To archangelic lips applied,
> The grave shall open, quench the stars.
> O Silence! are man's noisy years
> No more than moments of thy life?
> Is Harmony, blest Queen of smiles and tears,
> With her smooth tones and discords just
> Tempered into rapturous strife,
> Thy destined Bond-slave? No! though Earth be dust
> And vanish, though the Heavens dissolve, her stay
> Is in the Word that shall not pass away."

It need hardly be remarked that the term *Word* is here used in the most august of its various significations, and denotes that Eternal Wisdom, Thought, and Image of the Eternal Father, through whom he utters himself to his whole Creation. That Divine Utterance is here said to hang everlastingly on the Spiritual Ear of God's Intelligent Creation, a Revelation inexhaustible, the antetype of all the harmonies of earth, and of every pleading or commanding tone with which Nature makes appeal to the heart of man, and while man is imprisoned in sense.

Such is Wordsworth's Ode "On the Power of Sound." Its depth of thought is hardly less remarkable than the finished grace of its diction, and the mingled swiftness and smoothness of that metrical current which winds on from period to period. The theme is by necessity an arduous one, and in the hands of one not an artist as well as a poet could hardly have been rendered intelligible. Treated by a master, it needs but attention —an attention it has seldom received. That a poem so great in conception, and so finished in execution, should have remained so long but scantly appreciated even by Wordsworth's admirers is a painful illustration of that narrowness which too often limits the poetic sympathies.

The Ode entitled "Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of early Childhood" is doubtless the greatest of Wordsworth's poems, and has been well designated as "the high-water

mark of modern poetry." Its theme, the origin and destiny of the Human Soul, is the highest with which poetry can measure itself without passing out of that region in which it finds firm footing. In imagination and depth of thought it can hardly soar much higher than some passages of the two Odes already referred to, but it supplements these qualities with a richer variety, and with a stronger flux and reflux of emotion. It has been studied with more care than those others of Wordsworth's poems which most nearly approach its greatness, perhaps because it was published earlier; and therefore a few remarks on it will suffice.

While the poem is essentially a philosophical one, it keeps its philosophy mainly under the surface, unlike a certain inverted sort of metaphysical poetry which seems ambitious to grow with its roots where its blossoms ought to be. It is not didactic poetry. It does not begin by announcing a theme, but by a dirge over a personal loss; and by degrees only do we learn that that loss is one which falls on all men, and most heavily, it may be, on those who are least conscious of it:

"There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

"The Rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the Rose;
The Moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth."

Many passages in Wordsworth's poetry record that talismanic power, wholly unconnected with human associations, which Nature had for her chief singer in his childhood. She seemed now near him, and now remote, like a Divinity. He clung to some high rock, noting little whether the vale beneath was lovely or threatening; and the wind that whistled over the

craggy ledge seemed almost as much a part of him as the hair it blew back. In Nature's most familiar objects there is to children something of a miraculous character; and in the childhood of nations a similar fineness of sensibility, combined with a similar ignorance of Nature's laws, peopled the streams, the boughs, and the clouds with divinities. What was the power of the commonest green field or bush over Wordsworth in his childhood we can guess, and how great the bereavement when its full force had passed away, like the gleam from a pebble when the sea-spray refreshes it no more. Wordsworth rests the theory set forth in this Ode, not on abstract grounds of reason, but on an experience specially, though not exclusively, his own. But as a text is often not the demonstration, but merely the "motto," of a doctrine thus forcibly recalled to the memory of those who believe it on independent grounds, so to the poet the loss he lamented was to him in a special sense the memento of that Philosophy which was involved in all his thoughts. If its philosophy had been based on argument, not on personal recollections, the poem, in losing its passion, would have lost its authenticity; and its author would have seemed to expound a system, not to bear a witness. It is his own faith which enkindles that of his readers; and his own rests upon experiences gone by but precious still.

The poet has been wandering, not over lonely moors such as those amid which the old man "motionless as a cloud" taught him the lore of "Resolution and Independence," but among scenes at once the grandest and the most festal. While

"The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep,"

the echoes throng through the mountains, the birds sing, the lambs bound, the shepherd-boy carols, and

"The babe leaps up on his Mother's arm."

The heavens are glad above and the earth beneath; but to him alone a piercing sadness has come like an arrow, and while the children are pulling flowers all around him he alone stands, an excommunicate from the universal feast. It is not that he is sullen: "The fulness of your bliss I feel, I feel it all." It is not the exhaustion described in Coleridge's "Dejection":

"I see, not feel, how beautiful they are."

Rather it is the converse of this state. He sees, and he feels:

had there been less loveliness to see, or less sensibility with which to feel it, the immedicable wound, the irrecoverable loss, would have been less felt.

"I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
But there's a Tree, of many one,
A single Field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone:
The Pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat:
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?"

Suddenly out of the gloom there arises a light. A hundred bygone musings have rushed to a single conclusion, and the problem is solved. Sharply, definitely, and with nothing of preface, the Thought which has wrought deliverance is enunciated. The loss was even greater than it seemed to be; but in its very greatness there lives a secret Hope. It was not the loss of that gleam which beautified this earth: it was the loss of a whole world, but of one that cannot be lost for ever. We have a higher birthplace than we knew; and our sorrow is itself a prophecy that the exile shall return to his country.

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows
He sees it in his joy;
The Youth, who daily farther from the East
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended:
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day."

The next three stanzas illustrate that gradual decline through which the soul is beguiled into a temporary forgetfulness of its origin. The Earth is not, indeed, his Mother; but she is his Nurse, and she does what she can—a cruel kindness—

"To make her foster-child, her inmate, Man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came."

Her nursling assists her work, and buries himself daily deeper in the net of her enchantments. All the activities of childhood war on the contemplative instinct; each new acquisition of the inferior knowledge helps him to forget the higher. He observes all things in the moving pageant of life that surrounds him; he is drawn towards them, he is blended with them through sympathy and imitation: the current sweeps him from the heights. Day by day "the little actor cons another part," and each is rehearsed on the stage of the lower, half-animal life:

"Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom, on thy Being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!"

Yet still he preserves a memory, however faint, of his first estate; and this is in part to retain it. As often as we question the world of sense we assert that our heritage is in the world of Spirit:

"O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That Nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction; not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest;
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise,
. . . . . .
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the Eternal Silence; Truths that wake,

To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence, in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither;
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

The poem next, with an admirable skill, reverts to that glorious and gladsome mountain scene described in the earlier portion of it; but no shadow now is cast across the glory, and no bitter remembrance mingles with the gladness. That which has been taken away from man has been taken only for a time; and compensation has been made, not only

"In the primal sympathy
Which having been, must ever be,"

but yet more

"In the faith that looks through death."

That which was ours by right divine must be ours again.

The close of this sublime Ode restores to the reader's mind that repose which is needful after the soarings and the sinkings of the strain. The Elegy ends in a hymn of praise: the estrangement in reconciliation; for Nature, besides her diviner gleams, so seldom revealed, has her human side, and that alone might well suffice for "the brief parenthesis of mortal life." Its tranquil gladness is intensified by the pathos which loss alone can confer. To those who are still inmates of "this valley of exile" it is not transport but consolation that Nature brings and should bring:

"And O ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Think not of any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight,
To live beneath your more habitual sway;
I love the brooks which down their channels fret
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.

Thanks to the human heart by which we live;
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears;
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

And thus this poem, the one among Wordsworth's works which ascends most freely above "this visible diurnal round," returns to human things—a change analogous to that which takes place in the concluding stanzas of his "Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle." Both these poems overflow with vehement passion, in one case chivalrous, in the other spiritual; both of them end in a tranquillity which retains but a ripple of the storm beyond the harbor bar. In this Ode there are many notes of that high though unostentatious art with which the poet had sedulously perfected his natural gifts. Thus, while the theme is mainly philosophical, the first four stanzas, though they make us understand that loss which has saddened a soul once self-sufficing, are yet filled mainly with exuberant images of "boon nature's grace"; and, in like manner, the three next stanzas, which vindicate the daring doctrine of the poem, elude, notwithstanding, the polemical. They affect not to argue; they affirm, and they persuade by setting forth, in a manner accordant with that doctrine, a view of human life illustrated by successive images which make all its seasons and stages beautiful. In the metre of this Ode there is also a singular appropriateness. Some of Wordsworth's odes are written in regular stanzas, and others in irregular paragraphs. The regular structure has often an advantage in the expression of definite thought; but the irregular yields itself more pliantly to imaginative passion. Nowhere else in Wordsworth's poetry are the metrical changes so great and so sudden as in this Ode; and their effect is enhanced by a corresponding change from long lines to short—a change which faithfully echoes a corresponding change in the sentiment of the poem. That poem is in one sense a troubled poem, while in another its yearnings are ever after rest, and remind one of the description of the ocean in "Prometheus Unbound":

"I hear the mighty deep hungering for calm."

How closely the sound and sense are united will become apparent to us at once if we ask ourselves what would be the result if the most skilful writer of the "heroic couplet" were to translate this Ode into that metre. Its diction is as felicitous as its metre. Parts of it are written in that "large utterance," at once majestic and simple, which makes so much of Words-

worth's poetry, when once read, haunt the ear for ever. Parts of it are in his most opposite extreme, familiar even to roughness. That roughness was intentional, and was not mitigated in the later editions. It was needed. The perfection of a poem may be gravely impaired by its uniform elaborateness; as, in architecture, ornament becomes offensive if it be not relieved by contrasted masses of occasional plainness or roughness. Without such passages the sentiment of this Ode would have lacked its impulsiveness, and its doctrine would have been frozen into a scholastic theory. In this poem many extremes are reconciled. In no other did Wordsworth's genius, contemplative at once and emotional, move through so wide an arc.

The philosophy of this Ode is substantially the Pythagorean teaching respecting the pre-existence of the human Soul, divested of its "Transmigration" theory. Many will ask how far it was seriously believed by Wordsworth. In his later years we have heard him say that he had held it with a poetic, not a religious, faith. When he wrote the poem he might perhaps have expressed a more ardent adhesion to it. Whether or not he held the doctrine literally, he must have maintained it substantially, so strongly did he hold that of Innate Ideas. To the old saying, "Nihil est in intellectu quod non prius in sensu," he would at any time have opposed the old rejoinder, "Nisi ipse intellectus"; for all his poetry is the assertion that we bring with us into the world all those great ideas, such as the "Beautiful," the "True," the "Infinite," the "Holy," which change the physical into a moral world, and contradistinguish man from the brutes. To the same source he referred, of course, those Mathematical Intuitions on which the world of Science rests, and of which the late Sir William Rowan Hamilton said: "They are Ideas which seem to be so far *born* with us that the possession of them, in any conceivable degree, appears to be only the development of our original powers, the unfolding of our proper humanity." * He might, however, have held the doctrine of his Ode on theological as well as on philosophical grounds, so closely allied is it to an opinion entertained by some theologians—viz., that each human Soul not only sees its Judge immediately after death, but saw its Creator also, for one brief moment, at the instant of its creation. Time does not exist in the spiritual region; and the expression of the Ode, "God who is our Home," implies that a single flash from the Divine Coun-

* *Life of Sir William Rowan Hamilton*, Astronomer Royal of Ireland. By Robert Perceval Greves. Longmans.

tenance might have filled the Soul with all that haunting and unforgotten Wisdom which it could have learned during a millennium spent

"In that imperial Palace whence we came."

It is, however, in the "Excursion" that one might expect chiefly to find Wordsworth's highest teaching—that poem the introductory portion of which was greeted by Coleridge as

"An Orphic song indeed,
A song divine of high and passionate thoughts
To their own music chanted!"

Its theme was nobler than that of the ancient Orphic bards. Its aim was to celebrate the creation and the marvels, not of a material, but of a spiritual universe:

"Of Truth, of Grandeur, Beauty, Love, and Hope—
And melancholy Fear subdued by Faith;
Of blessed consolations in distress;
Of moral strength, and intellectual power;
Of joy in widest commonalty spread;
Of the Individual Mind which keeps her own
Inviolate retirement, subject there
To Conscience only, and the law supreme
Of that Intelligence which governs all,
I sing. . . . Not Chaos, not
The darkest pit of lowest Erebus,
Nor aught of blinder vacancy, scooped out
By help of dreams, can breed such fear and awe
As fall upon us often when we look
Into our Minds, into the Mind of man,
My haunt, and the main region of my song."

The highest of all aids is invoked, and a mission, the highest at which poetry can aim, is claimed:

"Descend, Prophetic Spirit! that inspir'st
The human Soul of universal earth,
Dreaming on things to come, and dost possess
A metropolitan temple in the hearts
Of mighty poets; upon me bestow
A gift of genuine insight; that my song
With star-like virtue in its place may shine,
Shedding benignant influence. . . .
If with this
I mix more lowly matter; with the thing
Contemplated, describe the Mind and Man

Contemplating; and who, and what he was,
The transitory Being that beheld
This Vision; when, and where, and how he lived—
Be not this labor useless."

What are the tidings which a seer thus commissioned has to deliver for the behoof of his fellow-men? They are, first, that man's help does not come, as pride suggests, from himself:

"And if the Mind turn inward, 'tis perplexed,
Lost in a gloom of uninspired research;
Meantime the Heart within the heart, the seat
Where Peace and happy Consciousness should dwell,
On its own axis restlessly revolves,
Yet nowhere finds the cheering light of Truth."

Wordsworth's Transcendentalism was not of that sort which assures us that because man carries an inner dial within his conscience that dial can be read by the aid of any lantern our caprice may bring to it, and needs no light from heaven.

Secondly, his tidings are that man's help does not come, as Sense suggests, chiefly from the world around us. The visible world is indeed a marvellous thing; but if it existed alone it would be but a fair shadow. It is great alone because it tells us of things Invisible:

"I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely; and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy, for murmurings from within
Were heard—sonorous cadences! whereby,
To his belief, the Monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native Sea.
Even such a shell the Universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith; and there are times,
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
Authentic tidings of invisible things;
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power;
And central peace, subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation."*

What are those "Invisible Things" of which Faith thus makes report? They are the things which belong to that Universe

* "Excursion," book iv.

which alone is true and eternal—the Spiritual and Personal Universe of Deity:

> "And what are things Eternal? Powers depart—
> Possessions vanish, and Opinions change,
> And Passions hold a fluctuating seat:
> But, by the storms of circumstance unshaken,
> And subject neither to eclipse nor wane,
> Duty exists: immutably survive,
> For our support, the measures and the forms
> Which an abstract Intelligence supplies,
> Whose Kingdom is where Time and Space are not.
> Of other converse, which mind, soul, and heart
> Do, with united urgency, require,
> What more that may not perish? Thou, dread Source,
> Prime, self-existing Cause and End of all
> That in the scale of Being fill their place,
> Above our human region, or below,
> Set and sustained; thou, who didst wrap the cloud
> Of Infancy around us, that thyself
> Therein, with our simplicity awhile,
> Might'st hold, on earth, communion undisturbed—
> Who, from the anarchy of dreaming sleep,
> Or from its death-like void, with punctual care,
> And touch as gentle as the morning light,
> Restorest us daily to the powers of sense,
> And Reason's steadfast rule—thou, thou alone
> Art everlasting, and the blessèd Spirits
> Whom thou includest, as the sea her waves,
> For adoration thou endurest; endure
> For consciousness the motions of thy Will;
> For apprehension those transcendent Truths
> Of the pure Intellect, that stand as laws
> (Submission constituting strength and power)
> Even to thy Being's infinite majesty!
> The Universe shall pass away—a work
> Glorious, because the shadow of thy might,
> A step or link for intercourse with thee."

The fourth book of the "Excursion"—"Despondency Corrected"—from which these passages are cited, is the most magnificent poetical confession anywhere to be found of that Authentic Theism which, including as it does a loyal devotion to all the Personal Attributes of God, whose providence governs His world, by necessity finds its complement in Christianity—that Christianity so zealously asserted in Wordsworth's maturer poetry, and so obviously implied in the whole of it.

In speaking of the Truthfulness which in a manner so special,

and a degree so remarkable, characterizes Wordsworth's poetry, we have not found room to enlarge on one important part of that subject—viz., the mode in which that Truthfulness is guarded and enforced by the perfect grammar and logic which essentially belong to Wordsworth's style, and by its contempt for false ornament. The extraordinary incorrectness of much modern poetry, and the degree in which the true laws of composition are evaded even where they are not violated palpably, the author remaining, as far as possible, a contented outlaw from the domain of accurate periodic construction, proceeds in the main from want of intellectual Truthfulness. When things essentially dissimilar are ranged together in the same category, the offence against sound logic, or the practical ignoring of its rights, proceeds from the same mental defect. It is far from being the result of mere carelessness; for some of the most painstaking poets have often corrected their poetry, in the hope of making it more elaborately beautiful, till they have deprived its meaning even of such coherency as had originally belonged to it. Solid Thinking is correct Thinking by instinct and by necessity. Confusion of metaphors, and the undue multiplication of them, proceed from deficiency of truthfulness in the Imagination, a faculty which needs that virtue not less than the understanding. An analysis of Wordsworth's style as compared with that of most modern poets would be absolutely necessary for a full illustration of that Truthfulness which belongs to his poetry; but it would require an essay in itself. The general plainness of that style is a common complaint with those whose taste has been vitiated by the over-flavored poetry common in recent times; but it was with the poet a matter of deliberate choice, as is proved by the richness and majesty of his language on suitable occasions, and by the fact that hardly any poetry abounds so largely in memorable lines. The plainness of Wordsworth's style results from the greatness of his thoughts.

THE ISLE OF THANET AND ITS SAINT.*

"Thanet, as her saint, even to this age doth hery†
Her Mildred."—MICHAEL DRAYTON'S *Poly-Olbion.*

THERE is certainly no place in England more deeply interesting to every Christian of the Anglo-Saxon race than the small isle of Thanet on the coast of Kent, just below the mouth of the Thames. For it was here that St. Augustine and his band of monks first landed when they came to save the nation *de ira Dei*—from the wrath of God—to use St. Gregory's own expression. Thanet has greatly changed since that day. The sea has receded on one side and washed away the coast on another, and the river that separates it from the mainland has shrunk to a mere brook, rendering its insular character less apparent to the casual observer. Ebbsfleet, where the missionaries landed, is now a mile or two inland, deserted by the sea, whereas at Reculver, where stood the first beacon-light on the coast, the soil has been greatly washed away. A tract of land at Ebbsfleet is still called Cotsmansfield—that is, the Field of the Man of God—but the stone which received the impression of St. Augustine's feet at his landing was afterwards removed to the monastery of his name at Canterbury, where it was religiously preserved in the church.

It was on this isle also that St. Augustine had his first interview with King Ethelbert, the description of which is so thrilling and picturesque. The king, suspecting the strangers of magic powers, wished the meeting to take place under an oak on the greensward, it being a Saxon superstition that spells were not effectual in the open air. The river, or estuary, was also near, which according to Scott, limited the power of enchantment:

"The running stream dissolved the spell."

The interview was at Richborough, now a cheerless, dreary place, somewhat inland, barren of trees and surrounded by marshes, and rendered still more melancholy by the ruins of the old castle. Directly opposite is Reculver, on the other side of the stream, where Ethelbert retired with his court after he gave

* *Life of St. Mildred, Abbess of Minster in Thanet.* By a Lay Tertiary of St. Francis. London: R. Washbourne. 1884.

† Hallow, or venerate.

up Canterbury to the monks. On the south side of this isle of holy memories is Minster, which derives its name from the minster, or monastery, founded here by Queen Ermenburga, the great-granddaughter of Ethelbert, who ended her days here,

"Immonaster'd in Kent, where first she breathed the air."*

This convent was peopled by ladies of the highest rank, among whom were the learned nuns who corresponded with St. Boniface in the Latin tongue, the chief of whom was St. Eadburga, the third abbess, who paraphrased portions of the Holy Scriptures in Latin verse, and was distinguished by the wisdom with which she governed, as testified by St. Boniface, who addressed her with profound respect and sent her spices and a silver pen, begging her to transcribe the Epistles of St. Peter for him in letters of gold to inspire the carnal-minded with more respect for the great apostle, whom he calls the patron of his mission.

But the great saint of Thanet is St. Mildred, daughter of Ermenburga, and second abbess of the house, styled by Edward the Confessor "the virgin Mildred, beloved of God," whose venerated name is to be found in the decrees of old Saxon councils. The very convent she governed afterwards assumed it and became known as St. Mildred's Minster. And, though nearly twelve hundred years have elapsed since she held mild sway over the nuns of Thanet, her name is still perpetuated everywhere in the isle. You find St. Mildred's Bay, St. Mildred's Lynch, St. Mildred's Road, St. Mildred's Abbey, not to speak of St. Mildred's Hotel, that still attest her popularity. In other parts of Kent are four parish churches bearing her honored name. And in London is the church of St. Mildred in Bread Street, where stands a monument to Sir Nicholas Crispe, so devoted to the Stuarts, of an ancient family in Thanet, one of whom, Sir Henry Crispe, was a man of such eminence as to be called "the little king of all the isle of Thanet," and was knighted by Henry VIII. And from remote times there was the church of St. Mildred in the Poultry, one of whose chaplains in the twelfth century was Peter of Colechurch, one of the pious *pontifices* of the middle ages, who first undertook to build a stone bridge across the Thames that became famous as the old London Bridge, and, dying before its completion, was buried in a stone coffin in one of its piers, which, at the removal of the bridge in 1832, was found with the bones of the clerical architect therein. This church of St. Mildred has lately been demolished, in the

* Michael Drayton.

true spirit of the times, to make room for the offices of an insurance company.

Fresh interest has been excited in the life of this old Anglo-Saxon princess and saint by the restoration of St. Mildred's day as a solemn festival in Thanet under the rite of Double by a decree of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII., dated January 13, 1881, and by the bringing back of a portion of her remains to Minster from Deventer, Holland, where they had been carried for safety in the time of Queen Elizabeth. And a convent of Benedictine nuns has again been established in the isle, embowered among the leafy orchards on part of the very land given by King Egbert twelve hundred years ago to endow the minster of Ermenburga. It is at the request of these nuns the life of St. Mildred has been written. The author is not only familiar with every part of the isle of Thanet, but has visited the places on the continent associated with St. Mildred, and explored all the old chronicles and MSS. that relate to her life. The work, therefore, though small, is one of much research, and the author has combined with such happy effect all the known facts concerning the saint and the many poetic legends that grace her memory, with sketches of places where she lived and a sufficient amount of history to show the spirit of the times, as to make every reader say with Cardinal Manning: "Saxon England, with all its tumults, seems to me saintly and beautiful."

St. Mildred, through her mother, descended not only from Ethelbert, the first Christian king of England, but from Clovis, the first Christian king of France. On her father's side she was the great-granddaughter of Penda, King of Mercia, the savage pagan warrior who slew five Christian kings in battle, but, though a relentless opponent of Christianity, despised those converts who did not live up to their profession, calling them despicable wretches for not obeying the God in whom they believed. How fully Merewald, our saint's father, inherited Penda's fierceness of nature, and how subdued he became under the influence of Christianity, may be inferred from the legend of the lion so completely tamed by St. Etfrid (a Northumbrian priest who was the instrument of Merewald's conversion) as to approach and take bread—the *panem verum*—from his hands. And the softening influences of religion are also indicated by the prefix of Mild (gentle or clement) he gave to the names of his three daughters, Mildburg, Mildred, and Mildgyth, who have been likened to the three Cardinal Virtues, with Mildred shining in their midst as the embodiment of Charity or Love. The name of

Mildred signifies "a peaceful well." Of his only son, Meresin, little is known, save that he was a holy prince, who, as the old chroniclers beautifully express it, "was led away to heaven in his youth." The whole family have been canonized, at least by the popular voice. Merewald himself is said to have founded the see of Hereford, and his venerable remains when he died were divided between the monasteries of Leominster and Wenlock, which he had founded, and which flourished till the time of Henry VIII. It was at Wenlock his daughter Mildburga became "Godes bryde." *

St. Mildred was still in her girlhood when her mother founded the convent at Thanet. The tragical event that led to this foundation is too characteristic of those semi-barbarous times to be omitted. Ermenburga's two brothers, who had been brought up at the court of their kinsman, King Egbert, the usurper of their rights, were basely murdered—the king tacitly, if not actually, consenting to the deed—by one of his courtiers, named Thunor, "a limb of the devil"—*diaboli membrum*—as Roger of Wendover calls him. He buried the bodies of the young princes beneath the royal throne itself, thinking it impossible for them ever to be discovered in such a place. But, as an old Saxon writer says, "by the power of God a beam of light rose up through the very roof of the hall to heaven." The king himself, going out in the morning at the first cock-crowing, saw the light and was terrified. The crime was revealed, and St. Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury, and St. Adrian, Abbot of St. Augustine's, seconded by the clamors of the people, induced Egbert to seek forgiveness of Ermenburga, the nearest of kin, and offer her the weregild, a kind of fine for the shedding of blood imposed by the ancient Teutonic laws. Ermenburga pardoned the king, but refused the rich gifts he offered her. She begged, however, for a tract of land in the isle of Thanet where a minster could be erected in expiation of the crime and prayer be continually offered for those who were guilty of it—as much land, she said, as her tame deer could run over in one course. The king granted her request, and the deer was let loose in the presence of the court. Thunor was also there, and loudly protested against allowing the instinct of a brute to dispose of "the very flower, the bridal-chamber, as it were, of the kingdom"—*regni flos et thalamus*. And in his rage he was endeavoring to arrest the course of the deer when the earth opened and swallowed him up at a place afterward known as Thunor's Grave, or, as it is called on an old map

* Mildgytha became a nun at Canterbury.

of 1414, *Puteus Thunor*. This spot, now commonly called Thunnor's Leap, is generally identified with the chalk-pit on Mount Pleasant above Minster.

At this signal judgment the king "very much feared and trembled," and, though the deer ran over about two thousand acres, he returned thanks to Jesus Christ and surrendered the whole tract, as he had promised, St. Theodore and the devout Adrian hallowing the gift with their blessing. The amount of land recorded in the Doomsday Book corresponds exactly with that given in the legend.

Around this tract of the Hind's Course

> "Domneva built
> A goodly dyke, dividing fair in two
> Sweet Thanet isled upon the sea; so far
> The innocent roe had marked the land of prayer.
> There rose a convent's walls, where quiet nuns
> Hymned up meek vows, and filled their souls with tears,
> Their lips with prayers for the lost youths who lay
> Dead 'neath the throne they should have graced with beauty." *

The boundary line thrown up around the convent lands was afterwards called St. Mildred's Lynch, a portion of which is still to be seen between Minster and Westgate.

Ermenburga became abbess of the house she founded. It was then she took the name of Ebba, or Eva, whence that of Domneva, by which she is often called in history—that is, Domna Ebba, the Benedictine nuns being styled Domna, or, at the present day, Dame, as the monks of that order are called Dom.

St. Mildred was now sent to complete her education at the abbey of Chelles, near Paris, founded by her ancestress, St. Clotilde, but chiefly endowed by the sainted Queen Bathilde, who was an Anglo-Saxon by birth. Many English princesses had been sent here to be educated, among them the great St. Hilda, abbess of

> "High Whitby's cloistered pile."

While here St. Mildred is said to have transcribed the Psalter with her own hand. A curious legend is connected with her leaving Chelles. A young nobleman of the vicinity offered her his hand in marriage, and his relative, the Abbess Wilcoma, is said to have used every means to induce St. Mildred to accept him, resorting even to threats and ill-usage, and at last, in a fury, cast her into a fiery furnace and left her to her fate. Three hours later Wilcoma returned. Sweet strains of music were heard

* *Thunnor's Slip*, by E. L. Hervey.

issuing from the flames. She opened the furnace, and Mildred came forth with radiant countenance and garments unsinged, whereupon Wilcoma fell upon her with renewed fury. Mildred, who had resolved to embrace the monastic life, made her escape in the dead of night. When the abbess found her missing she had the convent bells rung and sent an armed force in pursuit, but Mildred succeeded in making her escape. This strange story is related by Jocelyn, a monk of the abbey of St. Bertin in Flanders, who went over to England with Herman, Bishop of Salisbury (twelfth century), and joined the monks of Canterbury —a man well versed in literature and music, according to William of Malmesbury. It is also told by William Thorne, a monk of Canterbury, who was born at Thanet within sound of the bells of Minster, and therefore familiar with the traditions of the place. And in the office of St. Mildred, in a Harleian MS., it says: *Stans beata Mildretha in mediis flammis, cum beata Agnete, expansis manibus, psallabat et benedicebat Dominum devotione Trium Puerorum*, thus comparing her to St. Agnes the martyr and the Three Children of old who escaped the fiery ordeal.

This strange story is, of course, not to be taken literally. But all such ancient legends embody some actual event or symbolize some truth, and it is generally thought that the abbess favored her kinsman's suit, and brought some pressure to bear on Mildred to induce her to accept him.* And it is noteworthy that there is no record of any English princess at Chelles from that time, though this might be on account of the increased educational advantages at home. All this is quite in accordance with the still half-pagan spirit of those times in England and France. It is related of St. Mildred's own sister Mildburga that she was wooed in such a fierce manner after she entered the convent at Wenlock that she only escaped by the miraculous rising of the river she had succeeded in crossing. And St. Winifred, in trying to escape from Prince Caradoc of Wales, who wished to make her his wife, had her head smitten off by her enraged suitor on the very spot where the miraculous well of her name has so long attested the power of God in his saints.

Tradition says St. Mildred fled to a place now called Millam, a corruption of Milhem or Milderhem—that is, St. Mildred's hamlet—a name it certainly bore within a century after her

* Our author scouts at the "Legend of the Furnace," and maintains that St. Mildred could not have been at Chelles in the time of Wilcoma, if there ever was such an abbess, and that any real severity of treatment could not for a moment be admitted of St. Bertille, who was undoubtedly the abbess at her arrival.

death. Millam is in French Flanders, and now several miles from the sea, but an old map of the year 800 shows it standing on the shore of a bay running into the mainland, forming a fine harbor nearly opposite the isle of Thanet. Here St. Mildred hid herself in a rude cell in the woods or morass till she could obtain a passage to England. This is related by Father Malbrancq, a Jesuit of St. Omer, who could not help knowing all the traditions of Millam, which is at the foot of the Mount of Watten, where the fathers of St. Omer's had a country house.

At all events, there has been from time immemorial a great devotion to St. Mildred—or Ste. Maldrède, as the French sometimes call her—at Millam, as well as a chapel of her name on the very spot where once stood her cell, built and kept up by the peasantry without any aid from the clergy or gentry. Our Anglo-Saxon princess is here emphatically the saint of the people, who call her in their Flemish tongue Sinte Mulders. Her chapel is a place of pilgrimage where they go to invoke her against the marsh fevers so prevalent in the neighborhood (as was anciently done in England, according to Jocelyn), and drink of the waters of *Sinte Mulder's beek*, or St. Mildred's beck—a small, sluggish stream, on whose bank the chapel stands, overshadowed by the ash and the willow, about half-way between Millam and Merkeghem. There is a farm adjoining that bears the name of St. Mildred. The country around is covered with grain-fields and rich pastures, with a remnant of the old forest of Ravensberg at the north. In the chapel is a statue of the saint which has its curious legend, and the walls are covered with six large oil-paintings, each with its Flemish inscription, setting forth the life of St. Mildred. One of these represents her with an angel at her side, rejecting the young nobleman who asks her hand in marriage. In the next she is cast into a fiery furnace by the Abbess Wilcoma, but issues forth unharmed, all the nuns looking on in great amazement, as well they might, from over the monastery walls. These paintings, however, are of the last century, and the personages (St. Mildred among them) are all dressed in the Louis-Quinze style, and move about with the superlative elegance of that time, so familiar to us all from the pictures of Watteau, which greatly detracts from the devotional effect. And floating about in the blue heavens above are many smiling, white-winged *putti*, not without grace of movement. Pope Clement XI. granted a plenary indulgence to all who should worthily approach the sacraments in this chapel on St. Mildred's day (July 13). It seems strange that this festival, so long suspended in England,

should have been kept up to our own day in this rural chapel of a foreign land, as well as at Chelles till the abbey was destroyed in the great Revolution.

. Two popular *fêtes*, called Ducas, are held every year at Millam, one beginning on St. Omer's day, the patron of the parish, and the other on St. Mildred's, the saint of the people. A fair is held on these occasions which lasts two or three days, and everything has the aspect of a Belgian *kermesse*. St. Mildred's Ducas begins July 13. Mass used to be said in her chapel in the morning, and Vespers were sung in the afternoon. Then came dancing in the open air, which in better days ceased at sunset, but in more recent times was prolonged to an untimely hour, with revelries of other kinds, which forced the archbishop in 1869 to forbid any religious celebration. But two months later he withdrew the prohibition on condition of a guarantee against all scandals. Then came the Prussian invasion, and public services, necessarily suspended for a time, have never been resumed. The chapel is still open to pilgrims, however, and sometimes nearly a hundred tapers are to be seen burning before the holy image of Sinte Mulders.

But to return to the life of our saint. She at length found means of crossing the Channel, and arrived safely at Thanet. Her mother, Domneva, St. Ermengytha, her aunt, and all the nuns of Minster went down to the shore to meet her—nuns not being so strictly cloistered in those days as at a later period. St. Mildred, in landing, stepped on a large rock projecting into the sea, which bore the impress of her foot ever after, and became famous as the Lapis Sanctæ Mildredæ, or St. Mildred's Rock. This was still to be seen as late as last century. St. Mildred at once took the veil at Minster, and the beautiful ritual used on the occasion has been preserved to our day. When she made her solemn vows, together with seventy other nuns,* there was such a concourse of people that they filled the church and knelt all along the grassy mead down to the river Wantsume. She must have soon taken her mother's place as abbess, for in 694 she attended the Kentish council of Beccancelde with four other abbesses, to deliberate with the clergy on the interests of God's church in Kent, and signed her name as abbess of Minster immediately after the bishops.

St. Mildred in the cloister showed great fervor in psalmody and prayer, perseverance in long fasts and vigils, charity to the

* Among these was St. Mildred's aunt, St. Ermengytha, afterwards so famous for her sanctity that her tomb, about a mile from the convent, became a popular resort for pilgrims.

poor, and kindness to the sisterhood. An old Saxon MS. says she was merciful to the widow and orphan, a comforter to the needy and afflicted, and in all respects showed herself to be of a mild and gentle temper. So pure and holy was her life that the very angels of God seemed to have sought her companionship and made her the special object of their care. We are told of a most friendly angel—*amicissimus angelus*—by whom she was guarded, and who sometimes made himself visible to her pure eyes in all the brightness of his heavenly radiance. In her last days she suffered much from physical infirmities. Sickness, says Jocelyn, burned up her enfeebled frame in holocaust to God. At length, drawn by the influence of Divine Love, she went one day to the church of Our Lady, and, while giving herself up to prayer with more than usual fervor, the place became filled with incomparable glory, and the Holy Ghost in the form of a dove hovered for a while over her head and then entered the sanctuary of her heart. She felt her end was near. It came the third day before the ides of July, about the year 725. Her remains were laid beside those of her mother, Domneva. When her tomb was opened a quarter of a century later her body was found entire and incorrupt. She looked, it is said, as though sleeping in a bridal bower, her very robes white and spotless. These sacred remains, sealed up in a stone sarcophagus, escaped the various ravages of the Danes, even when they burned down the abbey of Minster, together with the Abbess Seledritha and the entire sisterhood, who had taken refuge in the church.

About the year 1031 St. Mildred's remains were taken out of her tomb by the Benedictine monks, reverently folded in a cloth of dazzling whiteness, and borne secretly away to Canterbury in the night-time. But not without arousing the people of Thanet, who, infuriated at their removal, pursued the monks with swords, and clubs, and other weapons. The latter, however, succeeded in escaping with their prize. This translation took place in a time of great drought, and it is recorded that abundant rains fell at Canterbury in grateful welcome of the saint. Here they were placed in a shrine near the big lamp called Jesse, and before it a service was daily celebrated. Criminals claimed the right of asylum around it—a claim respected even by William the Conqueror when he became master of England. This shrine also attracted numerous pilgrims and became noted for miracles. Among the wonders related some are amusing, as when our gentle saint boxed the ears of the bell-ringer—*elata palma, alapam ei dedit*—who had fallen asleep before

her shrine, telling him it was an oratory and not a dormitory. Others are most touching, as when she appeared to console the relict of Edward the Confessor, abandoned and persecuted in her widowhood; and when the palsied man, suddenly cured while the *Gloria in excelsis* was being sung on St. Mildred's day, walked and sang with grateful joy, the whole congregation joining him in praise and thanksgiving. But "who is there," exclaims Jocelyn, "that has ever approached one so benign in vain? Who is there that is blind, or dumb, or deaf, or ailing from whatever cause in mind or body, who has failed to obtain relief through her intercession? Verily, Mildred, whose name in her mother-tongue signifies merciful, pours herself out as a sweet balm on all such as have recourse to her." And the same pious author thus apostrophizes her:

"Gaude virgo gloriosa
In Christi tui gloria,
Mildretha benignissima,
Proles regum clarissima,
Merciorum margarita,
Cantuariæ corona,
Totius Angliæ stella radians:
Fave cunctis prece pia!"*

MY ESPOUSALS.†

I.

Away, away, unholy fires
That, fed with tears and fanned by sighs,
Inflamed my heart with mad desires.

Come, chaste, abiding love that brings
True joy; cast round my soul thy spells,
And fold to rest its fluttering wings.

Breathe o'er this throbbing brow, and chase
The phantom light that round me hangs
And wraps me in its dread embrace.

* Ex MS. Harl. 3908.

† This impassioned and exquisite poem has been forwarded to The Catholic World by the Rev. Richard Howley, D.D., of Mount Melleray Abbey, Cappoquin, Ireland, without the name of the author, who would appear to be an Italian who has become a monk of the Cistercian Order in its celebrated Irish monastery, Mount Melleray.

Thee only, Spouse divine, I'll press,
All-spotless, to my burning breast,
And live and die in thy caress.

O joy! thus close to thee to cling
And melt into thy being—this
Is love supreme, all-conquering!

Thou wooed'st me, and thy sacred shrine—
Our dear love's bower—beheld our bliss,
Where no false light of earth could shine.

There, in the silent night, to thee
My bosom heaved, as when the kiss
Of silver moonbeam thrills th' enraptured sea.

There ever found I thee, and wept
Tears of delight, alone, unseen,
While from my lips low, mystic murmurs crept.

Life of my life! O sacred fire!
Sweet light that, with thy rosy beam,
Dost tinge and perfume each desire
And hallow every glowing dream
Of mortal beauty—

Come, o'erpower
All earth-born flames; burn thou alone
Within thy consecrated bower,
And make its sweetness all thine own.

Farewell, bright vision of an hour!
Farewell, too fondly beaming eyes!
Farewell, thou tender, clinging flower!
I tear thee from my heart, e'en though it dies.

II.

I saw thee in thy starry heaven,
And in the rosy ray of morn,
And in the mellow light of even.

Ah! if a day, that scarce appears
Ere night's dark mantle wraps it round,
So radiant be, what of thy years?

What of thy endless morning light
That knows no eve, that dreads no night,
Resplendent o'er time's changeful flight?

At mother's knee my faltering tongue
First lisped the lesson of thy Word,
And to my heart its music sung.

No dream of glory then illumed
The virgin tablets of my soul;
No earthly flames my heart consumed.

Be thou my glory, Spouse divine
My lover's lay, my poet fire,
Glowing throughout each pulse of mine!

One day perchance, a poet I,
Amid the choirs that round thee throng,
Shall live in deathless song on high,

And with love's language clothe the thrills
Of the angelic minstrelsy
That wakes the everlasting hills.

But here below no crown I crave
Save thine of thorns. No nobler wreath
Could grace the brow of bard or brave!

For *that* be home and land forgot,
And gentle kin. Come, crown of woe,
Come deck my lyre and rule my lot.

III.

With all my pulses failing fast,
And scarce a ray of hope to win
A peaceful home with thee at last,

I sought thee, and I gave thee all,
Ay, more than all of mine, to free
My troubled soul from throe and thrall.

I left, in heart, my Italy,
I tore my lips from life's own spring—
My mother-country's breast—and vowed
To stranger lands life's opening.

Ah, love! In dreamy fancies oft
(Thy elms, Italia, o'er me spread)
I heard its magic song aloft

In springtide, when the birds were wed
Among the leaves. I watched the play
Of mate with mate through morn and noon.

Each swelling throat poured forth its lay
Of love throughout the gladsome day,
While sped the songsters' honeymoon!

No love, nor mate, nor home have I,
Save 'neath thy mighty, tireless wing;
There nestled close to thee, I'll fly
Where'er thou wilt: to thee I'll cling,
My love-lorn soul unbosoming.

O happy home, to dwell in love!
To breathe its breath, O blissful clime!
O life, earth's life to soar above!

We'll wander thus till we have built
A bower, a resting-place, my own,
Far from all haunts of woe and guilt.

There nestling with our tender brood,
Our soul-begotten young, we'll dwell,
And spend for them our tears and blood.

IN AND AROUND THE MAGDALEN ISLANDS.

Who has not heard of Pictou—Pictou, that hardy Highland settlement, that outlet of the great coal trade of eastern Nova Scotia? Every Monday morning, at Pictou wharf, lies a small black iron steamship yclept the *Beaver*. She waits until the arrival of the Prince Edward Island boat and the Halifax train, after which she gives a most unearthly whistle and steams away, making for Georgetown, Prince Edward Island. The *Beaver* is a much-maligned boat; she is slow, it is true, but she is very safe, and in facing the angry sea one is much more secure in her somewhat narrow cabin than in the saloon-decked boats of the Prince Edward Island route.

About seven o'clock on a brilliant summer morning the passengers of the *Beaver* sighted the irregular peaks of the Magdalen Islands. The land seemed to rise from the sea in semi-circular form. In some parts the hills, purple in the morning light, towered against the opal sky; in others they hid their faces in a filmy veil of mist and claimed kinship with the lowlands, that in their turn ran out to the sand-ridges, the links in the chain connecting these strange islands one with the other.

The Magdalen Islands have a history, which we will relate in a few words. On the 22d of July, 1534, Jacques Cartier, sailing through the Gulf of St. Lawrence, sighted this group of islands, to which, following his pious practice, he gave the name of "Sainte Magdeleine." In 1663 La Compagnie de la Nouvelle France granted the islands to Sieur François Doublet, a mariner of Honfleur, and on the 1st of February, 1664, Sieur Doublet granted a fourth of his insular estate to François Gon de Quimé and to Claude de Landemar, his associates in a fishing speculation; and in 1719 the king of France, at the instigation of the Duchess of Orleans, ceded the Magdeleine Isles to the Comte de St. Pierre. At this time fishermen used to come out from France and, as it were, "camp out" in the Magdeleine Isles, returning to France in the fall.

In 1757 four families, named Boudreault, Chaisson, Lapierre, and Cormier, came from St. Peter's Bay, in Prince Edward Island, on the invitation of a retired officer of the English army named Gridley, who wished to open an establishment for trad-

ing in walrus and seal oil on the Magdalen Islands, and who, to secure fishermen for the work, promised these Acadians that he would undertake the support of a resident priest, as they absolutely refused to leave their homes unless they were assured of the enjoyment of the offices of their religion. Had one of these simple fishermen been standing on the brow of Demoiselle Hill one summer evening towards the close of the last century, and had he been gifted with "second sight," he would undoubtedly have come down the grassy slope with a sore and heavy heart, for he would have learned of his country's coming doom. In the pathway of molten gold thrown by the setting sun over the dancing waters of Havre-au-Ber he would have seen a British ship of war, and on her deck, in earnest conversation with the captain, His Excellency Guy, Lord Dorchester, on his way to Quebec to assume his duties as governor-in-chief. He would have learned that the gallant captain had longingly looked upon this Naboth's vineyard; that the possession of its fair green hills and rich natural beauties had become necessary to his happiness, and that his august passenger had undertaken to use his influence with the English government to procure the much-coveted grant. In 1798 Captain, afterwards Admiral, Sir Isaac Coffin, as a reward for his services, received from the English government the grant of the Magdalen Islands "en franc et commun soccage"; and thus it was that this beautiful estate, slightly hampered by restrictions, passed into the possession of the Coffin family, its present owners.

Bishop Plessis visited this part of his diocese in 1811, and has left a graphic account of the imposition of Admiral Coffin's rent charge. He was delighted with the piety and simplicity of the islanders. In speaking of this group Monsignor Plessis likens their formation to that of a horseshoe, and on nearing the land one sees that his comparison is a correct one. Sandy Hook in Amherst Island, and Cape Alright at the extremity of the island of that name, guard the entrance to the beautiful sheet of water known as Pleasant Bay, while between the two stands Entry Island, a picturesque sentinel. We steam carefully past Sandy Hook with a due respect for that dangerous shoal, pass under the lee of Entry Island, and, making for a crescent-shaped cove, come to anchor about half-way between the eastern extremity of Amherst Island, known as Point Gridley, and the curious, conical brace of hills called Les Demoiselles. Amherst is a very small metropolis, containing about sixty houses. It boasts no wharf on the bay side of the village, so that the ship's boat was

lowered, and without any difficulty we were landed on the pebbly beach.

The first consideration was to choose a local habitation. We were fortunate in securing rooms at a cozy house on the heights of Point Gridley, where every comfort is cheerfully accorded to the weary traveller, and where, on the morning in question, we drank to our own health in fragrant coffee flanked with tempting halibut-steaks, delicious bread, stewed mushrooms, Entry Island butter, cranberry-jelly, and scalded cream.

Amherst, which is called Havre-au-Ber by the Acadians, is eleven miles in length and not more than four at its greatest breadth. It is supposed to resemble in shape the human foot, though the resemblance is hard to find. In the western end of the island—the "heel," we will say, of the foot—is the flourishing parish of Basin, with its fine church, dedicated to St. Francis Xavier, commanding the head of the beautiful lagoon from which the parish takes its name; while on the "toe" is the narrow isthmus on which are the fishing-huts and commercial establishments of the village of Amherst, terminating in the small promontory on which the luckless Gridley's garden once bloomed, and which now serves as a pasture-field for cows. The northern shore of this little isthmus is washed by Pleasant Bay; on the south lies Amherst Harbor, protected by its double line of sand-bars and consequent lagoon. Amherst Harbor boasts a fleet of seven schooners, about fifty large fishing-boats, and little boats innumerable. On its shores are two lobster "factories." Several pretty private residences dot the hillside. The most prominent building of all is the jail, a large and hideous stone erection with a stunted chimney at each end, bearing some sort of resemblance to the grim visage of a young bulldog with cropped ears. Over eight years have passed by since the jail has held a prisoner. Further up the highland, on the slope of Demoiselle Hill, is the church of Our Lady of the Visitation, and beside it a large and handsome three-story building erected by the venerable curé at his own expense and intended for a convent. Up to the present time the Rev. Mr. Boudreault has not been successful in finding an order that will undertake the teaching of little boys as well as of girls, so that in the meantime the spacious convent does duty as a presbytery. About half a mile distant, at the foot of a hill called Calvary, is the site of the old church, and on the summit of the hill stood until very recently a lofty wooden cross, placed there by Monsignor Plessis in 1811, a souvenir of his visit to the islands.

From the grass-grown pinnacle of Demoiselle Hill the view is superb. At one's feet the quiet, gray village, edged with light fishing-stages, stretches away to Gridley's Point, on the extremity of which stands a tiny Protestant chapel staring defiantly across the bay at the beautifully-proportioned church of Notre Dame on the opposite headland. To the west lies Basin, the sun setting behind its wooded hills and lighting up the surface of its placid lagoon, in which are reflected as in a mirror the spire, the housetops, and the boats that dance on its waters. Curving round the bay on the northwest stretches the horseshoe of land, now rising into bold headlands, now sinking into low sand-ridges, whilst in all directions on the blue water float the white sail of the fishermen. Beyond Entry Island, twenty-one leagues to the south, is the high, blue line of the Cape Breton coast; and to the south, lost in the horizon, the low shores of Prince Edward Island.

The geology of Demoiselle Hill is very varied: in some parts the cliff is composed entirely of trap, then again the angular sides of the trap will be found glittering with a thick deposit of manganese. But the especial treasure of the hill is its gypsum cliffs. In one place great sheets of gypsum from one to two inches thick may be seen loosely embedded in soft red clay. Further on immense boulders of the same mineral look ready to fall over and crush the unwary loiterer. One of these, engraved with a Latin cross and the sacred monogram, deeply cut and stained with native ochre, is a monument to the patience, perseverance, and piety of some amateur sculptor. But these vast gypsum cliffs crumble and waste, their treasures tossed about by the ebbing and flowing tide; surely it is a pity that such a source of wealth should be so neglected.

One beautiful summer morning we started to drive to Grindstone Island to visit the pretty little village called L'Etang du Nord—an expedition that perhaps more than any other gives an insight into the peculiarities of the Magdalen Islands. About eight o'clock we left Amherst village and drove along by the side of a sparkling lagoon in which the fishing-boats were beginning to be astir. At every few yards we met one of the quaint little wooden carts so numerous here. They are several sizes smaller than the usual farm-cart, and are perfectly innocent of springs or paint or any modern improvements. These *charettes* are drawn by small, sturdy ponies with wonderful powers of endurance, which jog along regarding hills, dales, plains, or ditches with the most stolid indifference. Soon after leaving the shore

of the lagoon we pass what looks like a mineral spring, judging from its rusty, oily appearance. Near here is also a pretty little fresh-water river famous for the plentiful trout that lurk in its waters. An attractive feature of the brooks and ponds here is that they are frogless: St. Patrick must have taken this place under his special protection, as not a frog, toad, or snake has ever been found on any part of the Magdalen Islands. Not far from La Rivière we turn into what is called the "Mountain Road," and here we see for the first time the curious formation of these lofty hills. They are for the most part conical in shape, but near the top there is almost always a deep hollow; sometimes four or five peaks surround one of these hollows. Others are on the hillside, their cavernous depths shaded by stunted pine-trees; some are dry, and around their edges delicate Michaelmas daisies and trailing vines grow in profusion; others, again, are full of water, and their sullen fathoms have never been sounded. Around and upon these hills are found fused ironstone, cinders, tufa, lava, and other signs of eruption. Mr. Sutherland in his report pronounces the whole group of islands of volcanic origin; but Mr. Chambers, a Protestant minister residing on Grindstone Island, who has given considerable attention to the study of geology, unhesitatingly condemns this opinion, and accounts for the curious hollows as being caused by a subsidence of gypsum, while the lava, tufa, conglomerate, etc., were, he says, brought to the shores by the sea. The geology of the Magdalen Islands is well worthy of study, furnishing many rich and varied specimens not only of stones but of minerals.

After leaving the mountains, the road, which, by the way, is disgraced by some very bad bridges, lies through a level country, where among the short brushwood we gathered an abundance of blueberries and of the small red berry known in Nova Scotia as foxberry, also another ground fruit, small and hard, of a light gray color with dark spots, called by the islanders *mokoks*. These berries make excellent preserves. The large cranberries grow in great abundance on the dunes, and find a ready market in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. Another berry found here in swamp-land is the bakeapple, so abundant in Labrador—a small, juicy, white fruit, in appearance resembling a white raspberry; it is in season in July, as are the wild strawberries that grow here in the greatest profusion. Raspberries also are plentiful, and wild currants. In our search for foxberries we came across several varieties of ferns, but all such as are commonly found in the adjacent provinces. Only late

wild flowers were blooming in this tangled brushwood—the fragile Michaelmas daisy and, in beautiful contrast, with its pale mauve blossoms, the bright yellow of the waving golden-rod. There was also an abundance of a starry white flower and any quantity of immortelles, while here and there large clusters of pigeon-berries reminded us that summer was waning.

At a distance of about eleven miles from Amherst village we took the shore; and how is it possible to describe the charms of that wonderful sea-road? From the deck of the *Beaver* Amherst and Grindstone had appeared two distinct islands, but now we saw the immense sheet of sand that connects them, and which at low tide forms a safe and pleasant roadway—safe, at least, if one has a pilot; for deep and dangerous quicksands abound on every side, and woe be to the luckless adventurer whom night-fall should catch on these shoals! Along the chain of high sand-ridges run the posts of the sorely-needed and much-prized telegraph. Against the western shore the surf beats in, incessantly chanting its never-ending dirge over those whom its pitiless waters have engulfed. But very calm and beautiful was the sea of St. Lawrence that summer day, and its waves murmured softly and cooingly as they twined strange wreaths of wild sea-grasses round our horses' feet, and brought us delicate mosses and dainty shells, as if to allure us to venture nearer to their treacherous depths; but ever and anon the gentle waves broke against the wooden wall of some ill-fated wreck that, lodged in the tenacious sand-bar, stood a grim testimony to the truth of Mr. Stedman's beautiful poem:

> "Woe, woe to those whom the islands pen!
> In vain they shun the double capes;
> Cruel are the reefs of Magdalen;
> The Wolf's white fang what prey escapes?
> The Grindstone grinds the bones of some,
> And Coffin Isle is craped with foam;
> On Deadman's shore are fearful shapes!"

On the eastern side of the sand-bar, to our right hand, stretches the beautiful lagoon called Havre-aux-Basques, that has quite a deep channel in which large schooners winter. It is shut in by a low marsh-land (called here the Barachois) rich in cranberries and blueberries, and in the spring-time a great receptacle for gannets' eggs. It is after passing the shores of the gulf and the lagoon that the distinctive features of the landscape are seen. All around us for miles stretches a vast, unbounded plain of

shining sand, crossed here and there by little gullies in which our tired horses cool their weary feet. On one side the telegraph-posts stand bare and gaunt in the sand-hills, interspersed here and there with the broken masts of some ill-fated vessels. These sand-hills produce an abundance of grass of which cattle are very fond, and at this marine harvest some men were working heartily. To our right as far as the eye could reach the sands were dotted with women digging clams. These women come from a long distance in their little carts, and their patient horses wait their mistresses' pleasure. Owing to some atmospheric peculiarity every object seemed magnified, and away out on the horizon these little horses and their industrious drivers assumed giant proportions.

In the Magdalen Islands can be found the answer to an inquiry made long ago when time was young—made by a man of considerable experience in follies feminine; for there, brave, patient, and beautiful in her strength and industry, is many an example of the "valiant woman." Here one finds a distinct peasantry—a hardy, self-reliant race, that keep to their own customs of dress and speech as handed down from their Basque and Breton ancestry. No faded flounces and tawdry flowers or meretricious jewelry incommode these women in their daily toil. Short, full, homespun gowns, generally of some dark, rich color, surmounted by a loose, light, print jacket; their glossy black heads covered by large sunbonnets of snowy whiteness, furnished with a deep cape; their shapely feet and well-turned ankles encased in gaily-striped stockings and strong leather shoes—such is their week-day attire. They are very tenacious about these same shoes and stockings, and would be terribly scandalized at being caught going barefooted, as is the custom of the peasantry of the British Isles. What they were in the days of Bishop Plessis they are now: when you see one you see all. There are, of course, different degrees of comeliness, but all are neat, clean, and well dressed, and pass you with a cheery "Bon jour!" that is pleasant to hear. And work! How these women do work! —sometimes down on the beach, where they go through the tedious process of cleaning, salting, drying, and piling the cod-fish that their liege lords pass the day in catching; sometimes on the farms and in the gardens; again you meet them driving the loads of fish along the highway, or see them digging clams for bait when the tide is out, not unfrequently coming home wet and cold and tired, but always cheerful and brave. They are never idle; even when you meet them taking an evening stroll

by the roadside their knitting-needles are clicking busily, and the gay striped stockings grow into shapely length in such stolen moments of so-called leisure.

After a drive of fifteen miles on the level sand, in the course of which we saw hundreds of plover and the sportsman of our party longed unavailingly for his gun, we entered the bright little village of L'Etang du Nord, where we counted more than seventy boats at anchor in the cove. This village is mainly composed of small cottages on the beach, which are inhabited during the summer months only, and that by a few members of each family, the homestead being away up on the hills, generally in the centre of a thriving farm. This island of Grindstone is very rich and fertile, though here, as in other portions of the Magdalens, man has not done much to assist nature. The yield of hay, much of it fine timothy, is something marvellous, considering that no seed has been sown for many years. Grindstone Island is somewhat oval in shape; its greatest length is six miles, its breadth four; it is well wooded and offers a grand field for the sportsman's rifle. Mr. Cory, in his book on the ornithology of the Magdalen Islands, gives a list of ninety-five birds, of seventeen different varieties, as the result of one day's sport on Grindstone Island.* Under the shelter of a curious promontory known as Cap-au-Meule the *Beaver* anchors on her arrival from Amherst, and here she awaits the return mails. Cap-au-Meule may have earned its name by supplying grindstones to the early settlers, or it may bear some fancied resemblance to that useful article; it is an odd-looking and lofty cliff, mainly composed of yellow sandstone, now and again varied with layers of blue and orange. Between its wave-washed base and a long, low projection of red sandstone called Cap Rouge one may find any number of beautiful agates and pieces of jasper, bloodstone, and chalcedony. There are two lobster "factories" in this neighborhood. Near here is a Protestant chapel, and here the Rev. Mr. Chambers resides. This gentleman most kindly invited us to visit the collection of geological specimens found by him on the Magdalen Islands. Some of these stones have been polished by a lapidary in England, and are really exquisite specimens of jasper, bloodstone, and onyx.

On high land overlooking Pleasant Bay is the parish church dedicated to St. Jean Baptiste. It is a neatly-built little edifice and boasts a really handsome "Way of the Cross."

Grindstone and Alright Islands co-operate in the formation

* *A Naturalist in the Magdalen Islands.* By Charles B. Cory. Boston, 1878.

of a harbor; between them runs a deep channel, where there is always a small boat with a stalwart ferryman ready to convey one across. On the Grindstone side are the stores of the wealthiest man of these parts. The trade at this end of the island gives employment to a large number of people. Here we were presented with several long ivory tusks, trophies that the sea occasionally yields of the walrus once so plentiful on these shores. Near the stores is a hill of trap rising from the shore of the lagoon, and it is said to be rich in mineral treasures.

Crossing the ferry to Alright Island, we come to the settlement of Havre-aux-Maisons. In this port seventeen schooners are registered. Here are stores and lobster-canning establishments. About a mile distant is the beautiful church of Ste. Madeleine with its handsome presbytery, and close by is the convent of Notre Dame. In this establishment four of the devoted daughters of the venerable Marguerite Bourgeois teach a flourishing day-school and undertake the care of a band of fifteen boarders. This convent is beautifully situated, and very pleasant in summer; but when the winter winds rage over the frozen surface of Pleasant Bay, and the storm-king rides on the lofty hills that surround Havre-aux-Maisons, when six long months must pass without bringing word or letter to these self-exiled women, it must require a very strong vocation indeed to "serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his presence with a song." The church of Ste. Madeleine is frescoed and contains three valuable old oil-paintings, one of the Crucifixion, one of St. Margaret of Scotland, and a large and beautiful study of the death of Ste. Madeleine.

From Alright and Grindstone run out long, narrow sand-ridges varying from five hundred to two thousand yards in breadth, extending in a northeasterly direction for twenty-two miles, and enclosing a narrow sheet of water called the Great Lagoon. About the centre of these sand-ridges is Wolf Island, a small elevation partially covered with wood. Here there is a telegraph-station and a house of refuge for wrecked sailors. The southern end of the Great Lagoon is formed by House Harbor, already mentioned; its northern termination is the fine sheet of water known as Grand Entry. North and east of this harbor lie Grosse Ile and Coffin Island, both of which once formed the clergy reserve, and are now the property of the Dominion government. Here reside twenty Catholic families and twenty Protestant. There is a Protestant chapel,* and a Catholic

* This Protestant church was built by the late proprietor at his own expense.

church is shortly to be built. There are thirty-eight boats registered for this harbor; two or more lobster "canneries" are constantly at work, and here are the best seal-hunting grounds. Rich cranberry-fields are also in this district, but for the most part it is wild and desolate, surrounded by dangerous reefs and shoals. Ten miles to the north lies Bryon Island; its rocky coast has proved fatal to vessels, the bones of many a hardy sailor have bleached upon its sand, and, worse still, those who have escaped the sea have sometimes perished from hunger upon its silent shores. Now, however, a few families are resident there, and it is to be hoped that soon a light-house will be erected to warn mariners from approaching too near its sterile banks. Twelve miles northeast of Bryon Island are the far-famed Bird Rocks. They are two in number, and are called respectively the Great Bird and the North Bird. The Great Bird rises to a height of one hundred and forty feet perpendicularly from the sea. It has four square acres of ground upon its summit. Here about twelve years ago a light-house was built, where, for a salary of twelve hundred dollars per annum, a man is content to live almost alone in the middle of these raging waters. To call upon this gentleman requires more "pluck" than is usually demanded by a visit of ceremony. By the aid of a crane and windlass a wooden box was lowered, into which we packed ourselves with, it must be confessed, a slight misgiving. The word was given and this primitive elevator began to ascend. Up we went, past countless denizens of the feathered kingdom—gannets, puffins, guillemots and gulls, birds of all sizes, shapes, and colors. The air was full of birds, and the air was also very unpleasant by reason of the contents of these birds' larder being somewhat decomposed; everywhere were scraps of decaying fish, and bits of eggshell, and birds, tame, fearless almost to stupidity. The ascent took about half an hour. Those who possess the spirit of adventure will find it well worth their while to call on the light-house keeper in his "sky-parlors" on Bird Rocks. The light is a fixed white light, visible for twenty-one miles; with the station is connected a telegraph-office to report accidents. The noise made by the birds here is something deafening—a "horrible clamor" Mr. Cory justly calls it. The Jesuits visited this spot in 1632, and called the rocks "Les Colombiers"; and very like a vast dove-cote they looked from a distance, with the white plumage of the gannets, that are especially numerous. In 1720 Father Charlevoix says of his experience of the Bird Rocks: "We fired a gun, which gave the alarm through all this flying com-

monwealth, and there was formed above these two islands a thick cloud of these birds which was at least two or three leagues around. It is wonderful how in such a multitude of nests every bird immediately finds her own."

On our return journey we visited the well-kept light-house at L'Etang du Nord. From its gallery we saw the weird rock, nearly two hundred feet in height, known as Corps Mort, or Deadman's Isle, so called from its shape, having a resemblance to a human corpse floating on the water. It is a bare, solitary rock nine miles west of Amherst. We also visited the settlement and light-house at West Point, where the keeper kindly displayed the working of his marine telegraph, or semaphore. This locality was once a favorite pleasure-ground of the walrus; they used to climb up the sandstone cliffs and lie basking and wallowing in the sun. In passing through Basin we alighted at the house of a venerable lady who remembers being confirmed by Bishop Plessis, and who, though more than eighty-one years of age, yet retains not only her faculties but her good looks. Her mother, who died a few years ago, one hundred and seven years of age—and her death even then was the result of a fall—was a native of Miquelon, but came to Acadia early in life, and up to the day of her death would converse familiarly about the Acadian persecution, the siege of Louisburg, and such-like remote historic memories. In front of Mme. Chaisson's house stands a cross blessed and erected by l'Abbé Allain in 1809. In those days there were no roads, the church was distant and not always accessible, and this cross was put up as a station, where the people were wont to come and pray. It is of simple pine, but has neither rotted nor fallen in all these years.

Once back at Amherst, the courtesy of the reverend curé, Mr. Boudreault, placed at our disposal notes concerning the beautiful islands which all who visit must find interesting. In 1857 a petition was laid before government in which the Magdalen Islanders begged for emancipation from feudal tenure. Since then overtures were made to Captain Coffin, who, however, refused an offer of $60,000, the price he sets on his seigneurie being $100,000. The rent is now twenty cents per acre; it is probable that, like other landlords, Captain Coffin has some unremunerative tenants.

It is a matter of serious regret that the five thousand Magdalen Islanders do not pay more attention to the cultivation of their seventy-eight thousand acres of land. It is true that the sea generally yields them a rich harvest; that mackerel, herring,

and codfish are theirs in abundance; that in the spring thousands of seals fall under their guns; that seal-oil and cod-liver oil are valuable commodities; still, some seasons the returns are poor and the people have nothing to fall back upon. For six months of the year these islands are inaccessible from the mainland, and in 1882 the inhabitants suffered from famine. The fall of 1881 closed in early; one of the vessels bringing winter supplies from Quebec was lost; added to this, the potato crop had failed, and as spring advanced the sufferings of the poor people became really terrible. Flour was not to be had, not literally for its weight in gold. The rich could not help the poor, for money was not bread; all shared in the suffering. Not until the 25th of May could a schooner make her way among the floating ice, when the people literally ran out on the loose cakes to meet her and to welcome her as their rescuer from the most terrible of deaths. Had their farms been well stocked this state of things would have been impossible, and with such soft and fertile soil they would have but little trouble in raising abundance of grain. At House Harbor they have a yearly agricultural exhibition, which is a step in the right direction. The Magdalen Islanders have a great deal for which to thank their indefatigable representative at Ottawa, Dr. Fortin, M.P. for Gaspé. It is owing to his exertions that the four light-houses have been built and the invaluable telegraphic communication established. There are ten stations on the islands and a submarine cable running from Grosse Isle to Meat Cove, Cape Breton—an inestimable boon to a population that for half the year is cut off from the rest of the world.*

A funny story is told of the early days of the telegraph here. Being something new, it was therefore something to be suspected. The people could not understand it at all. After holding counsel with a few fellow-doubters one man determined to investigate matters for himself, and, climbing up one of the newly-erected posts, put his ear to the wire and listened. "Entends-tu quelque chose?" asked one of his comrades. "Si j'entends! Mais oui, je t'en parle; croyez-moi qu'il en passe des nouvelles, mais c'est tout du s——é anglais que je ne comprends plus que ma vache!"

March and April are months devoted to the dangerous pursuit of seal-hunting, when not unfrequently men employed in the

* There is one important work that the legislators from these districts ought endeavor to have carried out; that is the closing of the Straits of Belle Isle, which would be an incalculable benefit to the Magdalens, and indeed to all the neighboring coast.

chase leap from cake to cake of the frozen ice and are carried away to the ocean to perish miserably. They kill these animals in different ways—on the floating ice with sticks and guns, and in boats with nets and trawls. Six thousand is considered a good catch. In May the herring-fishery sets in. Seventy-seven thousand barrels of these fish have been taken in a season. In June spring mackerel and codfish engage the attention of the fishermen, who usually take in about twenty thousand quintals of the latter fish. The total number of vessels registered for the islands is twenty-five schooners and three hundred and twenty-five sail-boats. The fish that the men know so well how to catch, the women know equally well how to cook, and their mackerel chowder and codfish tongues delicately fried in batter defy criticism. A marine treasure that they make little use of is the Irish moss found in abundance on Amherst Island. A great number of the Magdalen Islanders go every year to the Labrador fishing-grounds, and weird and horrible are the stories which they bring home to while away the hours of the long winter evenings. It is firmly believed among them that the devil has singular power in those wild regions, and that those who can be drawn into holding intercourse with him can make strange bargains. One story was told us in solemn good faith of a man with whom the devil, in the guise of a sailor, fished the whole season. "And," said our informant, "you may be sure that when the time came to divide the fish my grandfather was very particular in giving him his full share and bidding him begone."

That Jerseymen, as a rule, go home to Jersey on Saturday night by supernatural means, and are back on the Labrador coast in time for Monday morning's fishing, is here universally believed. Strange and awful faith that brings the unseen so close to our mortal grasp! Here in the centre of the trackless ocean, where the voice of God comes freshly to our world-worn hearts, where the hills and the valleys lie as his hand created them, where artifice and deceit are unknown, such traditions seem not out of place.

Perhaps it was after hearing one of these stories that Tom Moore, when passing Deadman's Isle in 1804, wrote as follows:

"There lieth a wreck on the dismal shore
Of cold and pitiless Labrador,
Where, under the moon, upon mounts of frost,
Full many a mariner's bones are tossed!

"Yon shadowy bark hath been to that wreck,
And the dim, blue fire that lights her deck

Doth play on as pale and livid a crew
As ever yet drank the churchyard dew.

"To Deadman's Isle, in the eye of the blast,
To Deadman's Isle, she speeds her fast;
By skeleton shapes her sails are furled,
And the hand that steers is not of this world."

KATHARINE.

CHAPTER III.

DESPITE her aspiration for "a lot of children" in the future, Kitty was by no means eager for childish society in the present. Full of health and vigor, she delighted in active sports which called her muscles into play, in much the same way that a kitten does; but she threw herself into them with so much ardor that their zest was soon exhausted and she once more ready for repose.

"Kitty," said her mother once, "does all she does with all her might. When I insist on her sewing she sets every stitch neatly and exactly, although, to be sure, she does not set a great many. She runs until there is not a dry thread on her, and when she has a book she is deaf and blind to everything beside."

The child often uttered a wish for the brother and sister whose names were so familiar to her, but whose faces she had never seen, with an indefinable conviction that had they lived they would have been more interesting than the small companions whom she knew. But she belonged already to the race of the solitary, and would have found herself alone, no matter how close and intimate her home surroundings might have been. The love of reading does not necessarily tend to that result—often, indeed, it is an eminently social passion, leading, on the "love me, love my dog" principle, to those lasting friendships built on a community of tastes. But to Kitty, although as yet she did not know it, books were interesting and useful chiefly in the capacity of keys, unlocking to her that interior world, already so much more entertaining than the world without, and so much better known, although still so full of trackless mysteries. Her parents would gladly have seen her more com-

panionable, but so many of the children whom she met in church and Sunday-school shared the sad experience of little Dolly Roberts, the minister's daughter, when she came in her best frock, carrying the big wax doll which, to her thinking, had been the most valuable result of the last donation-party, that Kitty's solitude within her own doors was in the end left practically unbroken.

"That is a nice doll," she said when Dolly came in smiling, with the precious burden in her arms. "My father bought it for you, and Aunt Rebecca dressed it. She can make beautiful things—bead purses, and mice out of apple-seeds, and elephants out of cotton and canton-flannel. She made the one I brought to the donation. I had two like that last year, one in trousers and jacket and one in a pink frock. I liked Tommy best, but I left him in the sun and his head melted, and mother burned him up. And Maggie I took to bed with me, and she fell out and broke, so she went into the stove, too."

"And haven't you any now?" asked compassionate Dolly.

"Oh! yes," said Kitty, dragging out a large one of home manufacture. "This is Polly Hopkins. She is made of rags, and father painted her head and face. I like her best of all. To-day is too nice for dolls. Come out on the back stoop and swing, and then we'll play tag in the yard and have a game of ball. I have a splendid big rubber ball."

"Ball is for boys," said Dolly. "Let us stay here and play house."

"No," protested Kitty, "I hate dolls when the sun shines. They are only good for rainy days. When I can't go out, and I am tired of reading, I take Polly up in the garret and make a lot of little ones out of rags and pretend they are my children, and I am very poor and must work hard to get them something to eat."

"That isn't a nice play at all," objected Dolly. "I always make believe to be very rich, with a nice big house, furnished like Captain Livingston's, and not have to move every two years."

"Go up-stairs now, Kitty," admonished her mother, "and play as Dolly wishes." And she added, whispering in the child's ear: "You must be polite when you have company."

"Very well," said Kitty; "give us an apple and a cooky, and I will get out my tea-set and keep house."

The garret was Kitty's favorite indoor play-room. One half of it, stretching out under the steeply sloping roof to the eaves

at the back, was unfloored, and Kitty had a wholesome yet not altogether unpleasant dread of the dark spaces between the great beams which separated it from the ceiling of the room below.

"If we should go in there," she said to Dolly, pausing to look over the low railing which separated it from her own domain, "I suppose we'd fall all the way through—into the cellar, perhaps."

The other half was higher, and the great brick chimney which came through at one end, and in the space behind which Kitty kept her box of toys, was usually warm. A swing hung from one of the rough brown beams, and cobwebs festooned them all. Here and there old-fashioned gowns depended from iron hooks, and on one was the great rag-bag from which the little girl drew her impromptu babies.

"It isn't very clean," objected dainty Dolly, prudently mindful of her Sunday frock.

"No," responded Kitty, "but I'll dust the floor by the middle window, and you can have my stool. Here, I'll open it, because it is so warm to-day." And she lifted and propped up with a stick the single sash, one pane high and three wide, which swung inward at the level of the floor.

So long as the cake and apple lasted all went well, but when the monotony of "how-do-you-dos" and "good-bys" could no longer be varied by real feasting Kitty grew weary of it, and proposed an investigation of the contents of an old trunk on which she had been sitting. Dolly, nothing loath, consented. At first sight it seemed full of dusty ledgers and old papers, with an occasional black spider scurrying out of the sudden, unwelcome daylight; but Kitty's hand, rummaging well down, presently fell on something which felt more promising.

"Here are two story-books," she said, her practised eye running rapidly over the well-worn pages of *The Abbot* and *The Monastery*. "This must have been mother's trunk," she added, looking at the E. F. in brass-headed nails which adorned the rough hair lid; "I suppose they have been here ever since before she married father. You can have one and I'll take the other."

"No," said Dolly; "I can't read very well, and I don't like to anyway. I came here to play."

"Well, then," said Kitty, with a suspiciously ready adaptability to what seemed to be required by circumstances, "you be the mother and take both the dolls, and I'll be the father and go down to the mill. You can call me when dinner is ready."

And down she sat on the floor, and was soon so far away in the company of Halbert Glendinning and the White Lady of Avenel that poor Dolly, finding her insensible to all appeals, at last went down-stairs in just displeasure, and, meeting nobody in the sitting-room, put on her bonnet and walked home to tell her doleful adventure. Mrs. Danforth, coming out of class-meeting, met the little one at the parsonage stoop and tried to persuade her to go back and stay to tea.

"No," persisted offended Dolly, "Kitty has a book and don't want me; and if she doesn't, I'm sure I don't want her."

Mrs. Danforth found her daughter still on the garret floor beside the window.

"What have you done with Dolly?" she said, taking away the book.

"Nothing," said Kitty. "We are playing house. Where is she? She was sitting here just this minute."

"Kitty! Kitty!" lamented her mother, "I don't know what to do with you. You offend all the children now; what will you do when you grow up? Dolly went home an hour ago, and says she doesn't want to come again."

"Well," replied Kitty, with a cheerful air of resignation, "I don't think I care much."

"But that is the worst of all," expostulated her mother. "You ought to care. It is selfish to be so wrapped up in one's own pleasures as to forget everybody else."

"I wish I didn't," said Kitty penitently, "for I don't like to see you look so sorry. But I can't help it. That book is lovely, mother, and here is another that looks like it. I found them in that little hair trunk with brass nails." Mrs. Danforth glanced down at the volume in her hand, and at the other which the child picked up from the floor, and her face lighted up with a smile of pleased recognition.

"I thought they were lost," she said. "I had them when I was a girl. Yes, Sir Walter Scott is always pleasant, but *Ivanhoe* is better than either of these."

And the two went down-stairs together with the recovered treasures, their little misunderstanding quickly hidden under the bond of a common sympathy, a mutual pleasure.

The company of her elders on the rare occasions when there was a social gathering in the house was far more agreeable to this little girl than that of her equals in age. Like most children brought up in the society of intelligent adults, her curiosity and interest were more awakened by the topics discussed among

them than by the vapid and idle prattle current among little folks. With children she was an innovator and a leader, either inciting them to noisy and romping plays which usually brought her into disgrace as the efficient cause of torn frocks and broken chairs, or filling their ears with tales drawn partly from her reading, partly from her imagination, which, when repeated, sometimes made their parents shake their heads with mingled surprise and disapprobation. "Company to tea," however, was a somewhat rare occurrence in Kitty's home. In her heart of hearts her mother was as little gregarious in her tastes as the child promised to be, and neither paid visits nor received them with such frequency as would have pleased her husband. Once a year, on his birthday, there was a ceremonial gathering of all his own relatives. Grandmother Danforth came, a smiling, kind old lady, with a false front under her cap, and red, youthful lips, although all her teeth had been gone these thirty years. But she was a frequent guest at all times, and so was Aunt Anne, and, though not so often, cross Uncle Horace, whom Kitty disliked because he fretted so at home when she went down to make a visit, and whom her mother was not fond of, "because," she said, "two or three times he has joined the church when he was very sick, but as soon as he gets well he says he was out of his head when he did it, and stays away again."

Then, too, Uncle John snatched an evening from his law papers, and brought his stately wife, whom Kitty regarded with a certain awe, eying with respect her heavy satins and fine laces, admiring her large, red-brown eyes, and speculating much on the prophetic significance of the "widow's peak" of dark auburn hair which grew so low down on her smooth, broad forehead. They came but seldom, except on formal invitation; for Aunt Mary belonged to a family of rich Scotch brewers with Presbyterian views, who rather looked down on Methodists, and Uncle John went with her to church, although, to his own great surprise and somewhat scornful amusement, he had recently been notified of his election as one of the vestrymen of the solitary Episcopalian church of the city. He was serving his term, too, in the State Assembly, and was much occupied and working hard, being already conscious of failing health and the necessity of making betimes all possible provision for the little lads, Kitty's favorite cousins.

In addition to this gathering there was always a church tea-party in the course of each winter after the revival—a large one, when Mrs. Danforth filled her square parlor and her long

sitting-room, determined, as she said, "to get it all over at once, and done with." Those were great occasions to Kitty, both in preparation and in actual occurrence. They involved the labor of days, during which the kitchen was full of the stoning of raisins, the beating of eggs, the application of frosting, the boiling of ham, and the roasting of an immense turkey. More delightful than all, this was the period for the annual production of Mrs. Danforth's *chef-d œuvre* in the culinary line—her famous preserves of whole Spitzenberg apples, cored and pared, and standing each one a rosy-white island in a lake of transparent amber syrup. Kitty was her father's child in her fondness for sweets and savory viands, and was not at all of her mother's mind when she heard her say, as sometimes she did, that for her part she could make a satisfactory meal with nothing on the table but "a loaf of bread and a salt-cellar." A mistress of the theory and practice of cookery, and in the special line of preserving and pickling one of the model housewives of her generation, she yet regarded it, on ordinary occasions, rather more in the light of a necessary but deplorable concession to man's weakness than was altogether desirable. But when the "members" and the minister were coming she spared neither labor, expense, nor skill to make the occasion notable.

On this snowy February afternoon, the mid-day meal having been despatched with less than usual ceremony, and Kitty's hair rebraided and tied with her Sunday ribbons of brown lute-string, she had donned her blue merino and her dainty bib apron of dotted Swiss, and by two o'clock was standing at the parlor window watching for the first arrivals. There was no danger of any failures, although the air was still thick with falling flakes, and the front steps rapidly piled up again with the dry, white powder after each application of Hannah's untiring broom. Mrs. Danforth was still in her chamber, putting the finishing touches to her toilette of dove-colored cashmere with collar and cuffs of "real thread," but Aunt Rebecca had just come down in striped silk, and the ugly head-dress of black lace and purple ribbons which she preferred, as more youthful than a cap, and serving equally well the purpose of hiding her rapidly thinning hair. She came and sat down in one corner of the long hair-cloth sofa, opposite the mahogany bookcase, with glass doors and thin, spindling legs, which stood beside the mantel-piece, and at once unfolded the velvet slipper she was embroidering with steel beads.

"You'd better get your sampler, Kitty," she advised, "and

try to be a good girl this afternoon. Speak when you are spoken to, but don't keep asking questions."

"Father says," replied Kitty, turning round from the window, "that little girls would never learn anything if they didn't ask questions."

"They should choose the right time and place for them, though," said her aunt, "as Paul told the women in his letter to the Corinthians."

"How was that?"

"Why, if they want to learn anything, he tells them to keep silence in the churches and ask their husbands about it at home."

"In our church," objected Kitty, "the women talk whenever they want to, except in sermon time. And if you had waited to ask your husband about things you wouldn't know anything yet."

"Oh! well," said Aunt Rebecca, laughing, "I don't always agree with Paul. That is one of the places where we differ. When you are alone with us it is in order for you to ask as many questions as we can answer, but when company comes they will prefer talking to each other. Run to the door, Kitty! There is Mrs. Deyo. She is always the first-comer. It is only half-past two, and Eliza not down-stairs yet!"

The room rapidly filled up with ladies, who, after going up into the spare chamber to lay off their wraps and put on the caps which they had brought neatly pinned up in handkerchiefs, came and sat down in cheerful, chatty groups, retailing household gossip such as women love, while their hands were busy with their sewing. A late-comer brought a scrap of news, gleaned, she said, from the new *Advocate and Journal*, that came while she was tying her bonnet, which caused some living comment. A former minister, whose pastoral term had not long expired, had seceded from the Methodist ranks and joined the Baptists, by whom he had been warmly welcomed and promptly installed in a prominent and wealthy New York church.

"So Tom Armiton is gone at last!" had been Mrs. Danforth's exclamation. "I knew he was uneasy, and I suspected he had a hankering after the loaves and fishes."

"Come, come, now, Sister Danforth," wheezed fat Mrs. Deyo in her asthmatic voice, "we must be charitable to hevery-body. Brother h'Armiton 'ad 'is doubts about hinfant baptism these many years. 'E told me so when I wanted 'im to sprinkle my Tommy when 'e was down with scarlet fever."

"There are always plenty of reasons when uneasy people want to make a move," said Aunt Polly Gould; "and this time

the rolling stone will gather more moss than if it had stayed where the Lord put it in the first place."

"It does seem a pity," chimed in another, "that there should be so many different churches. We all want our liberty, but we can't take it more than once without scandalizing all our neighbors. It was a long time before I could make up my mind to join anywhere, just on that account."

Here conversation was interrupted by the arrival of the minister's wife. She apologized for her tardy advent by a humorous and yet pathetic account of her day's labor in her underground railway office. A thorough-going abolitionist in the days when to be so was not to court popularity, her kitchen, wherever temporarily lodged by the itinerating system, had long been known as a place of rest and refreshment for runaway slaves on their journey to the Northern frontier. She was a heavy woman, in the neighborhood of forty, with a muddy complexion, cheeks that promised to be baggy and unpleasant in later years, black, piercing eyes, and square, uncompromising jaws. She had lodged a whole family this time, she said—father, mother, and a pickaninny.

"Not a whole family, either," she added, "for the poor things left two more in 'ole Virginny.' Left 'em with a Methodist class-leader, too. If the Lord don't take vengeance on this sort of thing pretty soon I'm all out in my calculations. And if the next General Conference doesn't cut all connection with the Methodist Church South, why, I know two people who will cut their connection with it in very short order."

A look ran round the circle at this revolutionary announcement.

"Which way will they go in that case?" asked Mrs. Danforth. "Follow Tom Armíton to the Baptists, or strike out a line of their own?"

"So he's gone, has he?" responded Mrs. Norton—"wallowing back into the mire of ordinances! No, no meddling with forms and ceremonies for me. I was brought up to believe, with good old John Wesley, that slavery is the sum of all villanies, and the Baptists are as deep in that mud as the Methodist Episcopalians are in the mire. There are more ways than one to climb out of a ditch."

Kitty had been sitting, deeply interested, at Mrs. Norton's knee. She did not admire her—she had, in fact, one of her instinctive half-aversions for her—but she liked her graphic way of describing a situation, and had a profound respect for her

charity toward the slaves. She got up now to admit the minister himself, a tall, thin, stooping man, with a high but narrow forehead and mild eyes, whom Kitty was beginning to be fond of. He came earlier than the other men, whose business detained them until the supper-hour, and brought his only son, a lad some three or four years older than Kitty, who had now passed her tenth birthday. Richard, a well-grown, rather sullen-looking, but intelligent lad, in a blue roundabout and gray trousers, immediately adjourned, on the little girl's invitation, to the kitchen, where she was to keep the biscuits from burning while Hannah laid the tables in the dining-room. He and Kitty were fast getting to be friends; for, his reading and other pleasures being greatly curtailed and otherwise interfered with at home, he had of late fallen into the habit of frequently dropping in at Mr. Danforth's, where books were more plenty, and the new magazine issued by the great Methodist publishing-house, full of wood-cuts and secular reading, came regularly every month.

"Richard," Kitty said to him as they stood by the kitchen-window looking at the snow piling up in the yard, "how kind your mother is to those poor black people!"

But Richard was by no means so sympathetic as might have been expected.

"Yes," he said shortly, "she is—so kind that I sometimes wish my father and I were runaway niggers. There will be a runaway of another sort some of these days, if she don't look out."

And then, his cloudy eyes brightening at the sight of Kitty's astonished face, "See here, Kitty," said he, drawing a memorandum-book from his pocket, "I'll show you a picture I made of the people she had in the kitchen this morning. They are a sorry lot, and I'm glad our folks do what they can for them."

The sketch was a spirited one, and Kitty examined it with a pleased and respectful admiration which soon smoothed the boy's ruffled plumage.

"I don't mean all I said just now," he went on. "I think my mother is an excellent woman."

"Why, of course," said Kitty. "Everybody's mother is good. And I heard father say that no minister's wife had done so much for the poor of the neighborhood. And then think of the slaves and what she does for them!"

But here again she had touched the wrong chord.

"Kitty," said the boy, "my mother adores slaves out of pure perversity. When they belong to other people she pities them

immensely. But she is a born slave-holder herself. She rules my father with a rod of iron. I go out-doors and swear when I can't stand any longer the sight of the way she imposes on him. I told him this afternoon that if it were not for him I would cut my stick and be off. The poor man had to come out of his study to-day to sew the buttons on his shirt before he could put it on; and as for mine—"

He stopped short again, reading the result of his revelations so unmistakably in Kitty's expanding eyes that the touch of his mother in him which made him so keen a critic of her faults, and which included a sense of the humorous side of things even quicker than her own, brought him to a laughing pause.

"You think I'm a nice boy, don't you?" said he. "Ah! well, I'm very fond of my mother, all the same, and I know that little mouth of yours can shut close over what I say to you. If you will sit up there on the table by the window I'll make a picture of you in that pretty white apron."

This occupation busied them until tea-time, and Richard, whose candor was less indiscriminate than Kitty's and reserved for her alone, took her yet farther into his confidence.

"I am going away next year," he said, "to my father's brother, who is a doctor and lives near Boston. I have made up my mind to be a surgeon. Mother wants me to be a minister, but I hate the very thought, and Uncle Dick, who has no children, has offered to take me in hand. One of these days I shall come back here and see whether you look like this still." And he held up what Mrs. Danforth, coming out just then to speak to Hannah, thought a capital likeness. She asked for it, but Richard put it in his pocket.

"Some day," he said, "I will make another, but this one I will keep."

There were two tables to-night, each running the whole length of the dining-room. At the head of one presided Mrs. Danforth behind the tea-service; at the other was Aunt Rebecca with a steaming coffee-urn beside her. Opposite her sat Mr. Danforth with Mrs. Norton at his right, and the minister occupied the foot of Mrs. Danforth's table. Kitty passed up and down with a tray, helping Hannah to wait on the guests.

"Tea or coffee?" she asked in a soft little voice at Mrs. Norton's elbow as soon as the bustle of taking seats after the blessing invoked by the minister was fairly over. That lady had been sniffing with a displeased air from the moment of her entrance into the room. Now she said, rather crossly:

"I never drink intoxicating drinks. Bring me a cup of tea."

Mr. Danforth lifted his eyebrows.

"That sounds mysterious, Sister Norton," said he. "Suppose you tell us what it means while Kitty goes for your tea and Sister Livingston's coffee. We call ourselves temperance people here."

"I was blind myself once," was the reply. "I could no more get along without my strong coffee, twice every day, than any other drunkard can without his favorite dram. It is simply poison to the nerves. I have never allowed an ounce of the stuff in my house since I made up my mind about it, and I preach a crusade against it wherever we go."

"And Brother Norton?" inquired Mrs. Livingston, who was quietly stirring sugar into her cup of the denounced beverage. "I thought he seemed to enjoy it greatly when I offered him some the other day."

Mrs. Norton's forehead contracted and her square jaws set close.

"There are many people in this world," she said, "who can't be trusted to know what is good for them, no matter how often it is pointed out."

Kitty, whose quick ears had caught the last remarks, and whose mind was still full of Richard's disclosures, ran off without further delay to Aunt Rebecca, from whom she presently brought the cup of coffee, which she set down, unasked, at the minister's elbow, receiving from him in return one of those patient smiles which were the secret of her fondness for the good man.

"I suppose you want coffee too, Richard?" she said, coming last of all to her friend. "I didn't ask your father, but just took it to him."

The boy laughed. "Well done, Kitty," said he; "you are as quick to take a hint as my mother herself. And now fetch your own, and take this empty place beside mine."

Mrs. Norton came behind her husband's chair when supper ended. He had not yet risen, and his half-filled cup was in his hand.

"At your dram again, Mark Norton!" she said in a hard tone, audible to all who stood near.

Her husband emptied and set down his cup. Then he rose and said in his gentle way:

"My dear, I took what was given me and asked no questions as I always do."

"There is always a devil on hand to supply folks who think that a good excuse," she retorted, brushing by in a temper already ruffled by the good-humored badinage with which her host had declined her advice on the same subject.

CHAPTER IV.

MARK NORTON, as he called himself, refusing the customary title of reverend on the same principle by which he denied that of saint to the apostles and evangelists, was, if not a philosopher, at least a man who knew how to take the minor annoyances of life philosophically. Opinions differ as to what annoyances are minor. Many men in his position, with a wife whose domineering temper was so little under control that she either could not or would not hinder its display on every provocation, would have been permanently soured and rendered profoundly unhappy. But these two had come together in early youth, and had cemented the tie of a sincere affection by an almost simultaneous adoption of the religious tenets of the sect in which each had been reared. At bottom, on all matters of principle and conviction they were one; but the man, in reality the stronger nature, though his strength perfected itself in what seemed weakness, had long ago resolved to accommodate himself to the whims and wilfulness which, to his mind, were only the rough husk that hid a really kind and honest heart. In the early years of marriage he had, it is true, recognized that one of the duties he owed his wife was that of trying to induce her to curb her temper and master her own will; but she, with all a woman's armory at the service of her selfishness, had so plied him, now with cajoleries, now with tears, now with improvised attacks of illness whenever she was thwarted, that he had at last abandoned the struggle altogether. Thereafter he took his religion more than ever on its purely spiritual side, and was in good earnest trying to follow the divine Model in the path of abnegation and self-denial. There were two ways of considering the result on him. To his son, who held from both his parents, but was dyed most deeply by his mother, it seemed altogether deplorable, and growing more so as the years went on. He loved his father, but he also pitied and half-contemned the weakness that always yielded, not as yet recognizing the strength that would have endured martyrdom for a conscientious scruple, and daily endured its domestic counterpart for the sake of what he had in the end accepted as salutary discipline. He was like a first-growth

pine in one of our northern forests, which, crowded on all sides at the root, strikes deep and springs up slender and straight, its green head out-topping all its fellows.

But this was in the spiritual and moral region. For the rest, his reading was narrow, and so, too, were the limits of his intellectual horizon—two circumstances which, combined with his other qualities, fitted him eminently well for the profession he had chosen, and insured his remaining, if not in his present position, at least in one not fundamentally unlike it. Two things he held, as he believed, with equal firmness, but only one of them had a radical basis in his mind and a moulding influence on his character. That germinating and forceful power was his faith in the incarnation, death, and resurrection of the Eternal Son of the eternal Father, by means of which he had entered into that personal relation with him which is the salt that keeps sweet many a soul that goes through life unconsciously blinded by circumstance and training to what is involved in that belief as the oak is in the acorn. He would have told you also, if asked, that he believed in the verbal, literal inspiration of the Scriptures, and in the absolute sufficiency of the enlightened private judgment as their sole necessary interpreter. In reality he did not thus believe; no man ever did. He also "differed with Paul," and had his own opinion about Peter, using his private judgment, not merely as a staff for his own support, but as a standard by which to measure, and a rod by which to correct, the deviations of his fellows, with an innocent unconsciousness of the incongruity between his theory of inspiration and his theory of interpretation from which a natural logic or a sense of humor, had he possessed either, might have saved him. But all orthodox Protestants of that elder generation which is fast passing, leaving behind it so faint an intellectual trace, supposed themselves firmly convinced of both those affirmations. The mind of man, however, has been so made that two radically contradictory opinions on matters of fundamental importance cannot really share it. One of them yields in practice and is quietly ignored, or else they threaten to tear it in twain, and so wake up the soul in which they war to a sense of fatal incongruity. What usually happened in this case was an unfruitful compromise in which belief weakened while individualism grew strong—if growth be not altogether an inapt figure for the disintegrating and barren process which counterfeits liberty at the start, but in the end reveals itself as intellectual and social death. And yet, as what makes the calamity of heresy in every case of so long life is the amount of truth it car-

ries with it from the primitive source, there were upright souls who drew their own nourishment from the sap of divine truth which lingered in the branch after the axe of revolt had severed it from the parent stem, as a bud expands in a vase of water and yet never reaches the full and sweet maturity of reproduction.

That is what had taken place in Mark Norton, whose mind was at this time busy meditating another of those divisions which, if divine truth propagated itself like a sponge, by repeated sections, would by this time have regenerated the face of the globe. Like his wife, he had a horror of negro slavery, which had repeat edly found voice in a protest against prolonged corporate union with unrepentant slave-holders. He had met with so many rebuffs from his superiors in the Methodist hierarchy that he had also begun to question the theory and practice of church government obtaining in that body, and was fast finding the yoke too galling for his shoulders. To-night conversation, after trickling into numerous side-channels, poured its full volume into this one, started at first by an allusion to the late secession from the Methodist ranks, and then accelerated by an item, which the minister himself read out from an evening paper, concerning the progress of Puseyism in England and the exodus to Rome of a number of Anglican clergymen. As he finished, some one asked him how he accounted for such facts in an age so enlightened and so well persuaded of the corruption of that mother of iniquities.

"To my mind, Brother Harrison," he answered, "the church which these men are leaving is not less corrupt in principle than the one to which they are going; and if it is less corrupt in practice, that is due to the moral pressure exerted on it by the dis senting bodies. Rome itself, in these days of triumphant Protestantism, is doubtless more pure outwardly than in former times."

"That is just like Mark!" interrupted his wife; "he can't say a good, hearty word of fault-finding even with the Scarlet Woman. Pure, indeed, with Father Mike's ear at one hole in the confessional and daughter Biddy's mouth at the other! For my part, if I could shut up all the rum-shops, free all the slaves, and drive every Romish priest out of the country, I should begin to think the millennium was at hand."

"I said outwardly pure, my dear," responded her long-suffering spouse. "As to the English Church, it was the unwilling mother of our own. It erred by not casting off every rag of popery in the outset, and ours has done the same. What need

have we of bishops when we all belong to the royal priesthood?"

"Well," said Mr. Danforth, on whose knee Kitty had, as usual, perched herself, "John Wesley found that church good enough to live and die in, and I sometimes wish the rest of us had followed his example. The thing is done and over now, and I find myself well enough off where I am. But I don't want to see any more schisms; there are more than plenty now."

"I was saying that this afternoon," said a woman's voice at his elbow. "I declare, when I was first converted, I would have gone into my poor old mother's church, if there had been one in the town. But there wasn't, and so I joined the Methodists because they were the handiest. But I have a great deal of sympathy for Brother Armiton."

"That is pretty much the history of all of us, I suppose," rejoined the minister. "Our hearts are warm then, and the easiest thing is to follow our friends without looking too close at the road they are taking. Afterwards we stumble over a good many stones of offence as we go along. For my part, I find the papacy the root and ground of error, because it puts the word of man in the place of the Word of God, and I find popery living and thriving in our own hierarchy to an extent which to me is growing intolerable."

"But, man," objected Moses Hicks, who had just sold out his grocery as a preliminary step to removing, with his wife and young family, into the neighborhood of the theological school where he proposed to fit himself for the ministry, "there must be some rule and order in the church of God. We cannot all preach, we cannot all ordain. A head is needed for every body."

"A blockhead is better than none for some folks," sweetly remarked Mrs. Norton. "A head that ordains slave-holders and lives by the price of flesh and blood might as well be cut off and done with."

"For my part," said her husband, "it is not so much what a hierarchy does that I object to, but the very fact of its existence. As to ordination, I remember the time when I thought my right to preach the Gospel had been given me by Bishop Ames. To-day I should think my license very worthless, if that were the root of it."

"See here, Brother Norton," said Mr. Danforth, "neither you nor I believe that God appointed the present legislature, nor that every law they may pass this winter is certain to be strictly binding on the conscience. Yet both of us, being good citizens,

propose to obey them. To my mind there is the same necessity of law and order, a judge and an executive on one hand and obedience on the other, in religious matters as in the affairs of state."

"If Luther had been of your mind," replied Mr. Norton, "we should have had no Reformation. I hear that argument every year at Conference, and I see slavery spreading like a upas-tree and no protest made, because Methodism is growing fat and comfortable under the shadow of it."

"Oh! well," said Moses Hicks, "aren't you putting it a little too strong? When things come to such a pass of corruption as Luther found them in, it is time to make a move. But you don't mean to assert anything like that of our communion. You don't stand alone; we all know what is in the air. But I confess I understand better men who act like Armiton, because they stick at doctrines, than people like you, who, as I understand it, are as firmly a Methodist in your belief as on the day you were ordained."

"Yes; but as I find myself bound in conscience to refuse fellowship with open sinners who justify their sin, so I must also protest against all authority except that of God's written Word."

"What do you say to that Word when it tells you the church is the pillar and ground of truth?" asked Kitty's father. The little girl had been following the conversation, which had taken a turn new in her experience, with an interest doubtless greater than her comprehension; but Richard, who had been standing near the astral lamp, looking at some engravings in a magazine, came up now, and, touching her on the shoulder, proposed an adjournment to the dining-room.

"How sick I am of all that endless talk which leads to nothing!" he said when they had seated themselves, with Kitty's box of dominoes between them. "You don't hear so much of it, I suppose, for you actually looked interested. As for me, I am almost washed away in the constant flood of it that goes on at home."

"No," said Kitty, "our folks talk about religion, but not that way. When all the children were getting converted this last revival father said a good deal to me about my soul. I would like to join the church, but I don't feel as the rest do, and they won't have me."

"The minister's son and the deacon's daughter are the black sheep of the flock," said Richard, laughing. "I don't exactly

know how they account for it in my case, but your trouble, everybody agrees, is that you read too much trash and have your own way more than is good for you."

"I didn't understand all they were saying to-night," said Kitty, "but I don't see why there should be so many churches."

"What I don't see," replied the boy, with sudden energy, "is why there should be any. My father talks about the Word of God; how does he know the Bible is the Word of God at all?"

"Because it sounds true, I suppose," said Kitty. "That is how I know it."

Richard laughed.

"You have good ears," he said. "Everything sounds true to you that your parents tell you with a sober face."

"No, it don't," answered Kitty. "At least, of course I believe all they say, but all things don't sound the same way. It is like what they give you to eat at your meals. It is all good, but you like some things better than others. Some seem to belong to me and I never forget them, but others go out of my mind as fast as they go in. What did your father mean to-night about Rome and popery?"

"The Catholic Church," replied the boy. "And that, they all agree, was the first one, and yet it is so bad that they never think of going back to it."

"I was in one once," said Kitty, "when I was very little."

"I wonder at that. Our folks would as soon see me fall into the river as go into a church of that sort."

"So would ours, I suppose. One of our hired girls took me, and they sent her away. I liked it better than ours. The girl told me all Protestants were heathen. I never forgot that."

"It sounded true, did it?" said Richard, with a laugh. "Come, let us have a game and leave the church question to our elders and betters. You will have to teach me, for wickedness of this sort isn't allowed in our house."

They were deep in their play when the bustle of dispersion began in the other room, and did not notice Richard's mother until she stood behind them. A little pack of cards, belonging to the childish game known in those days as "Doctor Busby," lay face downwards on the table, and a line of dominoes stretched between the silent players. To the little girl's dismay, a heavy hand suddenly scattered the pieces on the floor, and then caught up the cards, while its mate administered to her partner's ear a sudden cuff which brought him to his feet with an execration,

and a face so like that bent upon him that Kitty felt herself turn cold. Her cards went with a toss into the open stove.

"That is the way I serve the devil's bible wherever I find it," said the angry woman. "As for you, my fine fellow, I'll give you a lesson on gambling to-morrow morning."

There were now two or three spectators of this scene.

"What does this mean, Kitty?" asked Mr. Danforth, whom the sound of the blow and the cry the little girl had uttered as it fell had brought to her side without delay.

"I don't know, father," she answered with a sob. "We were playing dominoes when she came in and threw my 'Doctor Busby' cards into the fire."

Mr. Danforth turned upon his guest a look in which strong impatience struggled hard with courtesy.

"I don't wonder," she said in answer to it, "that you pray in vain for this child's conversion. What business have gambling games in the house of a Christian?"

"This passes belief, woman," he retorted, his anger rising to a level with her own. "When I want advice about my child it is not at your hands I shall seek it."

"James," begged his wife, laying her hand on his arm, "for pity's sake avoid a squabble before these people. They will all be coming in here, if they hear your voice. Sister Norton, pray go back into the parlor; your husband is about to lead in prayer. I will attend to these children."

Her voice, quiet and cold, brought her guest to a sense of ill-behavior which sobered her at once. She made a brief apology for her hasty zeal, and the party broke up without more than half a dozen becoming aware of the unpleasant scene. Mr. Danforth came back into the parlor with a laugh after turning the key upon the last departure.

"Well, mother," said he, "I don't wonder that poor fellow is tired of bishops. He has all the pastoral crook he needs beside his own fire."

"She will have trouble with that boy, I fear," responded his wife. "He is her very spirit and image."

TO BE CONTINUED.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY AS UNDERSTOOD BY THE "EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE."

WE are warned in the Proverbs of Solomon that though we should bray a fool in a mortar his folly would not be taken from him; also that the wicked hardens his face, whereas the righteous man corrects his ways. When, therefore, we find people with whom we have to deal obstinately reiterating absurdities, failing to recognize facts and reasons plainly presented to them, refusing to correct false statements, we naturally are led to conclude that either they are intellectually deficient and that no amount of braying will give clearness to their minds, or that they are morally perverse and cannot be made, by any means at our command, to acknowledge outwardly what they really know and understand.

Now, in spite of a common preference the other way, it is really better that a man should be considered a fool than a knave, as he is responsible for the latter condition, but not for the former. It is, therefore, more charitable to ascribe irrelevancy, misstatements, and evasions in our opponents to mental rather than to moral deficiency, and it becomes our duty to follow this course as far as possible. In the case, therefore, of an opposition of the sort above described, the first of the two proverbs mentioned is our principal discouragement, though sometimes we cannot avoid applying the latter. Their joint effect is certainly very great in some cases; still, it is seldom well to let ourselves be entirely overcome by them.

These remarks are suggested by a document entitled a *Protest of the Evangelical Alliance of the United States*, and directed against the bills which have been introduced in the Legislature of this State to secure freedom of worship for the inmates of public institutions. This protest has, we regret to say, the characteristics which suggest in the mind of the reader the painful alternative of which we have just been speaking. It is not worth while to bring these out in full; we have to expect them as a matter of course in all the productions of those professing the peculiar style of religion enjoyed by the authors of this pamphlet. A couple of instances, found side by side, may, however, be given. The Society of St. Vincent de Paul is stupidly spoken of as a branch, a "religio-political lay affiliation," of the Jesuits,

and the terrible fact is brought out that the popes have actually given them indulgences. In this last there is evidence of that something worse than stupidity which we cannot always shut our eyes to. These men who sign their names to this document know very well that an indulgence is not a permission to sin, or anything sinful at all; notwithstanding their intellectual deficiencies, which we cheerfully concede, the true meaning of this word has been too often explained for them any longer to fail to understand it. We repeat, they understand it very well; but in spite of this they deliberately try to convey the idea, as distinctly as they dare to, that the society, by using indulgences, shows itself to be an immoral and dangerous organization. In short, they are simply here guilty of a wilful calumny, all the more cowardly because only implied.

But we cannot waste time over points such as these. Protestants of the type which the authors of this protest represent would not be themselves if they were not continually making ludicrous mistakes in history, and serving up threadbare slanders, once attributable to ignorance, but now no longer so, over and over again. We propose at present simply to call attention to their general muddle-headedness on the abstract subject of freedom of worship, which is the main point at issue; and here we really believe that, though they no doubt are somewhat actuated by prejudice and malice, they are to a great extent excusable by the fact, only too evident, that they have very dim and confused ideas of what they are talking about.

Of course they do not in their pamphlet define religious liberty, of which they profess to be the enlightened champions against these horrible Romanists who are seeking to undermine this glorious inheritance bequeathed to us by the founders of our nation. *Nemo dat quod non habet;* having no clear definition of the term in their own minds, they cannot, in the nature of things, undertake to give one to others. We are obliged, therefore, to bring out the vague notion which it suits their present purposes to entertain into distinct shape for them. We shall have to deduce it from the opposition which they make to our request that such of our people as have the misfortune to come partly under their control shall be furnished, to some limited extent at least, with the ordinances of that religion which they prefer.

Their idea, then, of freedom of religion is simply got at by changing one little word into another. Freedom *of* religion, with them, means freedom *from* religion. It means keeping people from its influence as much as possible, keeping them in

the dark about what it teaches, not allowing it to speak for itself or to present its own claims. Instead of the idea entertained by the founders of our republic—namely, that of giving all religions a fair field and no favor—their notion of a broad and comprehensive religious toleration is to constitute themselves into a tribunal to decide what are the essentials of religion, to force all creeds to drop their distinctive features and fit themselves into this Procrustes' bed prepared for them.

It must not, however, be supposed that this plan of action is the one which they at heart prefer. What they desire, and will always carry out as far as they are allowed, is to force, by fair means or foul, their own peculiar tenets on every one whom they can reach, and specially on the children of Catholic parents. Like the scribes and Pharisees of the time of our Lord, they go round about the sea and the land to make even one proselyte, and to make him—well, the rest of the text is sufficiently familiar. Accordingly, they establish soup-schools in every Catholic neighborhood which they can reach; by slanders, by bribes, by flattery, by offers of employment, by appeals to pride and sensuality, they drag into their net as many as possible of those whom a straightforward policy cannot capture. They consider that their own religion ought to be as free as the air; that its ministers should have unrestricted access to every one; that they should be not only tolerated but welcomed, and given every facility to preach their doctrines in the midst of exclusively Catholic countries; and here among us, when circumstances permit, they gladly take similar liberties. Yes, they like freedom for themselves very well, but they do not approve of it for us; that is the reason for their tactics in this case. They do not wish to enter into an open contest with us, and will not risk it if it can be avoided. So if we can only be bound hand and foot they are willing to give up part of their own liberty to accomplish so desirable an end. It suits their ignorant prejudice far better to let the world lapse into atheism than to have it retain the Catholic faith. We say "ignorant prejudice" advisedly; for there is not one of these men who knows what the system which he calls "Romanism" really is, or who is willing to take the slightest trouble to inform himself reliably with regard to it.

This is the whole moving spirit of their opposition to the real religious liberty contemplated by the framers of our national Constitution. To extirpate the Catholic religion; to prevent its voice being heard, even by its own adherents—this is the sum total of what they call religious freedom; and for the realization

of it they are willing, if need be, that the name of Christ—nay, more, even that of their own sect—should be forgotten by mankind.

But they do not expect to have to make so great a sacrifice for their object. They know well enough that if what they call a "non-sectarian" service is introduced into the public institutions of the state, that service will in fact be distinctively and positively Protestant to all intents and purposes. It will not favor Methodists against Presbyterians, or one set of Baptists against another; but it will, by conveying the idea that the essence of religion consists in reading the Bible and listening to extempore effusions which go by the name of prayer, make the Catholic religion seem something altogether strange and foreign, obliterate its memory altogether from the hearts of its children, and dispose them to fall into the hands of the first anti-Catholic preacher—after all, it does not so much matter which, either to them or to us—within whose influence they may subsequently come.

It is, perhaps, hardly worth while to draw out at any length facts so obvious as these. Still, as even Catholics themselves are sometimes weak or inconsiderate enough to be deceived by this "non-sectarian" cry, it may be that the above short statement will not altogether fail to be of use. This non-sectarianism is a remarkably shallow trick; still, there are some here and there who are not up to it.

And let it not be said that what is meant by religious freedom is not the freedom of each religion to teach and preach its own doctrines, and to conduct its services for its own members and for others who may choose to attach themselves to it, but the freedom of each individual to choose a religion for himself, and not have any particular one forced upon him. For it is only too obvious that the choice, on their system, is reduced to that variety generally associated with the name of Hobson, and that a particular kind of religion, and a very poor and unsatisfactory one into the bargain, is palmed off on the unfortunate inmates of these "non-sectarian" institutions, with the implied insult, both to them and to the Author of all religion worthy of the name, that, poor as it is, it is good enough for such as they; that preference in this matter is a luxury which those may enjoy who are able to pay for it. But enough; all that has been previously said applies to this view of the case also. To prevent the possibility of the Catholic religion being adopted or retained by any of the state's wards is the object of the whole scheme of these

"Evangelical" impostors; if they were not afraid of losing support they would come out with it at once.

It is indeed strange if any one is deceived by the mental confusion under which they labor, and which they endeavor to produce in others. The only possible senses of the term religious freedom, or freedom of worship, are, first, liberty for each religious denomination to make itself and its doctrines known; and, secondly, liberty for each individual to adopt or retain the one to which, whether by study, education, or other cause whatsoever, he feels himself inclined. How far these liberties should in fact be allowed is a question which every one will see must be answered according to circumstances; no one in the civilized world, probably, would vote to tolerate the impure, soul-and-body-destroying rites of pagan Rome; and it will be generally admitted that, when a community is of one faith, it is not unreasonable, though to some it may be undesirable, for it to prohibit the introduction of other sects opposed to it. If it be maintained, as in the New York *Herald*, quoted by the authors of this pamphlet, that this is a Protestant country, its proper policy might be to exclude the Catholic Church, and the course which they recommend would be quite rational; only, logically, it ought to go farther. But, unfortunately, that is not the view taken by the Constitution of the United States, nor, as we believe, that entertained by the majority of the fair-minded American people. The genuine American idea has always been to let every religion have fair play, and get and keep all the adherents it can without resorting to violent or tyrannical means. The country was in its prevailing sentiment Protestant certainly at the start, and still remains so; but nothing was said by the great men who established its independence and its government against immigrants who should come here retaining their Catholic faith and transmitting it to their children, or against the descendants of Protestant ancestors returning to the religion which those ancestors abandoned, should they choose to do so, and thus making the country similarly Catholic, should their numbers suffice.

The whole case, then, can be stated in a few words; it can all be put in a nutshell. Religious liberty, that liberty which we have inherited from those who gave us our national independence, does not consist, as our "Evangelical" brethren seem to imagine, in a guarantee that Protestantism shall always prevail here and Catholicity be required to apologize for its existence; nor does it mean that Americans shall always be restricted to the

reading of the Bible, and listening to comments thereon by Protestant ministers, as a means of arriving at religious truth. No; it means that all religions shall have free exercise and equal rights, and that no one shall be prevented by the action of the state from acquainting himself with or embracing any one of them which he shall choose. "Let truth and falsehood grapple; who ever knew truth to be worsted in a fair field?" This was the maxim of the founders of our nation; this is all that we ask; this is what our opponents fear and shrink from. Proselyting on our part they do not really dread. Vainly will they endeavor to show any attempt on our part to proselytize, in any offensive sense of the word. Soup-schools and the like are an invention of their own. Even in our academies, to which some Protestant parents by preference send their children, the religious convictions of all pupils are respected as much as is possible in a professedly "sectarian" institution. In Protestant establishments, similarly, we do not expect any fuller provision for our wants; but in those which are not Protestant, but simply American, we reasonably claim that Catholic principles as well as Protestant ones shall be recognized; that Catholic wants as well as Protestant ones shall be provided for. This is all there is in the matter; it is as plain as a pike-staff to all intelligent persons who are willing to see it.

We cannot conclude this brief notice without calling attention to one salient instance of the false and absurd charges made against us by these intelligent and worthy gentlemen. They speak of the "dogma that all marriages, however celebrated by Christian churches or by the state, which are not made as Rome directs, are invalid." This is probably for the most part gross ignorance, though it hardly can be considered entirely so. It is, of course, utter nonsense. We regard the immense majority of all the Protestant marriages in this country as absolutely valid and binding, if not entered upon by divorced persons or with an intention excluding perpetuity. It is this last intention, unhappily now becoming rather common, of remaining in so-called marriage only as long as it shall suit both parties, which does, where it exists, indeed reduce this holy state to that of concubinage. The statement above quoted is a good specimen of the usual incapacity shown by Protestant bigots for correctly apprehending or stating a single thing about our faith or discipline, which comes partly from inherent dulness, partly from a determination not to learn. To say that we treat "American wives as concubines, American children as bastards," and "encourage

immorality by releasing husbands and wives from their marital obligations," is simply a stupid blunder, to take the most favorable view of it.

We notice that the table "collated by Mr. Dexter A. Hawkins," the fallacy of which was lately shown in this magazine,* is simply reprinted, with the remark that "it is believed no error has been shown to exist" in it. Perhaps they may not have seen the refutation; no doubt they take care not to read anything of the sort, if they can help it. But we fear that this is somewhat too charitable an explanation.

PAUL.

FROM THE POLISH OF H. SIENKIEWICZ-LITWOS.

I.

ALTHOUGH Paul was always careful to turn the lamp down, the light would sometimes wake me from my sleep, and I could see the little fellow bent over his books, hard at work studying, until two or three o'clock in the morning. I could hear his low, sleepy voice as he softly repeated his Latin and Greek declensions to himself. His face would be pale with fatigue and he could scarcely keep his eyes open. Yet when I called him to put out the light and come to bed he would answer: "But, Herr Stanislas, I don't know my lessons yet."

From five o'clock to eight, and then after supper from ten until midnight, I used to go over his lessons and exercises with him, and never went to bed until I was sure that he was well prepared for his recitations in school next day. I will confess that I thought then, and still think, that his work was made altogether too hard for him. He had so many lessons every day that by the time he had made himself perfect in the last he had forgotten all about the first, and so must go over them all again. Then the Latin, Greek, Slav, and Russian languages, which, in a school managed on the Russian system, the pupils must learn in addition to the ordinary branches taught children, made a regular chaos in his brain. He was given so much more than

* THE CATHOLIC WORLD, April, 1884.

he could digest that it produced a sort of mental dyspepsia. So it often happened that the more he studied the less he could grasp; and he became so confused that he could not sleep. Perhaps I ought not to have allowed him to strain at work so much beyond his powers. But then what could I do? If he did not know his lessons he would be expelled from the school, and that would have been a terrible blow to his mother, Madame Adelaide. She was a widow, and Paul and his little sister Lola were her only children; and she built all her hopes of the future on the success of her boy.

In reality I could see that he had a very poor prospect of success. Excessive study and a sedentary mode of life were rapidly undermining his strength. He should have taken a great deal more exercise than he did—ride, walk, and play in the open air. But where could he find opportunity for such things? Every moment of the time that his health demanded should be spent in physical exercise was taken up by his studies. It used to make me sad to see how his shoulders trembled under the weight of his knapsack full of books when he started for school in the morning. But I could not interfere. I was accused, as it was, of spoiling the boy and encouraging him in idleness. They said one could easily see from his recitations that he did not study enough at home; that his bad Russian accent was, in fact, my fault. These things pained me, for no one knew half so well as I how hard Paul studied and how faithfully I tried to help him.

His parts were not above the average, but for perseverance and strength of character, in spite of his gentleness, I never saw his equal among children of his age. The great mainspring of his life was a passionate love for his mother. He had been told that her health was so delicate that the grief she would feel if he failed in his studies might easily bring on her a sickness that could prove fatal. And so he wore himself out, slaving away at his books night after night, to prevent such a terrible catastrophe. When he received a low mark for a poor recitation he often could not keep from crying. But it never occurred to his teachers to ask the reason of these tears, or to learn how terrible a responsibility he felt at such a time. What did they care about that? It was no business of theirs. He had a bad Russian accent—that was all.

As for me, I did not pet or coddle him. But I understood him better than the others, so instead of scolding him when he made a mistake I tried to comfort him. Such an idea never oc-

curred to them. To be kind to a boy because he had blundered in his lessons—why, it was ridiculous! But I have suffered myself; I have endured pain, have been misunderstood, have—but oblivion swallow the past! When I think of it I could grind my teeth for rage, only that doesn't help it any. Nothing does any good for that. Sometimes it doesn't seem worth while even to live. This may be the reason why I feel the sorrows of other people. I can sympathize with them. When I was Paul's age I had at least good health and plenty of amusement; my lungs had not begun to trouble me then. To be sure I was often beaten, but I forgot that as soon as I ceased to feel the pain. But he had a much sadder boyhood than I. It often seemed to me as if his soul were laid on an anvil and hammered at day after day. So my pupil was a thoughtful, sorrowful little man, generally tired in mind and body, and literally bowed down under the weight of his books. I am a professor myself, and I don't know what would become of me if I were to lose my faith in the value of study and the good that comes of it. Only study is made too serious a thing for children nowadays.

He had been my pupil for more than six years—at first at Zalesina, his mother's place in the country, and afterwards in the city. I had had time, you see, to know him well and to love him dearly. Besides, he was the son of the woman—for why should I conceal it?—who was the dearest in the world to me. She has not the slightest idea of this, and she never shall have, at least as long as I live. I always remember that I am only Stanislas Waginciewicz, an insignificant private tutor, while she is Adelaide Tschaikowski, the daughter of a noble house. Her rank is away above mine. But in this noisy and bustling world of ours a man must set his heart on something; he must love some one. And my narrow, lonely life clings to hers like a limpet to a rock. What difference do my feelings make to her? I do not ask any more of her than I do of the summer sunshine that warms me as I sit writing this at my window. For five years I lived under the same roof with her; when her husband died I saw how she rose above her own grief in her love for her children, and—well, it had to be. I could no more keep from loving her than I could keep my heart from beating. Only my feeling is a holier sentiment than commonplace earthly love.

Paul often reminded me of her. Many times it seemed as if she were looking out of his great eyes. He had the same delicate features as she, the same high forehead shadowed by heavy locks of dark hair, the same eyebrows, and, above all, the

same voice. Moreover, they had the same character, enthusiastic, honorable, and affectionate. They belonged to that class of people who are capable of great self-sacrifice, and who, in this never-ending fight with adversity which we call life, find but little happiness, because they give themselves for others. They are not the fittest to survive in the struggle for existence, as they say nowadays, because they have a heart-weakness—they love too much. The Tschaikowskis had been powerful and rich, but they had all loved too much. Like many others in unhappy Poland, they had offered up their lives and fortunes in the cause of their country. The greater part of their possessions had been swept away, so that, while not in want, they were straitened in circumstances. Paul was the last of his name. So Madame Adelaide loved him not only as the only son of his mother, and she a widow, but also as the person on whom the future of the family depended.

Unhappily, she saw, with a mother's fond blindness, remarkable abilities in him. The truth was that, while he was not at all dull or stupid, he was only moderately endowed by nature and developed slowly in mind and body. Under more favorable circumstances, in another country, he would probably have passed his university examinations with moderate credit to himself and become useful in some branch of the public service. But under the system which prevailed in the Russian schools, unjust in the extreme towards Polish children, he was only able to wear himself out without accomplishing anything. The dread of his mother's disappointment was the sharpest sting in his failures. I have seen strange things in this world of ours, but one of the strangest was to see how this boy's strength of will, character, legitimate ambition, and love for his mother—his very best qualities—all worked together to break him down. It was a sad anomaly.

I labored with him as if my own future depended on the stand he took in his class, and he did his very best; for he and I had but one aim in all we did—to please her. When he had done well in school he would come home radiant. He would come in on a run, and, flinging his books on the floor, would cry:

"Halloo, Herr Stanislas! guess what I got in geography today. Oh! how glad mother will be when she hears of it."

Of course I would pretend I couldn't guess, and then, running up to me and throwing his arms around my shoulders, he would shout in my ear:

"Five! Yes, sir, five—the very best mark a fellow can get."

And we would both be as happy as can be. He used sometimes to wonder how it would feel if he should ever get five in everything. I remember one such happy evening, as we sat in the dark after supper before taking up the books, he said :

" When the Christmas holidays come we will go home to dear old Zalesina. It will snow, and we shall have to go in sleighs, and it will be evening when we get there. But mother will be watching for us, and she will hug me and kiss me. And by and by, after supper, she will ask me for my report. And I—I will look just as sorry as I can for fun ; and then she will read, ' perfect, perfect, perfect.' O Herr Stanislas ! " And his eyes filled with happy tears.

Instead of turning his thoughts away from this picture I let my own imagination follow his. I, too, saw the peaceful yet stately house lighted up in honor of our arrival ; and I saw her —her whom Paul's " perfect " would make so happy.

At such a time I used to tell him that she was more anxious that he should grow well and strong than that he should be the head of his class, and that he ought not to object when I told him to take long walks and play in the open air. She used to write me to look after her boy's health. But I became daily more certain that the health of the scholar was the last thing thought of in our schools. If the only trouble had been the difficulty of his studies I would have simply put him in a lower class. But that was not it. It was the long hours of confinement at his desk, the bad air he had to breathe, and the amount of work which had to be done at home that were telling on him. And I could not help him here. He felt his failures, too, very keenly. One could see in his manner in a moment when anything had gone wrong. He would come in, in a listless sort of way, and, carefully putting his books away, would begin to study at once.

" Did you get a bad mark to-day ? " I would ask.

" Yes, sir."

" How did it happen, my boy ? "

" I didn't know the answer to the question "—or, much oftener, " I knew it perfectly well, but I was nervous and could not say anything right."

And little Owitski, who was the head of Paul's class, to whom I also gave private lessons, told me that when Paul got bad marks it was almost always because he could not express himself well in Russian.

As he grew weaker physically his bad marks came oftener,

and I noticed that when he sat down to study there was something feverish and almost desperate in his diligence, and that, while he sat quietly enough, his lips sometimes quivered and his eyes filled with tears. His habit of night-study grew on him. For fear that I would scold him and send him to bed if I found it out, he would slip softly out of bed, and, without dressing himself, take the lamp into the outer room, where he would light it and then devote himself to his books. He had spent a good many cold autumn nights in that way before I found it out. After that I always went over all his lessons the last thing before going to bed, and assured him that he knew them all. But the poor boy was often in that state that he didn't know whether he knew them or not.

I discovered, too, that besides his poor success in his studies and his failing strength he had another trouble. She had asked me to read him some Polish history every day. One afternoon, as I was reading him about Zolkiewski, our Polish hero, he interrupted me with "So it *is* true, then? They aren't all fables? Because—"

I looked up and was shocked at the fierce and hard expression of his usually gentle face.

"Because why, my boy?"

But for answer he burst into a fit of passionate sobs. I asked Owitski what was the matter, but he either could not or would not say. I could guess it, however, only too easily. A little Polish nobleman in a Russian school, he must hear every day things to cut him to the heart—things contradictory to everything he had been taught at home. The other Polish boys did not brood over these insults to their unfortunate country. The hate which every Pole hides in his heart for Russia was only strengthened by them. But with Paul these wounds festered. He would not complain even to me, but he felt them keenly.

The boy's conscience found itself between two masters, to each of whom it owed obedience. And these, instead of acting in unison, commanded contradictory things. What the one called honorable, loyal, and noble the other stigmatized as disgraceful and despicable. The same act was to the one patriotism, the highest duty, to the other treason, the blackest crime. He naturally obeyed the voice of his heart, yet he must seem to follow the other. From morning to night, for weeks and months, he must play the hypocrite. What a life for a sensitive child! His fate was singular enough. The tragedy of life does not often make itself felt until youth gives place to manhood. But to him

moral tyranny, doubt, bitterness, fruitless struggle, defeat, and gradual loss of hope—all that goes to make up unhappiness and despair—came at once, and this in his twelfth year.

His feeble body and only moderate intellect were not fit to bear such a burden. But as success became more and more infrequent he redoubled his efforts. His mother's letters, so far from being a comfort, only added to his trouble. Ignorant of the true state of facts, she used to write him: "Heaven has endowed you with unusual abilities, my boy; do not neglect your opportunities. We all expect great things of you." The first time he received such a letter he said to me:

"What can I do, Herr Stanislas—what can I do?"

And truly what more could he do than he had been doing? Was he responsible because he had been born without any gift for languages, especially for Russian? Could he do any better than his best?

II.

At All-Saints' day the boys had a two days' holiday, and reports for the term were given out. Paul's was anything but satisfactory. He was found "deficient" in three studies, was "perfect" in none. I did not send this to Madame Tschaikowski.

"Please, please," he begged, "don't send it home! Mamma doesn't know that reports are sent out at All-Saints' day. From now until Christmas I feel sure the dear Lord will have pity on me." I, too, thought he would do better next term. I hoped he would accustom himself to the school routine and master that accursed Russian, so that he could do himself some sort of justice. If I had not believed this I would long ago have told his mother how things really stood with him.

On one of the first days of the new term he got three "fives" in one day. One of them was in Latin. He was the only boy in the class who had known that the perfect of "gaudeor" is "gavisus sum." Some time before, when he had been marked five in something, he had asked me how to say "I was glad" in Latin; and when the question went around the class he remembered it. That night he wrote his mother a letter beginning:

"Little mother, my own sweetest little mother—does she know what the perfect of 'gaudeor' is? No, I am sure she doesn't, and Lola doesn't either, for I was the only boy in the whole class who knew that it is 'gavisus sum!'"

But the term did not come up to the promise of this opening. One day Owitski and Paul forgot to tell me of an exercise they had to prepare for the next day, and so it did not get written. Owitski was head of the class, and so he was not called on for it. But, Paul, poor Paul! he was severely punished. The teacher said he had neglected to tell me of it on purpose. And the boy, who was the soul of honor, who would rather die than lie, could not prove the truth of what he said. To be sure he could have called on Owitski to show that he, too, had forgotten it. But school-boy honor would not let him lighten his own punishment by dragging his comrade into trouble. It did not seem to occur to Owitski to say so himself; he was not like my boy.

Poor Paul! I could not comfort him; and at the school the principal told me that I was encouraging the boy in his deceit, and was doing my best to weaken the authority of the teachers with the boys. That was rather hard to hear, but I did not mind it much. In the evening, as Paul sat with his head in his hands, neither moving nor speaking, a letter came from Zalesina for him. It was from his mother, and was in answer to his last letter. It just heaped loving phrases and pet names on him in reward for his three "perfects," and concluded by calling him "her brave little hope and comfort." This was too much for him. When he read it he looked up at me, his face streaming with tears, and sobbed out: "O mother! mother! mother! what sort of 'hope and comfort' can I be to you?"

He was pale and haggard the next morning, and I did not want to let him go to school. But he insisted on going; only he asked me to walk with him. He was afraid to go alone, he said; everything seemed whirling around about him. In the evening he told me that he had made another failure in class. He knew the lesson perfectly, but in his nervousness he could not frame his answers in good Russian. This, coming on the heels of his neglected exercise, seemed to establish his reputation as a deceitful and lazy scholar; and, do what he could, he made no headway against this opinion. Diligence and perseverance went for nothing, and very naturally it soon came about that often the more he studied the less he knew.

Every Thursday a letter came from Father Marinski, the priest at Zalesina, always ending in the stereotyped phrase, "Consider well, Paul, that not only your future but also the health and happiness of your mother depend on your doing well at school." As if he could ever forget it! Why, it was the fact

of all facts that was always present with him! It made all his other troubles, numerous and heavy enough as they were, doubly hard to bear. He thought of it by day and dreamed of it by night. Often I heard him cry piteously in his sleep, "Mother, little mother" (*mamusia*), as if asking her to forgive him for having been born.

As Christmas came nearer his standing in his class. became poorer and poorer. We gave up all hope of a good report for this term. And at last I did what, perhaps, I should have done long before. I wrote Madame Adelaide a full account of the whole matter; told her that Paul was working himself to death, and that after Christmas he ought to be taken from school altogether and kept in the country, where he might get back some of his lost strength. Although her answer to this was the reply of a loving and tender mother, I fancied I could read between the lines how her pride was touched. But I kept this correspondence a secret from Paul, and only told him that, come what might, his mother would understand him and would never blame him unjustly. He seemed relieved from a great anxiety when I told him this, and was evidently overjoyed to think that before long he would again see her, little Lola, and Father Marinski at Zalesina. I, too, was impatient for the holidays, for I felt as if I could not stand much longer seeing the daily martyrdom the little fellow was enduring.

Once home again he would find rest, kindness from every one, and, above all, his mother's sympathy. He would never think of asking despairingly if it were true that Poland did not have any history at all. He would not be compelled to toil at hopeless studies, but would live in an atmosphere of love and quiet which would restore his shattered nerves. So these Christmas holidays came to me in the light of the child's deliverer. We kept count of the days before they began, and our last thought every night was, There is another day gone. But in the little part of the term that was left things went very badly. He was again found guilty of a capital sin. It happened in this way: Russian was the only language allowed to be spoken in the school. But in a heedless moment one day Paul said to Owitski in Polish: "I am ever so fond of you, my Owitski." Of course he was detected, and was publicly punished a second time, and was obliged to stand for hours before the whole school, an example of a disgracefully bad boy.

This was just before the holidays. It is impossible for me to describe how keenly the sensitive and ambitious boy felt this

ignominy. He brooded over it and could not forget it. What a confusion there must have been in his mind of what was good and honorable, and what was bad and disgraceful! His face began to take on a very pathetic expression. He had always been pale, with hollows under his eyes, but now he looked as though he were constantly repressing a sob; his eyes were heavy with unshed tears and had the look of a dumb animal in pain. I have seen a dog look just that way when it was being tortured by cruel men. He would sit in a sort of reverie for hours at a time, and would obey me, when I spoke, in an automatic sort of way that seemed almost mechanical. Under this quiet patience I saw suffering and despair. He studied his lessons and wrote his exercises as before. But one could see that while he was repeating his conjugations to me he was thinking of something else, or rather he was not thinking of anything at all. I was afraid now to mention his mother's name before him. That would have filled his already too full cup of suffering to the very brim.

I became finally seriously anxious about his health. I saw that his books were altogether too heavy for him now, so every morning I carried them to school for him, and every afternoon came for him to carry them back. I did not mind the witty things they said about me for doing this; for I thought of nothing but how I might ease him of some little of his burden. But, do what I could, he grew frailer and frailer every day. His face was almost transparent. The delicate little blue veins on his temples, which before were only visible when he laughed or was excited, became noticeably prominent all the time. Singularly enough, he grew so beautiful in his weakness that he seemed like a figure from a picture of one of the old Italian painters. He did not look like a flesh-and-blood boy, but like a sad and weary little angel condemned for some sin to live here on this dreary earth until his sufferings had washed away the stain of his fault.

At last the holidays came. The horses from Zalesina had been waiting two days for us at the inn stables; and the coachman had brought a letter from Madame Adelaide saying that they were impatient at home for our arrival.

"I have learned, my boy," she wrote, "with what great difficulties you had to contend, and I no longer hope for any 'perfects.' I only wish that your teachers were as sure as I am that you have done your best, and have tried to make up for your deficiencies in your lessons by your good behavior."

But those teachers of his had their own ideas of what made up "good behavior" in a Polish boy who couldn't speak Russian. Intentions were of no consequence to them. They only cared for what he had done. And he had done so little in this last term! I will confess that I was bitterly disappointed when I read Paul's report for the term. He was found deficient in nearly every study; and along with it came a note which said: "Paul Tschaikowski confers no honor on the institute, and fills the place which should be occupied by some worthier scholar. He is therefore expelled."

Paul brought this home the evening of the last day. Outside it was snowing softly yet heavily. In the room it was so dark that I could not see his face; I only saw that he went to the window, and, cooling his forehead on the pane, watched the snowflakes as they fell. For a while neither of us stirred or spoke. What was there to be said? But when it had grown quite dark I lit the lamp and began to pack up his things, and when I noticed that he did not move I said:

"Well, little chap, what are you doing there?"

He did not answer my question, but in a little while said, in a voice which, in spite of his efforts to keep firm, trembled very perceptibly: "I suppose mother and Lola are now sitting before the fire in the blue room, and she is saying to herself, 'They'll soon be home now.'"

"Yes, I think it quite likely. But why does your voice tremble so? Don't you feel well?"

"Oh! yes, sir, I'm all right; only it is so very cold."

I found him shivering violently. So I undressed him at once, gave him a cup of steaming hot tea, and put him to bed, heaping all the covers I could find over him.

"How do you feel now? Any better?"

"Yes, thank you; only my head aches."

Poor little head! I could well believe it. Soon he fell fast asleep, and I could hear his heavy breathing. When I had finished our packing I, too, went to bed very gladly. My chest pained me a good deal, on account of the cold, and I had plenty to think about; but I was so tired I soon fell asleep. A bright light shining full on my face waked me, and I could hear a murmuring sort of noise I knew very well. The lamp was burning brightly, and Paul, in his night-clothes, was sitting at the table with a Latin grammar before him. His face was flushed and his eyes closed. With a sleepy voice he repeated, "audiverim, audiveris, audiverit." In a moment I was at his side and was

shaking him to wake him up. He looked at me as if he had never known me before.

"What are you doing here? What is the matter?"

"I'm only going over my lessons from the beginning once more. I want to get 'five' in Latin to-morrow. That'll please mother."

I lifted him in my arms and carried him to his bed. His skin was burning hot, so I sent for the doctor at once. He felt his pulse, asked a few questions, laid his hand on his head and looked in his eyes, and said:

"The boy has a brain fever."

III.

The disease made rapid progress with him. He had no fund of vitality to draw on to oppose it, and he sank swiftly. I telegraphed that first night for his mother; but the roads were blocked with snow, so that it was not until the third day that she came. How pale she looked in her deep mourning! She seized my arm with unnatural strength as she asked, her whole soul in her eyes:

"Is he alive?"

"Yes; the doctor says he is getting along nicely."

That was a lie. He was alive, but that was about all. The fever was growing rapidly and he was at times wildly delirious. He did not even know his mother when she sat down by the side of the bed and began to arrange his pillows for him. But when she put a fresh ice bandage on his head he looked at her more closely. He was plainly struggling with the delirium. His lips trembled a little and then broke into a faint smile.

"Mother, little mother!" he whispered, and then dozed off again. But after that one moment of recognition he did not seem to know her, although his eyes followed her wherever she went about the room. But her presence, though apparently unrecognized, seemed to have an influence on the association of his ideas. Before the term closed he had somehow or other found time enough to learn by heart the Latin responses of the acolytes at the celebration of the Mass, to give his mother a pleasant surprise. And now he began to repeat them. I shuddered when I heard the stillness of the sick-room broken by the heavy and laboring voice of the twelve-year-old boy saying, in the very presence of death: "Quia tu es, Deus, fortitudo mea, quare me repulisti, et quare tristis incedo dum affligit me inimicus?" The

quiet weeping of the mother made a sad accompaniment to these words.

It was lively in the street. There came into the room the busy hum of the crowd, mingled with the jingle of numberless sleigh-bells. We could see through the unshuttered window of an opposite house a children's party going on. A Christmas-tree was brilliant with wax-lights, glistening with gilded nuts and little colored globes, and surrounded by a group of little brown and golden heads. The children's cries of joy and glad surprise came clearly over the street to us. There was not a voice in all the sounds which penetrated to Paul's bed-room which was not instinct with happiness and the gayety of the season. Only our boy cried with a sad voice; "My God! my God! why hast thou cast me off?"

Several times he tried to lift up his hands, but he was too weak. His breath came now with greater difficulty. We could see that his child-soul was only to stay with us for a little while, and that we were growing stranger and stranger to it. He saw nothing, he felt nothing, not even his mother's face pressed close to his. An unseen gateway was opening before him, into which he was passing without looking at us at all. His thoughts were far away and he was making ready to follow them. We thought each moment that by the next the last sand of his life would have run out.

At midnight, however, the fever left him and he fell asleep. The doctor said that he might get well, after all. For a couple of hours his condition improved with each moment, so that at length I ventured to leave him. It was the fourth night I had spent without sleep, and I was tired out. So I lay on the sofa and fell asleep. The voice of Madame Adelaide waked me. I thought at first she was calling me, and jumped to my feet. But in the dead quiet I distinguished the words, "Paul! Paul! O my son, my son!" And I knew that his pains were over for ever.

The next days, which I spent in making the necessary arrangements, were terrible for me. She would not stir from his side for an instant, not even when they were arranging the bier. Every little while her anguish would come into contact with the indifference of the undertaker's assistants. They were used to such scenes, and their careless manner made her almost beside herself. She insisted on arranging the cushions inside the coffin herself, and I overheard her murmur as she was doing it: "These pillows are too low and too hard for you, my Paul!"

Meanwhile he lay on the bed all dressed in a white robe. We laid him in the coffin and lifted it on the bier, which we had draped with black cloth and surrounded with candles. It was the same room in which he had studied so diligently and yet so unsuccessfully. But with the closed blinds, black hangings, and flickering candles it looked like a chapel for the dead.

By and by those of his playmates who were spending their holidays in the city came in, one by one, to take their last look at him. They seemed astonished and abashed at the part played here by their old comrade. But a little while before he had been one of them, had received bad marks, been punished, and even expelled. He had had a bad Russian accent; and any one who chose could bully him. And now—there he lay, solemn, peaceful, unapproachable, surrounded by burning candles. They whispered to each other:

"He doesn't care any more. Even if the teacher should come he would not get up, but would keep on smiling as he does now. Over there he can do what he chooses—even talk Polish, if he will."

On the following day we laid him away in the graveyard, where the earth and snow hid him from our sight.

To-day as I write this a good many months have passed since then, but I often think of that day and mourn for you, my poor little Paul, my too soon withered little blossom. It is true that your Russian accent was bad and that you often could not learn all your lessons; but you had a true and faithful heart. I do not know whether you can hear me now. I hope so; but this I know: that your poor tutor coughs more and more every day, that this weary life grows a heavier and heavier burden for him, and that before long he, too, will go where you have gone.

HONEST PROTESTANTS AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

THE principle at work in the public-school system is that the training of human beings is a matter of secular business. The theory is that a public power necessarily unreligious may and should have a monopoly of the preparation of men and women for the fulfilment of their destiny. To gather together the children of the people during their best hours, to choose their teachers, to choose their school-books, to breathe out the atmosphere they are to live in, and to force the whole community to pay the expenses—such is the actual business of the state at present. But for the Catholic religion, this prodigious attempt to ignore the immortality of the human soul and sound principles of political government would have passed into triumphant possession of our country without so much as a protest.

Not that our Protestant neighbors were originally lacking in religious earnestness, but rather that their essential doctrines of private judgment of Scripture, total depravity, justification by experimental faith, threw around their children's training difficulties Catholics have no idea of. Such doctrines do not easily apply to the human mind in its era of development. Furthermore, they are from any point of view too illogical and too hateful to be the stable basis of human conduct, and by the time the present system of education was accepted such doctrines had fallen into sufficient disfavor to hinder their claiming a place among the daily tasks of school. Now, it is the fate of men and communities devoid of stable first principles to be taught mostly by experience. Men know that time will tell. But time's tales are often dearly-bought wisdom. Right principles, when put into practice, foretell their own results. But the doubtful mind must wait and find out by the effect the worth of the cause. The principle which our Protestant friends gave their children to experiment on is that positive religion at home and in church will save the child in spite of the unreligious influence of the neutral school. It has turned out that neutrality in the school is the very pest of the religious character everywhere.

So, after the public schools have trained up a generation who are, as a whole, diverted from the belief and practice of all religion, the more devout Protestants are lamenting the exclusion

of religious teaching from the education of American youth. The General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church has spoken out squarely for parochial schools. Other representative bodies, if not so frank, are yet plainly of the same mind. Many able and earnest ministers declare openly for religious schools. Orthodox Protestant journals are at least willing to admit vigorous and unanswerable communications to the same effect. The mystery is that all this good religious sense has come so late—too late, we fear, to do more than merit a respectable salvage for its pains. That upright Protestant men should have lived this half-century face to face with a purely secular state assuming the responsibility for the moral training of their children is a condition of things monstrous in the extreme, viewed either from a point of view religious, social, parental, or political. We do not wish to be severe, but we fancy that the expectation that, though it might hurt Protestantism, it would destroy Catholicism had much to do with this attitude of Protestants. The very contrary has come to pass: Catholicism has, indeed, suffered from the influence of the public schools, but they have pretty nearly destroyed Protestantism.

Yet, as we have intimated, there is plainly a powerful influence for true Christian education now at work among Protestants. We are beginning to hear many earnest voices from among them demanding that education should be evangelical, apostolical, Christian, moral, religious. It would, they say, be pleasing in the sight of God if the children could be taught the religion of their parents in the public schools; that it is an outrageous crime against both God and the child to say that how to live a good life and die a good death according to the teaching of Christ is not worth teaching in school. To free ourselves from slavery to the world, to raise our minds to God, to learn to master our passions, to be content with the will of God, and to long for the life to come—such (say our Protestant friends) are our life-long tasks; and is it not amazing to realize that we have left them clean out of the main business of forming our children's characters? They are beginning to see what a monstrous thing it is that the state should by force gather up vast sums of money, and put it into the hands of local politicians to be spent as they deem proper in training immortal beings how to live and die. Religious Protestant parents behold with dismay, and are beginning to behold with horror, a system of schooling managed by beings whose want of relish for spiritual things is often their best recommendation to the school-board. And min-

isters and publicists and leaders of thought among orthodox Protestants are at last becoming aware that the name of the blight that has come upon their religious life is the common-school system.

So here and there and everywhere we hear of the better-minded Protestants demanding a new departure in American education. As a specimen we ask leave to quote pretty largely from an article in the *New-Englander* of January last, entitled "The Religious Factor in Education," by the Rev. L. O. Brastow. Once familiar with his peculiar *staccato* style, one reads this powerful writer with much pleasure:

"Education is nothing less than the development and training of all the potencies that have been lodged in man. It concerns itself with the full contents of his being and with all his possibilities. The claims of education are precisely the claims of manhood. If the idea of manhood be low, the product of training will be meagre and inadequate. The claims of religion upon education are precisely the claims of a complete manhood. If a man is worth educating at all he is worth educating roundly as a man. If the capacity of religion belongs to his manhood it is a crime against that manhood to ignore its rights and cripple its possibilities."

"So long as man is forced by the necessities of his own being to recognize a power which is other and more than himself and other and more than the universe in which he lives, so long religion will hold its supremacy." "This meagre world-power can never successfully displace that which represents what lies beyond the world."

"There were nothing to educate or cultivate if there were not already presupposed an original God-consciousness as its practical basis and condition. A higher world and a higher power thrust themselves into the forefront of all our investigation of this lower world and all lower orders of existence."

"Man must be trained to the utmost of his capacity, and that means that he must be trained religiously. Education can never suppress nor displace religion. It can only pervert it, and in doing so perverts itself. Its highest aim is to develop religion into fulness of significance and power."

Religion "will not take itself out of the way; cannot be explained out of existence; cannot be trained into permanent silence; will not be ignored and cannot be majestically put to confusion by the power of intellectual arrogance. If religion were only a co-ordinate factor in our education it would demand all that any other factor demands, for its rights are as great, and an education that would crowd it out of recognition would only be a garbled and false, and so a dangerous, education. Even those who allow it no higher dignity or significance than belongs to a product of feeling and imagination clearly see this. But if religion represents the realm of the absolute, and is the central and imperative power in man, the case is other and more. Religion does not come into man's consciousness simply as the product of his thought. It is not a product of the intellectual activity in its speculation upon the origin of all things, as rationalism

claims. It is not a theoretic but a practical power. It is more than knowledge of the infinite. It is knowledge realized as obligation. . . . Religion, therefore, as an authority from the realm of the absolute, claims the whole man."

"Religion, then, is the root of manhood as well as its crown, and all rational and systematic development must proceed from this centre. A something there must be in man which is to him what life is in the development of organism. This somewhat is the religious factor in him. Only as religion finds place in the growth and development of manhood do we attain to symmetry and completeness."

"Religion has furnished a vast amount of material for general education. No one capacity has contributed so much to the general elevation of man. No single department of learning has the educational record that religion has. It has made an impression upon every department of human activity. It has colored the world's thinking and influenced the world's training as no other power has or can."

"The best-trained races are the religious races. The experience of the power of religion quickens and expands the intellectual faculties. Dealing with the loftiest themes, it furnishes material for the most eager striving of all the powers of the soul."

"No education of any sort is possible independently of the operation of certain fundamental energies of manhood which rightly interpreted have a religious significance, and which exist because man is a religious being."

In the same unanswerable way (unanswerable except by the denial of all religion) this vigorous thinker combats secularism in education from every point of view—from that of literature, philosophy, science in all its departments, and even the inspiration necessary to make men and women good teachers; maintaining, with resistless power, that the "perfect man is not the product of secular life and training, but of religion."

The best ideal of education is furnished by religion:

"A man in his becoming is as his ideal. Education is the work of training men after some standard. The worth of the education is the worth of the standard. The ideal of manhood is the ideal of education. Independently of religion education has never succeeded in fashioning for itself the best standards."

"What the world wants is *men*, full, complete, thoroughly-trained men. . . . The object of education is identical with the object of existence. One's theory of existence ought to be his theory of education. A philosophical statement of the aim of education should be nearly identical with a theological statement of the aim of existence."

Here is his conclusion against secular education:

"It is an immense question. What are the agencies which shall reconstruct and train the manhood of the world? Secularism in our time has shown an immense pedagogic activity. It has made vast claims. It is in hand just here to criticise its claims and methods. Secularism lacks the

requisite first principles. Religion, whatever be its defects in historic fact, nevertheless furnishes regulative principles which are essential to the broadest education."

"The scheme that gives the moral and religious nature dominance is the only philosophical scheme, and will prove itself competent to meet the wants of the world. Neither knowledge nor intellectual training can be an end. There is something higher and better." "Education encounters the weightiest problems of human existence. They are problems which the intellect cannot solve, though trained unto the utmost. Some sorts of knowledge refuse to enter the gateways of the intellect." "Education in its comprehensive aspects must meet the fact of sin. Secular education would meet it by ignoring it, but still it remains to counter-work its best efforts. Religion applies remedial agencies, introduces new principles and motives, and develops life from a new basis."

"We need in the secularism and individualism of the time more of the old Gentile Gospel of a redeemed humanity. We need more of the spirit of the great apostle who laid the products of the best training at the foot of the cross, and labored everywhere to lift men back into the dignity of their being and into fellowship with God. Education does not know itself until it understands the prayer of Christ, 'Thy kingdom come, thy will be done.'"

Now, we have not the faintest doubt that Mr. Brastow speaks the mind of the best Protestants in the country, ministers and laymen both. We have quoted largely from him for that reason as well as from the intrinsic worth of his argument; we only regret that space forbids our giving his every word. Such a man has but to think again to regret the single blemish of his article, the sneer at "ultramontane Christianity." But we care little for that; he is an enemy of this gigantic monopoly which is employing the best talent money can hire, and spending near a hundred millions annually of the public funds, to persuade the children of the people that life may be good enough and death happy enough without positive religion. What every honest Protestant must desire is that the youth of the country shall not become infected with vice, and that the formative influences of school, its long hours, its steady instruction, its personal influences and examples, should be penetrated with the only antidote known to vice: the love of God, the worth of prayer, the hopes of a future eternity of happiness—in a word, the principles and aids of religion.

But we think that the recent attempts made by the advocates of godless schools to divorce *morality* from religion and to teach a morality professedly unreligious has had much to do with the movement we have been considering. When it becomes the manifest purpose of the public-school authorities to

teach a regular system of morality claimed to be as colorless of religion as any system of arithmetic, religious men of all beliefs may well take alarm. If religion is not necessary for morality, then what is the good of it at all? When it was a divorce between mere science and religion the Catholic Church stood all but alone in her antagonism to the system. When they scornfully asked, What is there religious in the multiplication-table or the geography of the State of New York? it was the Catholic Church alone that squarely said that without religion such things are not worth knowing, and if taught by virtue of a public and explicit separation from religious influences they are apt to serve a positively anti-religious purpose. We said, You might as well ask what need has the sword of the hilt as what connection science has with religion. For two or three generations we stood all but alone in protesting against schools which, to use Mr. Brastow's words, undertook "to ignore the rights and cripple the possibilities" of religious beings. Now things are changing. Now the public-school partisans want to know not only what arithmetic and geography but also what morality has to do with religion; no wonder our Protestant brethren are aroused.

The reader will be interested in the following extract from an article entitled "The Teaching of Morality in Schools," from *Education*, a bi-monthly magazine published in Boston:

"In the belief that ignorance is fruitful of vice and crime, we have wisely established a system of popular education, which, as far as it has yet progressed, has been very effective in intellectual development; while, in view of the constant increase of vice and crime, the amount of pauperism, the lack in society at large of nice moral perception and of just discrimination between right and wrong in the daily intercourse of people one with another, we are learning that our system is imperfect until we engraft upon it a more thorough method of training that shall result in a higher standard of moral character.

"In looking over this matter it is to be considered that children of the school-age spend the best part of the day in school; so that where the parents are qualified and disposed to give the needful instruction, their opportunities for doing so are less than those of the teacher; and it is a well-known fact that a large proportion of the homes are destitute of this qualification and disposition."

The writer then sets down various moral principles, and under each a set of maxims, taken from the "great moral teachers" of mankind, offering them as a suggestion towards a moral code to be taught in the schools. We copy one set of authorities thus given: Moses, Hebrew Law-giver; Manu, Hindu, B.C. 1200; Leo-tse, B.C. 604; Zoroaster, Persian, B.C. 589; Buddhist

Commandment; Paul the Apostle. Now, we are sure that honest Protestants will never suffer their little ones to be taught "morality" in whole or in part, good or bad, by heathen lawgivers. In fact, the public-school partisans have been so encompassed with the narrowness of beaurocracy that their opponents will soon embrace all who believe that Jesus Christ is the divinely-appointed teacher of morality to the human race. Even yet most of them feel as secure of their possession of the people's children as if not a breath of opposition had ever been breathed. The complacency with which they regard an antagonist fired with the most potent of all human forces, the religious sentiment, is something amazing. With them religious education is not even respectable, and a compromise with any form of religious education or of all combined is something entirely too humiliating to be thought of.

The plea for a change in the public-school system is supported by the two pillars of human happiness, the rights of God and the rights of the family. There is no manner of doubt that to observe the law of God one must be trained to it. Human nature is not good enough to obey the moral law, even in its simplest rudiments, by mere instinct; its natural knowledge of many of the most important precepts of the natural law is vague, and its power of observance lamentably weak. The heart of man is with difficulty led to follow a supernatural end. The present joy is what he covets; the future, the unseen, the promised is difficult to choose instead of the present. This alone proves that God never meant that any notable instrument of training the human mind should be let go "neutral." Rather his supremacy as the ruler and only end of every reasonable being demands that his existence, his attributes, and his precepts shall take the very first place in the child's education. If, indeed, any parents desire schools absolutely unreligious, or are willing to limit their control over their children's schooling to the ballot-box and the caucus, let them hang on to the fragments of the present system. But the case with religious parents, Catholic or non-Catholic, is that they are haunted with the persuasion that the schooling of the child has to do with his eternal salvation; and that what his teachers and companions and surroundings and influences are, such will his soul become. Such parents are consumed with the love of eternal things, and school-time and school-life are too precious in their eyes to be thrown aside while the scales are being freighted for the judgment.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE RELIGIOUS STATE. A Digest of the Doctrine of Suarez, contained in his treatise *De Statu Religionis*. By William Humphrey, priest of the Society of Jesus. 3 vols. octavo. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1884.

This digest of the great work of Suarez on the Religious State, although abbreviated from the original, is still a large and extensive work in three royal octavo volumes. It is published in a very handsome style in large, clear print, conveniently divided and arranged. Every scholar knows how exhaustively, and with what pre-eminent learning, acuteness, and thoroughness, Suarez handles every great topic upon which he has written. The foundation and substance of his doctrine are taken from St. Thomas. But he is far more minute and copious in his exposition than his great master, and never a servile copyist, so that his works are always original and not mere expansions of the text of another. So far as we are informed on the subject, the work of Suarez is the best and most complete extant, and it possesses the highest authority which any such work by a private doctor can have. "In Suaresio tota schola loquitur." The work is theological in its scope and method, and not of the nature of what is called "spiritual reading." Father Humphrey has made his digest in the most admirable manner, so that, as it comes from his hand, it is much better than a mere literal translation would be. The third volume treats exclusively of the Society of Jesus. Those who wish to know what this celebrated and calumniated order really is will do well to look here for their information, instead of going to books which contain either falsified or at least imperfect and meagre accounts. For theologians, confessors of religious, and the members of religious or quasi-religious institutes and societies this digest is invaluable.

MENTAL EVOLUTION IN ANIMALS. By George John Romanes, LL.D., F.R.S., author of *Animal Intelligence*. With a posthumous Essay on Instinct by Charles Darwin, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1884.

This elaborate contribution to the literature of evolution is characterized by the merits and the shortcomings which pertain to the best productions of the English followers of Darwin. It is replete with facts and the results of close scientific observation; and this constitutes its chief value in our eyes, for its reasoning is loose and defective. It is strange that out of the mass of rapidly accumulating data which our present methods of investigation have enabled naturalists to collate they can give as their final outcome nothing more novel or more savory than the crude materialism which Broussais years ago offered to the world in the guise of science. The interesting array of facts which Dr. Romanes has culled from zoölogy, chemistry, anatomy, and physiology challenge our impartial admiration and make us honor the devotion to science which prompted their collection;

but the very assiduity he bestowed on these various lines of minute inquiry seems to have disqualified him for drawing the sole inferences which they warrant. The time is ripe almost for clearly indicating the relations between the indubitable truths of psychology as held by Aristotle, Plato, St. Augustine, and St. Thomas, and the discoveries of modern physiology. Dr. Romanes' work, being of almost equal importance with the wonderful and painstaking labors of Darwin, is well calculated to furnish a text for such an effort, and we will accordingly at a future period recur to a fuller consideration of its views.

THE BOOK OF THE PROFESSED.

SPIRITUAL DIRECTION FOR THE USE OF RELIGIOUS COMMUNITIES. By the author of *Golden Sands*. Translated from the French by Miss Ella McMahon. Benziger Brothers.

It is sufficient to say of both these little works that, though small in compass, they are solid and extensive in learning. They received the approbation of many French bishops on their first appearance, and cannot but be very helpful to the many devout communities of religious women here in America for whom they have been translated.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA; FROM THE DISCOVERY OF THE CONTINENT. By George Bancroft. The Author's Last Revision. Volume iv. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1884.

The fourth volume of Mr. Bancroft's history covers the most momentous period of our national life; indeed, it may be said to be the period of our national birth—the American Revolution; "America takes up arms for self-defence and arrives at independence." In the twenty-eight chapters of this volume are delineated the resistance of the colonies to England's mistaken policy towards them, the assembling of a general congress, the action of the people and of the States, the first clash of arms and the war's beginning, the State acts of independence, and finally the national Declaration of Independence. No one can doubt the patriotism of the author, manifested throughout the work with true genuineness. No one can fail to appreciate the study and care which characterize these pages, manifested both in their historical material and in their classical language. This is one of the finest of American books ever written in the English language. It cannot fail to be admired wherever that tongue is spoken, nor to be translated, as preceding editions have been, into most of the languages of civilized nations. Mr. Bancroft's account of Catholic emancipation in Canada is interesting, yet not wholly disingenuous. We do not agree with him that by the measures then adopted by Great Britain towards Canada the Catholic worship was as effectually established in Canada as the Presbyterian Church in Scotland. The restoration to the Catholics of Canada of their ancient churches and ecclesiastical revenues was a simple act of restitution. It thus turned out that the blundering policy of the mother-country resulted at once in the independence of the American colonies and the disenthralment of the Canadas. We think New England and Massachusetts are given undue credit and prominence in the struggle for independence, and we regret Mr. Bancroft's long and studious

life has not subdued his prejudices. In his first volume he makes the first Maryland colonists consist of a majority of Protestants; in the present volume he reduces the Catholics of Maryland to "scarcely an eighth, perhaps not more than a twelfth, part of the population." He attributes to Great Britain worldly or political motives for emancipating the Catholics of Canada, and the same motive to Congress for extending to Catholics "the principle of religious equality and freedom."

WHAT IS "CASTLE GOVERNMENT"? A question answered for Americans interested in the Irish Question, by the Irish National League of America. Chicago: The Irish National League of America. 1884.

This is one of the most valuable pamphlets we have read on the Irish question. Except in Mr. Healy's *Why there is an Irish Land League*, so much accurate and clearly-expressed information on an Irish political topic has not been given in so small a compass. The brochure is ostensibly issued for the enlightenment of "Americans interested in the Irish question" (and that phrase includes, or ought to include, all the publicists of all kinds in the United States); but Irish-Americans and Irishmen who may think they know all about public affairs in Ireland will find on reading this pamphlet that they have yet something to learn. We confess ourselves indebted to it for a considerable expansion and clearing of our own views.

How often do we hear that phrase, "Castle government," yet how few, if challenged, could give a complete and accurate answer as to what it means. An extraordinary difference exists between the form of government in vogue in Ireland and that in vogue in England, though both countries are technically under the same constitution. Laws are made for Ireland in England by Englishmen, but the Irish government to which they are handed over to be administered—Castle government—is so constituted that it can exercise a most galling system of tyranny without the aid of any laws from London. It is an entirely irresponsible, unrepresentative despotism. How few understand clearly the difference between this despotism and the almost republican freedom enjoyed in England. How few can define the functions of the lord-lieutenant, his privy council, his chief secretary, his law adviser; or know the important difference between the permanent and the non-permanent officials of Dublin Castle; or understand the circumstances that make the Irish judiciary dependants and tools of the Castle, while the English judiciary are independent of the government and fearless administrators of justice; or are aware of the modern system by which Irish juries are "packed" as effectually as they were in O'Connell's day! All this, and more, the pamphlet under notice explains. It is written in a bright and picturesque style—perhaps a little too rhetorical for its purpose, although that makes it easier reading for the general public.

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD. By Oliver Goldsmith. With a preface and notes by Austin Dobson. Parchment Library. New York: Appleton & Co.

Here is dear old Noll's imperishable masterpiece enshrined in all the daintiness of vellum covers, linen paper, antique typography, and a preface and notes by that daintiest of literary virtuosos, Austin Dobson! Having

seen this "Parchment Library" edition of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, nobody who truly loves that lovable chronicle will want to see it in any other edition. Rarely do a publisher and editor produce such perfect harmony between a work and its setting. Mr. Austin Dobson, than whom perhaps there is no littérateur living better versed in eighteenth-century lore, has put his best work into what must have been truly love's labor for him. His notes are a charming pendant to the text: full of out-of-the-way information gathered and selected with evident care, illustrating every illustratable point in Dr. Primrose's quaint narration, and given with that sunny touch which imparts to the result of intense painstaking the effect of a casual gossip by a library fire. To give a taste of their quality we will extract a portion of one of the notes. In the note on the vicar's cure of "thirty-five pounds a year" some curious illustrations are presented as to the miserable condition of the Protestant inferior clergy—and the inferior clergy numbered half, if not more than half, of the entire body—in England in the eighteenth century. Mr. Dobson quotes a paper that appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for November, 1763, the object of which was to obtain some increase of their emoluments. "After describing them," says the note, "in many places as 'patrolling the streets from door to door' at stated times 'to pick up a paultry subscription'; in others, as 'involv'd in debt and drench'd in poverty,' and in most as 'drudging on for water-gruel and naked wablings, in a threadbare coat,' the writer finally proposes that —assuming the wife's portion to be enough to place the children in the world—they should certainly be allowed 'sufficient to maintain a man, with one or two domestics, as necessity requires, and to supply the various exigencies that commonly happen in a family.' What this sufficient maintenance, or competency, should be he goes on to explain, and the explanation is significant: 'Not the pay of a *first-rate officer* in the army. No, I would hardly ask that of a *supervisor* in the excise, much less the *thousands* of the *commissioners*. But I would have him set above the swarm of *excisemen* with their *fifties*. I would have his place, which is of more importance than any other in the nation, to be at least as good as my lord's *honest steward's*, and somewhat better than his *butler's* or *valet de chambre's*. I presume no reasonable man will think 80*l.* a year, at least, too much for a clergyman to live upon as he ought.'" We can agree with Mr. Dobson that the modesty of this demand goes far to prove the pleader's contention.

Mr. Dobson's Preface is a bright and graceful little piece of criticism.

MEMOIR OF CHARLES LOWE. By his wife, Martha Perry Lowe. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co., Old Corner Bookstore. 1884.

Mr. Lowe graduated with high honors at Harvard University in 1847, was afterwards tutor, studied for the Unitarian ministry, and was engaged in various avocations connected with his profession until his death at the age of forty-six. He was the founder and first editor of the *Unitarian Review*. His character, as portrayed by Mrs. Lowe, was one of singular sincerity, uprightness, and amiability, and the story of his life shows that he endeavored from his childhood up to fulfil his duty, as his conscience dictated it to him, with fidelity and earnestness. Some of the best and most pleasing phases

of New England character and life, simple and charming scenes of home-like virtue and happiness, episodes of foreign travel and of our late civil war, described in a natural and quiet style with a lady's perfectly correct taste and sense of propriety, relieve and diversify the narrative of the professional and official career of the subject of the biography. In this career Mr. Lowe undoubtedly acquired a very important influence, and won for himself an unusual amount of esteem and affection from persons of very various opinions and sympathies in his denomination. We have no wish to say anything on this head, although it is not devoid of interest as pertaining to the religious history of the descendants of the Puritans. Let it suffice to express the opinion we have formed after reading this *Memoir*, that Mr. Lowe was one of those who had his face and not his back turned toward God and heaven, toward the light of Christianity and the hope of improving the world by religion and not by agnosticism. He sought to preserve and fan the dying flame of belief still left among the offspring of the Puritans, and to preach the pure and high Christian morality which is giving way before a paganism slightly, when it is at all, veiled by a nominal respect for the Christian law. The tone of the biography shows that his true and faithful companion is of one mind and heart with him. It is morally wholesome and pure, as well as genial, and we think will have a good influence upon that class of persons who are likely to read it, in checking the tendency to scepticism and materialism.

What Might Have Been. From the French. By Mrs. Cashel Hoey. 1 vol. 12mo. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

This is another of those delightful stories which have made Mrs. Cashel Hoey's name a word to conjure with in Catholic homes. With all the grace and lightness of touch which give to the work of French writers so peculiar a fascination, *What Might Have Been* is a novel of the wholesomest kind. Its scene is laid in France, chiefly during the period covered by the Franco-Prussian war; and some of its incidents are exciting episodes of battle occurring to characters in the story who are attached to the Army of the Loire. Not seldom does it happen that books of the wholesomer kind are found to be heavy reading for young people. Here is a book whose plot and incidents are as thrilling as its lesson is exalting.

Hand-Book of Tree-Planting; or, Why to Plant, Where to Plant, What to Plant, How to Plant. By Nathaniel H. Egleston, Chief of Forestry Division, Department of Agriculture, Washington. New York: Appleton & Co. 1884.

As we do not pretend to have any special knowledge about tree-planting, we will not presume to criticise this handy little volume. But there can be no doubt of the importance of the subject it treats of, and there can be little doubt that the author is well fitted for his task. He says his book is "not designed so much for the amateur or the ornamental planter as for the one who is desirous of cultivating trees on the large scale, and with a view to profit rather than to adornment or mere æsthetic effect"; but he has "endeavored to treat the subject in such a manner as will make the work a proper guide to the tree-planter, whoever he may be or whatever may be his object in planting."

EDITH: A Tale of the Present Day. By Lady Herbert. London: Richard Bentley & Son. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

Lady Herbert is noted for her crisp, graphic style and her power of manipulating dramatic situations. In this book all her rare gifts are displayed at their best. *Edith* is a story of absorbing interest, told with consummate skill and fine feeling. It is a tale of actual life in the present day, and the characters are not sticks but flesh-and-blood people. Needless to say its tone is pure and truly Catholic. From all points of view it deserves high commendation.

A GRAVEYARD FLOWER. By Wilhelmine Von Hillern. From the German by Clara Bell. New York: W. S. Gottsberger. 1884.

This flower has a deathly odor. Wilhelmine Von Hillern is a very sentimental person, intent only on searching for means of exciting emotions of an unwholesome nature and touching the morbid sensibilities of frivolous readers. The heroine of the story, daughter of the gardener of the graveyard, being placed in a difficult dilemma between two lovers, a count and a hearse-driver, extricates herself, although an innocent and pious Catholic girl, by taking poison and dying, after devoutly receiving the last sacraments. The count buries her in his own tomb, and Walter, her other lover, drives the hearse. After the funeral Walter passes all his leisure time sitting on the ground near her tomb, where he is found one morning by the grave-digger, dead. "Not far off lay a thrush frozen to death. The winter wind had been merciful to Walter, and had laid an icy hand on his fiery griefs. Peace brooded over all the graves." Would that all such literature as this might share the fate of the thrush! It is fit only for those silly girls who wander into the woods hand-in-hand and take Paris-green.

A SHORT MEMOIR OF ESTERINA ANTINORI. Translated from the Italian by Lady Herbert. Dedicated to the Children of the Sacred Heart in England, Ireland, and America. Dublin: Gill & Son. 1884.

Little Esther, the daughter of the Marquis Antinori, was a pupil of the Roman Academy of the Sacred Heart, who died during the Christmas week of 1881, at the age of seventeen. She was just one of the loveliest and best of that numerous band of maidens who may be counted by thousands in the convent schools. To these, and more than others to the pupils of the Sacred Heart, this charming *Memoir* from the graceful hand of Lady Herbert will be specially interesting. Esterina was about to enter the novitiate. However, the Lord took her with her wreath and blue ribbon and premium of excellence, instead of waiting until she was decorated with the cross and ring. May her bright example encourage her fellow-pupils to follow her footsteps in the path which leads to the blessedness she is now enjoying!

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XXXIX. JULY, 1884. NO. 232.

MEXICO OF TO-DAY.

THE recent opening of railroad communication between the United States and the capital of Mexico draws a large share of attention to the republic on our southern border. It is a fact, if a strange one, that up to the present time Americans in general know less of their immediate neighbors on this continent than of almost any other part of the civilized world. The politics, the social life, the religious feelings, and the material resources of any nation of Europe are better understood here than those of Mexico. The frontier vaqueros and gamblers are the typical Mexicans of popular ideas in this country, much as the cowboys and miners of the Western States figure as representative Americans to certain classes in England, Germany, and France. Revolutions and highway robbery are believed to be the chief employment of the Mexican population, and laziness and ignorance their general characteristics. Of the social organization, the industries, the literature and art, and all that constitutes the civilization, properly so-called, of the Mexican people, the immense majority of Americans know absolutely nothing.

It is not uncommon with a large class to look on the Mexicans as mere temporary occupants of a part of this continent, destined to pass away like the uncivilized Indian tribes, or at best to be absorbed into the population of the United States, like the original French settlers of Louisiana and Missouri. It is assumed that what has happened in California and Texas will be

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repeated in Mexico itself, and that the native population will disappear in the tide of foreign immigration. The position of the Mexican population, however, is very different from that of the scattered colonies that have been so easily absorbed. The Spanish-American settlers in Texas and California were only a handful of new-comers, scattered over a wide and fertile territory. The present Mexican republic has a population little less dense than that of the United States. Moreover, that population is, in the full sense of the word, a nation, possessing a history, a long-established social organization, and habits of life suited to the circumstances of its country and widely different from those of any part of the United States. History shows how difficult it is to dispossess an entire nation from its country. It may be conquered by an invader, and a foreign aristocracy established in possession of its soil, but the people remains unchanged. The Norman conquerors of England, the Lombards and Germans in Italy, the Teutonic tribes who founded the French monarchy, and the Spaniards themselves in Mexico and Peru—all failed to change permanently the populations of the conquered countries. And so it would be in Mexico, were it conquered to-day by a foreign invader. Nations may be exterminated by the sword, but they do not die out of the countries where they have once established themselves. Mexico is occupied by a population of ten millions, which, moreover, is growing more rapidly than that of most long-settled countries. Humboldt, at the beginning of this century, considered, on close investigation, that with the continuance of peace the population of New Spain would double in nineteen years. The constant revolutions of which the country has been the theatre since has certainly prevented any such growth; but there seems no reason to suppose that with their cessation the population will not rapidly increase once more. Even in California and the other portions of the Union acquired from Mexico the Spanish population is much larger to-day than it was when they first became American territory. It has been outnumbered by other elements, but where are immigrants to come from in sufficient numbers to absorb the ten millions of Mexico in their own land?

The existence of a large laboring population in any country has always proved an insurmountable obstacle to its colonization by laborers of another race, unless the condition of the latter were lower in point of material comfort. The English in India and the French in Algeria are comparatively a mere handful among the native races which hold their ground as the bulk of

the population. The influx of immigrants which has built up the Western States with such rapidity is almost wholly made up of workingmen in search of work at better rates than they could find it at home, and of cheap and fertile land. Neither inducement is to be found for immigration to Mexico. The wages of labor are scarcely, on an average, one-third of the rates current in this country, and there is no reserve of public land worth speaking of open to settlement within the actual limits of the republic. The greater part of the soil is already, and has been for generations, in the hands of private proprietors, who are unwilling to sell except at large prices. The mines are in a similar condition. For over three centuries mining has been the chief industry of Mexico, and every district has been visited by keen-sighted prospectors. Of course it is possible that new mines may be discovered by foreign explorers, or that the introduction of improved machinery may render abandoned mines once more profitable; but such cases will be necessarily rare. The cheaper labor of the Mexicans will always command the preference of capitalists, whether native or foreign; and even were another Comstock Ledge to be discovered in Mexico it would have small effect in producing any permanent immigration. It is significant that the Chinese immigration which has caused such serious dissatisfaction throughout the Pacific States of the Union, and which is fast superseding the native population in the Hawaiian Islands, has never been turned to Mexico. The native laborer works at lower rates than the Chinese could. This fact shows how little likelihood there is of any industrial invasion by immigrants of the white race either from this country or from Europe.

Apart from the comparative density of the population and the cheapness of labor, the climate of a large part of Mexico, and that by far the richest in soil and natural products, offers almost insuperable obstacles to immigration from this country. It is remarkable that European colonization during the last three centuries has never succeeded in planting a population of its own race in the tropics in the same way as has been repeatedly done in the temperate zones. It has been easy enough to conquer land, but the difficulty has been to induce white colonists to work it. If there were no native laborers available, men of other races had to be imported for most heavy work, like the negroes in the West Indies and the Kanakas in Queensland to-day. The attempts at founding French colonies on the Coatzacoalcos River some fifty years ago, though encouraged by

large grants from the Mexican authorities, proved a miserable failure from this cause. The transition from life and work in France to life and work in Mexico was too great to be compensated for by any richness of soil or diversity of products. The farmers and mechanics abandoned the colonies completely and either returned to France or scattered. From the old Scotch colony at Darien in the days of William of Orange, down to the Brazilian experiment made by our own Southern planters immediately after the war, the same result has attended all attempts at planting a white population within the tropics, and it need not be supposed that it will be otherwise in Mexico.

While there seems little likelihood of any considerable displacement of the Mexican race, it is unquestionable that its present condition will be considerably changed by the increased intercourse with the outer world which must henceforth prevail. There will doubtless be some infusion of foreigners into the business classes, and it is not impossible that the railroad companies may take an active part in political intrigues for their financial interests. Moreover, the process of amalgamation between the different elements of the population, which has been going on slowly for three centuries, is likely to be greatly accelerated with the facility of travel through the country. In Mexico both the distinctions of class and those of race are well marked. The Indians, even around the capital, manage their own affairs and government with little interference from the higher authorities beyond the collection of taxes. Each Indian village forms a self-governed community, whose laws are implicitly obeyed by the members. In the general affairs of the state they take no part, though at times they may be pressed into the army or compelled to take part in a revolution, willing or unwilling. It is rarely, however, that they show anything like strong feeling on any side. In the past they have at times rallied with enthusiasm to particular leaders of their own race. Tomas Mejia, who shared the fate of Maximilian in 1867, was such a leader; and more recently still Lozada, who ruled as sovereign for many years in Tepic and lost his life in an attempt to revolutionize the government of the State of Jalisco. As a general rule, however, the Indians who reside in their own villages take little part in politics. They are peaceful, laborious, and honest, and usually devout Catholics. Neither highway robberies nor revolutions can be fairly charged to them, and they are faithful in their contracts and other dealings. There is, however, a good deal of variety among these Indian communities. The Mayos

and Zapotecas are more restless and brighter than the Aztecs, and in Yucatan the authority of the central government is little more than nominal. Though the Indian languages are still retained in private, these pure Indians generally speak Spanish also. In some places traces of the old heathen practices still survive in private, but they are not usually much more than the Hallow-Eve incantations practised a generation ago in Ireland and Scotland. In other respects the Indians are thoroughly devoted Catholics, fully as much so, indeed, as any population in Europe. The services rendered to their race by the church, which through the whole period of the Spanish dominion was ever the protector of the Indians, have not been forgotten. The faith transmitted from the early missioners is still the faith of the Mexican Indians, and in all the revolutions of the last sixty years they have never wavered in their spiritual allegiance to the true church. The spoliations of unscrupulous rulers of European blood have more than once been baffled by the energetic defence of their churches by the pure Indians of Mexico, the descendants of the Aztec idolaters. Even to-day there are numerous Indian villages in which the settlement of European strangers is strictly forbidden; but an exception is always made in favor of the Catholic clergy, of whatever race. Taken altogether, in morals, in respect for the rights of others, and in patient industry, the bulk of the pure Indians of Mexico may fairly compare with the peasantry of most European countries. They are, it is true, indifferent to politics and have little desire to change the conditions of life handed down to them by their fathers, but it may well be questioned whether their patient contentment with their lot is not a nobler quality than the restless envy which seems to be the dominant passion in the working-classes of many civilized lands.

The Indians who have retained their separate communities are only a part, though a large one, of the aboriginal population in Mexico. Under the Aztec empire considerable cities and what would to-day be called an official class existed before the Spanish conquest, as well as the rural population, which has handed down its ways of life to its descendants almost unchanged. The Indians of the cities have adopted many European ways unknown to the rural tribes, and have become intermixed with the Spanish conquerors to a very considerable degree. The mines and public works have also drawn a large number of the inhabitants from pure Indian villages, and these in course of time have adopted to a greater or less extent the habits and ideas of their employ-

ers. These half-Europeanized Indians and mixed races form the larger part of the population at the present day and furnish the truest type of its national character. The creoles of pure Spanish blood number somewhat over a million, the pure Indians probably four, and the mixed races, shading off by imperceptible degrees between the two, fully five millions. The Mexican nationality to-day is essentially a mixed one. It does not represent either the Spanish conquerors or the conquered Aztecs, but a mixture of both. The revolution was not an Indian revolt against the European dominant race, nor was it merely a revolt of the Spanish creoles against the mother-country. Originating from the convulsions of the Spanish monarchy caused by the invasion of Napoleon and the War of Independence in Spain, the Mexican insurrection enlisted both the race-antipathy of the Indians to their conquerors and the political aspirations of the creoles. The first rising, under Hidalgo, was mainly supported by the Indians. At a later period the idea of an independent Mexican nation was adopted by the creoles of European descent, who sought allies in the Indian population. Various measures were taken to conciliate the support of the latter. The annual commemoration of the conquest of the Aztec empire was abolished after the revolution, and the Aztec symbol of the eagle and cactus was taken for the flag of the new Mexican republic. The blending of the Spanish and Indian races in the Mexico of our time is still incomplete, but it is going on rapidly. The Indians had no national system of government to revive nor any political education as a class, and hence the outward form, so to speak, of the republic is that of a modern community of European race. In practice, however, from the indifference of the pure Indians to politics and the superior wealth and intelligence of the pure white race, it is rather a semi-military aristocracy than a democracy. It could not well be otherwise in a nation so constituted. When the independence of Mexico was established the only form of government with which its people were acquainted was the absolute bureaucracy of the Spanish office-holders. The power of the viceroy of Mexico had been jealously limited by the policy of the Spanish court. Boards of auditors, corporations of magistrates, and similar bodies composed of officials directly appointed by the home government, held the chief power in the government of the country. So strictly were the viceroys watched that on one occasion St. Croix, who held that office, was reprimanded severely for commuting the punishment of an ordinary criminal, and another viceroy was

arrested and deposed by a decree of the auditors. The Spanish king, though absolute in theory, was too distant to exert much influence in the internal administration of his dominions beyond the Atlantic. The colony was thus governed by a system of boards or commissions for the various departments of the administration. With the downfall of the Spanish dominion the whole system became unworkable, and it was necessary for the Mexican leaders to wholly remodel the very form of government for their country. That only a small class should have any comprehension of the nature of such a task was inevitable. The great mass of the population was bewildered at the idea of taking an active part in the formation of their own government, and even still the majority take little interest in politics. The small political class consequently controls the government completely. The state authorities are practically subject to confirmation by the president and Congress, and the control of the army, which is now highly organized and well drilled, makes the president very nearly supreme over Congress. Such a system is strange to American ideas, but it is hard to see what substitute could be recommended in the present condition of the Mexican people.

It must be remembered, in justice to the Mexicans, that theirs is not the only country which has to contend with difficulties in the introduction of popular government. Italy and France have had experience of a similar character, and the number of votes cast at most elections in the so-called constitutional countries of Europe shows that the Mexican Indians are not singular in their indifference to political affairs. Neither need it be assumed that the race-distinctions now existing must necessarily continue always. The Norman-French conquerors of England during fully two centuries held their Saxon vassals in as complete a political isolation as the Indians were kept in by the Spaniards. Yet after the connection with France was broken the two races rapidly fused into one. The dynasty and government of the Normans were adopted as their own by the conquered Anglo-Saxons, who, like the Mexican Indians to-day, had lost the practical knowledge of any political system of their own. Considering the amount of fusion that has already gone on between the races, and the part played in the government by pure Indians like Juarez and Porfirio Diaz, there seems good reason to expect that in a few generations the different races may blend as perfectly in Mexico as did the Saxons and Normans in England.

Race-distinctions are not the only point of distinction, how-

ever, between the Mexican population and its northern neighbors. The social distinction of classes is strongly marked, apart from the question of race. The upper or ruling class is quite distinct socially from the lower orders. The line between the aristocracy and the working-classes is drawn as definitely in Mexico to-day as it was in France under the old régime or in England of the last century. It is true that there are no titles of nobility recognized by law and no legally privileged class, such as exists in Germany and England, but still the control of the government is virtually in the hands of an aristocracy. The Mexican aristocracy differs in its origin from the feudal aristocracies of Europe, and has more affinity with the modern English system. It is composed of the rich land-owners and mining proprietors, the wealthy bankers and merchants, and the official classes, with the families connected with and depending on all those classes. In social refinement and education, as well as in general ability and astuteness, the upper class in Mexico will bear comparison with any population of Europe or America. While the infidelity of modern French life is a good deal spread among them, it is far from having a deep hold on the public mind. A Mexican will often rail against the clergy, but he seldom attacks the dogmas of Christianity or expresses any dislike for religion itself. The spirit of Paul Bert or Virchow is not that of the Mexicans, even the most radical. Their family life, too, is purer than in the upper classes of France or Prussia. All the Mexican races are represented in the upper classes, Indian as well as white, though, as might be expected, the Spaniards of pure blood form the largest element. The aristocracy is not confined to the capital, but spreads throughout the country. The Southern planters before the war resembled pretty closely the present country aristocracy of Mexico.

The Indians who retain their tribal organization, as already mentioned, are chiefly employed in cultivating their own lands. When they hire out as laborers, either on public works or for private employers, the contracts are usually made with the chief of the tribe, not with individuals, and the time is always specified at which the services are to end. Like many other customs, this system has been handed down from the days immediately following the conquest by Cortez. It was introduced by the Spanish court to prevent the enslaving of the Indians or the risk of their being transported to distant provinces under the pretence of hiring their services. It has certainly protected the personal freedom of the natives in the past, and their condition

under it at present is in many ways better than that of the rest of the working population. Like the aristocracy, the latter is made up of different races. On the frontiers, where the Indians remained hostile during long periods, Spanish blood predominates even among the laboring population. Such is the case in Sonora and Chihuahua, where the Apaches, Navajoes, and other tribes continue independent. In the mining districts, such as Jalisco and Guanajuato, though there is a large amount of white blood in the lower classes, it is generally mingled with the Indian races. In Guerrero and Vera Cruz a negro element is to be found, but in general the negro plays a very small part in the population. The ancestors of the present negro population were, of course, introduced as slaves, but slavery never existed on a large scale in Mexico and was wholly abolished soon after the establishment of independence. The liberated slaves have remained on the plantations of their former masters, and are among the most light-hearted and at the same time the most indolent part of the whole Mexican population.

The material condition of the Mexican working-classes is much worse than that of laborers in any part of America. Thirty cents a day is the common rate of wages in the country, and for that they are contented to perform the heaviest labors. Farm-work, mining, factory-labor, and domestic service are all alike paid low. The custom of making loans to laborers to be repaid by work is common and tends materially to prevent their social advancement. The large factories which are not uncommon in certain districts are thus enabled to retain their hands as long as they desire. The latter are not allowed to leave their employment till they have paid their debts; and as that is generally impossible out of wages which are barely enough for support, the debtor continues a virtual prisoner to his life's end. The food, clothing, and lodging of the Mexican laborer is of a very poor quality, though, in general, the mildness of the climate and the absence of overcrowding make his condition less miserable than that of the lower classes in the cities of Europe. Amid all his privations the Mexican laborer is cheerful and polite. The spirit of discontent with his lot or envy of the condition of others is far less shown in Mexico than either in Europe or this country. The ties of family are warmly preserved among them; and however poor a Mexican may be himself, he is ready to share whatever he has with his more needy fellows. That the Mexican peons are much behind the standard of either this country or western Europe in book-learning, in general

knowledge, or in self-reliance must be admitted. The conditions under which they have existed for generations may, however, be reasonably held accountable for much of the deficiencies shown by them in such respects. In intelligence they are by no means lacking. They acquire the skill required for manufactures and trades as readily as most European races, and the children exhibit marked quickness in picking up knowledge at school. A certain degree of precocity is, indeed, to be noted among the children of all classes, but it does not seem to be accompanied by the same tendency to early decay as in other countries.

The increase of schooling facilities for all classes is a favorite object of the recent governments of Mexico. The primary schools and the colleges have both received a good deal of attention of late years. The higher colleges in the capital, especially the School of Mines, are fully up to the rank of similar institutions in the United States or Europe. In addition every State possesses its own college, and primary schools are tolerably numerous and increasing in numbers. To found a good system of public instruction is, however, at least as hard a task as to found a suitable system of government, and it is to be feared that the present educational movement in Mexico is guided more by theories derived from other lands than by practical experience of its people's wants. The learning of reading and writing alone has no special tendency to promote self-reliance or energy in a people; and those are the qualities which are specially needed in Mexico at present. The hostility to the church of the heads of the government is also a most serious difficulty. There can be no education worthy of the name without moral training, and such training cannot be expected from men actuated by no higher motives than those of the ordinary politician in Mexico or elsewhere. It may be hoped, however, that the existing spirit of hostility to the church is only a temporary feeling. The bulk of the population still retains the faith firmly, and if it takes a larger share in the government in the future than it has done in the past the change cannot but be favorable to the church, which is besides identified with the best traditions in the country's history. In the meantime, however, so long as the government maintains its attitude of hostility to the church, which the nation at large regards as the only authority in either morals or religion, but little need be expected from the public schools for the improvement of the Mexican people, though, without doubt, the list of schools and colleges organized of late

years will fill a large place in the letters of special correspondents during the next few months.

From what has been said of the various elements composing it, it will easily be seen how difficult it is to institute a fair comparison between the Mexican population and that of this country. Nations, like individuals, have distinct characters, and difference of national character is very far from implying inferiority on the one side or superiority on the other. One race may be superior to another in military or political qualities, and wholly inferior in social organization or intellectual endowments. No impartial observer would call the Turks a higher class of mankind than the Greeks or Arabs, yet for several centuries the Turks have ruled over both races. The Spaniards for over two centuries held sway over the Italians in the south of Europe and the Belgians in the north; but no one to-day will claim that the people of Spain are naturally a superior race to those of Italy and Belgium. Nevertheless there are few points on which the majority of men are more ready to form judgments off-hand than on the characters of other nations. The average German regards the French as a nation of mere noisy braggarts, incapable of serious thought or steady exertion in any direction. The Frenchman, on his part, regards the German as little more than an intellectual barbarian, alike devoid of social polish and international honesty. The English until lately looked upon the other nations of Europe as naturally unfit for free institutions, and, in fact, in every respect inferior to themselves. The most trivial differences are often taken as proofs of national inferiority on the part of foreign nations. "I hate the French because they are all slaves and wear wooden shoes," is the remark put by an essayist of the last century in the mouth of a typical English sailor, whose kinsfolk, no doubt, often dispensed with the use of shoes of any kind. The temporary good or bad fortune of a people, too, is often taken as a permanent result of its character, and the latter is judged accordingly. Nations, not less than men, have their periods of success and times of failure, alternating in succession, yet men judge them as if the present were the final moment of decision for all time. The majority to-day in this country look upon the military supremacy of Germany as the natural outcome of the superior fighting qualities of the Germans, wholly forgetful of the fact that three generations ago Germany and all Europe lay helpless at the feet of Napoleon. So it is with many among ourselves when we speak of Mexico or the rest of Spanish America. We look at the material pro-

gress made in our country and there during the last half-century, and we at once ascribe the difference to the want of energy of the Spanish races, as if there had never been a time when Spanish adventurers spread their conquests and colonies from the Rio Grande to Patagonia. We look on the revolutions of Mexico during two generations as conclusive proof of the natural turbulence of its people, and we forget that the same people has passed three centuries of existence in a peace unbroken by the slightest revolt against authority.

That the politicians of Mexico are thoroughly unscrupulous is a notorious fact. The majority of the higher officials, governors, generals, and senators, make no secret of their raids on the public treasury. The late President Lerdo is believed to have accumulated an immense fortune during his tenure of office, and his example has found numerous followers in the officials of every grade. A few months ago the governor of an important State, who is also a general in the federal army, deeded a valuable piece of the State domain to himself as a reward for his military services to the general government, and the transaction scarcely attracted a passing notice. Such occurrences are of every-day occurrence in Mexico; but, with our own experience of political rings, we may well pause before passing any sweeping condemnation on the Mexican people for the rapacity of their public men. The highway-robbers who play such a part in modern descriptions of Mexico were essentially a product of the disturbed condition of the country. Under the Spanish viceroys the roads were perfectly secure, and to-day, with the reorganization of the army and the vigorous measures adopted by the State governments, the highwaymen have practically disappeared again. It would be as unfair to charge the Mexican people as a whole with their deeds as it would be to judge the American people by the doings of Quantrell's bushwhackers during our civil war. In ordinary life the rights of property are as fully respected in Mexico as in any civilized country. Even during the revolutions which preceded the empire of Maximilian, M. de Fossey, an impartial French writer, who had resided for thirty years in the country, declared that if Paris had no more efficient police force than the city of Mexico then had it would be absolutely uninhabitable; and yet life and property were fairly safe in the latter city. That such a state of things should exist is the best proof of the naturally law-abiding character of the Mexicans. Commercial dishonesty is much rarer than in the United States, and the long credits given by

the foreign merchants to the country traders are very rarely attended with any loss. In purely civil matters, too, justice is respected in the Mexican courts at least as scrupulously as in this country. These facts ought to vindicate sufficiently the character for honesty of the Mexican people.

The lack of industry which is often laid to their charge is equally unwarranted. Labor of all kinds is patiently performed by the working-classes of every race, and there is no lack of ability among them for technical work of all kinds. Business enterprise is certainly wanting on the same scale as it is now found in the United States, but the circumstances of the country during the last sixty years amply account for that fact. The works executed in every part of the country during the times of peace may well compare with those of any country of Europe of the same population. The extent to which mining explorations have been carried on, even without the aid of modern machinery, in almost every part of the country, is surprising, and may challenge comparison with the most remarkable displays of energy in the same line in the United States. It is worth note that the attempts made by English and other companies to work celebrated Mexican mines, such as those of the Real del Monte, have given far less satisfactory results than the labors of the Mexican miners. In the cultivation of the soil through the temperate districts the evidences of the industry of the people are remarkable. Land which would be neglected in Texas or California is carefully cultivated, even in small patches, by the peasants of Chihuahua and Durango. Irrigation is applied wherever practicable with a skill and patience unknown in the United States. In the parts of the country where water is scarce the annual rains are collected in huge reservoirs, the contents of which are gradually distributed over the adjoining ground during the spring months, and when the water has been all drawn off the bed of the reservoir itself is carefully planted and cropped. Such a system in a thinly-peopled country does not warrant the reproach of indolence against the people that practises it. The public works of the country executed before the Revolution are also on a scale of such magnitude as few European nations can show. The cathedrals of Mexico, of Lagos, of Leon, of Puebla, and other cities may fairly be classed among the great churches of the world, and the Desague, or canal to carry off the surplus waters of the lakes around the capital, is one of the greatest engineering works of the last three centuries. It is not easy to reconcile the construc-

tion of such works with the character for indolence so lightly attributed to the whole population of Mexico.

In literature Mexico is fairly well represented, in spite of the isolation which has hitherto marked her position. Two hundred years ago the Mexican dramatist Alarcon furnished models to the greatest of French tragedians—Corneille—and light literature is to-day extensively cultivated by the upper class of Mexicans. It is in art, however, that the Mexican intelligence specially excels. Both Europeans and Aztecs are naturally artistic, and music and painting are cultivated to an extent unknown in the United States. The military bands, composed chiefly of Indians, render the most difficult music with a precision and feeling that cannot be excelled in any capital of Europe, and the taste for music is shared by the whole population. Painting, too, is a favorite study, though but few schools have yet been established. The decorations painted on the commonest articles by the Indians in some districts show a genuine art feeling, even among the lowest classes, such as is not to be met with in other parts of the continent. It is fair to add, too, that in natural politeness the Mexicans are much superior to any of their neighbors, nor is their politeness merely superficial. Their family relations are warmly cherished, and the affection between parents and children is far more marked than unfortunately it is in many cases in our own land. Traits of character like these may not strike a stranger so powerfully as business energy or political aptitude, but they are worthy of consideration in judging the true civilization of a nation and the character of its people.

That Mexico, during the sixty years that have passed since she finally threw off the Spanish government, has not succeeded in establishing a stable political system is true. Her presidents have been almost as many as the years of her political existence, without counting the two empires, and nearly every State has had besides domestic revolutions. Since the overthrow of Maximilian, though the changes have been much fewer, there have been two military uprisings, one of which was successful in removing Lerdo de Tejada from the presidency. Even now the permanence of the government, though in name representing the free choice of the people, rests chiefly on the army. The main cause of the comparative peace of the last decade has been the increased efficiency of the army, which, under Porfirio Diaz, has been armed and drilled to a point that will compare with that of most troops of either Europe or America. The extension of railroads, by making easy the transit of troops to different parts

of the republic, will no doubt considerably increase the power of the army as an instrument of government, but it can hardly be counted a satisfactory state of things when a powerful military force is the chief guarantee of freedom and self-government. For the present, however, nothing else can support any government, though if peace be maintained for some years with the forms of self-government habit and increased political activity may gradually make these forms realities.

The hostility towards the church shown by the recent liberal governments has been extremely bitter. The expulsion of the Sisters of Charity from the city of Mexico on the sole ground of their being members of a religious community was a scandal to humanity, and the authorities continue to display in various ways the same spirit. We hardly know whether it adds to or lessens the guilt of the Mexican assailants of religion that they have not the satanic hatred of Christianity which is shown in many parts of Europe. Mexico, since its independence, has been constantly the sport of political theories. A Bourbon monarchy, a national empire, an aristocracy, a democracy, a confederation of States, and a republic one and indivisible, have all been attempted by politicians wholly unacquainted practically with any one of them. In each case it was not the spirit of loyalty, of liberty, or even of political fanaticism that suggested a new form of government. It was simply a theory drawn from the political theories far oftener than from the practical workings of foreign countries, and put boldly into practice by men who themselves only looked on it as an experiment. So it is with the anti-Catholic policy of the liberal government. The seizure of the church property was a tempting bait to men demoralized by constant revolutions, and its confiscation was dictated by simple rapacity, not by any hatred of Christianity. Since the downfall of the empire, however, the warfare against Christianity which has broken out so violently in France, Germany, Italy, Russia, and Switzerland has attracted the imitation of the Mexican liberals. They have adopted persecution as they adopted new forms of government—from fashion, not from conviction or even passion. Like other fashions in Mexico, it will pass away, but in the meanwhile its continuance is a source of incalculable evils. At a time when every moral force in the country should naturally be devoted to raising the national character, and when, even as a matter of political prudence, a sagacious government would endeavor to enlist the religious feelings of the people on the side of the established order, the rulers of Mexico wantonly array themselves

against the faith of the nation. Paul Bert or Clemenceau would fain destroy the church because they hate her doctrines and reject her moral law. The Mexican politicians expel religious and try to have infidelity taught in the schools simply because they look on such measures as part of the programme of liberalism. It is a matter of theory, not of belief.

Whether the existing government will be overthrown by some new revolution, or whether it will gradually strengthen into a permanent military aristocracy, is somewhat uncertain. In either case it is unlikely that the warfare against the church will be long continued. In the meanwhile it is well to understand that the war is waged by the politicians, not the people, of Mexico. The latter may be blamed for permitting its continuance, but it must be remembered that self-government in Mexico is only a theory, and that the bulk of the people have as little to do with electing their rulers as in any despotism. That the effect of the persecution itself will be purifying on the Mexican church we have little doubt. Long peace had led to abuses, and discipline among the clergy in the remoter districts had been much relaxed even before the Revolution. That it had not been strengthened during the confusion of constant revolutions, when means of travel and the means of educating subjects for the priesthood were alike wanting, may easily be understood. The zeal and fervor of the Mexican church under more favorable circumstances had been proved long before. The missions of California, the latest of which were almost of our own day, showed a self-devotion and an intelligent zeal among the missionaries, many of whom were drawn from Mexico, that would honor any clergy in the world. Among the secular priesthood on the frontiers, however, discipline was necessarily relaxed by the difficulty of making episcopal visitations or in any way keeping up much intercourse among the clergy. That the hostility of the government should awaken the zeal of both people and clergy there is reason to expect. Moreover, the want of ready communication among themselves and of facilities for the proper training of students has been a main cause of whatever disorders have grown up. It would be a strange irony of events if the policy of the liberal government in building railroads through the country should help to revive the zeal and strengthen the bonds of discipline among the Mexican clergy. History shows many such instances of how man proposes and God disposes, and the Mexican liberals may be destined to furnish one example more in the results of their present policy.

IS THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC AN ANOMALY IN HISTORY?

Lord Macaulay's prophecy as to the ultimate destiny of American democracy, and the gloomy forebodings of other English political writers, have frightened not a few honest persons for the future of the United States. Our foreign critics usually agree in saying that history has pronounced against the possibility of stability in republican institutions. They are much too ready to cite history in support of their theories, without being sufficiently careful to separate the accidental from the essential, to allow for special influences, and not to be distracted from the realities of things by superficial similarities. If republican forms of government are in their nature unstable and passing, what has become of the governments of the Pharaos and the Cæsars, the Bourbons and the Bonapartes?

One would suppose from the teachings of European critics of America that monarchy was the normal form of government, and that republics had never been anything but doubtful experiments of rare occurrence. Political writers, with a few vague allusions to Greek and Roman democracies, usually pass over completely the important and instructive Italian republics of the middle ages, and, moralizing on the short duration of the French republics, warn the United States of an early end. Mr. Freeman went so far as to give as a title to one of his histories, *The History of Federal Governments from the foundation of the Achaian League until the disruption of the United States*, the work being published at the beginning of our civil war. He explained it afterwards by saying that the United States was really broken up and began again at the close of the war. We may wonder if he would say that the English monarchy came to an end with Charles I., and a new monarchy began at the Restoration?

The fact is that although monarchy may be the form of government best suited to the comparatively modern nations of northern Europe, yet the history of those ancient races to whom the world is really indebted for modern civilization is, when rightly viewed, the history of the struggle of republican and democratic ideas and institutions with the despotic and aristocratic forms of government peculiar to their barbarian invaders.

It is by a mere fiction that monarchy is supposed to be an es-

pecially stable form of government. The French monarchy, as it existed in the eighteenth century, really only dated from Richelieu; the French Revolution has testified to its stability. The earlier government under the Capets and Valois was a suzerainty over great feudatories nearly the equals of the monarch. And what a mere matter of words to call the monarchy of Victoria and of William Rufus by the same name! The Czar Nicholas of Russia was accustomed to say that there was no alternative between despotism and republicanism; that constitutional monarchy is a mere temporary halting-place in the progress of governments.

Our English critics who still persist in the delusion that American character resembles the English have, for the most part, like Lord Macaulay and Mr. Matthew Arnold, resorted to the constructive powers of their inner consciousness in forming a notion of American character. Mr. Freeman, even after travelling in this country, failed to see the radical differences which exist between "the two branches of the English race" in spite of their community of descent. Political speculation founded on their supposed identity of political character is valueless and vain.

The appearance of the Italian republics in the middle ages was not, as writers seem to assume, a mere sporadic breaking out of democracy, but a direct inheritance from the days of the Greek and Roman republics, which, in breaking up, left many smaller republics on their own model. Of the ancient republics the most strikingly interesting to Americans, as offering many points of resemblance to the Constitution of the United States, was the Achaian League, which was a genuine federal government. The one chief magistrate, like our President, was chosen directly by the people for a definite term of service (our system of choice by electors being, of course, practically the same thing), but, unlike our President, sat as a member of the legislative council. The object of the Achaian League was the union of all Peloponnesos in a free and equal democratic confederation. The sovereign power was vested in a popular assembly. The people alone enacted laws, elected magistrates, contracted alliances, and declared war and peace. There existed absolutely no property qualification for attendance at the assembly, which was, as we say, a primary assembly.

Like that of the United States, the constitution was federal. Each city remained a distinct state, sovereign in its own affairs. In all external affairs the federal government was supreme.

Besides the assembly there was the Achaian senate, which was a committee of the assembly and consisted of one hundred and twenty unpaid members. The ministers of the president (or general, as he was called) were not chosen by himself, but chosen at the same time and by the same electors. Besides these officers there was a secretary of state, an under-general, and a general of cavalry. It is strange that Calhoun argued for two presidents in the United States, citing the ancient republics, and quite overlooked the example of the Achaian League. One fault in the Achaian constitution was ingeniously avoided by the framers of the Constitution of the United States. The cities of the League, irrespective of size or population, had equal votes, which was an injustice, while our Constitution provides that the representatives be chosen in proportion to the number of the voters, but provides for the interests of the smaller States in allowing an equal number of senators to each State. The League lasted for one hundred and fifty years, and then fell before the overwhelming forces of the Romans, not from causes inherent in the body politic.

The republics of Rhodes and Byzantium lasted until Rome became an acknowledged monarchy. The republic of Cherson, whose site was that of the modern city of Sebastopol, lasted for a thousand years after Sparta and Athens had ceased to be free, in independence, ruled by Greek presidents. The intense vitality of republican institutions is abundantly shown in their long endurance among the inheritors of the ancient democracies, long after the parent republics had succumbed to the brute force of barbarian invaders, and sufficiently contradicts the ignorant and absurd notion that instability is more inherent in republican and democratic forms of government than in monarchical.

It would be useless to attempt, within the limits of this paper, more than a glance at some of the salient points of the Italian commonwealths, whose municipal forms of government began to revive when the pressure of feudalism was somewhat lightened by the first Otto, who gave permission to the cities to raise walls and take measures of defence. Among the most direct inheritors of Roman and Greek institutions were the republics of Venice, of Naples, and of Amalfi (to Amalfi we are indebted for the preservation of the Pandects of Justinian). The founders of Venice had Roman blood in their veins and preserved their family names at a time when the custom was disused in other parts of Europe. The Venetian government, from its foundation in the fifth century until the so-called Serrata del Consiglio

in 1299, was a democracy. The people, without distinction of rank or wealth, had the elections in their hands. In 1032 was instituted the Council of the Pregadi, chosen by the doge from the most illustrious citizens, and in 1172 was founded the Grand Council of four hundred and eighty members, named annually by twelve tribunes or grand electors, of whom two were chosen from each of the sections of the republic. Later the government consisted of the doge, six counsellors called the Signoria, the Pregadi, now limited to sixty members; and in 1249 the doge was chosen by a commission of forty-one members of the Grand Council, selected by a system of alternate choice and lot. In 1311 was founded the Council of Ten, which consisted of sixteen members; after this the number of the Grand Council was no longer limited to four hundred and eighty. Although the Venetian government since the Serrata del Consiglio has generally been considered the type of aristocratic governments, it would perhaps be more just to consider it as the government of one democracy by another. As the right of entrance in the Grand Council was only limited to the descendants of the original families possessing that right, the council came at last to include many of no position or means that distinguished them from the middling classes. The unique position and character of Venice especially favored the original usurpation. The principal families were at once merchants and warriors, and their vessels at once ships of war and merchantmen. The consequence naturally was that, holding the naval forces in their power, they utterly debarred the people from offering any effective resistance.

It may be here remarked that the Italians never formed a true confederation. The nearest approach to confederation were the two Lombard leagues against Frederick I. and Frederick II. of the house of Hohenstaufen. These leagues, though something more than leagues, were never true confederations. Their deliberations were carried on by a sort of congress consisting of the consuls and podestàs of the towns, who submitted their resolutions to their towns-people, and chose an officer who acted as president at their deliberations. This was analogous to our own first Congress of the Revolution. The governments of the Lombard towns were of much the same plan, founded on Roman customs: two consuls, a Grand Council, and a Consiglio di Credenza; later a podestà, nominated by the emperor. The fact that the Lombard leagues never solidified into a regular confederation may be partly explained by the comparative difficulty of communication in a country constantly harassed by the feudal

barons. In those days the castles of the predatory lords could sustain a long siege, and in order to subdue a tract of country every stronghold had to be taken, one by one; whereas in our day no country would think it worth while to make any further resistance when its army had surrendered.

It may be worth while to examine in detail the constitution of Florence, as many of the republics of central Italy were modelled upon it. The popular government founded by the Florentines in 1250 consisted of the following elements: The citizens divided themselves into twenty companies, according to the quarter of the city they represented, to each of which they gave a chief and a standard-bearer, and replaced the imperial podestà by a judge, who bore the title of captain of the people. His deliberative council consisted of twelve anziani, of whom two were chosen from each quarter of the town. This council was called the Signoria, and was renewed every two months.

It was in the year 1282 that the Florentines established the form of government which lasted until the fall of the republic. The members of this government were called the Priors of the Arts, to indicate that the republic was to be represented by the chief men of the principal occupations. These priors, at first three in number, were afterwards increased to six, to represent the six quarters of the town. They were entrusted with the supreme power, but only remained in office for two months; they were elected by their predecessors in office, by the chiefs and the council of the major arts, and by certain other electors who represented different quarters of the town. These priors were kept close prisoners like jurymen in the palace, where they lived together at the public expense.

In 1323 the Florentines introduced into their elections the odd custom of drawing by lot. In 1328 the following method of election was adopted: A list of eligible citizens, Guelfs of at least thirty-five years of age, was drawn up by a majority of five magistracies: the priors in the name of the government; the gonfaloniers in the name of the militia; the judges of the commerce represented the merchants; and the consuls of the arts, industry.

This list was revised by a "balia," or commission consisting of the magistrates in office and the deputies chosen by the divisions of the town. The commission erased from the list the names of incapable persons and classified the remainder according to their suitability. Finally the names were divided in series,

so that the "purse" from which the Signoria was to be drawn contained twenty-one tickets, each ticket having the names of a gonfalonier and six priori. Similar purses were prepared for the election by lot of the magistrates of the republic. This arrangement was to last three years and a half, when a new "balia" began.

The causes that led to the downfall of the Italian free states came rather from without than from within.

The resistless forces of the monarchical governments of the rest of Europe were too powerful for the Italian republics, even if the latter had been able to subdue their jealousies sufficiently to form a really united confederation.

One of the greatest political blunders of the century is the attempt to organize United Italy under the form of a despotism. Even after the long period of foreign oppression the republican spirit is still active in Italy; and possibly another generation may see a strong united Italian confederacy that will leave to each section, free and intact, its own peculiar autonomy.

The great size of the republic of the United States as compared to the republics we have reviewed, so far from being dangerous to its stability, is in many respects a safeguard. With modern facility of communication, political intrigues are known almost simultaneously in all parts of the country, and the community of language prevents the innumerable causes of misunderstanding which in Italy arose from the difference of language and habits, which made the inhabitants of a town twenty miles away foreigners. The personal influence of individuals or cliques cannot make itself felt over such a vast space with sufficient force to be really dangerous. In the old republics a political intriguer was seen daily, and his presence aroused excitements that led to violent outbreaks. In addition to these advantages the delicate organization of modern business affairs makes a vast network of interests. As Carlyle put it, an Indian cannot quarrel with his squaw on the shores of Lake Winnipeg without affecting the European market in furs. The slightest political disturbance is at once felt on the Exchange. In the mediæval, commercial Florence the city might be in an uproar over the quarrels of the Pazzi and the Medici, or the Buondelmonti and the Amedei, and yet mercantile affairs might be in a highly flourishing condition. The mercantile system was one of great profits and great risks, with little extension of credit. One feature in our Constitution which has been much criticised, and unjustly, is the office of President and the mode of his elec-

tion. The recurrence of the election every fourth year is undoubtedly a disturbance, financially and socially, to the country, but it has the advantage of arousing interest in national politics and counteracting the tendency to political lethargy which might become dangerous. The length of the term is sufficient for continuity of policy, but not so protracted as to make the passions of party dangerous. In the disputed Tilden and Hayes election, although in the South I heard of a few fiery gentlemen who professed to be ready to "die in their boots" rather than let Hayes come into office, never was there any serious danger of trouble. If the term had been for life or for twenty years it might have been very different.

Mr. Herbert Spencer called our government a government founded on a "paper constitution," but the men who framed it drew from their consummate knowledge of the character of their countrymen and from a practical sense of the exigencies of a purely modern state of society.

A TRAGI-COMEDY.

I.

It was a very great effort. The orchestra had just finished Beethoven's "Hope" when Bernard Devir stepped forward, with a bow he had practised for several weeks at intervals, and unrolled a manuscript. His collar was high and uncomfortable, and the rose in the buttonhole of his shining black coat made him feel the stiffness that always afflicts the male sex when overdecorated.

His father and mother, in the third row of benches from the platform, felt that the eyes of the assembly were upon them. They sat very straight, and Mr. Devir, as a relief for his nervousness, smoothed his new silk hat with his handkerchief. The room was warm; there was a flutter of fans, a scent of June roses from the nosegays; not a breath of air was stirring; a man, utterly without a soul, on the back bench, had snored during John Dempsey's impassioned parallel (thirty-six pages of foolscap) between Mohammed and Arius. Even his grace, who sat in an arm-chair on the platform, surrounded by several of the reverend clergy, had been observed to hold his hand before his

mouth during the lengthy but eloquent essay on "Grattan as a Patriot," and while Dick Weldon was making a beautiful apostrophe of five pages to the Italian republics in his "Examination of the Genius of Machiavelli" something like a look of gentle melancholy was seen to steal across the face of his grace, which deepened as Dick rustled twenty more leaves, written on both sides. Everybody, except the dignified personages on the platform, looked eagerly at Bernard Devir when he appeared. His father thought it was the halo of genius on his son's brow that attracted this attention; his mother thought it was his personal beauty: how nice he looked in his high collar, with his hair plastered in a hyacinthine half-circle on his forehead, and a thin, reddish down visible on his upper lip in a certain light—how superior to that sallow-faced South American who had preceded him, in broken English, with a paper on "Arctic Expeditions"! Mrs. Devir waved her palm-leaf fan and felt that she was indeed blessed. She did not know that this noticeable eagerness was due to the fact that the audience was trying, with all its failing mental strength, to guess how many pages were bound up in the valedictorian's manuscript.

It was a fine effort. He opened with a quotation which prepared his auditors for something entirely original. "*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*," he said, and then he began an examination of "Free Thought and its Relations to the Poetry of the Renaissance in Italy."

> "Rheni pacator," he exclaimed, "et Istri
> Omnis in hoc uno variis discordia cessit
> Ordinibus; lætatur eques, plauditque senator,
> Votoque patricio certant plebeia favori."

These words sent a thrill through the hearts of the father and mother of the valedictorian. With one accord they turned their eyes towards his grace to see how they affected him. He was engaged in wiping his forehead with a purple silk handkerchief. Mrs. Devir wondered how anybody could think of such a trivial thing at this awful moment.

The valedictorian descended into English. He cast long, lingering glances into the past; he prophesied of the future; he talked to Mr. Gladstone in a way that no man with any respect for himself ought to stand; he fearlessly told Prince Bismarck what he thought of him; he raised Erin from her prostrate state and told her how she ought to behave herself; he quoted "Let Erin remember the Days of Old." This brought out a vol-

ume of applause, and the first violin, suddenly awakened and fancying that the end had come, played the opening bar of the waltz in the "Merry War."

The valedictorian went on, however; he give a sketch of Darwin, and then, soaring upward, told why Raphael had included Dante among the theologians of the church in a famous picture; he castigated the pagan spirit of the Renaissance with fury, and, coming down to modern life, gave Swinburne a blow that almost moved his mother to remonstrate.

"Sure, Terence," she whispered to her husband, "he's very, very hard on that wan."

"Whoever he is, he deserves it," answered that good man. "Barney knows what he's talking about."

"But I think he's making very free with the pope."

It became plain even to Mrs. Devir that her son was attacking Alexander Pope, and not Pope Alexander. The rolling of a cart outside obliged the orator to pause, and for an instant nearly everybody felt as if gentle dew had fallen from heaven. He dropped Pope and grappled with Lorenzo the Magnificent. Six pages were turned, while all watched him in silent suspense. Suddenly, with lowered voice, he addressed his classmates as "dear companions of his scholastic pursuits," and when he got to "your right reverend prelate and reverend clergy, whose presence here, etc., etc.," the first violin laid his bow on the strings; but when he said, "If in the dim vista of the future, hidden from us by wisest dispensation, we meet together, perhaps crowned by Fame and made the elect of her temple, with tear-dimmed eyes we shall look back on the roseate, studious, and tranquil hours spent in the sylvan shades of our Alma—" the first violin could restrain himself no longer: the strains of the "Merry War" rang out, and a weak, small voice was heard to murmur, "Deo gratias!" The breeze seemed to stir up suddenly; tired nature was at once restored; the man on the back bench awoke for the fifth time, to find happiness all around him. His grace smiled most benevolently, shook hands with Bernard, and said kind things to everybody. All the graduates, adorned with medals and loaded with gilded books, were presented to him. All was joy, congratulations, wilted roses, perspiration, and expectation of luncheon.

There were no happier people in the crowd than the Devirs. Mrs. Devir put on her well-kept broché shawl, which Bernard held for her, and fastened the big round cameo brooch with ceremony at her throat. It was the happiest moment of her

life, for his grace had just said to Bernard, "It was a fine effort." Bernard kissed her, and gave the precious manuscript, tied with blue ribbons, into her keeping.

Jack Dempsey, now B.A., elbowed his way through the crowd and shook Bernard's hand, noticing, with a pang—for he was an orphan—the proud, tender look in the eyes of Bernard's mother.

"That composition of yours knocked us all cold," said Jack Dempsey heartily; he wanted to say something complimentary. Mrs. Devir started. Was this the young orator who had a short time ago grandiloquently discoursed on Grattan—a scholar who wore a medal and who could quote Latin? "We needed cooling," continued the unconscious Jack. "I am glad I'm done with the whole business."

Mrs. Devir's horrified attention was drawn from the free-and-easy young Bachelor of Arts to a slight, pretty girl who came towards them, bearing a big nosegay with the regulation lily over-topping it. She smiled, showing two rows of dazzling teeth.

"Mother sent this for Bernard," she said, "but I couldn't get it to him."

"Thank you, Marie," said Mrs. Dempsey a trifle stiffly. Bernard was out of college now, and intended for the highest vocation in life, and Mrs. Devir was anxious to guard him from all possible danger.

"They are too late now, Monsieur Bernard."

"Pas du tout, mademoiselle," said Bernard, with a slight blush and a bow. "I will take a rose and keep it, and you will keep the rest."

"D'ye mind that, now?" murmured Mr. Devir, nudging his wife. "There's more learned in college than Latin."

Mrs. Devir did mind it. Even her son's readiness in French did not reconcile her to it. Jack Dempsey was not slow to claim a rose, too, which Marie Regnier gave him with a pretty blush.

"She's a bold piece!"

Mr. Devir did not hear this; an acquaintance of his from the same place in Ireland was pouring into his ear encomiums on Bernard's "effort."

Marie Regnier, with a parting smile which included the whole group, retired very modestly, and Mrs. Devir, relieved, took Bernard's arm to walk to the station.

By this time Bernard had said good-by to half a hundred peo-

ple, and the precious manuscript had been given to a reporter, who had no intention of having it printed, but who did not want it to fall into the hands of a rival. This tribute of the Press to Genius was very grateful to Mrs. Devir. The next morning, when she seized the early newsman at half-past four A.M. and found only six lines of it in the *Herald* (and all the Latin left out!), she felt that the art of printing was a delusion and a snare.

Jack Dempsey's eyes had rested with longing and sympathy on Mrs. Devir as she stood so proudly at her son's side; it was beautiful to see her, but she was by no means beautiful. She was a thin, worn-looking woman, with faded blue eyes, and features sharpened by care and hard work. There were two deep, upright lines on her forehead, and her hands, encased in large mitts, were wrinkled and knotted at the joints. She wore a gala bonnet decorated with two small blue cabbages and a bunch of cherries, a rusty black silk gown which had been packed away carefully after each family festival and holiday for many years, and her cherished red broché shawl of the palm-leaf pattern.

Her husband was wrinkled and stooped, too. He had a keen blue eye and a stern mouth; a fringe of white whiskers ran all around under his chin; his broadcloth frock-coat hung uneasily on him, and his trousers, also broadcloth, were rather white and baggy at the knees—naturally, since he had knelt in them at Mass for more Sundays than any pair of trousers not embalmed carefully every Monday morning until the following Sunday can endure.

"Go forth, young men," the eloquent person who had delivered the address to the graduates had said—"go forth; use the gift of tongues your Alma Mater has given you to enlighten them that sit in darkness. You will adopt professions, and perhaps rise to eminence in those professions; but in the midst of opulence, adulation, if Fame should herald one of you as the poet of the age, the Virgil of our time; if one of you should gain the highest prizes of statesmanship; if one of you should scale the heights of military glory, which, unfortunately, leads but to the grave—remember the Alma Mater that cherished your high aspirations, guided your steps aside from the 'primrose path of dalliance,' and will ever crown your highest ideals with her blessing, until you are at last dazzled by that fierce, white light which beats around the Throne. Vale et ave!"

And so they went forth. A stranger, hearing all that had been said, might have imagined the world was longing to crown

them with bays or to put them on triumphal shields, or that they had been furnished such an equipment as princes and barons in older days gave the young servitors of their household when the time for the conferring of knighthood had come. It seemed strange to go out into the sunny, every-day atmosphere and find that the world was not standing still. The railroad conductor collected tickets from Bernard Devir and Jack Dempsey without any apparent consciousness that he touched hands that had penned the essay on "Grattan as a Patriot" and that fine effort, "Free Thought and its Relations to the Poetry of the Renaissance in Italy." But for one woman the world was transformed. Mrs. Devir had suffered and toiled. One by one her children had passed away. For this one—the pride and hope of her soul—she had worked like a slave. To see him serving the altar was the desire of her life. To-day it seemed very near to her. If she might be permitted to live to see her son say his first Mass, she could, with all her heart, join in the prayer of the holy Simeon.

It was the happiest day of her life. Jack Dempsey, careless, free-and-easy Jack, looked at her wrinkled hands and sighed. What a glory it was to have a mother! He laughed and joked, kissed his hand out of the car-window right and left; but, for all that, he missed none of the tender, prideful glances that the worn, tired woman cast upon her son. Jack, in his heart, felt sad; it seemed to him that a mother's love is born to suffer—of all earthly things the nearest to heaven, yet of all earthly things most pathetic in its disappointments.

"He's a gay blade," said Mr. Devir.

"There's no thought about him at all," answered Mrs. Devir as Jack Dempsey bade them good-by. "They say his uncle wants to make a priest of him. He'll never do it!"

II.

That essay on "The Relations of Free Thought to the Poetry of the Italian Renaissance" was the result of many days of toil and many nights of anxiety—of early rising on cold winter mornings and late working on sultry summer evenings. It was like one of those gorgeous blooms that show on prickly and ugly cactus plants. The rough plant endures, in those regions where it flourishes, storms of dust and thousands of scorching rays from the sun; but when the flower, yellow and vermilion, appears, it doubtless forgets the dust and the sun. The toil and the trouble

of producing that essay had not fallen upon Bernard. He had known where to find the material for it, and he had put it together. The bricks (to drop into metaphor) were the traditional property of college orators; he had only supplied the mortar. The real work of forcing the flamboyant exotic had been done by his father and mother.

To bring forth the flower—which was supposed to represent the result of four years of college culture—Mr. and Mrs. Devir had gone to market before dawn and stood behind the little grocery-shop near the Bowery for many weary years. It was one of Mrs. Devir's boasts that during this time they had never had a bottle of whiskey in their establishment. Customers who would not buy unless they were "treated to a sip" behind the screen might go elsewhere. The "old man" was more lenient, but his wife was firm.

Bernard had been kept at school, and "held up his head with the rest there." His clothes had been as good as those of Jack Dempsey, whose uncle was a great Wall Street millionaire. Spending-money had not been grudged to him, and he had been advised to entertain his friends at a down-town restaurant on the unfrequent holidays when he had leave of absence from college. Mrs. Devir flattered herself that she was a woman of the world; she said that the ways of Bernard's friends were not her ways, and she wouldn't shame the boy by having him bring his friends, with their Latin, and their Greek, and their French, into the back-room of a grocery-shop.

Bernard would not have cared, if there had been a billiard-table in that little back-room; it would have been jammed on holidays with the young persons of culture whom Mrs. Devir would have delighted to honor. His quarterly bills for tuition and books had been promptly met; his subscriptions to the various college schemes had always been "decent." Sometimes it required sharp pinching to do all this and avoid drawing on the sum deposited in the "Emigrant's." And Mr. Devir was strongly tempted to introduce the black bottle behind the screen for such of his female customers as were afflicted with "goneness" or "sudden palpitations," with a view of increasing sales; but Mrs. Devir, true to her principles, would not hear of it.

Bernard had been graduated with honor. His parents felt that they had given him what was to be his fortune—an education. They had never had much learning; Mr. Devir could write his own name, and Mrs. Devir could make her mark. They both had an unbounded reverence for "education"—that won-

derful gift which was "more than a mint of money to any poor boy"; they had been coining their lives into the education which had culminated on Commencement Day in that fine effort, "The Relations of Free Thought to the Poetry of the Italian Renaissance."

This education was to be the key with which he was to open the treasures of the world. His parents rated it at the value of the sacrifices they had made. His mother had resolved that he should be a priest, and his father, in the beginning more worldly and hoping to see him in the Assembly some day, like Dennis Rooney's son, had finally come to regard it as settled that Bernard should, when the time came, go up for examination for the seminary.

In the meantime there was a vacation before him. He had worked hard; his mother felt that he, with his stores of Greek and Latin and his wonderful accomplishments, ought not to be confined to the grocery-store or its little back-room.

"He'd look nice rolling up his sleeve and diving into the brine-barrel for mackerel!" she whispered to her husband as she watched Bernard, who was talking to a classmate in the seat before them, "or selling a bunch of garlic to one of the Eye-talians."

"It's no worse than his father did before him," responded her husband.

Mrs. Devir looked at him as an æsthete of the most intense cult sometimes gazes at a hopeless Philistine. She felt that there are some things which a man ought to know without having them told to him; and, as most women do some time or other, whatever the cynics may say, she showed her sense of the impregnable stupidity of her better-half by silence. This is a medium, by the way, very expressive in the hands of women, because it is so seldom used.

She arranged, in her mind, that Bernard should not spend much time in the store, which was no place for him. He should go to some aristocratic sea-side resort, if she had to draw something from the "Emigrant's Industrial." It would not do to have him wasting his time in the store. The father and she were used to the little place and to the ways of the neighborhood. But how could Bernard, in his frock-coat and white shirt, endure it? No; he must go, as it were, from the college to the seminary without any interregnum of the store.

Before they had reached home Mrs. Devir had settled it all with her husband. It was decided that Bernard should start on

the next day for Far Rockaway. There, as Mrs. Devir said, he would "meet the society of his equals" and recuperate after his studies.

Mr. Devir shook his head dubiously. His vanity was somewhat wounded by the open preference his wife showed for his son; he had worked for him like a slave, but not that he might be placed so far above him. Now, Mrs. Devir, being a woman, had no vanity of her own; all her qualities, all her foibles, seemed to be absorbed in her son.

III.

Far Rockaway is a very lively sea-side place in the summer. There are cottages and hotels, and much music in the morning and evening. All the popular airs are played on all sorts of pianos by the accomplished young ladies that frequent the place in time of *villeggiatura*. There is lawn tennis, sailing, bathing, and fishing. Dancing, too, is a favorite amusement.

Bernard Devir met Jack Dempsey in this festive town, and they had a good time. Bernard indulged in all the amusements of the place, which would have included a flirtation with the most forward of the three Misses Clarke, the belles from Syracuse; but their mother, hearing that he was a "student," put an end to that with virtuous indignation.

There was little time for thought; and Bernard gave small consideration to his future until one day, when he and Jack Dempsey were out sailing, Jack said:

"Are you going up for the examination?"

"I suppose so," Bernard answered carelessly. "Those fellows in that boat have an immense load of blue-fish—I suppose so; the old folk want me to."

Jack was silent for a moment. Bernard, watching the fortunate man in the bow of the other boat haul in another fish, forgot the subject.

"Well, Bernard," continued Jack, "if that is the way you feel about it you'd better give the idea up. I'm not much of a preacher; but I'll say to you I'd rather cut off my right hand than go into that seminary in that way."

Jack's face flushed. Bernard smiled.

"You're awfully in earnest." And then, with a touch of seriousness himself, "What can I do? I can construe Virgil a little; but I haven't any money to keep me while I grind at law or medicine. You know I am a thoughtless fellow, Jack—*I*

know I am—but I have come to the conclusion that I can't have the old people working for me any longer."

"I'd go into the grocery-store first."

Bernard laughed. The suggestion was too absurd.

During the few days that followed Bernard did think; and, more, he prayed. He was glad when the last day of his vacation at Far Rockaway came.

Supper was waiting in the little back-room of the grocery-store when he arrived at home. He went behind the counter and kissed his father, to the admiration of several waiting customers. He found his mother in her seat at the neatly-spread table. The soft light of the glittering kerosene lamp showed her how brown he had become. She clasped him to her in fond pride, and called to her husband to leave the store in charge of the "boy."

Bernard was waited upon like a young prince who had honored an humble roof by his presence. His father even offered him a cigar out of the best box, apologizing for it. The parents listened with pleasure to all Bernard had to say.

"They'll never make a priest out of that Jack Dempsey," said his mother, as that young man's name was mentioned.

"There's more chance for him than for me, mother. He feels that he has a vocation, while I—I can't go in for the examination, that's all."

The silence was unbroken. Mrs. Devir set down her teacup and looked at her son. Mr. Devir took his pipe out of his mouth.

"What did you say, Barney?" she asked tremulously.

"I'm not worthy to be a priest, mother, and I can't try."

"Not worthy!" cried Mrs. Devir. "You're joking! And you, with all your beautiful education and all the prayers that's been said for you!"

"I can't help it, mother. God knows it almost breaks my heart to tell you the truth. But I can't think of it, mother—I can't. I know it's the best thing, the highest, the holiest thing, on this earth to be a priest of God; but it's a very hard thing to be a good priest, and I haven't the vocation, mother."

Bernard said all this rapidly. He felt as if a weight had been lifted off his heart when he had spoken.

"That Marie Regnier has bewitched the boy," cried Mrs. Devir bitterly, speaking out a hasty thought and then regretting it at once when she saw the look of pain on her son's face.

"Mother!"

Mrs. Devir could no longer lift the teacup to her lips. She

covered her eyes with her toil-worn hands, and tears trickled slowly between the wrinkled and knotted fingers. Her husband toyed nervously with his pipe. The boy in the store was whistling a careless tune. The lull of twilight had fallen even on the busy city. Bernard felt as if the whole world were reproaching him.

Where was his halo now? Where was the sunshine that a moment before had shone on him from the eyes of these two old people? His father seemed stunned; his mother, after a vain effort to restrain herself, burst into sobs.

And this was the end of it all? The end of the toiling, the hoping, the praying; the downfall of pride, which had been so great in this poor mother's heart that she would have become the humblest of the humble to gratify it!

After a time of silence, broken only by his mother's sobs and the whistling of the boy in the store, Bernard arose and took his father's hand, which lay limply on his knee. The old man seemed not to notice him; he did not turn his intent gaze from his wife. Bernard clasped the hand tighter. Surely his father, whose love would be less unreasonable than a woman's, could understand; but his father, with no eyes for anybody except the weeping mother, pushed him away.

Bernard's heart swelled. Suddenly his mother raised her head in sudden hope.

"You'll not make up your mind until you've seen Father Rodman at the church?"

"I have just come from him, mother."

Mrs. Devir's head sank again.

"You're breaking your mother's heart, you spalpeen!" cried his father, bringing his fist down upon the table. "Go up to bed! It would have been better a thousand times if I'd kept you in the store here, instead of cramming your head with Latin and Greek, of no manner of use if you're not to be priested. And I'll be ashamed of my life to face the neighbors!"

Bernard, no longer a boy, but a man, heavy of heart, crept up to bed. He did not dare to kiss his mother; she sank her head lower as he passed her. He threw himself on his knees at the side of the white-spread bed and was silent. He put his hands up towards the little picture of the Sacred Heart, which had hung there ever since he could remember; he could not pray, for all things, fraught with the tenderness of that mother whose broken voice he could hear from below, seemed to blame him.

What refuge was there for him? His father and mother had turned against him. "I will go down," he thought, in a burst of passion, "and I will tell her that I will do as she wishes; but I will wash my hands of it—the sacrilege will be upon her head."

Then another thought calmed him. "I cannot," he thought, "act the part of Pontius Pilate, even for my mother."

IV.

It was generally acknowledged among the neighbors and relatives of the Devirs that the "student" was a failure. To be intended for the seminary and to refuse to enter the seminary was a deep disgrace in the eyes of these good people. Mrs. Devir had talked of her son as a future priest ever since the boy had entered college. The humiliation was bitter. She could not say, as she had said in her many afflictions, "It is the will of God." She did not believe it was the will of God; it could not be the will of God that *her* son should not serve the altar. She still attended to Bernard's wants, but in cold silence. His father kept sternly quiet, too. One Saturday, when Bernard went into the store and tried to help in the work, his father roughly told him that he had no business there.

"It's my place, father," he said. "It's my turn to work now."

"We don't want Latin and Greek here. Your mother and me have done without help so long, we don't want it now."

Bernard went upstairs again, with bitterness in his heart. The food he ate almost choked him. He felt that he was a pauper; and, consciously or unconsciously, they made him feel it. There was little consolation in his books. He thumbed over his Cicero in the little, dark room, and copied the "Relations of Free Thought to the Poetry of the Italian Renaissance" and sent it to one of the magazines. It came back in a few days, accompanied by a slip of printed paper:

"The editor regrets that, owing to a press of manuscripts, he is obliged to return the enclosed."

He could hardly believe the evidence of his eyes. What! that "fine effort," which had been praised by everybody and applauded so cordially, returned to him, no doubt unread? His cup of humiliation was over-running.

The friends of his earlier boyhood who sat on the disused carts left in the street at nights, and sang songs, or practised dancing steps on the corners after the day's work, nodded when

he passed by. He was neither fish nor fowl in their estimation. He was invited to join the "Élite Chowder Club," which drove down to Coney Island in decorated wagons, with flaring torches and blaring horns, several times a year; and the well-written note of regret which he sent to the secretary procured him some temporary scrivening work at the time of election. That was the only work he succeeded in getting, although he answered hundreds of the newspaper advertisements. Nobody seemed to want him. He was too old to be taken as a learner of a trade. There were hundreds of young men who could construe Virgil in the same position as himself. People who could do "anything" were a drug in the market.

His best coat became white at the seams, and his trousers baggy at the knees. Mr. Devir said over and over again that *he* couldn't afford to keep a "dude." Mrs. Devir said nothing. His room was always neat and his food ready; but when it was necessary to speak to him she uttered only monosyllables.

It was a wretched life. The mother suffered as acutely as the son. It never occurred to her that she was not acting a virtuous part. It never occurred to the father that his son needed his assistance. Bernard had been richly and rarely educated. If he could not make his way in the world with this costly equipment he must be worthless. What could they—ignorant, hard-working people—do for him, except keep him in bread and butter?

The key to the Temple of Fame, of which the college orator had spoken so grandiloquently, would not open the meanest tenement. Around him he saw poor boys, who had been running of errands while he was declining *mensa*, cheerfully working, independent and prosperous.

In despair he plead for work on the wharves. He was laughed at; a stripling with white hands and soft muscles could not do a stevedore's work.

If he had not been a devout and earnest Catholic he would have sunk himself, his doubts, and his wretchedness in the East River. To be a burden on two old people; to eat the bread of idleness; to have no earthly hope! It was heart-breaking. Not only to be a burden, but to be, in the eyes of all, a failure and reproach! And then the utter impotence of being penniless! The bootblacks were better off than he; he could not have bought a box and brush.

Jack Dempsey had written from the seminary, preaching courage. On one of Bernard's gloomiest days, as he sat in his room scanning for the ten-hundredth time the advertisements in

the newspapers, his mother, silently as usual, brought him a letter. It was short. Bernard opened it; another piece of paper fell from its folds upon the floor.

"Dear Boy: There is not much time allowed here for useless writing, so I will be brief. My cousin, Will Dempsey, has had a full account of you from me. He is a queer fellow, an old bachelor, you know, with plenty of 'chink.' He thinks he can make you useful down on his ranch in Texas, as he can't have me. Will you go? San Lorenzo Ranch, Medina County, Texas—make note of it. I enclose his check for expenses. I've been trying to bring this about for a long time. Hope you'll go, etc., etc."

Bernard clasped the letter and the check in his hand as a drowning man might catch at a spar. How good God was, after all! His heart went up in gratitude. He telegraphed his answer to Jack as soon as he cashed the check.

Mrs. Devir took Bernard's announcement of his early departure with apparent calmness. Mr. Devir's mouth twitched a little, and he evidently kept back some demonstration of affection, but he only said:

"Well, I can't say less than God bless you, though you've been a sore trial to me and your mother."

His mother carefully packed his valise and neglected nothing that might add to his comfort. But she would not remain alone with him; she would give him no chance for a tender word. When the time came for him to go he lingered in the doorway of the little room and whispered "Mother." She was behind the counter waiting on Marie Regnier, who was a very thrifty seamstress in the little French colony around the corner. Bernard went out into the store. His mother turned her cheek coldly towards him. He touched it with his lips, and paused. She paid no further attention to him. And he, sad and desolate, left her.

There is no being on earth who can inflict more pain with a calm face than a good woman in the consciousness of her goodness.

Marie Regnier's eyes became misty. She understood the scene. With a sudden impulse she held out her hand and said:

"*Au revoir*, Monsieur Bernard. I pray that the good God and his Blessed Mother may keep you safe!"

Bernard could not speak; he tried to say "good-by." Mrs. Devir contracted her brows and darted a quick, jealous look at the girl.

She went to the door and watched him disappear. Once, when he turned back for a last look, she dodged hastily into the store. When she could see him no more she went up to her room and sobbed as if her heart would break, kissing over and over again a faded daguerreotype of a little boy. And yet she had let him go without a word of kindness. David, mourning for Absalom, probably forgot a son's transgressions. This mother mourned her son's obstinacy with bitter regret and a sense of deep injury. It was only when she saw him as a little boy that she could love him without feeling the humiliation of his failure.

Bernard had glanced back. He did not see his mother, but he saw Marie Regnier, looking very nice in the morning sunshine, waving her hand to him. It gave him some comfort, and he waved his in return; he could do no less. As he did it Hope seemed to spread her wings over him again.

V.

Jack Dempsey's cousin was a hale, hearty Tipperary man, a good Catholic and an ardent nationalist. There are some people who think that these qualities cannot be united, but they can. He had a comfortable adobe house on his ranch, which was well stocked with sheep. His family consisted of a dozen small dogs and a formidable array of revolvers. The first warned him of the approach of tramps; the second proved useful when the tramps arrived with hostile intent.

He was a bachelor of fifty-five, erect as a dart, ruddy as a winter apple, with side-whiskers as white as the wool on a sheep's back at shearing-time, and clear blue eyes that bulged out a little to show that nothing escaped them.

He received Bernard cordially. He said frankly that he liked his looks. He put him at the roughest work he could, "to take the starch out of him," and Bernard worked with all his might. It was good to get out among the mesquite, in the soft, dry air, and to know that at last he was of use in the world, although he was earning only a ranchman's wages and eating a ranchman's rations.

After a time old Will Dempsey and Bernard became friends. Bernard acquired some new tricks in the making of corn-bread and the cooking of beef that warmed the heart of old Will, who had never had much skill in the culinary line. He soon knew Bernard's story; for the two had many a long smoke and talk

by the fire in the chilly time of the year. He smiled when Bernard alluded to Marie Regnier's leave-taking, and, much to Bernard's surprise, warned him solemnly that he was "very young." At this time Bernard could not see the drift of this. Old Will rarely talked of himself; he seemed to find little interest in any subject outside of Irish politics and the affairs of the ranch. Once, smiling at a letter he had gotten recently, he told Bernard an episode in his life. When he was prospecting in Mexico, or rather searching for one of those mines said to have been worked by the Indians before the coming of the Spaniards, he had had a partner named Marianno Galdez—"a greaser, but an honest man." Galdez had died of fever; after the priest had anointed him he had asked Will to look after his wife and children. "In fact," said Will, with a twinkle in his eye, "he asked me to marry her, if she'd be willing. And I think I'd have promised, only the Galdez children were twins. Somehow or other it seemed too much to ask as things were; but I promised to look after the mother and the little ones. It wasn't a hard thing to do, as I made several good strikes and kept flush. But the mother and one of the children died of the same fever, which was raging like a lion, before I could reach Laredo, where they were. A priest there wrote to me that Maria, the other one, was a handsome child, and said that he'd see after her bringing-up, if I'd pay the expenses—poor Galdez died before I made the strikes, as poor as a church mouse. Troth, I was glad to get off so easily. I don't know much Spanish, but I think Maria's letters do her credit. And here's the only photograph I have of her. I've never seen her myself; she must be about seventeen now. Some day I'll take you down to San Jacinto and introduce you, my boy."

Bernard looked at a photograph of a fat baby with black eyes. The letters were written in a large, sprawling hand and signed "Maria" with a flourish.

"It seems that the good priest, who is a Spaniard, thinks that Maria ought to learn English, out of compliment to me, and he has hired a Frenchman, his sacristan, to teach her; and this linguist writes me a specimen letter to prove his proficiency. Just read it!"

"SAN JACINTO, April 6, 18—.

"RESPECTFUL SIR: Maria José Galdez is shameful not to possess your astringent language, to thank his benefactor of his kindness ineffable. Maria demands that I to you write this epistle, to you give information of progress. Be not astonish that

in a few monthes my pupil write so perfectly the English as me; we speak all the day English and with my sister, who late comes from New York, which he has not seen me since we parted a little babee at the eyes blue in Paris. Maria speak so well that the sheepses well comprehend the English, saying 'go lon',' and the sheepses 'go lon'.' The good presbyter implore to thank you a hundred thousand times. I hope my composition please you. For me, I would come to see you and bring Maria; but I am coward of the cowboys. With sentiments of the most profound respect, me, I am, your obedient, É. Regnier."

Bernard laughed. "Maria will speak English well, at this rate."

"Her husband shall teach her," said old Will. "In a year or two I intend to find her an American husband. I wish she could write English, for I can't read her Spanish letters. I'm sure she must be a very pretty girl, for her mother was just like one of those dark-eyed colleens—more power to them!—that I've seen in Waterford."

During the six months that followed this conversation there was a great deal of talk between Will Dempsey and Bernard on the subject of Maria. It was a subject on which the elder man liked to dwell, and which rather bored the younger one. Several letters came from San Jacinto, purporting to be written in English. The rattling up of genders in these missives was appalling. Maria seemed unable to tell the difference between *he* and *she*, much to her guardian's amusement.

Two letters came from New York, both dictated by Mrs. Devir to a friend who wrote after the manner of the Polite Letter-Writer. The tone of these letters, although enriched with ornaments of style by the amanuensis, did not give much comfort to Bernard.

Will Dempsey amazed Bernard by proposing that he should assume the management of the ranch and offering him an interest in the land and flocks. After some talk the veteran said:

"You see Jack's going to be a priest; he has a patrimony, and his uncle will leave him something, too. Now, I've nobody, except Maria Galdez, that has any claim on me. You're a good boy; you've unlearned a lot of useless things here and tried to make me comfortable. Attention! This house is a good house, and I've spared no expense on it; but it needs a woman in it to complete it. How would you like to marry Maria and bring her here?"

Bernard was stunned.

"Couldn't you see that I've been aiming at that all along? Come, now; ride down to San Jacinto and take a look at my little twin. If she likes you, just talk to Padre David and bring her back the wife of the best fellow I know."

"But if she shouldn't like me?"

"Faint heart. Faith, if I were your age I wouldn't throw away the chance of marrying a pretty girl, pleasing a friend, and coming into a place like San Lorenzo Ranch."

Bernard's color rose. The face of Marie Regnier *would* flit across his memory.

"We must have a woman to look after matters here. *I* can't marry—I'm too old for illusions; you ought to. Is it yes or no?"

"Well, I'll go," said Bernard reluctantly. "Remember, if she doesn't like me I can't help it."

Will Dempsey chuckled. "Padre David will arrange it. Mexican girls are not so particular or so independent as your Americans of the North. She'll like you!"

Bernard did not find this assurance at all consoling. At any rate, he would humor his kind friend's caprice; so he mounted his mustang and started on a day's ride to San Jacinto.

"If she doesn't like you!" cried old Will in stentorian tones, "bring home somebody else. I won't have you here unless you marry a wife." And he chuckled over and over again, muttering against the absurdity of American sentimentalism in regard to marriage.

Bernard's ride was not an enjoyable one. He had not thought about marriage; it had occurred to him that, if he ever married, he would like to have a wife like Marie Regnier. But, in his imagination, he had always sent Marie to a convent.

What if this Miss Galdez *should* take a fancy to him? What? If? Why?—the whole proceeding was ridiculous; and yet not so ridiculous after all, since marriages after this prosaic and practical manner were very common among the Spanish-speaking people around San Lorenzo. Well, he needn't marry her, if he did not like her; and she couldn't marry him in spite of himself. He felt like a fool, and turned back. What was the use of that? Will Dempsey would only laugh at his sentimentalism. He went on, wondering whether Maria Galdez was at all like Marie Regnier or not. He considered Will's photograph of the fat little Galdez baby hideous; but ugly babies are proverbial for becoming pretty.

It was an unpleasant ride; and yet, when the oleanders in front of Padre David's house met his eyes, he was mildly expectant. He looked up and down the road before he dismounted, hoping to catch a glimpse of the young lady before she saw him.

Three people were standing in the garden. One was Padre David, gray-haired and bent, with soutane tucked up around him, reading his breviary. Bernard was anxious to attract his attention quietly. Singular as it may appear, he wanted to get permission to "brush up a little" before the Mexican beauty, who dwelt somewhere in San Jacinto, would see him. The other persons in the garden were a stout, light-haired man who had a spade, and a slim, dark youth who had a book.

The stout man caught sight of Bernard and opened the gate.

"I recognize you, monsieur," he said in French. "You are the friend of whose distinguished features M. Dempsey has been kind enough to send us a portrait. I am Émile Regnier, sacristan of the church here."

Bernard bowed. The sacristan spoke to Padre David, who came forward with a kind smile to shake hands with Bernard.

"And this young gentleman," said the sacristan, with another elaborate bow, "is Señor Maria José Galdez."

Bernard opened his mouth. The slim young man smiled and held out his hand.

"You can't—he can't—she can't—" stammered Bernard—"are you the twin?"

"The only twin," cut in the sacristan, with a bow.

"Is this Maria? I thought there was a lady—"

"This is Maria, the ward of M. Dempsey," interrupted the sacristan, looking a little puzzled. "One will speak the English, if you prefer it. The only lady here is my sister; here she is!"

And from the clump of camellias which shaded the door of the priest's modest cottage came Marie Regnier, carrying Padre David's cup of foaming chocolate. She was brighter and prettier than ever. Her cheeks rivalled the oleander blossoms when she saw Bernard.

"Monsieur Bernard!"

Then there followed more exclamations and explanations, but Bernard was prudently silent. Marie had something to tell Bernard of his mother. It was not much: she had seen his mother at Mass once or twice; but it was pleasant for Bernard to hear.

Bernard was in no hurry to return to San Lorenzo Ranch.

Padre David had many sermons on abstruse theological subjects to read to him, and the good priest, happy in having such an appreciative listener, said:

"Ah! amigo, you ought to have been a Levite; how fortunate would I have been with such an assistant! You ought to have been a priest, my boy."

Bernard shook his head. "It is not God's will, father. My father and mother—especially the dear old mother—longed with a holy and steadfast longing that I might serve the altar. It nearly broke my heart, and I am afraid it broke hers, when I found that I had no vocation. It was the saddest—"

"You had proper direction; you prayed, you—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Bernard. "My confessor knew me thoroughly, and I prayed with all my heart for light. But it was plain that I had no vocation for the highest, holiest, most difficult calling under heaven. Think what it is to be a priest! And yet, seeing how my mother had set her heart on giving me wholly to God, I was almost tempted to please her. It was the saddest day of my life when I told her it could not be!" Bernard's eyes moistened, and he paused. "O Father David! how beautiful her desire seemed to me. You don't know how she had worked for it half her life, how she had thought of it, prayed for it. But it takes more than even a good mother's will to make a priest. I would have given ten years of my life to make her happy! You see how pure, how unselfish was her ambition."

Padre David thought for a moment. Then he smiled slightly and took a pinch of snuff.

"And now the little Marie Regnier is teaching you to make chocolate in the Mexican fashion! Ah! the poor old mother. But she will live again in her grandchildren and pray that one of them may be a priest."

Bernard reddened and asked Padre David to go on with his sermon—the one for Palm Sunday, which was short.

Bernard Devir, on his return to San Lorenzo Ranch, presented a very amiable and charming person to old Will, to whom he said:

"I have brought back a wife, according to your instructions."

Will Dempsey gradually permitted himself to be captivated by Marie; but for some time he denounced the Mexican fashion of calling "boys by girls' names." He declared he would never forgive the twin for "being a boy." Finally he relented.

The old couple talked many times, after the sharpest grief of Bernard's leaving had been blunted, of the glory of that Commencement Day. Jack Dempsey visited them occasionally, and they were very proud of these visits. He was as jolly as ever, but there was a recollection about him as of an interior but subdued brightness. Again and again Mrs. Dempsey had said, with a sigh:

"Wouldn't his mother be the happy one if she could have lived to get his blessing after his first Mass!"

One day she said to Jack: "I'm afraid the father and me were too anxious about Barney, and may be we worried him a bit. But indeed, Mr. Dempsey, it was only the will of God we wanted done, and it seemed as if he were running against it."

The bitterness of the disappointment seemed to be fading away. So soon as this mother began to feel that her son might be doing the will of God, although not having received the highest grace, she thanked God for his goodness.

When the letter came from San Jacinto, asking the blessing of the father and mother on the marriage of their son, her lip trembled; but she recovered herself.

"Sure," she said, "it was right to wish the best for Bernard; but, if he's got the second-best, let's be thankful. His wife's a good Catholic, anyhow."

"He says himself you were right," said Jack Dempsey, who had brought the letter, "to wish that he should be given to God, and he regrets that he was not worthy of the grace of a vocation to the priesthood."

"Cheer up!" chimed in Mr. Dempsey, as he paused to scold the boy for leaving a bundle of brooms out in the rain. "Cheer up, acushla! Matrimony's a sacrament, and, if Barney has received it worthily, there may be a priest in the family yet!"

Mrs. Devir smiled through her tears.

"And after Mr. Dempsey here is priested we'll take a trip down to see them."

"Well, well, I will, dear," she said; "But Barney belongs to another. I could never think him to be the same boy."

THE LAST NIGHT OF A MARTYR.

FATHER ALEXANDER CROW AND HIS CONFLICT WITH THE EVIL SPIRIT IN YORK CASTLE IN THE YEAR 1586–7.

[*Scene*—A cell in the castle large enough to hold two prisoners—namely, Alexander Crow and a layman. They have only one bed and a single taper in the room. The time is night.]

Layman.

Might I not watch with thee,
By love enticed,
With thee so soon to be
Martyr of Christ?

Alexander.

Leave me, brother; time is ending:
Life and time they set for me;
This last night with Christ I'm spending,
Praying, wrestling, lonely, free.
Not like other nights this last one:
Spirits call from far around,
With strange murmurs hovering past one,
Summoning me to battle-ground.
Calm and fearless I'll betake me
To still depths of secret prayer.
Naught can force me, naught can make me
False to Christ; I'm with him there.

[The layman has to lie down, and Alexander kneels down as far away from the bed as possible, while the light burns near him. He thus prays:]

Lord of all joy and sorrow,
Stretch out thy arms benign;
Full largess let me borrow
From treasure-stores divine:
I'll give thee all to-morrow,
All that was ever mine!

Think for me while I'm dying
  Helpless as once thou wert;
I'll share thy crucifying
  Like thee, with love begirt,
Though past all prayer, all sighing,
  Through press of deadliest hurt.

Now, while my brain can tender
  Its service warm and keen,
Take, Lord, the free surrender,
  Love's draught from chalice clean—
Hidden yet strong Defender,
  On whom all victims lean!

[Soon there rises up a hideous Apparition, the sight of which causes Alexander's flesh to creep and his hair to stand on end. It begins a furious assault upon the servant of God, striving to hurry him into some act of despair. The spirit begins scoffingly:]

What if thy words should prove but vain,
  Poor fool, what say we then?
Thy path lieth not through sunlit plain,
  Like that of favored men!

[Alexander looks up horror-stricken and exclaims:]

Whence comest thou, O loathsome form
Born of some world of curse and storm?

Apparition.

I've come to warn thee, come to teach.
Rough is my mode: truth loves rough speech.

Alexander.

Thou hast no part with those who serve
High Heaven with every breath and nerve;
Child of foul lies, who set thee on
To tempt Christ's servant? Fiend! begone!

Apparition.

Thou art no servant of heaven's King,
  No more than murderer yet unshriven;
Fond wretch, with wild hopes dallying,
  Thou art no martyr marked for heaven!

Alexander.

Thou liest, fiend! To-morrow's morn
For Christ I die, for Christ I bleed;
For him long years of suff'ring borne
Right tenderly my cause may plead.

Apparition.

I know heaven's saints and martyrs well:
They all wear signs that spirits feel;
When forms we meet where such signs dwell,
Trembling and cringing, home we steal.
In thee no faintest shade or trace
Of such high sign hath room or place;
The One whose Name I must not name
Leaves thee as ours: he makes no claim.

Alexander.

What! claim me not, when for his sake
Such heavy cross I've loved to take?
For him each drop of blood, each breath,
I've given in life, will give in death?
Thou know'st not, fiend, love's mysteries;
I'm mine no more—I'm his, all his!

Apparition.

Thou thinkest, with ambitious mind,
A martyr's crown doth thee await?
Another morn, and thou shalt find
How changed thy dreams, how drear thy fate!
They'll drag thee to the place of doom,
But not to die. In sullen gloom
They'll backward draw thee in thy chains
Back to this prison grim with pains;
They'll bind thee fast in cell far down
Where cold will rage and perils frown;
Black bread will just thy hunger mock
To save thee from destruction's shock;
There thou shalt waste, by all abhorred,
Through lengths of years with sorrow stored;
Each hour shall wring from thee fresh dole,
And madness seize thy damnèd soul.

Alexander.

The more we suffer, the more near.
With his deep love he casts out fear,
And comes to take, while fierce flames roll,
His victims when all cleansed and whole!

Apparition.

For saints and saved ones such may be;
Thou art not thus—none watch o'er thee.
Out of thy memory, lost man, blot
All thoughts of saintship—saint thou'rt not!
Deem'st thou thyself predestinate?
Oh! heed me: such is not thy state.
The prince I serve, before his fall,
Peered once into the Book of Life.
The names there he remembereth all;
With sun-red gleams that book was rife:
No vestige of thy name was there.
Cease, then, to pray; cease, then, to care:
All striving with celestial powers
Is breath but lost. Thy soul is ours.
How canst thou with thy stern fate cope?
I've brought thee knife, I've brought thee rope:
Choose speedy death; 'twill be small gain
To wade through periods of sheer pain.

[Here he unrolls a long cord and brandishes a knife of keen edge. Alexander recoils, shuddering. Then the Apparition resumes:]

Senseless to talk of grace with one
Through core and marrow all undone;
Heaven's censers hold not thy poor prayers,
To solace thee no angel dares;
Unmarked, unpitied pass thy sighs,
Like blackened leaves beneath bleak skies;
Dark spirits in the dust down tread
Each dawning virtue ere it spread.
See, now, with thee I'm frank, I'm bold:
With saints small converse could I hold.
Long sorrows build up haunted cells;
What power fiend-influence thence expels?

Alexander.

Power of endurance, power to find
Silent resignment to God's mind.

Apparition.

But when each hour awakes fresh sense
Of being abandoned as our spoil,
When links of dire experience
Press round thee with their dangerous coil,
What then? Forsaken then by all,
Own then thou'rt ours, our slave, our thrall!

Alexander.

Oh! say not "ours"; that word is pain
That scorcheth heart and blighteth brain!

Apparition.

I'll say it once again: thou'rt ours!

Alexander.

Not yet, by heaven's resplendent towers
And Christ's red Blood that poured in showers!

Apparition.

But not for thee.

Alexander.

Why not for me?

Apparition.

Where of Heaven's love is sign or proof?
Are there bright threads in life's dark woof!

Alexander.

Blasphemer, peace!

Apparition.

I will not cease.

Alexander.

I'll name the Name thou may'st not name;
For one night more his love I'll claim.
Monster, go hence! Than bear thy sight
I'll shroud me in the gloom of night.
Cease to wage war (I know thou'lt not repent)
I scorn thy purpose, scorn thy vile intent!

Apparition.

How! scorn me, when thy locks and brow are wet
As with the heaviest drops of dread death-sweat?
I'll make thee feel my withering yoke;
A dark, fresh power I'll now invoke.

[Alexander here rises to put out the light, and cries out in terror:]

Come, darkness; I'll extinguish thee, poor spark!

Apparition.

All vain; my eyes glare on thee in the dark!

[Alexander turns away from the lurid eyes of the spectre and finds his way, nearly in despair, to the further end of the room, where his fellow-prisoner lies, apparently asleep. A few faint moonbeams shed a little light through the heavily-barred window. In great excitement Alexander accosts the layman:]

Brother, awake from sleeping;
I am pained and alone.
Drear vigil I am keeping;
My strength is from me flown.
Wild waves and storms are urging
My bark into the deep;
Billow on billow surging
Hell's revelry doth keep.

[The layman springs from the bed, takes hold of Alexander's hand, and tries to calm him. He says in the gentlest manner:]

Sweet father, speak not thus
In tones so drear and tremulous.
Gird up thy loins, and courage take;
I'd watch three nights for thy dear sake.
We'll weep at Mary's feet,
As wandering children wail;
Her hands, with gifts replete,
Shine from beneath her veil.
Sure of a safe retreat,
We'll tell in tears our tale.

[Then they both kneel down together in the moonlight in front of a little picture of Our Blessed Lady. They first pray

in silence to God; then the layman says a few words to the Immaculate Virgin, in order to give time to his exhausted friend to recover from his excitement in some degree:]

Layman.

O Virgin Mother! fairest, tenderest,
Where could thy gentle heart or seek or find
One more assailed, more suffering, more oppressed,
Than here amidst these perils weird and blind?
Pluck the sharp thorns, sweet Lady, from his breast;
He is thy son, thine own, in love enshrined!

[Meanwhile, revived by the sympathy of his companion, Alexander recovers a good deal of his courage and fervor. He resolves upon a last effort and prays to Mary aloud in his turn. He says:]

When first my young love saw thee
In contemplation's golden hour,
A sacred instinct told me pain would draw thee
With an unresting, mighty magnet power.
If it could draw thee, then my heart were willing
To bear this on and on until it break;
What though fiend's voice, through nerve and fibre thrilling,
Set my heart trembling, bid my flesh to quake!
Say, is all lost? Hath Christ his face averted?
Shall I not die for him, as once I thought?
Am I foredoomed, abhorred, accursed, deserted?
Look at my chains, my tears—are all these naught?

[At this moment the scene changes: when Alexander lifts up his fettered hands to heaven two beautiful forms present themselves before him for his consolation. The frightful Apparition has to disappear with all the shame and humiliation which belong to him, and the Blessed Virgin addresses herself to Alexander in reply to his last words:]

Not condemned, *not* abhorred, *not* lost, *not* unloved,
True hero in roughest of conflicts now proved!
Christ's champion in battle-stained raiment confessed,
O favored one, trusted, high-honored, caressed!
Thou shalt bear thy cross; 'twill be rough to the touch,
But Christ guards his heroes, and counts thee as such.

We will not free thee nor loosen thy chains:
That would not rejoice thee, for true love complains
If it have not a gift that some sorrow hath dyed
In the rich, purple hues that he wears as his pride.
Thou shalt keep all thine hours of hardship unbroken,
But reckon each pang as a jewelled love-token.
Men may talk from the rising till setting of sun
Of the graces of others: there are none, oh! none
Flow so fresh and so sweet from Christ's Sacred Heart
As the martyrdom grace; and martyr thou art!
Once more thy fiend-foe shall assail thee, but then
'Twill be easy to trample him back once again.
Farewell for an hour, for a night-time of sorrow;
We shall meet when death crowns thee on glad to-morrow;
One night of thirst, and of chains, and of fever,
And then rest and rapture and glory FOR EVER!

A hush of peace is in the air,
A sanctity of pain and prayer,
And God's sweet influence kindling there.
York Castle seems transformed, disguised
In light, almost etherealized.
Right through the ponderous bars
That hide the ardent stars
There steals athwart the prison gloom
A fragrance faint of rare flower-bloom:
One half could think to one that night 'twas granted
To hear from Eden's hills Christ's Passion chanted.

PHILLIS WHEATLEY, THE NEGRO POETESS.

"ONE swallow never makes a summer," was the remark of a Southern gentleman, made to the writer after reading the sketch of Benjamin Banneker, the negro asstonomer, which appeared in THE CATHOLIC WORLD for December, 1883. In this sketch of Phillis Wheatley appears a second *swallow*. Neither do two swallows make a summer. But more are at hand. And as a multitude of those little birds betoken the near approach of that season in which Nature is most lavish of her gifts, so let us hope that a brighter day, indicative of a fairer show for the colored race, is about to dawn, when their capabilities and abilities will be acknowledged—let us not say as human, but far more generally.

Phillis Wheatley was born in Africa, and, taken captive, was brought in a slave-ship to Boston in 1761, being a child of tender years. The length of the passage and the rough usage quite weakened her; and as she stood for sale, a little, helpless child, in the public market, with no other clothing upon her than a piece of dirty, ragged carpet tied around her waist, and so weak that she could scarcely keep her feet, there seemed little chance of any kind of purchaser. Fortunately the wife of a rich citizen named Wheatley was in want of a slave, whom she hoped to train up as a body-servant. Mrs. Wheatley had several slaves, who, however, were much enfeebled with age; and so a younger was needed, who could be handy in the many little services exacted by ladies of means. The sickly look of the child, as she stood among her more robust companions, nearly ruined her chances of being purchased. Mrs. Wheatley hesitated to take her, not being anxious to increase her home burdens with a new one in the person of a delicate slave-girl. Something, however, in the expression of the dark countenance, so gentle and so modest, won her heart, naturally very kind, to the little one, who was finally bought in preference to many others far stronger.

The little child was taken by her mistress into her chaise, brought to her future home, there put into the bath and cleansed, and then dressed out in clean clothes, the first, doubtless, of her life. These kindnesses were but the forerunners of countless others. In an unknown tongue the child spoke, but mixed up with it were a few words of broken English, picked up, probably,

on the slave-ship. By signs and gestures she at first made herself understood, but very soon she was able to express herself in English. Whence she received the name of Phillis is unknown; such, however, is the name by which the Wheatleys always called her.

When Phillis was able to converse her kind mistress, with all her family, was very anxious to learn from the little slave what she could tell of her own dark continent. Whether it was from her tender years—for she was only seven or eight when bought—or because of her hardships and the terror of her bewildered mind, is unknown, but she remembered nothing about Africa, except that she used to see her mother every morning pour out water before the rising sun. In a poem addressed to the Earl of Dartmouth, the English Secretary of State for North America, Phillis thus in after-years speaks of her capture:

"I, young in life, by seeming cruel fate
Was snatched from Afric's fancied happy seat:
What pangs excruciating must molest,
What sorrows labor in my parents' breast!
Steeled was that soul, and by no misery moved,
That from a father seized his babe beloved:
Such, such my case."

Phillis' first attempt at poetry was probably made in a spirit of gratitude at securing through her forced exile the knowledge, imperfect as it was, of God and the Saviour whom he sent. The poem, written when she was about fifteen, thus runs:

"ON BEING BROUGHT FROM AFRICA TO AMERICA.

'Twas mercy brought me from my pagan land,
Taught my benighted soul to understand
That there's a God, that there's a Saviour too:
Once I redemption neither sought nor knew.
Some view our sable race with scornful eye:
'Their color is a diabolic dye.'
Remember, Christians, negroes black as Cain
May be refined and join th' angelic train."

After being a little more than a year in her new home Phillis gave proofs of wonderful improvement. Evidently she possessed uncommon intelligence, coupled with which was a great desire of learning. She had so far mastered English that she was able to speak correctly, and, characteristically adds her puritanic biographer, "to read fluently in any part of the Bible." She was often found trying to form letters with charcoal on fences

and walls. This thirst for knowledge was not peculiar to Phillis; it is in many of her race. The writer has been told how, in the years before the war, colored boys and girls, anxious to taste of the sweets of knowledge, would steal out in the dead of night with their books, few in number and sadly soiled from use, hid under their garments next the skin. These secreted gems of lore were thus concealed so that, if their possessors were stopped and not too carefully examined, they, liable in any case to punishment for being out of the quarters at forbidden hours, would escape the more dreadful punishment inflicted on such as were caught with books about them. Speaking of his people's thirst for knowledge, the historian of the negro race says: "The work of education [after the late war] for the negro at the South had to begin at the bottom. There were no schools at all for these people; and hence the work began with the alphabet. All the way from six to sixty the pupils ranged in age, and even some who had given slavery a century of their existence, crowded the schools established for their race." To those who have given any thought or study to the matter it is clear as the noonday sun that an eagerness for knowledge and a fondness of books are strong among our colored brethren.*

The daughter of Mrs. Wheatley, seeing Phillis so eager to learn, undertook to teach her how to read and write—an offer which the poor slave only too gladly accepted. The young lady's task was an easy one, for her pupil learned with astonishing quickness. Her progress in knowledge was only equalled by her ever-amiable disposition. In a short while all the members of the family became so much attached to her that, by a common understanding, everything was done to facilitate her studies and enrich her powers. She was exempted from rough household work and employed only in light and easy services. Her mistress, whose as well as her daughter's constant companion she was, affectionately called her "My Phillis," and seemingly was as fond of her and as proud of her attainments as if she were her own child. She even allowed the young slave fire and light in her little apartment, that she might the better prosecute her studies.

* Generally the bent is in a worldly direction; and where the so-called philosophical and theological sciences are taken up they are but a tissue of errors. And it is to be regretted that nowhere among us can we offer to these parching lips the true fountain of wisdom. Really wonderful are the shifts colored youths of both sexes resort to in order to drink deeply of the Pierian spring: going, for instance, during the summer to various popular resorts, there to gather enough by hard work and still harder saving to support themselves at some school or other during the autumn and winter. Their colleges, too, give them every facility, often reducing the pension, and at times receiving some without means, who oblige themselves to pay as soon as possible.

In so rugged a climate as Boston must have been one hundred and odd years ago, fire, one would fancy, should have been a necessity. It seems it was not, however, as this is noted as an extraordinary favor, and even quite a luxury, granted to the slave-girl, who, a native of the tropics, must have keenly felt the cold. In language more forcible than any coming from the most gifted pen does this little kindness tell of the severity of the slave's sufferings. Phillis received many books, as presents or as loans, from friends of the Wheatleys. Her stock of knowledge was continually increasing. She began to excel in geography, history, and English poetry, of which last she was particularly fond. After a while she was found trying to master the Latin language, which she so far accomplished as to be able to read and understand it. Her knowledge of the classics was seen in some of her poems—for instance, the first in her published poems, and addressed to Mæcenas, evidently imitating Horace in this respect. From it are the following lines:

"Great Maro's strain in heavenly numbers flows,
The Nine inspire, and all the bosom glows.
Oh! could I rival thine and Virgil's page,
Or claim the Muses with the Mantuan sage,
Soon the same beauties should my mind adorn,
And the same ardors in my soul should burn;
Then should my song in bolder notes arise,
And all my numbers pleasingly surprise.
But here I sit and mourn a grov'ling mind
That fain would mount and ride upon the wind.

"Not you, my friend, these plaintive strains become—
Not you, whose bosom is the Muses' home;
When they from towering Helicon retire
They fan in you the bright, immortal fire.
But I, less happy, cannot raise the song:
The falt'ring music dies upon my tongue.

"The happier Terence all the Choir inspired,
His soul replenished, and his bosom fired.
But say, ye Muses, why this partial grace
To one alone of Afric's sable race?"

At the name of *Terence* Phillis has this foot-note: "He was an African by birth." Proud the poor girl was to claim as her countryman the immortal comedian of imperial Rome. "Terentio non similem dices quempiam." For Terence, "genere Afer, civis Carthaginiensis," was one of the captive slaves of Scipio Africanus, though afterwards his boon companion.

Fortunate was it for Phillis and her race, since her life and works cannot but be a strong plea for them, that Massachusetts neither in her days, nor, indeed, in any subsequent time, forbade teaching the colored how to read and write. In fact, the study of the many statutes of the various States, both in the North and the South, regarding the teaching of the negroes, would be a wide and interesting field, calculated to repay the labor therein spent by at least awakening a warmer interest in this neglected people. Our heroine, however, proved herself worthy of knowledge, not simply by her mastery of its various branches, but particularly in the noble sentiments which kept pace in her heart with her advance in books. The following stanzas, taken from a poem entitled "On Virtue," give evidence of an aspiration which many think above her despised race, too grovelling, as they fancy, for anything higher than the brute:

"O thou, bright jewel! in my aim I strive
To comprehend thee. Thine own words declare,
Wisdom is higher than a fool can reach.
I cease to wonder, and no more attempt
Thine height t' explore, or fathom thy profound.
But, O my soul! sink not into despair:
Virtue is near thee, and with gentle hand
Would now embrace thee, hovers o'er thine head.
Fain would the heav'n-born soul with her converse;
Then seek, then court her for her promised bliss."

Phillis naturally was of a religious turn of mind; in fact, all her poems breathe a spirit of piety, and we must deeply regret that the church, the mother and mistress of all that is noble and lofty, was a stranger to her. Following in the footsteps of her owners, at sixteen she became a member of the congregation worshipping in the Old South Meeting-House. "This was an exception to the rule that slaves were not baptized into the church," remarks the historian of the negroes. The unctuous Puritans must have believed the slaves had no souls or else were not included among the Saviour's redeemed. The following lines from her poem "On the Death of Rev. Dr. Sewall, 1769," will give some notion of the piety of Phillis, who was then in her sixteenth year:

"Lo! here a man, redeemed by Jesus' blood;
A sinner once, but now a saint with God.
Behold, ye rich, ye poor, ye fools, ye wise,
Nor let his monument your heart surprise;
'Twill tell you what this holy man has done,
Which gives him brighter lustre than the sun.

Listen, ye happy, from your seats above :
I speak sincerely, while I speak and love.
He sought the paths of piety and truth,
By these made happy from his early youth.
In blooming years that grace he felt
Which rescues sinners from the chains of guilt.
Mourn him, ye indigent, whom he has fed,
And henceforth seek, like him, the living bread—
Ev'n Christ, the bread descending from above—
And ask an int'rest in his saving love.
Mourn him, ye youth, to whom he oft has told
God's gracious wonders from the times of old.
I, too, have cause this mighty loss to mourn,
For he, my monitor, will not return.
Oh! when shall we to his blest state arrive?
When the same graces in our bosoms thrive?"

As in her mistress' house, so in the meeting-house and among the congregation, Phillis' character and deportment soon attracted notice, and she shortly became a great favorite. At home her poems were brought out and read to the visitors, among whom were the clergymen and such literary lights as Boston in those early days could boast of. When out visiting in the houses of the better classes, where she was a welcome guest, she was always lionized; as her biographer states, "they liked to show her off as a wonder." And truly she was a wonder!—black as ebony, of slender build, delicate constitution, and thoughtful mien, herself a slave and the offspring of a race hated and despised as much in those days as in our own! Most young girls, and of the favored race at that, would have had their heads completely turned by so much attention. Retirement and modesty, however, seemed the handmaids of Phillis, who ever retained the guileless and simple way that had won Mrs. Wheatley on seeing the tender child in the market, so evidently out of place among her wretched companions. Among them she was, but not of them, save in her skin's color, called by an author, whom the girl herself quoted, "a diabolic dye."

Sometimes when Phillis was visiting "she was invited," runs her biography, "to sit at table with the other guests; but she always modestly declined, and requested that a plate might be placed for her on a side-table. Being well aware of the common prejudice against her complexion, she feared that some one might be offended by her company at meals. By pursuing this course she manifested a natural politeness which proved her to be more truly refined than any person could be who objected to

sit beside her on account of her color." The same is related of Benjamin Banneker, the negro astronomer, while engaged with the commissioners and surveyors in laying out Washington. The colored race, indeed, are generally retiring and civil, partly, no doubt, an effect of their long servitude, and partly because civility is natural to them. For Banneker was no slave, nor did Phillis ever have to feel her thraldom. In speaking of colored people of settled age travellers almost always agree in recognizing their tractable temperament. A choice foundation that to build upon in securing new children for the divine Master, whose chief task required of us is, "Learn of me, because I am meek and humble of heart."

In Phillis' story we are now about the year 1772. At that time throughout Massachusetts a formidable opposition was growing against slavery of every kind—against, in the first place, the English yoke, and, in the next, against that in which man held his fellows as *chattels*. The Provincial Legislature under both governors, Hutchinson and Gage, passed various ordinances against slavery, which both refused to sign on the ground of not being authorized by Parliament, and because their instructions forbade them "assenting to any laws of a new and unusual nature." The slaves themselves, being the most interested, did not stick at plotting together for liberty. It is evident from the following extract from a letter of Mrs. John Adams to her husband, the great patriot, dated at the Boston Garrison, September 2, 1774:

"There has been in town a conspiracy of negroes. At present it is kept pretty private, and was discovered by one, who endeavored to dissuade them from it. He, being threatened with his life, applied to Justice Quincy for protection. They conducted in this way: got an Irishman to draw up a petition to the governor (Gage), telling him they would fight for him, provided he would arm them and engage to liberate them if he conquered. And it is said that he attended so much to it as to consult Percy upon it, and one Lieutenant Small has been very busy and active. There is but little said, and what steps they will take in consequence of it I know not. I wish most sincerely there was not a slave in this province; it always appeared a most iniquitous scheme to me to fight ourselves for what we are daily robbing and plundering from those who have as good a right to freedom as we have. You know my mind upon this subject."*

The conspiracy, as was to be expected, failed. Before this the slaves had struck another and a stronger blow for that freedom which every man loves—not a blow men of brute instincts

* Letters of Mrs. Adams, quoted in *History of the Negro Race*, i. p. 227.

would have thought of, nor, again, one always adopted by men when under unjust treatment. They brought their cause into the courts and partly won. The slaves of Greece and Rome petitioned for the amelioration of their yoke, but they were honorable slaves—captives of war; the negro was not such, and hence his stand was nobler. In his diary under the date Wednesday, November 5, 1766, John Adams has the following:

"5, Wednesday—Attended court; heard the trial of an action of trespass brought by a mulatto woman for damages for restraining her of her liberty. This is called suing for liberty—the first action that I ever knew of the sort, though I have heard there have been many." *

The case was that of Jenny Slew *vs.* John Whipple, Jr. Jenny lost in the lower court, but on an appeal she won in the higher, receiving as damages £4 with costs taxed at £9 9*s.* 6*d.* Later on John Adams himself had a slave as client in one of these "freedom cases," but lost in both courts; so these suits went on, at times being decided in favor of the slaves, often against them, and frequently they were settled by compromise. On the side of the slaves the chief argument was that, by the laws of England, no man could be deprived of his liberty but by the judgment of his peers, and that the royal charter expressly declared that all born or residing in the province were as free as the king's subjects. The masters, in their turn, argued that slavery was recognized by the laws of the province and that slaves were bought and sold in open market. In cases of troublesome and also decrepit slaves the masters let the cases go almost by default, thus ridding themselves of annoyance in regard to the unruly and of the burden of supporting the others in old age.

Amid the discontent and suspicion of both slave and master it is a surprise to read of Phillis' position in society. She certainly must have carried with her many claims in her favor to be able to move as she did, considering how disagreeable her fellow-slaves were making things for the masters. The girl was not destined to long enjoy her social pleasures. Boston now has a very trying climate, and in her days it must have been much worse. It told severely on Phillis, who was naturally delicate, and when nineteen years of age her health became so shattered that the physicians advised the Wheatleys to give her a sea-voyage. The young heir of the family was about going to England, and, at his mother's request, took Phillis along. Before her departure her master emancipated her, thus gracefully putting a finish-

* Adams' *Works*, quoted as above, i. p. 228.

ing stroke to the generous treatment of years. To part with her mistress was a great blow to the affectionate girl, who in the following poem thus expresses her feelings. Its stanzas are of unequal merit, but we venture to give the entire attempt:

A FAREWELL TO AMERICA.

TO MRS. S. W. [*Susannah Wheatley*].

Adieu, New England's smiling meads;
  Adieu, the flow'ry plain:
I leave thine op'ning charms, O Spring!
  And tempt the warring main.

In vain for me the flow'rets rise
  And boast their gaudy pride,
While here beneath the Northern skies
  I mourn for health denied.

Celestial maid of rosy hue,
  Oh! let me feel thy reign;
I languish till thy face I view,
  Thy vanished joys regain.

Susannah mourns, nor can I bear
  To see the crystal shower,
Or mark the tender, falling tear
  At sad departure's hour;

Not unregarding can I see
  Her soul with grief oppressed;
But let no sighs, no groans for me
  Steal from her pensive breast.

In vain the feathered warblers sing;
  In vain the garden blooms,
And on the bosom of the Spring
  Breathes out her sweet perfumes,

While for Britannia's distant shore
  We sweep the liquid plain,
And with astonished eyes explore
  The wide-extended main.

Lo! Health appears. Celestial dame!
  Complacent and serene,
With Hebe's mantle o'er her frame,
  With soul-delighting mien.

To mark the vale where London lies,
  With misty vapors crowned,
Which cloud Aurora's thousand dyes
  And veil her charms around,

Why, Phœbus, moves thy car so slow?
So slow thy rising ray?
Give us this famous town to view,
Thou glorious king of day!

For thee, Britannia, I resign
New England's smiling fields;
To view again her charms divine
What joy the prospect yields!

But thou, Temptation! hence away
With all thy fatal train,
Nor once seduce my soul away
By thine enchanting strain.

Thrice happy they whose heav'nly shield
Secures their souls from harms,
And fell Temptation on the field
Of all its power disarms!

In England Phillis received marked attention—far greater than she had experienced at home. An utter stranger she was not, for when in Boston "her correspondence was sought, and it extended to persons of distinction even in England, among whom may be named the Countess of Huntingdon, Whitefield, and the Earl of Dartmouth." * Amidst her honors Phillis was ever the same simple-hearted girl. A relative of Mrs. Wheatley wrote to that lady: "Not all the attention Phillis received, nor all the honors that were heaped upon her, had the slightest influence upon her temper and deportment."

In 1773, shortly after her arrival, Phillis, urged on by her many admirers, published her poems. This is the only complete edition of her writings, a few of them having previously appeared in Boston in pamphlets. This edition is a small volume of one hundred and twenty-four pages, containing thirty-seven poems, together with a rhyming charade by some person, answered in rhyme by our poetess. The frontispiece is a wood-engraving of Phillis, who is seated on the old-fashioned high-back chair at an oval table. Before her are a book, an inkstand, and paper. While in her right hand she holds a quill, her left, resting on the table, supports her chin. She is evidently in a thoughtful mood. Upon her head is a cap like that worn by nurses nowadays; from underneath its frill border the woolly hair of her race peeps out. Every lineament of the full-

* Sparks' *Writings of Washington*, iii. p. 298, note.

blooded negro is seen in her countenance, which withal has a gentle and modest look, while the whole appearance is of a woman of very slender build. Inscribed on the oval border of the picture are the words "Phillis Wheatley, Negro Servant to Mr. John Wheatley, of Boston." Underneath is the publisher's attestation required by Act of Parliament. The title-page reads thus: "*Poems on Various Subjects, Religious and Moral.* By Phillis Wheatley, Negro Servant to Mr. John Wheatley, of Boston in New England. London: Printed for A. Bell, Aldgate, and sold by Cox and Berry, King Street, Boston. 1773." The poems were dedicated to the Countess of Huntingdon. The following is the preface:

"The following poems were written originally for the amusement of the author, as they were the products of her leisure moments. She had no intention ever to have published them; nor would they now have made their appearance but at the importunity of many of her best and most generous friends, to whom she considers herself as under the greatest obligations. As her attempts in poetry are now sent into the world, it is hoped the critic will not severely censure their defects; and we presume they have too much merit to be cast aside with contempt as worthless and trifling effusions. As to the disadvantages she has labored under with regard to learning, nothing needs to be offered, as her master's letter [a summary of her life] will sufficiently show the difficulties in this respect she had to encounter. With all their imperfections the poems are now humbly submitted to the perusal of the public."

In the course of this sketch are given enough extracts to enable the reader to form a fair estimate of the girl's powers. Two further selections are here added. The first is from a poem addressed to a lady on the death of three relations:

"We trace the pow'r of death from tomb to tomb,
And his are all the ages yet to come.
'Tis his to call the planets from on high,
To blacken Phœbus, and desolate the sky;
His, too, when all in his dark realms are hurled,
From its firm base to shake the solid world;
His fatal sceptre rules the spacious whole,
And trembling nature rocks from pole to pole."

A friend, no mean votary of the Muses himself, especially in lyrics and sonnets, to whom were sent Phillis' poems, thus writes: "It seems to me that 'The Hymn to the Evening' is one of the best things in the book. She is less artificial here than elsewhere. Towards the end of this poem she reminds me somewhat of Newman."

HYMN TO THE EVENING.

Soon as the sun forsook the eastern main
The pealing thunder shook the heav'nly plain ;
Majestic grandeur! From the zephyr's wing
Exhales the incense of the blooming spring.
Soft purl the streams, the birds renew their notes,
And through the air their mingled music floats.

Through all the heav'ns what beauteous dyes are spread!
But the west glories in the deepest red:
So may our breasts with ev'ry virtue glow,
The living temples of our God below!

Filled with the praise of Him who gives the light,
And draws the sable curtains of the night,
Let placid slumbers soothe each weary mind,
At morn to wake more heav'nly, more refined;
So shall the labors of the day begin
More pure, more guarded from the snares of sin.

Night's leaden sceptre seals my drowsy eyes:
Then cease, my song, till fair Aurora rise.

The reader will be astonished, no doubt, that a slave-girl should write so many poems from the fifteenth to the twentieth year of her age—a time of life when most girls are given to all giddiness. The lofty sentiments of her mind are still more wonderful when Phillis' race is remembered. The wandering child of the worst-treated among men, she seems in some measure to have tasted of those lights which the God of nature bestows, thus realizing, though never so faintly, the prophecy, "Before him the Ethiopians shall bow down." There was a like astonishment in London in her own days. It was mooted about that no slave-girl could do what Phillis did. It was simply impossible. So strong were the suspicions afloat that the publisher felt constrained to get a solemn declaration in defence of the girl's claims to be the author. We give it entire with the signatures, among which are some names familiar in American history:

"TO THE PUBLIC.

"As it has been repeatedly suggested to the publisher, by persons who have seen the manuscript, that numbers would be ready to suspect they were not really the writings of Phillis, he has procured the following attestation from the most respectable characters in Boston, that none might have the least ground for disputing their original:

"'We, whose names are underwritten, do assure the world that the poems specified in the following page [manuscript] were, as we verily be-

lieve, written by Phillis, a young negro girl, who was but a few years since brought, an uncultivated barbarian, from Africa, and has ever since been, and now is, under the disadvantage of serving as a slave in a family in this town. She has been examined by some of the best judges, and is thought qualified to write them.

"'*His Excellency* Thomas Hutchinson, *Governor.*
"'*The Hon.* Andrew Oliver, *Lieutenant-Governor.*

"'*The Hon.* Thomas Hubbard.	*The Rev.* Charles Chauncy, D.D.
"'*The Hon.* John Erving.	*The Rev.* Mather Byles, D.D.
"'*The Hon.* James Pitts.	*The Rev.* Ed. Pemberton, D.D.
"'*The Hon.* Harrison Gray.	*The Rev.* Andrew Elliot, D.D.
"'*The Hon.* James Bowdoin.	*The Rev.* Samuel Cooper, D.D.
"'John Hancock, *Esq.*	*The Rev. Mr.* Samuel Mather.
"'Joseph Green, *Esq.*	*The Rev. Mr.* John Moorhead.
"'Richard Carey, *Esq.*	*Mr.* John Wheatley, *her master.*'"

While Phillis was being honored in England her mistress, partly from grief at her absence, was taken seriously sick. A copy of the engraving which adorned the frontispiece of her poems had been sent to Mrs. Wheatley, who had it hung up so that she could always see it from her sick-bed. The sight of her favorite, even in miniature, consoled the patient, who on one occasion, pointing it out to a visiting relative, exclaimed: "Look at my Phillis! Does she not seem as if she would speak to me?" As her health was surely failing and her strength wasting away, she sent a most loving message to her dear servant to come to her as soon as possible. In a spirit of gratitude, claimed as unknown to her race, Phillis left the freedom and honor she was enjoying in England, returning in all haste to her sick mistress. It seems she arrived merely to pay the last offices to her beloved lady, who died very shortly after her arrival. Mrs. Wheatley's death was the first draught of the cup of sorrow for Phillis. Till the end of her young life this cup never left her. Mr. Wheatley died soon after, and then the daughter, Phillis' kind instructor and more than companion. The son, marrying abroad, settled in England. Phillis, alone now, remained for a short while with a relative of the Wheatleys, but finally, hiring a room, lived by herself.

The Revolutionary War was now going on. Lexington and Bunker Hill had been fought, and Washington with his army was besieging Boston, where the British were cooped up. During the siege, in October, 1775, Phillis sent a poem to Washington—a bold stroke for a negro girl of twenty-two living within the enemy's lines. There is nothing wonderful, however, in her

love of freedom. Every slave loves it. And she, after describing her own forced captivity, thus writes:

> "Such, such my case. And can I then but pray
> Others may never feel tyrannic sway?"

Her poem to Washington is lost beyond recovery. Sparks thus writes:

"I have not been able to find among Washington's papers the letter and poem addressed to him. They have doubtless been lost. From the circumstance of her invoking the Muse in his praise, and from the tenor of some of her printed pieces, particularly one addressed to King George seven years before, in which she compliments him on the repeal of the Stamp Act, it may be inferred that she was a Whig in politics, after the American way of thinking; and it might be curious to see in what manner she would eulogize liberty and the rights of man, while herself, nominally at least, in bondage."*

In a letter to General Joseph Reed, dated from Cambridge, February 10, 1776, Washington alludes to the poetess thus:

"I recollect nothing else worth giving you the trouble of, unless you can be amused by reading a letter and poem addressed to me by Miss Phillis Wheatley. In searching over a parcel of papers the other day, in order to destroy such as were useless, I brought it to light again. At first, with a view of doing justice to her poetical genius, I had a great mind to publish the poem; but not knowing whether it might not be considered rather as a mark of my own vanity than as a compliment to her, I laid it aside till I came across it again in the manner just mentioned."†

From the silence in regard to Phillis' color and station in life it would seem she was known to Reed. Speaking to a warm personal friend, Washington gives probably his true opinion of our heroine's efforts; eighteen days later he thus writes to herself:

"CAMBRIDGE, 28th February, 1776.

"MISS PHILLIS: Your favor of the 26th of October did not reach my hands till the middle of December. Time enough, you will say, to have given an answer ere this. Granted. But a variety of important occurrences, continually interposing to distract the mind and withdraw the attention, I hope will apologize for the delay, and plead my excuse for the seeming but not real neglect. I thank you most sincerely for your polite notice of me in the elegant lines you enclosed; and however undeserving I may be of such encomium and panegyric, the style and manner exhibit a striking proof of your poetical talents; in honor of which, and as a tribute justly due to you, I would have published your poem had I not been apprehensive that, while I only meant to give the world this new instance of

* Sparks' *Writings of Washington*, iii. 229, note, Boston, 1834. † Ibid. iii. p. 288.

your genius, I might have incurred the imputation of vanity. This, and nothing else, determined me not to give it place in the public prints. If you should ever come to Cambridge or near headquarters, I shall be happy to see a person so favored by the Muses, and to whom Nature has been so liberal and beneficent in her dispensations.

"I am, with great respect,

"Your obedient, humble servant,

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."*

Phillis' early friends were now dead or scattered abroad, and she was alone in the world. She was consequently easily led to accept the hand of a colored man named John Peters, who is thus described: "He kept a grocery in Court Street, and was a man of handsome person. He wore a wig, carried a cane, and quite acted out the gentleman. And though he was a man of talents and information, writing with fluency and propriety, and at one period reading law, he proved utterly unworthy of Phillis." The man was so much disliked, because of his bad treatment of her, that the neighbors would never call her by his name. She was always known as Phillis Wheatley. Whether she was the mother of one child or more is uncertain, but it is certain that her offspring, one or many, died before herself. In addition to her other sorrows poverty came upon her, for during the trying days of the Revolution there was much want, which in her case was heightened by her husband's incapacity for business. Some descendants of her lamented mistress' family, learning of her distress, sought her out, but it was only to sooth the last days of the dying woman in making more cheerful her cold, comfortless room, not so much by the blazing fire as by their presence, which spoke to her of bygone days, of her happy childhood. In 1780 or 1784 she died, being in her twenty-seventh or her thirty-first year. Let Sparks, the great biographer of Washington, end this sketch of a highly-gifted slave-girl: "In whatever order of merit they (her poems) may be ranked, it cannot be doubted that they exhibit the most favorable evidence on record of the capacity of the African intellect for improvement. The classical allusions are numerous and imply a wide compass of reading, a correct judgment, good taste, and a tenacious memory. Her deportment is represented to have been gentle and unpretending, her temper amiable, her feelings refined, and her religious impressions strong and constant." †

* Sparks' *Writings of Washington*, iii. 297.

† Ibid. iii. p. 298, note.

THE AGOTAC OF THE PYRENEAN PROVINCES.

AMONG the various peculiarities attaching to the Basque country and the neighborhood of the French and Spanish Pyrenees, there is one which has, from time to time, greatly excited the interest and attention of thoughtful men—namely, the existence throughout those provinces of a race of outcasts, who have been for many centuries under the ban of the populations among which they dwell, and in regard to whom the deeply-rooted prejudice of ages is even now not wholly removed.

This race and its offshoots * are known as Agoths, or Agotac, Cagots, Crestiaás, Cascarottes, or Cast-Agoths,† Capots, Caffos, and sometimes Gahets. Their origin, problematical even in the middle ages, and becoming more hopelessly obscure with every passing century, has been the subject of innumerable conjectures more or less probable or imaginative. This, at least, is certain: that these beings, stamped with some mysterious seal of malediction, were everywhere repulsed and kept apart from their fellow-men, as if they were lepers or stricken with the plague. And yet they were neither the one nor the other. They have, it is true, been confounded by some writers with lepers, as also with *gitanas*, or gipsies, with *cretins* and *goîtreux;* nevertheless the Agotac, or Crestiaás, are totally distinct from any of these classes of persons. They did not lead a nomadic life, but dwelt in fixed abodes, were Catholics, like the people amongst whom—or rather, it should be said, *apart from whom*—they lived, and they earned their living honestly by practising useful trades. They are, as a general rule, tall, well made, and of fair complexion. M. Francisque Michel,‡ after visiting every commune of the Basque provinces and the Baztan, wrote: "The only annoyance I experienced in my researches arose from the fact of my being mistaken for an Agota by the people

* Other offshoots are those of the Kakous, or Caqueux, of Brittany, the Marrons of Auvergne, the Caliberts of Aunis and La Rochelle, the Chuetas and Vaqueros of the Baztan, and in Poitou the Nioleurs, Cailluands, Cabaniers, etc.

† M. Guilbeau, of St. Jean de Luz, insists that the Agotac are a different type from the Cast-Agotac, or Cascarottes, who are apparently a branch rather of the Gituac, or Gitanos. The Cagots are usually taller than the rest of the population, and their children not unfrequently remarkable for their freshness and beauty.

‡ The indefatigable author of the *Histoire des Races Maudites de la France et de l'Espagne;* Paris, Franck, 1847—the most complete and trustworthy work that exists upon this subject.

of the country, on account of my blue eyes and brown hair; moreover, they could not comprehend my interest and inquiries in regard to the Agote race, unless on the ground of relationship. It would have been much worse for me had I sought information from the Agotac themselves, any stranger who converses with these unfortunates being still regarded with great suspicion."

Formerly, in some localities at least, they were never spoken of or to by any distinctive personal name, their neighbors pretending to ignore that they had any, and qualifying all alike by the humiliating title of *crestiaá* or *cagot*. These neighbors of "pure race" called themselves *Pelutac*, or *Perlutac*—a Basque word, meaning those who have a right to wear long hair; the Agotac, on the contrary, being compelled to cut theirs short.

The settlements of the Cagots were little better than collections of hovels, and always at a distance from the towns and villages. These they were only allowed to enter under various restrictions—to bring in wood, which they were bound to cut without payment; to work as carpenters or tilers, and attend the offices of religion at the parish church. But they had to quit the town before sunset. They were not allowed to possess any property in land, nor any animals but a pig and an ass, and for these they had no right of pasturage on the parish common. Those of the Agote women who spun could only sell the linen to their own race, the Perlutac refusing to buy it, as being *escagoutibe*, or "encagoted."

So strong was the conviction that Agoths in no way resembled other men that, with extremely rare exceptions, a father would see his daughter starvé or beg rather than let her marry one of the hated race, however well-to-do he might be. Still, that there were exceptions is proved by the Bearnese maxim, *Que lou marit qu'es descagoutibe sa henne.* Even at a marriage-feast the small loaf put by the plate of each guest at table was turned upside-down at the places to be occupied by Agotac.

They were restricted, under severe penalties, to the use of certain streams; and thus there is scarcely a village in the Pyrenees without its *houn deus Cagots*, or Cagot's spring.

They were forbidden all traffic in grain, wine, or wool; but, in spite of the incessant persecution, or rather repression, to which they were subjected, some of them became men of considerable property, the Agotac being, as a rule, more industrious than their neighbors. Moreover, until the Revolution, they never lost their ancient privilege of exemption from taxation and

from military service—an exemption which the *Cagoteries* were designedly allowed to share with the *Leproseries*, and therefore, if a boon, also a stigma.

The numerous and vexatious enactments passed by different municipalities in regard to these unfortunate people prove the strong and inveterate prejudice of all classes against them, except the feudal nobles, who often shielded them from the blind injustice of the *bourgeoisie* and populace. We also find repeated instances of priests taking up their cause, but with little or no result beyond an increase of annoyance to the objects of their compassion.

The causes assigned for this accursedness are so various that they rather darken the enigma than throw light upon it. By popular tradition, and also in documents still existing in the archives of different municipalities,* they are declared to be sorcerers and magicians, to be tainted with leprosy, to emit an infectious odor, to have lobeless ears adhering (at the lower part) to the cheek, or ears covered with hair, like those of bears, or one ear large and the other small and round, and to be otherwise personally objectionable; besides being prone to vice and anger, haughty, easily offended, pretentious and revengeful, etc. It is certain that to the end of the seventeenth century the Pyrenean Cagots, the Gascon Gahets, and the Kakous of Bretagne were alike compelled to wear a distinctive mark: a piece of red cloth on the left shoulder, and called in the parliamentary decrees of Navarre and Bordeaux a duck's or goose's foot—*pedoque* or *patte d'oie*. During four centuries, from the sixteenth to the nineteenth, they constantly appealed against the treatment to which they were subjected, and first the ecclesiastical, and later on the judicial, power was wielded in their favor; but they gained little from the fact beyond a few isolated advantages, the deep prejudice against them neutralizing the effect whether of legal enactments or the censures of the church. When, in 1789, the Revolution swept over France, the Agotac seized the opportunity to destroy all the registers and other documents they could lay hands on in which they were qualified as such; but even where writings were destroyed tradition continued, pointing out such and such families as *Cagotes*. In some localities the old aversion to them is well-nigh forgotten, but in others generations may pass away before it is completely cured.

*Comparatively few of these or of the parish registers escaped destruction in the Revolution.

François de Belle-Forest, one of the very few writers who have spoken of the Cagots *de visu*, adds, after the list of traditional accusations which he repeats against them, that they are "a fine race, laborious, and excellent workmen." * He says that "some attribute the malediction which rests upon them, from father to son, to the curse pronounced by Elisha upon his servant Giezi, and assure us that these men are his descendants, upon whom the leprosy of Naaman will remain for ever." (Here the Agoths are evidently confounded with the *Gézitains*—Gitanos, or gipsies.) "Others," he continues, "say that they are the remnant of the Goths who have remained in Gascony; . . . others, again, that they descend from certain Albigensian heretics, excommunicate by apostolic censure, and that this inward leprosy is bequeathed to them for a perpetual sign of their disobedience." He himself suggests that they may be Jews made Christians by command of some prince, and "still doing penance for the sin of their ancestor."

Some time later Florimond de Raemond, writing of the Cagots, considers their supposed leprosy a popular error, "seeing that they are as robust and lively as any other of the people." He believes that "they bear the penalty of the spiritual leprosy of their fathers, being," he says, "in all likelihood a remnant of the Arian Goths defeated at our gates in the time of King Clovis; . . . and in this belief I am strengthened by their very name of Cagots—*Cans-Gots*, *Caas-Gots*, or Gothic Dogs." †

Ambrose Paré, "the father of French surgery," deceived by report—for he had probably never seen a Cagot—ranks the Agotac as lepers, but is obliged to invent for them a new and special form of leprosy, affecting the internal parts without appearing outwardly. He, moreover, gravely asserts that these "comely and fair-complexioned" lepers are known to emit so extraordinary a heat that "one of them keeping a fresh apple in his house for the space of an hour, it shrivelled up as though it had been exposed for eight days in the sun." ‡ At the same time a

* See *La Cosmographie Universelle de tout le Monde*, 1575.

† *L'Antichrist*, par Florimond de Raemond, Conseilleur du Parlement de Bordeaux; Cambrai: J. de la Rivière, 1613; ch. xli. pp. 567, 568. The councillor adds that he has seen an old title-deed of one of the domains of Dame Corisande d'Andouins, Countess of Guissen, by which her ancestors permitted their people to intermarry with the Agotac, thus proving that the latter were not infected with corporal leprosy.

‡ *Œuvres d'Ambroise Paré, premier chirurgien du roy* . . . Paris, 1607; lib. xx. ch. vii. p. 744. Cf. the accusation of Caxarnaut against them when, in 1515, Don Juan de Santa Maria of Pampeluna, by command of the pope, required that their grievances should be redressed. "Even the grass withers when they tread upon it, and apples or any other fruits rot as soon as they take them in their hands" (*Races Maudites*, vol. i.)

contemporary surgeon of Toulouse,* experienced in the treatment of leprosy, declared that the Agotac were free from its taint.

Dom Martin de Vizcay, a priest of S. John Pied-de-Port, wrote in 1621 as follows: "I remember that in my childhood the Cagots were not allowed any kind of weapon but a knife without a point. They might not sit at table with the Pelutac, and the latter would as soon drink poison as water from a glass which their lips had touched. . . . To such a point has the animosity against these poor people reached that defects and deformities are ascribed to them which it is plain they do not possess; for instance, . . . that they are born with a long tail, and other things equally false and absurd, which do not cease to be spread abroad amongst us." †

The Jesuit fathers referred to in the preceding note believed the Cagots to be the remnant of the Goths who in ancient times cruelly tyrannized over the Pyrenean provinces, but who, after long efforts, had been overcome and reduced to the state of pariahs—a state in which they were unjustly kept by those who, under pretext of guarding their rights, ignored the rights of their fellow-men.

Oihenhart, in his curious work on the Basque country ‡ (published about 1638), mentions a decree of the Parliament of Bordeaux which forbade the Agotac, under pain of scourging, to appear in any town or village unshod and without a piece of red cloth sewn on the left shoulder. It was pretended that, were they allowed to walk barefoot, the pavement would be infected; moreover, they were only to walk "under the spouts" (*sous les gouttières*).

Pierre de Marca, in his *Histoire du Bearn* (1640), believed the Cagots to be descendants of the Saracens who remained in Gascony after the defeat of Abd-er-Rahman by Charles Martel.§ On their becoming Christians their lives were spared, but they were hated as being Saracens and *therefore* "*des ladres puans.*" In the latter character they were also called Gézitains, as inheriting the leprosy of Giezi. "Moreover," says La Marca, "it is not to be controverted that the Saracens have an evil odor, of which they

* G. Des Innocens, *Examen des Éléphantiques*, etc. Lyons: Soubron. 1595. See also *Litteræ Societ. Jesu annorum duorum* 1613 *et* 1614; Lugduni, apud Claudium Cayne, wherein allusion is made to the injustice suffered by the Agotac.

† *Drecho de Naturaleza que los Naturales de la Mirendad de San Juan del Pie del Puerto*, etc., etc. Zaragoza: Lanaja y Quartanet. 1621.

‡ *Notizia utriusque Vasconiæ.* Authore A. Oihenarto Mauleosolensi. Parisiis: Cramoisy. 1638.

§ Narrated at length in the Arabian history of Roderic of Toledo.

cannot be cured, save only by baptism; and to this, therefore, they brought their children, the Turks continuing the custom unto this day. . . . And thus Burchard certifies us that in his time—viz., six hundred years ago—these evil-smelling Saracens were wont to plunge into the Fountain of Egypt, in which tradition teaches that Our Lady bathed her little Child and our great Lord, and that by virtue of this washing they were purified."

He derives from the same source the mark like a goose's foot which they were compelled to wear, as being "*le charactere le plus expres*" to symbolize water or the frequent ablutions enjoined in the Koran, seeing that "*l'oye est un animal qui se plaist à nager dans les eaux.*"

He suggests that the epithet of *Casci-Goths*, or *Cans-Gots*, in the sense of hunting-dogs, or Goth-hunters, may have been given them in derision of the boast of Alboacer, one of the Moorish leaders, and king of Coïmbra, who, having reduced Spain, called himself "The Hunter of the Goths." Finally, he thinks that their separation at the first, as catechumens, from the rest of the faithful, passed from a custom of ecclesiastical and temporary discipline * into a permanent social state, out of hatred to the race and the suspicion of leprosy attaching to it. "Nevertheless," he adds, "these poor people are not in anywise tainted therewith, as the most learned physicians attest—among others the Sieur de Noguès, the king's physician—who, having examined their blood, find it pure and praiseworthy."

So strong, however, in Bearn was this suspicion that in 1460 the states petitioned Gaston de Bearn, Prince of Navarre, to decree that any Cagot found walking barefoot in the streets should have his feet pierced with a hot iron. It is satisfactory to learn that this petition was rejected. Already the ancient *For de Bearn* made the testimony of seven Agotac needful as equivalent to that of one Peluta. In Upper Navarre even priests made difficulties about receiving the confessions of Cagots or administering to them the sacraments of the church. It was on this account that, in 1514, they appealed to the Vicar of Christ, Pope Leo X., who forthwith issued a mandate commanding all ecclesiastics to receive them to the sacraments and other ordinances of the church, and to make no difference between them and the rest of the faithful.

With regard to the notion held by some that they were de-

* "*The catechumens may not eat with the baptized nor kiss them; still less may the gentiles or pagans*"—quoted by P. de la Marca from the acts of the fifth chapter of the Council of Mayence, held under Charlemagne.

scendants of the Albigenses, P. de Marca justly observes that the Agotac are more ancient than they. These heretics began to appear in Languedoc about A.D. 1180, and were ruined in 1215; whereas the Cagots, under their name of Crestiaás, are mentioned in the *Cartularia* of the abbey of Luc as early as the year 1000. Also, in the *For de Navarre*, compiled in the time of King Sancho Ramirez, about 1074, they are named as Gaffos and treated with the same rigor as in the *For de Bearn*.*

And now, instead of spending more space on the speculations of later writers, we proceed to give the conclusion arrived at on this subject by M. Francisque Michel—a conclusion which seems justified by the evidence brought to light by his researches, and apparently furnishes the right key to this ancient enigma, the origin of the pariahs of the Pyrenees.

Charlemagne, implored by the Christians of Spain to succor them from the oppressions of the Saracens, crossed the mountains A.D. 778 and besieged Saragossa. The Mussulman populations armed in such numbers on all sides to surround him that the emperor was compelled, by the inequality of forces, to raise the siege and hastily retreat back into Gaul. Immediately following in his track, multitudes of the Spanish Christians, whose position was now far worse than before, thronged into Septimania to escape the vengeance of the Saracenic conquerors. "The posterity of these Christian refugees," says M. Fauriel, "long subsisted in Gaul, distinct from the rest of the population, and under the special protection of the Carlovingian kings." This fact is attested by a decree† given A D. 812, by which Charlemagne bestowed upon them extensive tracts of waste land, which they were to dwell upon and cultivate permanently for their own use. For this land, however, they were to do fealty to the *Comes*, or feudal lord in whose seigneury they might be.

They had not long entered into possession before quarrels arose—first among the settlers themselves, and soon afterwards between the two races. No sooner had the former got their lands into cultivation than the people of the country either seized what they could or claimed a right to do so. The colonists complained to the emperor, who issued a second edict confirm-

* *Histoire de Bearn* . . . Par M. Pierre de Marca. Paris: Vve. Camusat. 1640. Fol. ed., liv. i. ch. xvi.

† This decree is given in full in the *Capitularia Regum Francorum* (ed. Stephano Baluzio), and is quoted by Du Cange. The names of a large proportion of the settlers are evidently Gothic—*e. g.*, Atila, Fredemir, Ofilo, Ardaric, Vasco, Witeric, Langobard, Odesind, Elperic, Walda, etc. Some are Arabian names—Zuleiman, etc.

ing their rights. This, however, on the death of Charlemagne, being disregarded, John, Archbishop of Arles, obtained for them from King Louis a third decree, more explicit than either of the foregoing, but had no power to enforce its observance. A fourth, issued by Charles the Bald, was equally useless in presence of the mutual ill-feeling between the races. The violent jealousy of the Gallo-Romans against these strangers, protected by a series of royal edicts, at last broke forth in a renewal of the old accusation against their ancestors. The deeply-rooted conviction that the Goths, being Arians, were therefore tainted with leprosy, enabled the Aquitanians to assert that the colonists, their descendants, had inherited this frightful disease. There is thus great reason for believing the Cagots to be the descendants of those Goths of Spain who fled from Mussulman oppression, only to bring themselves under a still heavier yoke, and who owed their long miseries in the first place to an act of ill-judged munificence.

Between the four Carlovingian documents mentioned above, and the *Præceptum* of Gaston Phœbus respecting them in the fourteenth century, there remains no record of their history or fate. We find them, however, in 1365 isolated in so many parts of Aquitaine, Bearn, Poitou, and the Basque country that it would seem as if they had been first deprived of their lands, and then, by force, widely dispersed and allowed to have no common centre. Although they were not deprived of their liberty, *such as it was*, no occupations were open to them, except such as were regarded as the meanest of all. Among these trades that of a carpenter seems to have been especially held in evil repute, because those who practised it were bound to make, erect, and keep in repair gibbets and various instruments of torture and death. The Agotac of St. Gaudens, in particular, were stigmatized as the descendants of the men who made the cross of Christ.*

Apparently for the same reason, rope-making was, from time immemorial, the special occupation of the Kakous (or Cacodd) of Brittany, who twined the cord by which prisoners were bound and malefactors hung. There, in fact, "Kakous" and

* These poor people were rehabilitated early in the present century, when the *grand vicaire* of the diocese went processionally to receive them into the principal entrance of the parish church. From that time all humiliating distinctions have gradually ceased. At Guizerix, near Bagnères de Bigorre, the Archdeacon Louis d'Aignan du Sendat, on the occasion of some great function, being determined to abolish all distinction of race in the house of God, passed through the entrance reserved for the Agotac, accompanied by the curé of the parish and a number of clergy besides. Since then no difference has been made between the two races.

"cordwainer" have become synonymous terms;* not that the Kakous, any more than their brother-Cagots of the south, ever speak of one another by these ignominious titles, but invariably by the title of *cousin*.† This is one reason, among others, for supposing the Breton Kakous, or "Caqueux," to be identical with the Pyrenean Agotac, some of whom, when despoiled of their lands, migrated farther north; so that, from Bordeaux to Basse Bretagne inclusively, Cagots are to be found, under various names. One of these offshoots, called the *Trangots*,‡ or "Stranger Goths," seem to have been held in even greater detestation than the Cagots. The dread with which they were regarded is expressed by the prayer or adjuration still in use among old people: "*Deu té preservé de la man de Trangot et del diné det Cagot!*" §

It remains to say a few words on the more ancient appellation of *Crestiaás* applied to the Agotac. Most of the writers on this subject have inserted an *h* into this word, and then taken infinite trouble to excogitate the reason why a race called "Chrestiaás," as if *par excellence*, should nevertheless be for ages under the ban of the fellow-Christians who called them so, these writers never dreaming that the word has nothing whatever to do with Christianity or its divine Founder.

When the Agotac, being accused of leprosy, were compelled to wear on their shoulder or head-gear a patch of scarlet cloth, rudely jagged like the up-turned web-foot of a goose, the symbol bore some imagined likeness to a crest—*cresta* in the language of the south—and those who wore it were called *crestats*, or the "crested men." As time wore on, though the word remained, its etymology was lost, and the more completely so when the compulsory edict which gave rise to the title had ceased to be enforced. Lastly, the insertion of an *h* wholly changed the derivation of

* In the Franco-Celtic dictionary of the Benedictine Father Gregory de Rostreven we find, as equivalents to *cacodd*, not only *Qacousery*, but also *Qordonnerez*: "*Ker ar gacousyen*," etc.

† The word *cousin* (*consobrinus*) was, in Brittany, an importation, the Breton word being *kenderf*, or *kenderv*, *kevenderf*, *kefiniant*, etc., according to nearness of kin.

‡ The word "bigot" may have a closer connection with the present subject than we are aware. Previous to the sixteenth century it was not used in the sense of hypocritical devotee, for which the word was then *papelard*. The etymology given of it in *Races Maudites* makes it a contraction of *Visigoth*—equivalent, in the popular idea, to an Arian passing himself for a Catholic—or an exaggerated devotee. Hence we find the term "bigot" concurrent in the Pyrenees with the terms Agote, Cagot, Ostrogoth, Trangot, and Gahet, and equally applied to the same class of supposed reprobates. For an instance of the *earlier* meaning attached to the word see the *Memoires de Messire Philippe de Commines:* "Audit temps (1482), le Roy fist venir . . . grand nombre de *bigots*, *bigottes* et gens de dévotion, comme hermits et sainctes créatures, pour sans cesse prier Dieu qu'il permist qu'il ne mourust point," etc.

§ "God keep you from the hand of the Trangot and the money of the Cagot!"

the word, and this change was most welcome to the "Chrestiaás," whose title would now, they hoped, plead for some consideration from their fellow-men.*

Capot, another synonym for Cagot, implies that these unfortunates, in their intercourse with outsiders, used every effort to *throw a cloak over* the fact of their race. Thus the expression, *faire capot*, means to cover with confusion, to strike dumb; for often, when conversing with other men as equals, they have suddenly been addressed by the name which they abhor. At this epithet all the faculties of the Cagot forsook him; he was paralyzed—"*Il demeurait capot.*"

The chief centre of the Agotac of Upper Navarre is at Arizcun, in the valley of Baztan, where they still subsist, distinct from the rest of the population, in a separate quarter called Bozata. Here may be found more traces than anywhere else of their past condition.

Before the commencement of this century they were never allowed to halt in the square, or *plaza*, of Arizcun, join in the game of football, sit on the benches in the churchyard while waiting for Mass or Vespers to begin, or take any part in the dancing on the Plaza d'Arizcun, except in the quality of musicians to the dancers. So numerous, indeed, were the vexatious restrictions imposed upon them by the "Arizcunenses" that Goyeneche, Count of Saceda, founded a village called "New Baztan," to which those of the Agotac who wished could migrate, and so escape from the contemptuous treatment they suffered at Bozata.

In some hamlets, as at Mailhoc, they had a small chapel apart, not being allowed to enter the parish church. When the "national property" was sold at the Revolution a Cagot of Mailhoc bought and demolished the miserable building to which he and his forefathers had been restricted for their public worship. At Saint-Pé also they had a separate church, called *Gleisiate;* but this being destroyed or falling down, they were admitted into the "vestibule," or ante-chapel, of the parish church.

At Lourdes there are still some families of Agotes, but they intermarry with the rest of the population. There are not a few at Reouilhès, on the Gave, at the northwestern extremity of the Forest of Lourdes. The Cagots of this neighborhood differ from the rest of their race in being of shorter build, the head large,

* It is doubtless from this word *crestias* that the more modern word *cretin* has been formed. The epithet of "short ear," applied in derision to the Agotac, was, although applicable in some few localities, far less so in regard to them than to the wholly distinct class of *cretins* and *goîtreux*, with whom they have sometimes been erroneously confounded.

and the ears round without lobe. Until recently all were carpenters, and there is a saying in those parts, "*A la maisoü deu Cagot la gouttere*" (The Cagot's house lacks a spout), which is another form of the French proverb, "None so ill-shod as the shoemakers."*

Several centuries ago (so says tradition) the Agotac of Reouilhès fought with the people of Lourdes, and, coming off victors, played at bowls with the heads of the slain on the Place de Saint-Pé. For this act of ferocity they were condemned by the Parliament of Toulouse to a number of rigorous restrictions, any of which if they failed to observe, they were further condemned to have two ounces of flesh cut from the whole length of the spine.

Numerous popular ballads and rhyming dialogues, French and Agote, in Basque and "Romane," exist, commemorating the struggles between the races, and all alike indicating how galling and incessant were the provocations on the part of the Frankish populations. At the same time not a few of these simple rhymes testify also to a spirit of cheerful resignation on the part of the Agotac, as well as to a certain dignity and moderation wholly lacking to the opprobrious songs made by their adversaries at their expense:

"Although," thus they sing, "we are all Cagots,
We do not vex ourselves for that.
Are we not all the sons of Adam?
Children of our first mother, Eve?"

"In our country this is our thought:
God, who created other men, also created us.
Our Maker will in no wise cast us off."

And again:

"Will you never make an end, ye insolent ones?
Will you never leave our people in peace—
Our people, who never seek to molest you?
For why should we waste time in doing so?
We work in order that we may have bread,
And in order that we may reach heaven at last."†

Nor do these popular rhymes alone furnish indications that they were better Christians than their tormentors. Near the church of Taron, in a small plot of ground called *Peyras*, and which is the burial-ground of the Agotac, stands a column of

* *Les cordonniers sont toujours les plus mal chaussés.*
† *Races Maudites*, vol. ii. p. 152, etc.

masonry surmounted by a small stone cross. On one side the column bears the date 1663, and on the other an inscription which, on that spot, has a touching significance:

"ABSIT GLORIARI NISI IN CRUCE DOMINI."

At Idron and Gelos certain Agotac, desiring to join the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, were contemptuously repulsed and allowed only to join that of the Rosary. At some places they might belong to that of St. John. At Ousse even the Angelus was rung separately for them, and in a different manner, after the ringing of the ordinary Angelus. At Jurançon they were compelled to have the figure of a man sculptured in stone before the principal door of their houses. It would be curious to know what these figures were like, but all were carefully destroyed by the Agotac as soon as they could demolish them with impunity.

There is in the canton of Pau a belief* that at the new or full moon Cagots are subject to a kind of delirium, throw away their tools, and wander wildly about, committing all kinds of follies. At Espis and Undurein they were suspected of bewitching the flocks. At Monbert, near Auch, they were regarded as being descended from the Jews who crucified our Saviour. Here they might not approach the sanctuary for Communion: the priest administered it to them at the rail which marked them off from the rest of the congregation.

Previous to the Revolution the Agotac of Villefranque, near Ustaritz, and at St. Just, also in the Basque country, met in a house once a week for a conference, the object of which has always remained secret. It would, however, fill a volume, were we to note down the characteristic particulars of each separate commune in the Pyrenean provinces with reference to the Agotac; we will, therefore, conclude this notice with a few general remarks.

Lower Navarre contains the most numerous settlements of the Agotac, the principal being those at St. Etienne de Baigorry and St. Jean-Pied-de-Port. In this province, moreover, they are always to be found in the neighborhood of castles, the lords of which the more willingly protected them because they alone,

* We do not know whether a proverb in use at Sauveterre has any connection with this belief. There, in order to give an idea of a person's giddiness or headstrong folly, it is said that he is "worse than the *Cagot de Gamachie*," though no one can tell who this Cagot was. In Oloron, also, if a spinster seems bent upon pairing it is remarked that "she would marry even the *Cagot de Gabachies*," allowing us to suppose that, with him, beauty and brains were alike at a discount, but that is all.

among the inhabitants of the Basque country, would do homage to the feudal power or submit to a state of vassalage. Nevertheless even their enemies have never been able to reproach them with want of courage.* They seem to have always been the first to be summoned for any work or emergency requiring strength or daring.

They are remarkable for longevity; many live until past ninety, and occasionally (within the memory of the living) to the age of one hundred and two and one hundred and three or four.† But notwithstanding any advantages of constitution they may possess, or, in many cases, of fortune, intermarriage of the two races, as a rule, is rare, and is regarded with the utmost repugnance by the Peluta relatives. A rich man of Agote descent, living at Agnos, has no less than six times arranged a marriage for his son, and each time, when his lineage has been discovered, the contract has been broken.‡

When a maiden is sought in marriage the aspirant invites all her family to dinner. The courtesy is returned; but if, during the meal, the fair one turns the loaf upside-down it is a sign that his suit is not accepted. At Castelnau Magnoac to this day, when, at the family meal, a master turns the loaf on its upper crust, those present touch nothing more, and the meal is at an end. In each case the meaning conveyed is that, if the parties do not desist, they must be content to pass for Cagots.§

Thus, although this hapless race has now for many years enjoyed full liberty *de jure*, it is, in certain localities, still far from enjoying it *de facto*. The church, when appealed to, has invariably taken the part of these her oppressed children against their tormentors, and the bull given at Rome in their favor in 1513 was

* In the numerous songs made against them we find verses like the following:

"Eits que soun come us porcs ladres,
Que nou an nat ressentiment:
Eits qu'enduran mille outrages,
Chaquè die, chaquè moument;
Mès a soun tour la vengence
Nou manquè pas d'arriba.
Si eits ben nade resistence
Qu'es baten dinquè creba.
A baig dounc la Cagotaille:
Destruisiam tous lous Cagots."

(They are like measly swine,
Which have no feeling:
They bear a thousand insults
Each moment, every day;
But vengeance in its turn
Fails not to follow.
When they resist at all,
They fight till they are dead.
Down, then, the *Cagotaille!*
Destroy we all the Cagots!)

† "M. Guyon, passing through Chubitua, saw a man of seventy-five digging in his garden; his wife, quite as old, had climbed into a cherry-tree and was picking the fruit. Beneath, on the turf, sat a woman of eighty three, having her hair combed and arranged by her great-granddaughter. She had all her teeth and was healthy and robust" (*Races Maudites*).

‡ The children of mixed marriages are (at Orx) called *macouans*, or *mules*. It is noticed that, in some parish registers, all the Agote marriages took place on Wednesday.

§ If a Cagot, on entering a house, found a loaf upside-down or with the cut side towards the door, he had a right to take it.

enforced by the ecclesiastical authorities of Pampeluna, under penalty, in case of disobedience, of a fine of five hundred ducats and the censures of the church.

In 1518 Charles V. issued two edicts, commanding the Perlutac to treat the Agotac in all things on an equality with themselves, under penalty of ten thousand maravedis. In 1658, under Philip II., the Agotes of Bozata prosecuted the people of Arizcun for their incessant insults, and in consequence of the appeal the "Arizcunenses" were condemned to a fine of one thousand maravedis (about two dollars) each time they called a man an "Agota." In 1683 Louis XIV. of France sent letters-patent to secure the liberties of the Agotac. In 1722, on an appeal from them, the Parliament of Navarre annulled the rigors of the ancient and as yet unrepealed *For* by a decree which was practically the beginning of their emancipation. This was followed, in 1818, by a law of the Cortes permitting them to enter the liberal professions, prohibiting the appellation of "Agote," and abolishing all distinctions of race. In 1842 the ecclesiastical tribunal of Pampeluna, at the prayer of the people of Bozata, reinforced and amplified the injunctions given more than three hundred years before by Pope Leo X.

Even since this date (1842) the church at Arizcun has twice been the scene of blows and confusion—once, on Good Friday itself, from the endeavors made by the Perlutac to hinder their Gothic brethren from joining in the ceremony of "the Adoration of the Cross." Subsequently, however, the tact and patience of the parish priest, Senhor Don Angel Oscaritz, a man of great gentleness, firmness, and wisdom, succeeded in bringing his people to a state of peace and charity in harmony with the religion they profess. Under what amount of difficulty he must have reached this happy result may be imagined from a fact told to the writer only a few months ago.

A young man, Agota by descent, became a priest, and, on his ordination, was sent to a seminary college. Here, having occasion to punish a refractory pupil, the latter cast it in his face that he was "nothing but a Cascarotte." From that moment not a boy would obey any order he gave. The bishop removed him to another district and other work—the stigma accompanied him; and again to a *third* sphere of occupation. He has now, therefore, been removed altogether out of the diocese to a distant parish where his origin remains unknown. His only fault was his race; "for," said my informant,* "he is an excellent priest."

* The Abbé Rèmes, a native of St. Jean de Luz.

To the Welsh the English are always "Saxons"; to the Bretons the French are still "ar C'halloued" (the Gauls); and a southerner of Provence or Aquitaine speaks of his northern neighbors as a "Franciman." * The history of the Agotac is a more striking instance than any of the foregoing of the tenacity with which names indicating antagonism of race are perpetuated for ages.

A LESSON OF LIFE.

A LITTLE girl was waiting alone in her nursery for the arrival of a new governess. Being of a restless turn, and feeling the occasion to be one of great importance, she had manifested her anxiety and impatience by wandering from window to window, flattening her nose against each successive pane, and staring wistfully out at the bare, smooth lawn and at the great trees shaking down their last few raindrops as they shivered in the cold March wind. She was a pretty child of an unusual type, with a skin of milky whiteness, gray eyes so dark and deeply set that they passed at first sight for black, and an abundant crop of short, fair curls. Tired of the dismal prospect out of doors, she had sauntered again to the hearth, and was idly gazing at the smouldering logs, when the door opened and a tall girl with brown hair and bright, brown eyes stood smiling on the threshold.

"She has come, Essie," she said, "and father has sent for you."

"O Lesley!" And the child sprang hastily forward and caught her sister's frock. "Is she nice? Do you like her looks?"

"She is lovely," was the assured reply; "and you cannot fail to like her, unless you are an obstinate little monkey. But come along; they are waiting for you now."

Essie ran down-stairs and across the hall, then, seized with a sudden fit of shyness, stood hesitating at the library door, until her companion, as though fearing she might slip away altogether, took her arm and pushed her gently in.

"This is my little sister, Miss Grantly," she said briefly, as a

* "De sabens *Francimans*
La coudannon a mort dezunpey trescens ans."
—*Las Papillotas de Jasmin.*

young girl dressed in black rose from the sofa and came forward to meet them. "And unless she is going to learn a great deal more quickly for you than she ever did for me, you will have good cause to possess your soul in patience."

Miss Grantly colored, and laughed a little, low, musical laugh. If not absolutely lovely, as Lesley had pronounced her to be, she was certainly very pretty, with a delicate, babyish face, and an appealing look in her clear blue eyes that had won its way into many an unguarded heart. She sat down now and drew Essie to her side, holding the passive little hand and smiling at the sober, up-turned face.

"I am not easily frightened," she whispered, "and I don't feel a bit discouraged by what your sister says. She has no idea what a student you are going to make by and by."

She spoke lightly and with a caressing grace that seemed irresistible, but there was no response from the silent figure by her side. The child's gray eyes wandered slowly for a moment over the charming face before her, and then drooped in sullen coldness, while two small, perpendicular wrinkles dented her smooth, white forehead. The signs were plainly visible to all who chose to read them, and they said, as distinctly as words could speak, that Miss Essie's first impressions had not been favorable. Even Miss Grantly seemed conscious of this, and drew back a little, looking hurt and puzzled, while Lesley tapped her foot impatiently as she glanced at her father's darkening face.

"Essie," he said sharply, "when you have shaken hands with Miss Grantly, and have shown her that you are not absolutely without manners, you may take her up to her room. Lesley, ring for a servant to carry the wraps, and let us have lunch directly."

He spoke with manifest annoyance, and his orders were quickly obeyed. Alone with his older daughter, who stood looking absently out at the rain-washed path, he pushed aside the book he had been reading, and sat for a few moments absorbed in thoughts that were evidently not of a pleasant nature. "Lesley," he said suddenly, "it is very strange that you cannot teach Essie to be more courteous."

The girl turned slowly and shrugged her pretty shoulders. She was well accustomed to have all her little sister's misdeeds charged to her account, and yet the process never failed to nettle her afresh. "How can I help it, father?" she said. "Essie's whims are far beyond me, but I never dreamed she would be so rude to-day."

"Rude to-day! But why should she ever be permitted to be rude at all? I am sure you were never brought up to suppose that you had the option of being polite or not, as you felt inclined."

Lesley laughed. "No, I was not," she frankly admitted. "But then Essie is a very different child, and has more ideas and opinions of her own than I was ever allowed to indulge in. Look at her chosen friends! She is hand-and-glove with every old woman and bare-footed boy in the village, and half the time I cannot keep her away from the very servants."

The frown on Dr. Stanhope's face deepened into a curious look of mingled fear and anger. "Do you mean to say that you permit Essie to associate with these people?" he asked. "If so, her manners need no longer be a source of wonder."

"Permit it? No! But sometimes I cannot help it."

"But you must help it in the future! Do you understand me, Lesley? You must absolutely forbid Essie to have anything to do with the servants or with the village children, and punish her every time she disobeys you. I will not have it in your power to say that your sister gratifies a taste for low company, which you should have checked in the start."

Lesley flushed crimson. The implied reproach was almost more than she could bear. Why, after all, should her father's annoyance with Essie always take the form of covert anger against herself? She felt distinctly the injustice of her own position, but offered no remonstrance to it. If she had gained nothing else in her guarded and disciplined childhood, she had at least learned how to be silent under provocation; and this power of self-restraint gave a strength and dignity even to the simplicity of her youth and inexperience. No one recognized that fact more clearly, or suffered from it more frequently, than her father. He felt now, as he had often felt before, that he had been unfair to her, and he knew that she would give him no opportunity either to make good his words or to revoke them. Under which discouraging circumstances he fidgeted for a moment or two and then went back to his book, out of humor with both his daughters and with himself as well, yet able to take a half-comic view of his own discomfiture. "She is a true disciple of Pallas Athene," he muttered ruefully when he was left alone. "And vast are thy powers, O Silence!"

But Lesley took no pleasure in her triumph. Indeed, she did not even know that she had triumphed, as she lingered in the hall, looking moodily through the stained-glass window which

lent a false brightness to the dreary world outside. She was but twenty-two, and had known very little of the cares or tumults of life, yet was far from thinking so. If any one had said to her that

> "Her soul was a fair, desert temple of beauty,
> Unshaded by sorrow, unhallowed by duty,"

she would have offered an indignant denial and pointed out the greatness of the mistake.

Had it not been a sorrow when her own mother died, leaving her a very little girl to the care of aunts who loved her too well—so they said—to make her childhood anything but a burden? Had not that sorrow been keener still when these same relatives came in solemn state to the boarding-school where their twelve-year-old niece was struggling with fractions and the French grammar, and informed her, with a strong implied disapproval of the act, that her father had taken another wife? And when at last she was released from school, and sent with a trusty body-guard of maid and courier to join her parent abroad, was it not to find him a broken-hearted widower, with a foreign-looking and atrociously-dressed child of five, who could not speak a word of English, and to whom she, Lesley, was expected to fill the part of a mother? And was it not an ever-present sorrow that this child, brusque, wilful, and old-fashioned, should be so much dearer to his heart than she had ever been? Yes, Lesley felt that she had many trials, and sometimes wondered that she was not more melancholy over them. While as for duty—surely she had tried to do her duty loyally, both to the father whom she dearly loved and to the little sister whom she had never learned to love at all. On that score, at least, she was free from self-reproach.

And Essie was devoted to her with childish and unexacting ardor; but then it was not difficult for Essie to love any one. Lesley's affections were few and of a slow growth, but Essie's heart was capable of taking in all by whom she was surrounded. She loved her father and her half-sister best of all; but she loved, too, her old nurse, who told her stories without end; and the cook, who saved for her benefit the most tempting of cakes and tarts; and the gardener, who would stop on his busiest days to carry water for her drooping flowers; and the groom, who liked nothing better than to canter alongside of her little pony; and the village children—those hurtful associates—who worshipped with one accord the very ground she trod on. Certainly Essie's

affections were many and warmly repaid, which made it all the more irritating that she should have taken an unreasonable dislike to a governess who was, in Lesley's opinion, charming. And this having brought her back to her original grievance, she stood pondering over it until a welcome and unexpected sight drove the recollection from her mind.

Up the muddy road came riding a young man on a chestnut mare, and in a moment the girl had flung open the door and stood waiting on the porch, her eyes sparkling, her hair blown about by the damp wind which brought a freshened color into her cheeks. The rider dismounted, ran up the steps, and took her into his arms with more of the matter-of-fact cordiality of a husband than the eager devotion of a lover. "Why, what were you doing at the front door," he asked, "looking as irresistible as Circe at her palace gates?"

Lesley shook her head. At this moment all her trials had vanished, and she was ready to wonder how she could ever have fretted over them. "I believe," she said hesitatingly, "that I was moping a little before I caught sight of you."

"Moping! What about? Nothing wrong, I hope?"

"Oh! no, nothing wrong. Only Essie chose to be rude to her new governess, and father, as usual, discovered that I was to blame, and I felt inclined to be cross over the whole matter."

The young man laughed and drew her a little closer. "My dear child," he said, "if you are destined to shoulder all Essie's misdeeds your burden is likely to be a heavy one. And as for being rude to her governess, you surely can't expect a youngster to like her governess, can you? I used to have one myself when I was a little boy, and I have a very distinct recollection of being rude to her nearly all the time, and of being perpetually sent to bed in consequence—which is more than will ever happen to Essie. But, to come down to practical matters, I hope that I am in time for luncheon, for I feel myself trembling on the very brink of starvation. In two minutes, you say? Then I will ride Jess to the stable, and be back with you in two minutes at the furthest."

He was gone, and Lesley's mind was at peace with herself and with all around her. She had only been engaged for three months, and love still seemed to her a panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to. What were a few vexations, more or less, when into her life had come this great happiness? What did anything matter, after all, when she could fall back upon this hidden spring of joy? By the time Mr. John Burroughs had given his mare in

charge of a groom and had returned to the house Lesley had tacitly made peace with her father, had said a few politely apologetic words to Miss Grantly, and had abstained from scolding Essie—three very distinct results of that short and stolen interview in the hall.

However inauspiciously the new governess had begun her reign, it continued without any of those tragic instances which had made the pastime of Jack Burroughs' infancy. Dr. Stanhope was warm in her praise; Lesley, with true womanly sympathy for her early orphanhood and her dependent condition, endeavored to surround her with little pleasures and to make her life as bearable as she could; and Essie, if her dislike remained unaltered, had been cajoled or threatened into a state of passive civility. Indeed, Miss Grantly possessed that rare tact which would have made good her footing wherever chance had thrown her; and far more potent than her youth or beauty was the subtle consciousness of people's minds and moods, which intuitively enabled her to please. She understood when to speak and when to let her appealing eyes speak for her with a mute and irresistible eloquence. She was incapable of jarring upon the vanities and weaknesses of those around her; and while carefully refraining from open flattery—that rock upon which so many vessels split—she had learned from Shenstone the important lesson that "deference is the most complicate, the most indirect, and the most elegant of all compliments." Accordingly she had taught herself to veil her natural self-reliance, to ask for advice in all emergencies, to listen to it with grateful attention, and even to make a feint of following it. She permitted Dr. Stanhope to feel that he was her wisest counsellor, Lesley to think that she was her kindest friend, Jack Burroughs to suppose that his occasional attentions both flattered and fluttered her—which was far from being the case—and every servant in the house to believe that he or she ministered in an especial manner to her wants.

On her little pupil alone was all this tact and judgment thrown away; for Essie, not clever enough herself to appreciate cleverness in other people, trusted entirely to her instincts, and was as unreasonable in her fancies as the terrier that barks at one guest and fawns upon another, with more innate penetration, perhaps, than we are apt to give him credit for. The child's truthful soul looked through her clear gray eyes, and in her simple directness there was something which her father thought half-barbarous, but which Lesley, single-minded herself, was

quick to understand and appreciate. Nor can it be claimed, indeed, that her studies advanced as rapidly as Miss Grantly had predicted; but then book-learning was not at all in Essie's line. She was quick to remember all she heard, quick to draw inferences from all she saw, but hopelessly slow in extracting any information out of a printed page. To Lesley, looking back upon her own early efforts, Essie's stupidity seemed almost incomprehensible. Why, at nine years old she was studying books whose titles her sister could barely spell, and of whose contents she was likely to be long in happy ignorance. "She is either hopelessly lazy or a little idiot!" pronounced Lesley with decision, and Miss Grantly merely shrugged her shoulders and smiled her softest smile. It was exactly her own opinion, but she hesitated about giving it utterance.

By this time spring was over and June had put forth her bravest array of flowers. The outside world was so very fair in Essie's eyes that the hours in the school-room seemed longer than ever, with a hundred voices from the fields and woods calling her to come out and be happy in their midst. Her thoughts wandered from the intricacies of the first reader, or the hideous complications of a written sum, down to the orchard where the birds were singing, untaught and consequently untroubled; or to the mill-stream beyond, where the lazy little fishes darted hither and thither, with no definite aim to mar their tranquil enjoyment. Essie often wished that she was a bird, or a fish, or anything that was not expected to know the multiplication-table or to write its own name. She envied Lesley, who was done with all this weariness and could ride out for hours with Jack Burroughs by her side. And perhaps Miss Grantly, looking through the school-room window and seeing the pair canter gaily down the winding path, envied them a little, too, and comforted herself with the thought that all things come in time to those who know how to wait. It was certainly pleasanter to ride through the fresh June morning than to sit cooped up in a quiet room trying to teach a stupid child; and perhaps it was because the day was so fine and their hearts so light that the two young people were tempted to prolong their ride far beyond its usual limits. In consequence of which Mr. Burroughs discovered when nearly home that he had scant time to keep an engagement of some importance, and said good-by to Lesley in the shady lane leading to her father's gate.

Left alone, the girl suffered her horse to walk, while she sat lost in a maze of happy memories. It was very quiet, for "noon

lay heavy on flower and tree," and through the net-work of leaves overhead the sunbeams wrought out shifting patterns of gold along the dusty road. Lesley never forgot those few moments, when the stillness around answered to the hush within herself; for it seemed as the turning-point of her whole life, and marked her last hours of unbroken happiness. As she drew near the lodge she became dreamily aware that an old man was plodding on before her in the dust, and that he stopped now and waited for her to come up—a poor old man, shabby and travel-stained, from his limp and greasy hat down to his boots worn into gaping holes. He mopped his forehead with a rag of a handkerchief, and peered with dull blue eyes into Lesley's face.

"I beg your pardon, miss," he said slowly, "but I'm thinking that it's somewheres near here that Mr. Herbert Stanhope lives?"

"My father, Dr. Stanhope, do you mean?" she answered, somewhat surprised. "He lives just at the end of the lane. You will be there in a minute."

"Your father!" repeated the old man, with a vaguely bewildered air. "And you are Dr. Stanhope's daughter! But he has another little one besides?"

"Yes," said Lesley shortly, resenting the question as impertinent, but softening in spite of herself at the wearied, puzzled face turned to her own. "Here is the lodge, and you can come right in. Do you want to see my father especially, or would you like to go around to the kitchen and have your dinner?" —half-suspecting that he was a beggar, and pitying his too evident poverty.

"Dinner! And is it I who would eat food under his roof?" returned her companion, waking for an instant into the semblance of life, and then relapsing into his former apathy. "No, no; it's no dinner I want, but to see Dr. Stanhope himself; and may be you'll take me to him?"

"Yes, I will," said Lesley, jumping off her horse and running lightly up the steps, her pliant figure and clear-cut features contrasting sharply with the dilapidated ruin by her side. "Come!" as the door was opened, and, leading him directly to the library, she pushed aside the curtain and looked in. "Father," she said softly, "here is an old man whom I met on the road and who wants to see you particularly."

Dr. Stanhope put down his newspaper with a resigned air and turned carelessly around; then sprang to his feet and angrily confronted the intruder. "Halleran!" he gasped, and Lesley

saw that he was white to the lips, and that the chair he leant on shook under his nervous grasp.

"Yes, it's I, Edward Halleran," returned the stranger slowly, and never taking his eyes off the doctor's startled face. "And I've come many a long mile to ask what you have done with my daughter's child."

His daughter's child! Could it be that this miserable creature was Essie's grandfather? Lesley stood as if thunder-struck, but Dr. Stanhope never seemed to notice her presence. "What is that to you!" he said hoarsely. "Your daughter, my dear wife, died, as you are aware, in Algiers. How do you know that she ever left a child?"

"How do I know?" repeated the old man, his voice quavering with emotion, his dim eyes dimmer still with tears. "I know because I have her letter—the only one she ever wrote after you took her from me. You put half the world between us for fear we should disgrace you; but when her heart was breaking in a far-off country she remembered then that she had a father still."

If Dr. Stanhope had grown pale before he was ashen now, and his eyes burned with suppressed fury. "It is a lie!" he whispered. "I loved her with my whole soul, and at no time did I ever give her just cause to regret her marriage with me. If I separated her from her family and former associates it was for her happiness as well as for my own, and she consented to it as inevitable before she became my wife."

"Ay, that she did," said the unhappy father. "She loved you well enough to give up for your sake all that had been dear to her heart. But, more than father, or mother, or home, she abandoned for you her faith and her God; and that was the thought that weighed heavy on her dying soul. If I have hunted you out—and it's been weary work—it was not of my own will, but because I've been obeying my darling's last prayer."

He stopped and drew from his breast a torn, crumpled letter, which he unfolded with trembling fingers that were hardly equal to the task. Smoothing it out tenderly, he hesitated a minute, and then turned with instinctive trust to the girl by his side. "Will you read it to your father?" he said humbly. "I have never let it out of my hands before."

Lesley flushed scarlet and stepped a little forward. "Shall I do so, father?" she asked in a low voice, "or shall I go away?"

The pain she felt was manifested in look and tone, but Dr.

Stanhope had regained his ordinary composure and never seemed to notice it. "You have heard this much," he said dryly; "you may as well know all."

He sat down again by the table, leaning his head upon his hand, and permitted her to take the letter. It was worn, soiled, and almost illegible. The writing was weak and straggling like that of a child. It was ill-spelt and ill-constructed, but terribly real in its misery and pain. What a production for her father's wife! was Lesley's first thought, as she held it in her dainty fingers, and, standing in the deep enclosure of the window-place, began to read:

"Dearest Father: I have been an ungrateful child to you, and God has punished me, and my punishment is more than I can bear. I gave up you, and my mother, and my faith to be a lady and have my husband love me; and now I am dying before I have been married a year—dying in a dreadful country, where they said I should grow strong again, but where there is no one near me I can trust; dying so far away from you, and so far away from heaven, without a priest for my own soul or to baptize my baby. And I am pretty still, and my husband loves me still, and yet I can never get well. Father, dear father, it is too late to help me now, but promise me you will help my baby. It is a little girl, and she is named Hester after me; and some day please try and find her, and tell her I was a Catholic, and make her be baptized. She is mine, and I give her to you. Don't forget her as I forgot you, and don't ever let her know what a bad daughter I was.

"Hester Stanhope."

Poor, pleading letter! Poor, weak soul, who, trembling at the doors of death, casts back even then a longing look upon the pleasures of a misspent life! "I am pretty still, and my husband loves me still, and yet I can never get well." Forced to face eternity, only because earth was slipping fast from her feeble footsteps, the mother-love asserts itself even in this trivial spirit, and enables her to dimly realize for what she has bartered away her soul.

There was a long silence in the room after the letter had been read, for the three who had heard it were each absorbed in their own thoughts. Down Halleran's wrinkled face the tears were running like rain, and Lesley, as she watched him, felt a great pity rise in her heart for him, and for her father, and most of all for Essie. Poor Essie! What wonder that she was brusque and hard to train! What wonder that study was bitter and freedom sweet to one whose mother could not spell and whose grandfather was unable to read! The prejudices of birth were very strong in Lesley's soul. She had been carefully and conscien-

tiously trained by her aunts to believe that she, whose great-grandfather came over from England rich and well-born, must necessarily be better than those whose ancestors arrived carrying their baggage in a handkerchief; and that the possession of a great-great-grandmother, in itself a rarity, was enhanced in her case by a much-diluted drop of noble German blood. Of her father's second wife she had been told nothing, save that she was an orphan without relatives; and had never given the matter a further thought, until now the whole truth was savagely thrust upon her.

There was a certain sense of justice in Lesley's mind, which forced her to realize that the old man standing crying by her side had been hardly treated, and that some sympathy and consideration were due to him; but her strongest feeling at this moment was one of fastidious disgust. There was something painfully real, and consequently unattractive, about Halleran's grief and poverty. He was not in the least like similar old men in books, picturesque in a rugged simplicity. He was merely ragged and unkempt, and far from clean. Dust and heat and tears had streaked his withered face with grimy marks, and the handkerchief with which he sought to smear them off made Lesley wince. He stood humbly, hat in hand, and with no pretence of equality in his son-in-law's house. He was broken in years, and health, and spirits; and to those who did not understand the hidden purpose which urged him on it would have seemed an easy matter to crush up his presumptuous interference. Perhaps Dr. Stanhope thought so as he sat wrapped in moody contemplation. He had loved this man's daughter with the strongest affections of his heart. Her beauty had tempted him to break down the barriers of caste, and it stung him sharply to know that in her trouble she had turned weakly away from him for help and sympathy; that not even in the end had she given him her trust and confidence; and that, having lavished all things on her, he had yet failed to make her happy. For Halleran to come seeking his grandchild was, in Dr. Stanhope's eyes, preposterous; and that his long-guarded secret should be shared by his older daughter was a bitter humiliation to his soul. He glanced up now and met her clear brown eyes fixed on him with a mute inquiry that roused him into speech.

"Give him back the letter, Lesley," he said wearily. "I did not know that it had ever been written, or I could have supplemented it with some further information. On one point, Halleran, you may set your mind at ease. Hester, two days before

she died, confessed to me her desire to see a priest, and I procured one for her. He was a French Jesuit in charge of a mission in Algiers, and he administered to her all the rites of her church and baptized her little girl. Are you contented now?"

The old man came forward a few hasty steps, peered anxiously into the other's face, and then drew a long breath, as if a heavy burden had been suddenly lifted from his soul. "Thank God!" he said simply, "and may he reward you!" Then, after a pause, he added, with sad humility, "I'll be going away now, it you wish it. It's enough for me to know that my child's child will be brought up in her mother's faith, and I'll not so much as ask to look in her pretty eyes."

Dr. Stanhope stirred impatiently in his chair and glanced again at Lesley, who was watching him with silent earnestness. "You mistake me entirely, Halleran," he said dryly. "I am no advocate of any especial sect, nor do I regard the selection of one as a matter of vital importance. I never actually opposed Hester in the practice of her religion, and I would not for worlds have denied her its consolations on her death-bed. Essie may join whatever church she pleases when she is old enough to decide with propriety; but I have no intention of educating her in your fantastic creed. Nor will I permit any interference in the matter. As for seeing her, you may do so, if you wish, on condition that you do not tell her who you are. I will send for her before you leave. And now one thing more—and, believe me, I do not want to be unkind. I fear that your circumstances are very poor, though they were not so when I first knew you. If this be the case I am ready and willing to make ample provision for you and your wife, for the sake of her who is gone; but you must see for yourself that it will be best to leave here at once."

He paused, and Halleran looked at him steadily, his dull eyes quickening into a dangerous light. "My wife is dead," he said slowly, "and my daughter is dead, and my grandchild is dead to my old age. I would starve and rot before I tasted a crust of yours; but leave the little one to you I will not while there is a breath still in my body. She shall one day learn the truth."

Dr. Stanhope took a step forward. "She shall never learn it!" he said distinctly. "You say that I put half the world between you and your daughter. I will put it again between you and Essie, and, if ocean and land can keep you apart, she shall never see your face. And now—"

"Father," interrupted Lesley in a low voice, "look!"

He turned and saw Essie standing by the curtained door,

watching them both with wondering, frightened eyes, her fair skin and golden hair brought into sharp relief by the sombre background against which she leaned.

"Essie," he said huskily, "go away! This is no place for you."

The child never seemed to heed him. Her forehead was contracted, her eyes half filled with tears. Slowly she came forward until she stood by Halleran's elbow. "And are you my real grandfather?" she asked, with a puzzled look and tone. "Were you truly my mamma's father, and have you come here just to see me?"

He stooped and kissed her gently. "She is like my own come back to me," he murmured, "and no lovelier than my darling used to be."

Essie looked at him curiously, but without a particle of the innate disgust that dwelt in Lesley's eyes. She felt no repugnance to his rags and poverty; only a pity and a wonder that it should be so. "You need not cry," she said softly, as she touched with her little fingers his frayed and torn sleeve. "You know we can buy you plenty of new things."

"Essie!" cried her father, "I told you to leave the room! Lesley, take her away and teach her, if you can, to be silent. Go!" he added angrily, as she lingered still, and Lesley, taking her by the hand, drew her to the door. Here she stopped for an instant and turned around, her little face serious and troubled, her deep eyes wandering wistfully from her father's averted head to the bowed figure by his side. She would have run back even then, but Lesley held her firmly; and as the dark curtains hid her from their sight the two men turned and faced one another, each with a new determination in his soul.

PART II.

After a social storm there follows generally a profound lull which makes us wonder now and then if anything has really happened to mar the accustomed evenness of our lives. So it was now in Dr. Stanhope's household. Lesley, when she left her father's study, took Essie up to her room and tried to make her understand that this visit of her grandfather's was something she must not talk about to any one. To the child's rapid questions she returned a few guarded but truthful answers. There had been enough deception in the matter already, and Lesley was determined that she would be accessory to no further conceal-

ment beyond that afforded by mere silence. When she met her father again at lunch the unwelcome visitor had departed. What had passed between them no one knew; but Dr. Stanhope, though a trifle paler and quieter than usual, had regained his accustomed manner, and seemed in nowise troubled by the morning's interview. He never alluded to the subject but once afterwards, and then only to say a few cold words of warning, and to accede reluctantly to Lesley's demand that Jack Burroughs should be told all.

"I am sorry to ask it of you, father," she said firmly; "but I will marry no man while concealing anything from him. I could not look my husband in the face, if I were keeping a secret he might any day discover."

So Mr. Burroughs was informed of the truth, and took it very easily. He laughed a little at the doctor's predicament; hoped the matter would be smoothed over without a squabble; told Lesley she was a good girl to insist on telling him everything, and then apparently forgot all about the subject. Indeed, there seemed to be other and more important matters weighing on his mind, for he had grown restless and troubled of late, and had lost a great portion of the careless good-humor which had always characterized him. Lesley saw the change and pondered over it, wondering now and then why she felt so heavy-hearted, and why no one seemed to be just as they were before. Her father was silent and absorbed, her lover distrait and unresponding; Miss Grantly alone retained her even gentleness of manner, and in her company Lesley found a welcome distraction from unpleasant thoughts.

As the weather grew warmer Essie's school-hours were shortened, and she was permitted to roam unmolested over the grounds, while her sister and governess idled away the days together—sometimes alone, often with Mr. Burroughs as an escort in their walks and drives. For Mabel Grantly these hours of pleasant luxury were golden ones, and she extracted from them all possible flavor; being one of those rare characters who, while always watching the future, can yet pause to enjoy the present. She exhausted the resources of her wardrobe in trying to look her daintiest, and accepted willingly enough Lesley's generous gifts without ever warming into a spark of loyalty towards the giver. She had been cast upon the world to carve out her own fortune, and, with no positive ill-will towards any one, she would not have deviated a hair-breadth from the clear path of self-advancement to have picked up a

fainting sister by the way. Lesley, too honest to be a shrewd observer, thought her merely a young and charming girl, whose hard lines gave her a double claim to sympathy and liking, and whose undoubted refinement made her a pleasant companion for lonely hours. She was not given to violent fancies or to the swiftly-formed attachments of girlhood; but she was slower even to distrust than to love, and was content to read others by the key-note of her own integrity. And so the ill-matched couple became what most people would call friends; and Dr. Stanhope said his daughter was fortunate in having such congenial society; and the neighbors said it was a lucky thing for that pretty little governess that the rich Miss Stanhope seemed to be so taken with her; and perhaps in her secret heart Mabel Grantly thought that luck sometimes changes with the tide.

It was a heavy afternoon in August, and Lesley, too restless to read or work and too languid to venture out of doors, had wandered, book in hand, around the house until she was tired of her own company. Miss Grantly had confessed to a headache, and had gone to her room to nurse it. Essie was invisible, and Dr. Stanhope was execrating the hot weather in the shady coolness of his library. Out in the sunshine two little children toiled up the path carrying a heavy basket between them, and stopping now and then to take breath and wipe their streaming faces. Lesley had often before noticed the thin, drooping figures bearing the same burden with unchildish patience, but it had never occurred to her to feel especially sorry for them. They were the washer-woman's little girls, and if it belonged to their station in life to drag around heavy baskets it was natural, of course, that they should do so. But to-day the sun shone down so fiercely on their unprotected heads, and their weariness was so apparent in every step, that her heart smote her as she watched them, and into her mind crept the unbidden thought: "Had Essie's mother ever been a child like these?"

Shading her eyes, she opened the French window and stepped out on the lawn. "You poor hot little things!" she said. "How far do you have to come?"

The children stared at her, shy and startled by so much notice. "It's a good half-mile, miss," said the older girl faintly, while the younger pushed back her hair and shifted the basket from one hand to the other in embarrassed silence.

"Half a mile, and in such weather! Why, it's enough to kill you! You must have some milk and fruit, and rest awhile before you think of going home."

"Thank you, miss!" said the child who had spoken before, while her sister grinned a silent approbation; and Lesley, forgetting the heat, strolled part way up the garden-path and gave orders that the tired little things should be fed and rested and given some peaches to take home. Then she turned off in the direction of the orchard, where the shady, low-branched trees promised a welcome retreat from the scorching sunbeams which flecked the gravel-walk with points of light and quivered over the long, hot garden and the sleepy fields beyond. But she never reached the leafy shelter that she sought, for out of the shadow of the trees and into the dazzling sunshine stepped two figures, a girl in white and a man who was talking low and earnestly. The blood rushed fiercely into Lesley's face, and, shrinking behind the hedge, she watched Mabel Grantly pause, laugh, and turn coquettishly away, and saw her affianced husband kiss the little hand so carelessly held out to him. The next instant she confronted them, standing white and silent in their path, with a look of mingled pain and scorn in her brown eyes that one at least of the offenders never forgot until his dying day. With the shame of his dishonor upon him, Jack Burroughs had no word of self-defence to offer; but it was plain that Miss Grantly viewed the matter in quite a different light. There was no trace of agitation in the smiling face or in the clear, even tones; but there was an evident determination to hold her own, and a subtle triumph lurking in her manner, as if she knew that the day was hers.

"Are you surprised to see my headache so much better?" she asked composedly. "I have always found that the fresh air is the best remedy after all, and to-day it has done me a world of good already."

Lesley did not answer. She had no intention of being drawn into a war of words, though a swift, half-pleading glance at her fiancé seemed to beg for an explanation of the mystery. But the eyes which should have met hers were heavy and downcast, and for a minute nothing broke the silence save the impatient chirp of a robin over their heads. "Have you nothing to say to me?" Lesley asked.

Jack Burroughs looked up, his bronzed face suffused with scarlet. "Forgive me!" he whispered. "I could not help it, for I love her with my whole soul."

The girl quivered as if she had been struck; but her natural self-control was stronger to help her now than even her wounded pride. "I will release you," she said simply; "and I hope that to her, at least, you will be true."

She slipped off her engagement-ring and held it out to him, but he made no motion to take it, and the glittering diamond dropped upon the grass. Mabel Grantly took a step forward. "You need not be so premature, Miss Stanhope," she said coldly. "I have no intention of marrying Mr. Burroughs, and have never given him any right to claim me. I considered him as bound in honor to you."

Lesley smiled a little, bitter smile. "You were very considerate," she said.

"Perhaps I was," was the light rejoinder; "but, at any rate, there is no reason why I should separate you two. I repeat, I am not going to marry Mr. Burroughs."

"Mabel!" he said appealingly, but she never noticed him; her eyes were fixed on Lesley, who had turned into the path leading to the house. "I will not have you leave me thus!" she cried abruptly. "I have done nothing so very amiss, and am not responsible for your lover's fickleness. You shall not throw the blame upon me!"

There was no answer; Lesley, with a silence more contemptuous than words, never even looked at her, but continued quietly on her way. Mabel Grantly followed and laid a detaining hand upon her arm. She was pale now, and her soft blue eyes sparkled with an evil light. But she stood erect and unabashed, for her hour of triumph was at hand, and all things had come to her who knew how to wait. "Lesley Stanhope," she said, "you must hear me. If you do not choose to respect me as your sister's governess, you shall as your father's wife."

She paused and noticed with cruel amusement the white, puzzled face turned to her own, and heard the sharp sound of Jack Burroughs' foot upon the gravel. "It is true," she repeated slowly. "I have only been engaged to Dr. Stanhope for two days, and I am going to take Essie to the sea-shore for the rest of the summer. In November we will be married."

She stopped, included them both in a little, mocking bow, and strolled away. Lesley, without a word, turned sharply in another direction; Mr. Burroughs was left under the apple-trees alone.

Safe in her own room, Lesley sat for hours trying to realize the change that had come into her life. Dazed with the shock, she saw the whole fabric of her earthly happiness crumble at her feet, and felt vaguely conscious that she stood deserted and alone; the past closed for ever, the future stretching blindly on before. She was too confused as yet for grief, or even for a full appreciation of her position; she only knew that her idols had

been shattered, and, in her youth and inexperience, she believed it impossible to survive their loss and live. Spiritual resources she had none; courage and fortitude were things she understood, but resignation was a word omitted from her vocabulary, and of whose very meaning she was ignorant. True as steel, generous in her impulses, and just to all, she had never found much cause for self-reproach. Her life had always been a happy one, and her sleepy conscience at ease with itself and the rest of the world. Now suddenly cut adrift from her sheltered moorings, she began to realize that her soul was driven by fiercer storms than she had ever dreamed of, and to wonder vainly where she should turn for safety. She had been taught to hold religion in unquestioned reverence, at the same time letting it as much alone as possible. To drive to church on clear Sundays was the correct embodiment of an excellent principle; to visit the poor occasionally, a laudable work, provided always that the poor selected were respectable, tolerably clean, and free from contagious diseases. Beyond this it was best never to meddle in these matters, and Lesley, not being spiritually inclined, had been content hitherto to follow her instructions. She knew nothing of that warning which has come down to us through generations: "He that clingeth to the creature shall fall with its falling." She had given her whole trust unhesitatingly to those she loved, and they had failed her in her need.

Her painful reverie was broken at last by a message from her father, saying he would like to see her for a few minutes in the library; and, rousing herself, Lesley went wearily down-stairs. The skies were darkened with an approaching storm, and a deathlike stillness brooded over the tall tree-tops, which hung heavy and drooping in the sullen air. The same atmosphere of breathless expectancy seemed to pervade the house, as though the ominous lull which precedes the rising wind held it, too, in check. In his dim and quiet study Dr. Stanhope was pacing up and down, with a look half angry, half resolute on his face and an impatient, troubled step. He turned sharply around as his daughter entered.

"Lesley," he said, "I have something important to tell you—something you will be sorry to hear."

"Do you mean your engagement, father?" she asked in a low voice.

He stared at her and continued his walk. "No, no," he said. "Of course I meant to tell you that as well, but I am very glad you know it already. It is the only softening spot in my sum-

mer's annoyance and worry. She is a lovely girl, and I am most fortunate to win such a gentle and judicious mother for Essie and such a charming little wife for myself. Now I can see you married with a better heart."

Lesley made no answer. She was not thinking now of Mabel Grantly, but of her own young mother, who lay in the churchyard near, and of Hester Halleran, who slept forgotten by the Mediterranean Sea. Was there no such thing as faithfulness in the world? Her lip curled scornfully, but her eyes were dim with tears, and for the first time a sensation of pity for the low-born wife who had sacrificed so much to gain so little filled her soul. She had resented her taking her mother's place, but now they were both alike forsaken, and she felt that their cause was one.

Dr. Stanhope took a few steps in silence, and then continued in a lower voice and with an altered manner: "What I want to speak to you about is something I have just heard of Essie. That scoundrel Halleran, whom I thought well out of the road, has eluded my vigilance, and has actually been all this time in the neighborhood; and, what is much worse, Essie has had constant communication with him."

"Impossible!" cried Lesley, startled out of her self-abstraction. "Where could they have met?"

"Oh! that was easy enough, thanks to the child being unwatched all day long. He is living in a little cottage behind the Stewart mill, and all she had to do was to cross the mill-stream unnoticed and spend as much time with him as she liked. Heaven only knows what nonsense he has taught her by this time!"

"I am very sorry father," said Lesley, taking, as usual, the blame upon her shoulders. "But Essie has always been accustomed to run about where she liked, and I did not know there was any cause for apprehension."

"Nor I, or this folly would have come to a speedy end long ago, as it shall now. Did Miss Grantly tell you she was going to take Essie to the sea-shore?"

"Yes, she mentioned it to me."

"Well, I have changed my plans, and, to insure her being safe in future from Halleran's pertinacity, I intend sending her abroad at once."

"Abroad!" repeated Lesley, "and with Miss Grantly?"

"Of course with Miss Grantly. They are to leave early to-morrow morning, and will sail from New York on Thursday. I

have arranged for their spending the rest of the summer at Nice, and in the fall I will go over to them."

"And be married abroad, father?"

"Yes; it suits me best, and I shall be spared the fuss and notoriety of a home wedding. It is a heavy trial for me to part with Essie for so long, but I feel the necessity to be imperative, and I shall know her to be in good hands."

One great rebellious tear dropped from Lesley's eyes, and she succeeded with difficulty in choking back its fellows. She felt so lonely and desolate that it seemed doubly hard to know that all her father's hopes, and plans, and affections were for those two, and that she alone bore no part in his calculations. She might, perhaps, be useful to him, but that was all.

"The reason why I sent for you," Dr. Stanhope went on, "was to ask you to get Essie's things together quietly, so that she will be ready to start in the morning without making a stir among the servants. Miss Grantly says that old Alice is ruining the child by over-indulgence, and she prefers not taking her along. So they will cross alone, and secure a French maid in Paris. Also I want you to break the news to Essie to-night, so that she will have a good sleep on it, and not treat us to a scene to-morrow."

"Father," pleaded Lesley, "I think the child will be very unhappy if you send her so far away without even her old nurse to comfort her. She is so painfully shy with strangers, and has not yet grown fond of Miss Grantly."

"That," said Dr. Stanhope pithily, "is pure nonsense. Between you and Alice, Essie has been greatly spoiled, and the quicker she gets under new influences the better. Besides, she will learn to love Miss Grantly all the more readily if she has no one else to fall back upon. My mind is quite made up on the subject, but I want you to reconcile her as far as possible to the separation. Once among new scenes, she will soon grow happy and contented."

Lesley offered no further remonstrance. In the midst of her own sorrow her heart ached for her little sister; but she was powerless to help her, and nothing remained but to tell her as gently as possible of the approaching change. She packed the trunk without asking assistance from any one, and when night came took Essie to her room and told her in a few kind words what was to happen in the morning. But it was in vain that she spoke of the delights of crossing the ocean, or described in glowing terms the beautiful places they were going to see. Essie,

with her face hidden on her sister's shoulder, would listen to no consolation, but wept and wept as if her little heart were breaking with its grief. "If you were only going with me!" she sobbed, "or papa, or Alice. But O Lesley! I hate her so, I hate her so!"

"Hush, Essie!" was the weary answer, "and listen to me. Miss Grantly will not be unkind to you, and you must try and learn to like her better. I am sorry for you, dear, but you know you have brought this on yourself."

A fresh burst of sobs was the only reply, and Lesley went on: "It is too late to help it now, but I always believed, Essie, that you, at least, were honest and truthful. How could you keep such a secret from us all?"

The child raised her flushed face for an instant and met her sister's eyes. "It was not my secret," she whispered, "so I could not tell it. And he is my own dear mamma's father, and he loves me just as he used to love her when she was a little girl; and I cannot go away without saying good-by to him. Lesley, dear Lesley"—and the small arms were wound tightly around her neck—"may I see him just once before I leave—only once to say good-by?"

Lesley shook her head. "You know very well, Essie," she said, "that it cannot be. Father has forbidden it, and you are only a little girl and must obey him. He is going after you in a few months."

"To bring me home again?"

"Perhaps so; or may be you will go to school and have a nice time with other children. And now I will put you to bed myself, for if Alice comes up you and she will cry half the night, and I want you to be my brave little sister."

"But I cannot sleep ever," moaned Essie fretfully, "when it storms so."

"Nonsense! I will close the shutters, and then you won't see the lightning."

"Yes, I will; it shines through the chinks. And, besides, I can hear the thunder all the same, and the wind. I am not afraid of them one bit, only they keep me awake. O Lesley! I wish there would be another flood, so that papa couldn't send me away in the morning."

In truth, the night was not one conducive to peaceful slumber, and when Lesley had at last escaped to her room she lay for hours listening to the rain beating furiously against the panes, and to the hoarse wind that now crept stealthily around the

house, pushing the scattered leaves before it, and now sprang fiercely at the casements, rattling them like an angry man determined to force an entrance. Oppressed with a vague sense of fear stronger even than her dejection, the voices of the storm seemed fraught with a dismal meaning to her ears; and if she dozed for a minute it was only to find herself battling with the elements or driven helplessly hither and thither by their unresting fury. Twice she arose and went with noiseless step into Essie's room, and the dimly-burning lamp showed her each time the child sleeping peacefully, one little arm thrown above her head, the other hand holding fast to something—Lesley could not see what—that she wore around her neck. With a strange softening in her heart and an affection never felt before Lesley stooped over the bed and kissed her sister's face, upturned as though to meet her own; then, going back to her room, locked herself resolutely in, determined to leave it no more that night. Towards morning the storm abated, and at last she fell asleep, never wakening until the sun was streaming brightly in her window.

A low tap at the door startled her from her drowsiness, and she opened it to see Alice, the nurse, standing outside, with a white, scared face and trembling fingers that plucked absently at the strings of her apron. "Miss Essie?" she asked hurriedly. "Is she in here with you?"

"With me!" answered Lesley. "Certainly not. She slept in her own bed last night."

The girl gave a low cry. "She is not there now," she said. "Come and look for yourself."

Snatching her wrapper, Lesley flew bare-footed to her sister's room. The night-lamp was burning still, though the open shutters let in the cheerful light of day. The little bed was empty, and Essie's night-dress and one tiny slipper lay across the foot. Glancing in the closet, Lesley saw that the coat and hat which had been hung there in readiness for the morning were gone.

"Alice," she said, "when you came in the room were the shutters open or closed?"

"Tight shut, Miss Lesley, all but one in the corner here. I opened the rest myself."

"Then Essie must have gotten up before daylight and dressed by the lamp. She has probably gone out for a last run, and will be back in time for breakfast. Now, don't be foolish and hysterical, Alice, but go down-stairs at once and tell Dr. Stanhope, if he is up. I will be dressed in a few minutes, and we can

go and look for her then. There is no need to speak of the matter to the other servants."

The girl obeyed, and Lesley, hurrying on her clothes, ran down to meet her father in the library. He looked troubled and anxious, but was outwardly composed, and spoke in his usual manner. "I am going out now to hunt up Essie and bring her home," he said. "Where do you suppose she has run to?"

Lesley hesitated. "I think," she said—"that is—I am afraid —that she has gone to say good-by to her grandfather."

Dr. Stanhope muttered something between his teeth and took a few hurried steps in evident anger and dismay.

"She was very anxious to see him once more," Lesley went on, "and I fear that, wakening early this morning, she slipped out for that purpose before it was quite light."

She paused, and the two exchanged a silent glance, each one reading a mutual fear in the other's averted eyes. "The mill-stream!" groaned Dr. Stanhope, "and the heavy rains last night! Halleran shall answer—"

"Hark!" cried Lesley, turning white. "What was that?"

A woman's scream rent the air, a pitiful cry of grief and terror; and there at the door stood Halleran himself, gray and haggard in the morning light, holding a dripping burden in his arms. Alice, trembling and weeping, was at his side, but he never noticed her. His eyes were fixed on Dr. Stanhope's face, and at his feet he laid without a word the drowned body of his little daughter.

For an instant there was a breathless silence, as if the dead stood looking at the dead; then, with a sharp cry, Lesley fell on her knees and raised the lifeless head upon her bosom. The fair curls hung dank and matted over the white forehead; the eyes were closed, the little face peaceful in its last sleep. With a vain regret she kissed the sweet, cold lips, and felt her heart ache at the thought of the love she might have given and had withheld. Then for the first time she ventured to look up at her father, and saw him standing silent and rigid, his eyes fixed with a strange, blank stare on Essie's face, as if the horror of the thing had driven him mad. Suddenly he stooped and took his little daughter in his arms, her fair head resting on his shoulder, her cheek pressed close to his. "Hester," he whispered, "she is yours now. Forgive me, dearest wife!"

Halleran took a step forward. He spoke in answer to a look of inquiry from Lesley, for Dr. Stanhope never noticed him at all. "It was early this morning," he said in a low voice, "and I

had gone out for a breath of fresh air. The storm had kept me awake all night, and something seemed to be weighing heavy-like on my heart. The mill-stream was swollen by the rain and was running very fast; it had washed away part of the bridge, and the rest looked rotten and slippery. Down by the willow-tree there was something entangled in the branches that grow into the water, and I went to look what it was. There I saw my darling's child lying cold and dead, with her innocent face turned towards heaven."

His voice trembled and broke; he struggled for a moment with his tears, and then grew calmer. It even seemed to Lesley that his grief had invested him with a new dignity, and that he had risen to a nobler level. "She is safe with her mother now," he said simply, "and I am alone. May it please God to call me in his good time!"

He stole a last lingering look at the child, still in her father's arms, and turned silently away, going out in his helpless old age to meet the last buffets of an unkind world. Weak, and broken, and poverty-stricken, he went forth, as he said, alone; and neither Lesley nor her father ever saw or heard of him again. That his story was true none could doubt. The state of the bridge confirmed his words, and clinging to a splintered board was found Essie's straw hat, showing too plainly where the little feet had slipped.

A silent house, where all day long the servants speak in whispers and stand crying in the halls, yet take a certain pleasure, nevertheless, in conjecturing with many tears just how the tragedy was brought about. Outside the village children gather in little groups, and weep, and tell each other for the twentieth time how it all happened, and wonder what the drowned child looks like, and whether they will be admitted to the funeral. If curiosity and a breathless interest sweeten their sense of a grief, it is none the less honest for that; and their tears are heart-felt as they recall the well-known little figure cantering down the lanes. Isolated in his library, Dr. Stanhope has refused all consolation and sympathy, and will admit no one to his solitude. His best hopes and affections lie dead with his lost child, and for the time his sorrow crushes him. Miss Grantly also keeps her room, save when carriage-loads of commiserating friends arrive and she alone can see them. Her pale, tear-stained face is by far the most attractive in the house, and all who meet her go away charmed and touched by her graceful and well-bred distress.

She lays up for herself golden opinions in these few days which will do her good service by and by. Dr. Stanhope's refusal to see her now does not trouble her in the least, for she knows well how soon a selfish grief exhausts itself; and she knows, too, that the only influence strong enough to conflict with hers is gone for ever. Henceforth she rules alone.

And Lesley, forgotten in her father's heart, and no longer the mistress even of his home, is conscious of nothing but her own sorrow and pity. She glides around the house, white and silent, the ghost of her old gay self, but composed and rational still; so that the servants shake their heads when they meet her, and say, with many a shrug and sniff, indicative of strong disfavor, that it's wonderful how some people can bear up under their losses. She sees that her father's meals are sent to him regularly, and dines alone in the big, gloomy room, with little appetite, poor child! and to the great disedification of the cook, who considers that unlimited tea-drinking in her apartment would be a more fitting expression of her grief. When the day of the funeral comes she and Alice prepare the little corpse for its last resting-place. Around Essie's neck is a narrow white ribbon, and fastened to it a small, much-worn silver medal. Lesley looks at it curiously, but can make nothing out of the few dim outlines or the half-erased inscription. She feels sure that it was Halleran's gift, and that it was this that her sister held in her hand the night before her death. But what she does not know is that the same smooth bit of silver has been worn by Essie's mother when she, too, was a child. She hesitates a moment—Lesley is not partial to charms of any kind—and then, moved by a feeling she could not explain, replaces it carefully around her little sister's neck and hides it under the white frock. "If you loved it you shall keep it, dear," she whispers, kissing the closed eyes, "and no one shall take it from you."

All is in readiness now, and, going out in the corridor, she stands by the darkened window, absorbed in painful thoughts. Suddenly a hand is laid upon her arm, and, turning around, she sees Jack Burroughs looking keenly at her with eyes that tell at once their pity and their shame. "Lesley," he says imploringly, "I have come to beg for pardon."

The girl lifts her heavy lids. "I forgive you, Jack," she says wearily. "It was not all your fault."

"I was a mad fool!" he mutters, with angry bitterness; "but that bad dream is over at last, and I have come back to you. Will you try and trust in me again?"

She looks at him now for the first time, and without emotion of any sort. "I could never trust you again," she says distinctly.

A crimson flush mounts into his cheek, but he resolutely holds his ground. "Lesley," he says in a half-whisper, "this is no time to talk of love, but it maddens me to think how desolate and alone you are. Your father's house will be no home for you after he is married, and if you cast me off who is left to protect you? I have been frightfully to blame, I know, and have allowed a pair of blue eyes to draw me away from you for a little time; but if you make your sentence so severe remember that you will wreck the happiness of both. Believe me, this world is not so full of joy that you can afford to throw away any portion of it even for the sake of your justly-wounded pride. Think for a moment of what our lives will be apart, and then come back to me."

He tries to take her hand, but she draws it gently from him. "You do not understand me, Jack," she says, sighing. "It is not pride that stands between us, but a dead love. A week ago I would have trusted you against the whole world; but what room is left for my faith now when another pair of blue eyes may tempt you away again? The affection that is built on mistrust is worthless, and we should only find it out too late. Even loneliness would be easier to bear than that."

"Do you really mean it, Lesley?" he asks. "And is your decision final?"

"I really mean it, and my decision is final. How can I hope to change?"

He comes close to her and looks at her pale face and in her troubled eyes, but reads there no shadow of relenting—only a listless sorrow and indifference. "And you can talk of faithfulness and love!" he cries bitterly—"you who are without a heart!"

For an instant she stares at him wonderingly. "And if I am," she answers slowly, "it is you who have helped to break it."

He turns without another word and leaves her standing by her sister's door, and she goes softly in. White and pure and lovely, Essie lies in her little flower-strewn coffin; lilies at her head and feet, and in her waxen hands. Death wraps her round as a mantle, and the mystery of the unseen world dwells in the hushed figure and in the tranquil face. To Lesley, standing by her side, there comes suddenly the sharp conviction that

the loss of this child, whom she had never loved, is the heaviest part of her sorrow. Perhaps her little sister's innate truthfulness had been the only bond between them, but that at least was a tie that nothing had severed. If the child had kept her pitiful secret to the end, it was only because it was not hers to tell. Now that the loyal heart is still and cold, and the eager spirit fled for ever, Lesley feels with a bitter pang how dear she might have grown. There seems nothing left to fill her empty soul, which cries out vainly for strength and consolation. The world is going round with her, and all that she has valued has slipped from her powerless fingers. With a sudden cry she falls on her knees beside the little coffin and lays her face close to the pale, cold cheek.

"Essie, Essie," she sobs, "look down from heaven and listen to me now! You see your mother's face, but the face of mine is turned away from me. You stand in the full light, and I walk still in darkness. Help me, my dear little sister, that I may follow you!"

THE IRISH WORDS IN SHAKSPERE.

Every one has doubtless heard of the student in the middle ages who was perplexed by a passage in Aristotle. He perspired over his Latin and Arabic versions of the Stagyrite, but all to no purpose. At last, in his despair, he had recourse to a conjurer, who, at his request, described a circle on the floor of a darkened chamber and called up the devil to explain the mysterious passage. The devil accordingly came up with all his horrors, and, standing on the selvage of the circle, perused the words which the student showed him with his right hand while holding the book tremblingly with his left. Having duly read the passage, the "arch-felon" shook his horned head and pronounced it wholly unintelligible. It was too much for *him*. "But," he added with exquisite politeness, "if you will favor me with your company"—and he pointed downwards—"I shall feel great pleasure in introducing you to Aristotle himself."

Now, my object in penning these lines is to prevent any future annotator of Shakspere from imitating the mediæval student and going *too far* for an explanation. Besides, as Stanyhurst informs us, the devil on one occasion, when duly invoked,

declared himself wholly incapable of translating Irish, describing it, at the same time, as for him the most invincible and unattainable of all human dialects. And an Irishman may therefore be pardoned, perhaps, if he infers that, though there may be Irishmen in the *regno dolente*, they belong to that class of his countrymen who do not understand the vernacular of their native land.*

There is a passage in Shakspere which during two hundred years has puzzled annotators as much as that in Aristotle. It occurs in Henry V., act iv. scene iv.—a scene which exhibits a field of battle resounding with "alarms" and traversed by "excursions." The stage is entered by three individuals—"a French soldier, Pistol, and a boy." Pistol, with the courtesy characteristic of his nationality, addresses the Frenchman by truculently shouting, "Yield, cur!" To which the Frenchman replies, "Je pense que vous êtes gentilhomme de bonne qualité"—"I think you are a gentleman of good quality"; that is, "I may surrender to you without disgrace." "Quality?" exclaims Pistol, mimicking his prisoner. "Calenocustureme!"—or, as we find it in some editions, "Calmiecustureme!" The reader may take his choice, but will find one form as puzzling as the other.

Of this passage Samuel Lover says:

"Those who are familiar with Shakspere will remember how much the speech of Pistol in the fourth scene of the fourth act in Henry V. disturbed the repose of the annotators, and what strange hash was made of the imperfect text, until Mr. Malone had the sagacity to perceive that Pistol was repeating the burden of an old song, and that burden was, *Calen o custure me.* That Mr. Malone was right in his conjecture indubitable proof exists, although Mr. Stevens rejected his emendation, etc."

But perhaps Mr. Stevens was right in rejecting it. One thing is certain: Warburton got over the difficulty of translating Pistol's words by pronouncing them "nonsense"—a very summary but not satisfactory mode of disposing of a difficulty. It is very curious to find Warburton, after first pronouncing it "nonsense," proceeding diligently to translate this "nonsense." He says it should be read "Quality! Cality! Construe me; art thou a gentleman?"—which would *not* be nonsense. This is

* That the devil can speak all languages except Irish is a fact for which we have the high authority of Stanyhurst, an English writer who lived in the reign of Elizabeth. He proves his assertion by the case of a possessed person in Rome "who spoke in every known tongue except Irish; but in that he neither would nor could speak because of its intolerable harshness." We are assured by another authority that this inability of Lucifer is owing to St. Patrick, who prayed to God that the mellifluous sounds of the Irish tongue should never be profaned by infernal lips.

what Pistol meant to convey to the Frenchman, according to Warburton. He meant to ask him, "Let me understand whether thou be'st a gentleman." But this is simply a repetition of what the Frenchman has already said in his own language. The Frenchman says, "I think you are a gentleman of good quality." To which Pistol replies—according to Warburton—"Quality! Cality! Construe me; art thou a gentleman?"—which would make Pistol's words an echo of the Frenchman's. Warburton's would be a very good explanation, only for one fault—it does not explain; it does *not* give us the true meaning of *calenocustureme*. This remains yet to be elucidated.

Among the accomplishments of Queen Elizabeth was a knowledge of difficult music. She delighted in dancing, and, while she swore like a trooper, she danced like a May maid: she alternately jigged and blasphemed. Even at the mature age of sixty-nine she still continued to jig and swear. Samuel Lover quotes "*The Talbot Papers*, vol. M, folio 18, given in Lodge's *Illustrations of British History*," to show that Irish music was popular at that period. "We are frolic here at court," writes the Earl of Worcester to the Earl of Shrewsbury. "Much dancing in the privy chamber before the queen, who is much delighted therewith. Irish tunes are at this time most pleasing." Now, this being the case, it was perfectly possible for Shakspere to pick up the burden of an Irish song and put it into Pistol's mouth. What Malone says is this:

"In a book entitled *A Handful of Pleasant Delytes*, published in 1584, is a 'sonet of a lover in praise of his mistress to *Calen o custureme*' sung at every line's end.

"Pistol, therefore, we see, is only repeating the burden of an old song, and the words should be undoubtedly printed: 'Quality! *Calen o custure me*. Art thou a gentleman?' etc."

Malone's explanation, however satisfactory to others, does not satisfy Samuel Lover. "It is strange," he says, "that Mr. Malone, having got so far into the truth, does not clear the question up completely." That is, Mr. Malone, having discovered that the words are the burden of an old song, has not attempted to translate this burden. Now, this is what Lover proposes to do, and he remarks:

"Mr. Stevens, in rejecting Malone's emendation, says: 'Mr. Malone's discovery is very curious, and when (as probably will be the case) some farther ray of light is thrown on the unintelligible words I will be the first to vote it into the text.'"

Lover proposes to supply the "ray of light" sought by

Malone. He tells us that the mysterious words which Malone believed to be the chorus of an Irish song, as translated by an Irish schoolmaster named Finnegan, mean "little girl of my heart for ever and ever." But

> "They mean no such thing," says Lover; "and I cannot but wonder that, with so much literary discussion as has taken place on the subject, the true spelling and consequently the meaning of the burden have remained till now undiscovered. The burden is, *Calen o custure me*, which is an attempt to spell, and pretty nearly represents the sound of, *Colleen oge asthore* (*me* being an expletive or possibly corrupt introduction), and those words mean 'young girl, my treasure.'"

Now, it is not easy to see how Pistol could be warranted in terming a French soldier "a little girl." He might term him "a treasure" with great propriety, because the Frenchman might be ransomed for money; but "a little girl" he certainly was not. All these annotators labored under a slight difficulty: they endeavored to translate Irish words *without knowing anything of the Irish language*. To an Irishman Pistol's words are perfectly intelligible. They should be written: *Coilean og, cas tu re me!* The first word (*coilean*) signifies "whelp, cur, cub, or puppy." The second word (*og*) signifies "young." The third (*cas*) signifies "turn," and comes from the verb *casam* (of which it is the imperative mood), meaning "to turn or wind." *Tu* signifies "you." *Re* signifies "with," and *me* "me." Thus Pistol with inborn courtesy says: "You young whelp, turn with me." In modern Irish we should be more apt to say, *A coilean og tar liom*—"You young puppy, come with me."

Shakspere does not, as Mr. Malone fancied, put into Pistol's mouth "the burden of an old song"—not at all. He puts into his mouth a sentence which is quite to the purpose, and suited perfectly to the polite character and amiable nationality of the speaker, even when giving a challenge. We have great respect for Mr. Finnegan, "an Irish schoolmaster in London," but confidently affirm that he had lost his Irish, if not his senses, in supposing that Pistol addressed his prisoner as "little girl of my heart for ever and ever"! Pistol seems to have said to himself ("the muse interprets thus his tender thought"), "This fellow puzzles me by speaking French; but I'll puzzle him by speaking Irish. A Roland for his Oliver!"

Not only the French prisoner failed to understand Pistol at the moment; the long tribe of annotators who during two hundred years have undertaken to explain the obscurities of the "Bard of Avon" have failed to understand him.

As to the second version of Pistol's words, given in some editions—*Calmiecustureme.* If we write these words as they should be written their meaning will be perfectly obvious, viz., *Gal maith, cas tu re me*—that is, "Good stranger, turn with me."

KATHARINE.

CHAPTER V.

THE years which next elapsed brought some few outward changes but no marked inward one in Katharine's life. There was first the little ripple which was her share of the excitement caused among her elders by the secession of a considerable body from the Methodist ranks, headed by Mark Norton, who settled down in her native city and took ministerial duty over the handful whom Kitty heard designated as malcontents and schismatics. For a while they met in each other's houses, but finally built themselves a little wooden chapel, to the erection of which Mr. Norton himself contributed a large portion of the manual labor necessary. The resources of his new flock were scanty, and he had determined to supplement the trifling salary they paid him by a return to his trade as a carpenter; and this little "house of prayer," as the new community styled it, was his first job. To Kitty, who sometimes met him, tool-box in hand, on her way between school and home, and with whom he never failed to exchange kindly greetings and to give occasional tidings of his son, there was somewhat heroic in his action, based, as it was, on a moral scruple which, in her childish way, she understood and shared. Very little controversy on the subject took place in her hearing. Her father, immersed in affairs which were growing troublesome and perplexing, and averse, as he had said, to dissensions, had regarded the slavery question as one of internal discipline with which he had no occasion to concern himself; and her mother, whose mind was of that tenacious sort which does not go back to re-examine the reasons for a course of conduct once deliberately adopted, but clings to it like ivy to a tree-stem, regarded his quiescence with entire approbation.

Then came the bustle of removal and installation in new quarters, consequent upon the sale of the graveyard, when Mr.

Danforth converted his dwelling into shops and went farther up town. A change of schools ensued, and Kitty, sent to the best the city afforded, was soon plunged into new work, new friendships, new reading, which filled up her time and occupied all her thoughts. Then her aunt fell into feeble health, and for a year or two the child watched her lapsing gradually out of a life in which she had known no nearer ties than those of daughter and sister, and seemed never to have struck deep root. In these last years she took an enduring hold upon Katharine's imagination, which was, perhaps, the strongest impression her weak vitality had ever been able to produce. After she ceased to leave her room the child used to go there voluntarily to keep her company, studying beside the window opposite which her aunt was propped in her sick-chair, and glancing up now and then to meet and ponder over the look of anxiety, doubt, and apprehension which seemed to her to dwell within the sufferer's large, pale eyes. Sometimes, at her request, Kitty used to read her the Gospel of the Passion from one or other of the Evangelists, and sometimes to sing her hymns which she designated, and which bore usually upon the terrors of the final judgment. The minister went and came, offering such consolation as he had; but although, as he said, her faith was sound and her hope certain, she never lost that look of pathetic melancholy which had made her niece say of her, years before, that she seemed never to have enjoyed possession of anything she had really desired. That was what puzzled Kitty most, while she sat, for the most part silent, beside her, her aunt's malady making conversation wearisome and painful. Nor did she share her thoughts with any one, such being her wont when they were especially perplexing. On her the thought of God, not as Saviour, but as Creator, Father, Satisfier, was taking, as she grew, more serious hold, while at the same time all the sermons and instructions she listened to in church and at home were daily making less and less impression. What she wondered at now was why a life which had vaguely impressed her as empty and unsatisfactory should not look forward with joy to the thought of attaining the supreme satisfaction which its faith bade it anticipate. She felt herself seized by a sort of impotent compassion which showed itself by all the cares within her power, but was consciously mute and helpless in presence of a dumb appeal which moved her strangely.

In school she was making a capricious and irregular progress, now studious, now idle, showing great aptitude in some direc-

tions, and in others scarcely keeping on a level with her class. Now and then she had a sudden spurt of diligence in which she made up for lost time on all sides, and often she displayed an acquaintance with general matters beyond the school routine, which she owed to a wider reading than was common with girls of her age, and to a memory, at once retentive and topical, that resembled a plant drawing from the richest soil only its own proper nutriment, and living even in the poorest, so long as that is not absolutely lacking. During the entire duration of one scholastic year she abandoned herself to one of those rare but strong attractions which once or twice filled for her the place of such friendships as school-girls are accustomed to contract with each other, and, through love for one of her teachers, became, for that time, a model of studious industry and quick obedience. Among her equals she might have been popular, for when she herself was pleased she seldom failed of pleasing. But she had a way, as uncomfortable to herself as it was awkward for others, of suddenly cooling in the midst of an intimacy which she had probably sought with flattering ardor. Her new teacher, a young woman of unusual cultivation and breadth of mind, and a noble and elevated beauty which had been the secret of Kitty's attraction, finding herself the object of a plainly evident yet shy passion which converted into the most diligent and docile of pupils a young girl who brought with her into the class the reputation of a brilliant idler and a hopeless yet not disrespectful rebel against routine, set herself the task of gaining a more intimate knowledge of her unexpected captive.

"The girls complain," she said to her one day, "that you are too capricious—all warmth and sunshine at first, and then, as they begin to be fond of you, going back into your shell like a snail. It must have been to some one who resembled you that Byron wrote this verse." And she recited, in the clear, well-modulated voice that was one of her charms:

> "Thou art not false, but thou art fickle,
> To those thyself so fondly sought;
> The tears which thou dost cause to trickle
> Are doubly bitter from that thought:
> 'Tis this which breaks the heart thou grievest—
> Too well thou lov'st, too soon thou leavest."

Kitty blushed. "I know it," she said, "and I am sorry; but I cannot help it. And, after all, I don't see why they need complain. I must be just as unsatisfactory to them as they are to me."

"In what way?" inquired Miss Falconer. "If you look about you, you will see that people do not withdraw from each other in that manner. Friendships last, families cling together, parents do not tire of their children."

"No," said Kitty. "But some faces attract me; they seem like books unread, which will tell me the thing I am always wanting to know and yet never find. The girls are like the books—they tell you a lot of things, but nothing you care about. When I take a little baby that has never spoken yet, I think of how its mother must be watching to see if, when it begins to talk, it won't remember something of what lay behind it—before it came into the world."

Her teacher laughed. "It will say the same old things," she answered: "nothing more remarkable than *goo-goo* and *da-da*." And then she added, more gravely: "If it is the infinite you are seeking for you will never be happy. Nothing in this world will satisfy a heart which desires love itself and not a thing beloved."

Kitty, too, looked grave. Then in her turn she laughed.

"At any rate," she said, "it won't do any good to pretend that Mary Jones is the infinite, or for her to try to persuade herself that Kitty Danforth was just going to develop into it, and then suddenly changed her mind and shut up like an umbrella."

"No; but considering that the world is made up of Marys and Kittys, not to speak of Toms and Dicks and Harrys, and that you have a more or less long life to spend in it, it would be wiser to try to accommodate yourself to your surroundings. There is no absolute good in it, even for those whose wants are far less exacting than yours. But there is plenty to do, and more than plenty to think about; and happiness is usually thrown into the scale for those who honestly try on their own part to fill it up with duties well done. As far as I can see, it always eludes those who seek it for itself, as you seem inclined to do. This year you are working well and meeting all my wishes, but do you know what all your previous teachers said to me about you before you came into my hands?"

"I can guess," said Kitty.

"I see you can. They told me I would find you at once a torment and a pleasure, to whom work was only a sort of play and rules seemed made only to be broken."

"I never broke one deliberately," answered Kitty, "but I often forgot all about them. Some of them are so stupid! Why should one go in this door instead of that, study grammar at

eleven and algebra at two, stand or sit in such or such a position, work out all one's examples in one way when another is easier and quicker?"

"But you conform to all my regulations, and they are just the same."

"They are yours," said Kitty, with another faint blush. Miss Falconer smiled.

"The world of school," she said, "is like the greater world outside it—made for all sorts and conditions of men, who must be governed by average rules. I dread to see you set yourself against it. It is tolerably sure to afford a moderate but adequate happiness to all who are willing to accept it and pay for it the regular price—labor and conformity. For others it has nothing."

At another time, when their conversation had reached the same end, though by a widely different route, Katharine asked with some hesitation if her teacher were a Christian.

"Surely!" she answered, with some surprise. "Are not you?"

"I suppose not; they tell me so at home, and so did an old friend, Mr. Norton, with whom I walked to school this morning. He said I would never be happy until I was converted."

"What do they mean by that, and what church do you attend?"

"The Methodist."

"Ah!" said Miss Falconer, "I understand."

"Yes," said Kitty. "I cannot get into the state of mind that is necessary; and, worse than that, the older I grow, and the more I read and think about the matter, the more it seems to me that a church is either entirely unnecessary or that there should never have been more than one. I see no reason why we should not go straight to God without such a medium."

"Have you ever tried?"

"Often—every day; but I seem almost always to strike against a blind wall."

"Perhaps," said Miss Falconer, "one reason may be that God is a pure spirit, while we are hampered by our bodies. He has met that difficulty by sending his Son in flesh like ours. And that answers your question as to why there should be a church. Men change and die, and there must either be a perpetual incarnation or an organization which will faithfully transmit what Jesus Christ has taught. You know what he says: 'No man cometh to the Father but by me.'"

"Yes," said Kitty thoughtfully; "it is in the Gospel of John. But there is something else there that I find harder still: 'No man can come to me except the Father, who hath sent me, draw him.'"

Miss Falconer made her no direct reply. Katharine, by her invitation, was spending with her the time between Friday and Monday—a pleasure shyly longed for but never before enjoyed. Presently her teacher began anew:

"As to your idea that there should never have been more than one church, it is not far out of the way. In reality there is but one. To-morrow I will take you with me, and see if you will like it better than your own."

"I have been in a Catholic church once," answered Kitty. "An Irish girl took me when I was very small. Is it that you mean?"

"No," said Miss Falconer, "if, as I suppose, you refer to the Roman Catholic; yes, in the sense in which I understand the word. The universal church has three great branches—the Roman, which was the main trunk, but lapsed into corruption; the Greek, and the English, or, as we call it here, the Episcopalian, to which I belong."

Katharine was now about sixteen. She had made her way through considerable history, and had also read a good deal of such controversy as gets into religious journals and is discussed among people who are much in earnest and yet differ widely on a subject which is either of supreme importance or of none at all.

"These three branches," she asked—"do they all believe the same things?"

"In essentials, yes."

"But three puzzle me as much as three hundred. Why do they separate, if they are really the same? You told me just now that a church was necessary to transmit truth faithfully, and that I understand. But when the first messenger begins to lie how can any one be sure the second will not, and how is one to know what is true or false in either message?"

"We have the Scriptures."

"I cannot understand all I read in them," said Kitty. "And, if they are enough, why isn't it enough to read and to believe them? I have always done that, and yet my father and mother are constantly grieving because I do not join the church."

"We are getting into deep waters," said her friend, "and it is late. I think myself that the theory of an emotional conversion is a great mistake. If you had been brought up as I was you

would have been baptized in infancy, taught your catechism, confirmed at the proper time, and never have doubted that you were a Christian. That is one of the most serious consequences of the schism which produced Methodism."

"You are a Christian, then," said Kitty, with a smile, "because you followed your parents; and I am not, because I am waiting to follow mine. Yet my mother thinks the church of my grandmother is all wrong, and that yours is nearly or quite as bad as the Roman Catholic itself. For me, I begin to fear I never shall belong to any. I know I never shall, unless I can find one that really answers all the questions I wish to ask. But if it turns out to be true that the very first has gone utterly astray, and is, as you and the others say, corrupt, then I shall get on as best I can without one."

"You say 'if,'" replied Miss Falconer, "as though there were already a doubt in your mind about the matter."

"Yes," said Katharine; "but it is a doubt which has nothing to support it except a vague sentiment which I have felt ever since I was a child." Then, recounting in a few words her recollection of her first Christmas Mass, she went on to say:

"The moonlight and the clear, starry darkness, the shadows on the snow and the silent streets, which were all new to me, are, perhaps, at the bottom of it. But the very word 'Catholic' has always given me a curious emotion ever since, as if it woke an echo within me which recalled the strange awe I felt there and urged me to return."

"That church has, I know, a mysterious fascination for many minds," said her teacher; "yet the historical proofs of error and corruption are so strong and evident that I have never felt inclined to doubt what I was taught at confirmation, that this attraction should be resisted as the most dangerous delusion of the evil spirit. There was one of my schoolmates who entered it just before that time, and our rector, Dr. Adams, devoted a great deal of attention to the subject on that account."

Kitty smiled. "One of our ministers," she said, "told me once, when I asked some questions about it, that only the devil could have prompted them. If it be he, I fear he has a strong hold over me. But it sounds to me like the same voice which, whenever I have been idle, or disobedient, or inclined to make a false excuse, has stopped me in one direction and urged me in another. But for the fear of grieving my father and mother I should have sought instruction long ago."

"The one duty that is absolutely plain to a child," said Miss

Falconer, "commanded by nature as well as by Christianity, is obedience to parents. That very fact has probably shown you that there is something dubious in your attraction."

"I have thought of that," answered Katharine. "It sounds reasonable. They used to laugh at me, when I was little, for saying that true things had a different sound from false ones. If that were absolutely true it would be worse than foolish to send missionaries to the heathen."

On Sunday morning Kitty accompanied Miss Falconer to church. In the afternoon the latter, who had been reflecting much on the unexpected state of mind which her confidences had revealed, acted on a resolution taken the night before, by proposing a visit to the new cathedral. The city had not only rapidly increased its Catholic population, but was the centre of a number of small manufacturing towns where they were so numerous that it had been made the see of a new diocese. A cathedral which had been for several years in course of erection had recently been opened for divine worship. The music was unusually good, and the church was not unfrequently visited by Protestants. Miss Falconer, who had entered it on a week-day not long before, had found her sense of fitness much offended by the decorations of the three or four side-altars.

"Katharine," she said to herself, "is inclined to exaltation and ideality. This gilded gingerbread, these wax dolls dressed in lace and satin, these tawdry artificial flowers as adjuncts of religion, will be worth all the arguments in the world to her. She is made for the simplicity and fervor of Protestantism in its highest form."

But, contrary to her expectation, Kitty drew back from the proposal, objecting the probable displeasure of her parents.

"I am glad to see," replied Miss Falconer, "that you are only a theoretic rebel. As for the rest, I will take the responsibility on myself. Your parents will approve my motive when I explain it to them. You appear to be haunted by a ghost, and the readiest way to lay it will be to show you that it is only a broomstick dressed in rags and lighted up by moonshine. It is often better to take a bull by the horns than to run away from it."

Vespers having begun before they entered, a tour of the building was necessarily postponed until the close of the office. The church was very large, with massive brown-stone columns, across which the afternoon light, streaming in through the high windows, lay in oblique lines of gorgeous colors. It was not well filled, and they easily found seats near the high altar. Katharine,

not privy to the special intention of her companion, soon ceased to think about her, and yielded to the influence of the music and the place, which exerted on her at once their ancient spell. As for Miss Falconer, who paid her tribute to the branch theory by a devout demeanor and a silent prayer on entering the pew, her face had taken, a moment after, an expression of almost stupefaction, and her thoughts fell into a confusion which drove her laudable purpose so entirely out of her mind that they left the church without its recurring to her memory. They walked home in silence, and Katharine, who had expected some explanation of their visit, but received none, asked for it when, in the evening, they were once more alone.

"What shall I tell my father when he asks me why we went to the cathedral?" she inquired, after a long silence which threatened to remain unbroken.

"I shall have to explain it to him myself," answered Miss Falconer, with the air of one coming out of profound thought. "The fact is that I utterly forgot both you and what I meant to call to your attention."

Katharine's face lighted with a pleased smile which her companion was not slow to interpret.

"No," she replied to it, "you mistake entirely if you think I shared the attraction to which I saw that you were yielding. I have been doubting whether I ought to tell you; but the priest who read Vespers this afternoon was Edgar Adams, the clergyman who prepared me for confirmation. When I saw him incline his head as he walked past that image with its lace robe and its ugly flowers, I had no thoughts to spare for anything but the degradation of the man whom at your age I venerated as a saint, and who taught me to regard the temptation to go to Rome as the work of the arch-enemy of souls!"

There was a long silence, which Katharine finally broke.

"He looks good," she said, "and he looks wise. I should like to speak with him. He must have found out that he was in error. But as to changes from one church to another, I have seen and heard of so many in my short life that there seems nothing very strange about them. There are only two that I have ever been able to understand, and this is one of them. The other I have never seen, but it would be to leave them all."

Miss Falconer made no answer, and presently, pleading fatigue, proposed to her young guest to amuse herself with a book until bed-time.

CHAPTER VI.

BEFORE leaving the cathedral Katharine had finally resolved to act upon her secret inclination and ask permission to read and inquire more fully into the claims of the church which all her friends united in denouncing, but which to her presented an invincible attraction. She had already much of that sort of knowledge which is derived from hostile sources, but her mind, which had a naturally strong bent toward first principles, far from being repelled by what was described to her as its intolerance and arrogance, had seen in such proofs of these qualities as are usually adduced precisely the attitude she would have expected, supposing the Gospel history to be true and a church essential. The question of doctrines had presented itself to her as one of secondary importance; and as to the sin of persecution for opinion's sake, she had seen something of it on a very small scale, and on a larger one knew that Protestants must plead guilty without the extenuating circumstance that they hold uniformity of belief to be necessary.

If such reflections seem too serious for her age it must be remembered that she had lived exclusively in the society of those to whom that side of religion which concerns itself solely with the personal relation between the soul and its Maker seemed the only really important business of life. By counsel, by instruction, by daily and nightly prayers, the necessity of establishing this relation had been pressed upon her from her infancy in the way already indicated. Serious and ardent by temperament, she would long ago have acted on the counsels given her, if her mind had not grasped, as if by instinct, the idea she had expressed by saying that a church was either entirely unnecessary or that there could never have been more than one. Three or four years earlier, after listening to a sermon in which the preacher, wishing to be charitable, had expressed his belief that not merely would there be members of all the different sects in heaven, but that they would retain even there their present varieties of opinion, she had asked her father what heaven was like. He gave her in reply a description, drawn from the Apocalypse, of the celestial joys, but Kitty answered:

"That is not what I mean. I suppose people will be happier there than here, but is that all? Won't they know more?"

"They will know God, and be like him, for they will see him as he is."

"Then how could Mr. Dimock be so foolish as to say this

morning that Methodists, Episcopalians, Baptists, Presbyterians, and all the rest would go on thinking about him just as they do now?"

The real issue had, in fact, at last presented itself so definitely to her mind that she was consciously at the point where the two roads separate, one of which leads to the doubt or denial of all revelation, and the other to acceptance of it only on condition that its interpretation is absolute and unchangeable. As yet she knew only one side of the question, and but for the attraction felt in childhood, and just renewed with an intensity as imperative as the call of physical hunger, she would have relegated the whole matter to the realm of things beyond knowledge, and looked for happiness and occupation elsewhere. Her present resolution was not taken without much hesitation. She had an instinctive sense that her appeal would be in vain, and that, great as was the liberty allowed her in other directions, she would find here an impassable barrier. What she would do in that case she refrained from thinking. She knew herself to be the apple of her father's eye, and, though her mother was more self-contained, Katharine was aware that to her also she was the object of a supreme solicitude which, if it had seldom shown itself by caresses and tender words, yet looked out of every glance of her eye and took form in every detail of their common life. Contrary, therefore, to her usual habit of coming quickly to decisions involving action, and at once submitting them to that test, she felt inclined to dally and delay with this one, as if conscious that a battle royal was impending in which either defeat or victory would cost her dear. She was not sorry, then, on reaching home after this first brief absence, to find her mother's thoughts much occupied with a letter received that morning, and the plans and memories suggested by it.

"How would you like, Kitty," she asked, after a tenderer greeting than usual had passed between them, "to have a young companion here with us in the house?"

"I don't know," answered Kitty, with a feeling of relief; "that would depend on who and what she is—it is a she, of course?"

"It is Anna Germain, your second cousin. Father brought me a letter this noon from John Germain, proposing that we should take her for a year or two. She wants to enter the academy and fit herself for teaching. He says she has been in the village high-school until she has exhausted all the knowledge of the master, and that rather than send her to New York, where

he would have to board her among strangers, he would be glad to put her in my charge for a while."

"That sounds promising! When does she want to come? I have always had a lively curiosity about 'our folks in Orange County.' How old is she?"

"Well, let me see. John was about your father's age, and he married Anna Carew—one of the Quaker Carews, she was, near Chatham—about the same time we did. Anna is his second child. It is a long while since I have heard from them; it seems his wife has been dead three years. Well, I don't know. She may be about your age or she may be older. He doesn't say."

"What does father think?"

"Oh! he is pleased, of course. He says it would be better for you to have more company and brighten up the house."

"And you?"

"Well, I don't know. We could, just as well as not. She could have the chamber next yours; there is plenty of room; so far as that goes. But it's always risky taking in strangers, even when they are your own flesh and blood. She oughtn't to be flighty with such a mother as Anna Carew was; but who knows? I suppose we'll have to. There isn't a soul of my folks left alive except that family."

"I hope she will be nice. When does she want to come?"

"As far as we are concerned she can come any time. The sooner the better for her, most likely. So you may answer the letter for me, and then we will go up-stairs together and see what alterations we shall want to make. She comes from a house where everything was full and plenty—not like city housekeeping. Still, I think she won't find much lacking. I haven't such a linen closet as old Grandmother Germain stocked for John, nor such piles of homespun blankets, but I guess we'll manage to give her clean sheets and prevent her from freezing."

Kitty laughed. "After Anna is supplied, mother," said she, "I think there will be enough left in the dark closet to re-stock the city hospital, if it happens to be burned out. Grandmother Germain must have had large ideas, if she made bedding on a greater scale than you do."

"She spun her own flax and raised her own wool, you see. I had to buy all mine, and that makes a grand difference."

"If it were mine," said Kitty, "I think I should give it all away except what we really use and need. It is more trouble to keep the moths out of this pile of blankets than they are worth."

"I don't doubt it," answered her mother, shaking one out of

the window as she spoke. "I have always thought it a special mercy that your head was fastened on. It would have been lost or given away by this time, if it hadn't been."

These were occupations in which Katharine would at any time have taken interest, household instincts of a certain kind being well developed in her. But to-day she was more than usually anxious to give her mother pleasure by busying herself with all the little cares and forethoughts demanded by the forthcoming change.

"Poor mother!" she thought, as she sat down to her lessons when they were over. "How can I ever bear to torment her! I meant to have it out this evening, and now my courage flies when I look at her, as my toothache does when I ring the dentist's bell. I know as well now as I ever shall what father and she will say. What right have I to give them pain for what may be, after all, a mere caprice? I will put it off, at all events."

This resolve, however, was so far from setting her mind at rest that she found it impossible to fix her attention on her lessons, and rose from her books, when her father came in to tea, with every one of her tasks unfinished.

"My Kittykins," he said, with a great hug that almost took her breath away, "you make a big hole in the house when you go out of it. Mother and I have been playing Darby and Joan in solitude these three nights, and neither of us likes the cast."

"When Anna comes," answered Kitty, bringing his slippers and kneeling down to put them on, "you won't be so lonely when I go away sometimes."

"No more going away for you, little girl, Anna or no Anna," he said, his arm around her as she stood beside his chair. "We can't spare you. If John Germain had not half a dozen more at home he would think twice about turning his daughter out of doors to earn her living."

"What an idea! Half the girls in the graduating class live out of town, and two or three in mine are preparing to be teachers. That isn't being turned out of doors. Perhaps she wants to teach."

"That must be it," said Mrs. Danforth. "There certainly is no need of it. Old Isaac Carew was as rich as most of those tight-fisted Quakers are, and he halved all he had between young Ike and Anna. And John himself was well beforehand with the world even when he married."

"There is just one advantage in having a solitary little girl like you, Kitty," said her father, taking his cup of tea from her

hand: "a man don't need to be very rich to keep her at home while he lives, and to take care that she won't lack for one afterwards."

He spoke with a half-sigh, which his wife's quick ear detected.

"Is anything new the matter, James?" she asked.

"No—not much. Only Deyo is making bigger ventures than I like, and grows more pig-headed every day. I have more than half a mind to get out of the concern."

Kitty, too, had caught her father's sigh, and saw the look of worry that settled on his face when he had hidden it behind the evening paper, which, contrary to his wont, he read in silence.

"Something troubles him," she thought. "I am glad I did not speak to mother." And, setting herself resolutely to work, she banished her perplexities by a strong effort of her will.

The struggle, however, though put off for the moment, was not, as it turned out, to be long evaded. As he left the breakfast-room the next morning her father said to Katharine that, as he was obliged to drive to Troy in the afternoon, he would stop at the school at one o'clock and take her with him. Presenting himself at that hour, the janitor brought up his name to Miss Falconer, who, bidding Kitty remain in her place a moment, went down to the library to meet him. Seeing, after a word or two, that he was still in ignorance of what had passed on Sunday, she proceeded to enlighten him, alleging in excuse both the reason that had prompted her and that which had caused it to elude her memory. Mr. Danforth was at first inclined to be amused at Miss Falconer's scruples.

"It is no great matter," he said; "I had thought of taking her there myself some Sunday afternoon to hear the music. Kitty is far too sensible a girl to be caught in such a trap as that."

Finding him so completely unaware of what was passing in his daughter's mind, Miss Falconer proceeded to enlighten him. As she did so his face grew grave.

"Katharine," she concluded, "has a peculiar and not easily-managed character. To me she is very docile—I have no pupil so much so—and I see that she is equally obedient to her mother and to you. But, for all that, I think her quite capable of taking her own way, if once she resolves upon it, and pushing to the very end in spite of entreaty or resistance. She lives too much in the realm of abstractions, and has an ideal of perfection which nothing in this world realizes. To people of that turn, especially

when they are as ardent and imaginative as she is, one side of Roman Catholicism presents an almost irresistible attraction. I have been repenting ever since that, after listening to what she told me, I yielded to the foolish impulse that led me to expose her to it a second time. She herself objected to going, lest it should displease you. If I may venture my advice, I would exert to the utmost an authority which she obeys so readily."

"But," objected Mr. Danforth, "I have, as you see, had no occasion. I never have forbidden her going anywhere. She simply took for granted, knowing what I think of Romanism, that I wanted her to keep away from it."

"She will some day, or I am much mistaken. When she is older, with wider knowledge and a riper judgment, she might perhaps be trusted, but at present I would give her every safeguard. For such a nature as hers I know of only one, and that is the obedience imposed by some one she really loves, or whose right to command she recognizes. She is at present very fond of me, but I read her too well to flatter myself that I could stand in her way if once she thought it right to oppose me."

"I am not sure," said her father slowly, "that even I should wish to stand in her way, if once it came to such an alternative as that. Still, this case is pretty clear, and I thank you."

But as he turned away he said to himself: "I wish that Kitty herself had told me."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE RELIGION OF ANCIENT EGYPT.

MUCH fruitful labor has been devoted to the study of Egyptology by that eminent and indefatigable French scholar, P. Le Page Renouf. A concise volume* containing six lectures by him on the ancient religion of Egypt gives us the latest, and therefore the best, information, based upon the most reliable interpretation of antique monumental inscriptions and papyri, concerning the doctrines held in remotest ages by the cultivated inhabitants of that historic land. To the Christian student wishing to arm himself against the false theories and superficial learning of some modern unbelievers an acquaintance with the true nature and characteristics of the earliest historic religious creeds

* *Lectures on the Origin and Growth of Religion as illustrated by the Religion of Ancient Egypt.* By P. Le Page Renouf. London: Williams & Norgate. 1880.

of man, outside of Biblical records, are of substantial service. In these pages we find a full confirmation of the great primary truths of natural religion held, and developing a magnificent and solemn ritual—the same fundamental truths so distinctively maintained by the ancient Jewish patriarchs, the fathers of the human race. From this may be drawn a strong scientific argument corroborative of the ordinary theory which deduces the basal elements of all religions, exclusive of their corruptions, from one original system such as Adam may have transmitted to his universal family.

First of all, it is now clearly established that the form of religion prevalent in Egypt some centuries before, and at the beginning of, the Christian era was but the latest and basest corruption of a far more ancient and supremely purer doctrine of perfect monotheism. The early Christian writers adopted the style of the classical pagan writers of Greece and Rome in deriding the religious practices of the later Egyptians. It is curious to notice the placid coolness with which sarcastic Juvenal ridicules their worship. "Who does not know," he asks, "what kind of monsters demented Egypt adores? Some worship the crocodile, others quake before the ibis gorged with serpents. The golden image of a sacred, long-tailed ape glitters where the magic chords resound from mutilated Memnon and ancient Thebes lies in ruin with her hundred gates. There whole towns venerate cats, here a river-fish, there a dog, but no one Diana. It is impiety to violate and break with the teeth the leek and onion. O holy races! to whom such deities as these are born in their gardens" (Sat. xv.)

Anaxandrides, a Greek comic writer, jests with equal volubility at the religious follies of the Egyptians. "I never could be your ally," he says, "for neither our customs nor our laws agree. They differ widely. You worship an ox, but I sacrifice him to the gods. You consider the eel a mighty demon; we think him by far the best of fish. You do not eat swine-flesh, and I am particularly fond of doing so. You worship a dog, but I thrash him whenever I catch him stealing meat. . . . You weep to see a cat ailing, but I like to kill and skin him. A shrew-mouse is an object of great veneration with you, not of the least with me."

In like manner Clement of Alexandria, in *Pædagog.*, l. iii. c. 2, ridicules, in a lengthy descriptive tirade, the customs of the Egyptian priests. He describes their manner of preserving under rich hangings, in gorgeous temples, monkeys, crocodiles, and

serpents for the worship of the devout. So, too, Origen deplores the degrading superstitions which he must have witnessed in his native country among the pagans; and we find a curious chapter upon the same subject in the eighth book of St. Augustine's great work on the *City of God*.

Nevertheless we cannot wholly rely upon the account given of any religion by an opponent. We know that the Jewish law was a hateful thing to the polished Greek and idolatrous Roman. The Christian belief was declared an *exitiabilis superstitio* (Tac., *Annal.*, l. xv. c. 44), and both were denounced as sanctioning the worship of the ass and the swine, as in Petronius Arbiter, p. 224: "Judæus licet et porcinum numen adoret." Hence, although the later practices of the Egyptian religion might indicate in its external symbols what was charged against it, there is no necessity of admitting, at least upon the evidence of its professed adversaries, that it was wholly and essentially of a degraded nature. Moreover, some writers, not favorable to the Egyptians, explained the animal-worship as merely symbolical; that under the form of living objects the divinity was the real term of their reverence. Thus Celsus strongly denies that they worshipped brute creatures as such—*Vita Apollonii*, vi. 19; and Porphyry, *De Abstinentia*, iv. c. 9, gives a pantheistic explanation of this animal-worship: "Under the semblances of animals the Egyptians worship the universal power which the gods have revealed in the various forms of living nature."

In corroboration of this we find that in the earlier ages even the external observances were of a much less gross character than later. Plato and Herodotus are good witnesses to this fact. They distinctly inform us that Ammon, Osiris, and the other divinities received the worship of this people, and that a belief in the immortality of the soul was one of the primary dogmas of their religion. So the farther back we are led by the light of history, the purer and simpler will appear those fundamental truths which we find under the superincumbent mass of even the most complicated religious rites. The results of investigation recently made by learned men are somewhat parallel with the valuable works of art brought to light from beneath the growing rubbish of centuries by Schliemann in his excavations around the scenes of ancient Troy.

But in nowise can this be shown so satisfactorily as from the ancient, genuine language and formularies of the remotest periods in the religious history of Egypt itself. Its ritual is an invincible testimony of its doctrines. Engraved upon the ada-

mantine granite of its obelisks and sarcophagi, and clearly written upon its wonderfully-preserved papyri, is found the doctrine of the original belief in one omnipotent, omniscient, all-ruling Power, creating and preserving the universe through the agency of all-embracing Law.

Ever since 1822 this knowledge has been growing steadily more definite and exact. In that year the genius of Champollion interpreted the inscription on the celebrated Rosetta Stone, now in the British Museum. This was a monument erected to the memory of King Epiphanes one hundred and ninety-three years before the Christian era. The inscription is in three languages —Greek, the Egyptian vernacular, and the ancient hieratic. The Greek plainly states how this was ordered and accomplished. With the aid of the Greek the hieroglyphic characters have furnished a key by which all the treasures of rich papyric history, as well as of the tombs and obelisks, are becoming the common property of inquisitive men. The assiduous labors of scholars like Burnouf, who devote their lives to this commendable work, are interpreting those hitherto mysterious symbols of long-hidden, marvellous lore. From the musty resting-places of the mummies, beneath the immovable guardianship of sphynx and pyramid, comes forth the venerable voice of antiquity to fortify the basis of Christian faith and hope—a resurrection of the natural religious spirit of man, to testify to the truth of his present sublime, revealed doctrine!

As in the history of all nations the most authentic records, as well as earliest evidences of civilization, are found to be of a religious character, so, too, is this remarkable in Egypt. Her religious monuments transmit her earliest learning. The tombs of her kings and great men are essentially of a religious character; the most valuable papyri that have been discovered relate directly to her ritual; the inscriptions and drawings which adorn her obelisks declare her religious doctrines and practices. The farther back is traced her culture, the purer it is found and the more inseparably united with religious principles.

From the recorded successive births of Apis is derived the most accurate historical certainty. From the time of Cambyses, or even from the later Ptolemaic period, we are led back with the greatest security from error, seven hundred years before the Christian era, by these Apis inscriptions. We find the recorded events of the reign of Taharga (the Tirhaka of Scripture), "who was the last king of the twenty-fifth dynasty, with whom begins the *latest* period of the Pharaos" (p. 37).

As to the great antiquity of Egyptian civilization, as proved beyond reasonable doubt from monuments now extant and clearly interpreted, we may quote the opinion of Renouf himself: "The essential point which I wish to insist upon is that the Egyptian monarchy, according to the most moderate calculation, must have already been in existence fifteen hundred years at the very least, but probably more than two thousand years, when the book of Exodus was written" (p. 50).

How remote this was has not yet been ascertained beyond doubt. The flight of the Israelites from Egypt must have taken place previous to the year 1310 B.C., and the beginning of the Egyptian historic period must be placed at least two thousand and fifty years anterior to that event. Renouf considers the Great Pyramid not to have been erected later than three thousand years B.C. This is a wonderfully ancient record, yet not such as to determine the far greater antiquity of the human race in Egypt. And the Egyptians are derived from the same stock—the Aryan—as the Indo-European, whose original seat is traced to central Asia. This is now proved very thoroughly by ethnological as well as by linguistic arguments.

Even the social and artistic excellence of the highly-civilized Egyptians helps to corroborate the fact of their great historic antiquity. The bright and beautiful colors of their paintings still preserved seem as pleasing to the eye as is the healthful moral tone of their domestic and public life transmitted by their perennial monumental records. In the variety of musical instruments depicted on the walls of their temples we find proof of their proficiency and delight in that art. Flutes, harps, pipes, guitars, lyres, tambourines, etc., are represented as accompaniments to vocal music in the celebration of their religious and social festivals. Their religion partook deeply, indeed, of the serious and sombre, yet it did not refrain from inviting to a joyous participation in the rational delights of life. An ancient song of King Antuf, of the eleventh dynasty, condemns a morbid hankering for the accumulation of worldly treasures, and exhorts to cheerfulness: "Fulfil thy desire while thou livest. Put oils upon thy head; clothe thyself with fine linen, adorned with precious stones; . . . fulfil thy desire with thy good things whilst thou art on earth, according to the dictate of thy heart. The day will come to thee when one hears not thy voice. Feast in tranquillity, seeing that there is no one who carries his goods with him" (p. 71). At the same time righteousness of life is commended: "Mind thee of the day when thou shalt start for the

land to which one goeth to return not thence. Good for thee will have been a good life; therefore be just and hate iniquity, for he who loveth what is right shall triumph" (p. 73).

And it must be borne in mind that the moral code inculcated in their ancient laws is of a high order and continuously taught. The final superiority of right over wrong, truth over falsehood, is repeatedly proclaimed. M. Chabas says that the Christian virtues—which are also natural—are inculcated: "piety, charity, gentleness, self-command in word and action, chastity, protection of the weak, benevolence, deference to superiors, respect for property in its minutest details, . . . all is expressed in good language" (p. 74).

As a specimen we find in the tablet of Beka, now in Turin, the following description of one departed: "I was just and true without malice, placing God in my heart, and quick in discerning his will. I have come to the city of those who dwell in eternity. I have done good on earth; I have done no wrong; I have done no crime; I have approved of nothing base or evil, but have taken pleasure in speaking the truth, for I well know the glory there is in doing this upon earth from the first action of life even to the tomb. I took pleasure in righteousness conformably with the laws" (p. 76). The value of truth is repeatedly extolled, as well as kindness to neighbors and assisting those in distress: "Doing that which is right, and hating that which is wrong, I was bread to the hungry, water to the thirsty, clothes to the naked, a refuge to him that was in want; that which I did to him the great God hath done to me."* For the good deeds of a righteous life the king is declared blessed for heaven: "God hath inclined his countenance to me for what I have done; he hath given me old age upon earth, in long and pleasant duration, with many children at my feet, and sons in face of his own Son."†

Monotheism of a very pure and exalted character was indisputably the earliest religion of the Egyptians. Yet we find innumerable deities mentioned and worshipped in later times; so numerous, indeed, that Burnouf abandoned the attempt to classify or enumerate them. How can this be reconciled with the statement which makes them monotheists? First of all, it is a fact that all ancient religions show a degeneration in their downward growth. One of the strongest evidences of this is found in Brahminism, which was originally a worship of the one, great First Cause, the Power from which all things had being. This

* Duemichen, *Kalenderinschriften*, 46.

† Bergmann, *Hieroglyphische Inschriften*, vi. 1, 8.

leads us back to the origin of our race as recorded in the Bible, whose simple narrative we find in accord with the results of the deepest investigations of the most advanced scholars, who, like Max Müller and Renouf, are unfolding the long-concealed volumes of oriental learning. As nations grew and spread over the earth the powers of nature appealed to poetry for a theological interpretation, and a multiplicity of imaginary deities obscured the earlier ontological fact of the soul—the idea of the unity of God.

To enforce this proposition no more eloquent testimony may be adduced than that of the eminent Emmanuel Rougè. In a "Conference on the Religion of the Ancient Egyptians," delivered before the Catholic Circle, April 14, 1869, and published in the *Annales de la Philosophie Chrétienne*, tome xx. p. 327, he says: "No one has called in question the fundamental meaning of the principal passages by the help of which we are able to establish what ancient Egypt has taught concerning God, the world, and man. I said *God*, not *Gods*. The first characteristic of the religion is the unity of God most energetically expressed: God, one, sole, and only; no others with him; he is the only Being, living in truth: Thou art one, and millions of beings proceed from thee. He has made everything, and he alone has not been made. The clearest, the simplest, the most precise conception. But how reconcile the unity of God with Egyptian polytheism? History and geography will, perhaps, elucidate the matter. The Egyptian religion comprehends a quantity of local worships. The Egypt which Menes brought together entire under his sceptre was divided into *nomes*, each having a capital town. Each of these regions has its principal god, designated by a special name; but it is always the same doctrine that reappears under different names. One idea predominates, that of a single and primeval God; everywhere and always it is one substance, self-existent, and an unapproachable God."

From the radical meaning of *Nutar*—God, Power, Being—we have the same idea as that conveyed by the Hebrew *El*, revealed to Moses, and like to the original signification of *Brahma;* so that the central thought in these three most ancient religions of the East is the unity of God self-existent, which is the basis of Christianity.

Nutar, in all the stages of their religious history, is used in the singular number. It signifies the First Cause, from which all secondary powers or causes spring, and, in Renout's lan-

guage, "it is unquestionably the true and only God, 'who is not far away from any of us, and in whom we live, move, and have our being,' whose eternal power and Godhead and government of the world were made known by that light 'that enlighteneth every man coming into the world.'"

It is further explained that *nutriu*, the *powers*, are the manifold forms under which the One Cause manifests itself. These came to be called gods at that period of Egypt's religious history when the original beautiful and perfect monotheism took a pantheistic turn which finally triumphed in later stages of degeneracy.

From this pantheistic corruption arose the mystic *Ra*, the Sun-God, undoubtedly the sun himself, who travels in a boat across the sky, *Nu*. *Ra* proceeds from *Nu*, the father of the gods, whilst *Shu* and *Tefnut*, air and moisture, are children of *Ra*. This is substantially the mythologic conception of *Devas*, predominant in the Hindoo-Germanic primordial religious thought, whence came the Greek *Theos* and Latin *Deus*.

The myth of Osiris readily sprang from the foregoing. His parents are *Seb* and *Nut*, earth and heaven. Osiris, the sun, and Isis, the dawn, wedded before birth, producing Horus, the full-grown sun, who is for ever pursued and assailed by *Set*, darkness.

The universal belief in a future life, recorded in the most ancient monuments, attests the existence of the doctrine in remotest antiquity. It disproves the novel and ingenious hypothesis of Herbert Spencer, who ascribes belief in immortality to the worship of dead ancestors. In the oldest Egyptian inscriptions prayers are offered for the departed to Anubis, Osiris, or some other deities; and those souls that are to be propitiated are declared to have been faithful to God. The words of Renouf are very decisive: "In no case can it be proved that the propitiation of departed ancestors preceded a belief in a divinity of some other kind" (p. 132). Reverence for the departed, and ritual observances in their memory, arose from a belief that they had entered a new and never-ending life. A summary of the chief points in the Egyptian religion is given in one sentence by the author: "A sense of the Eternal and Infinite, Holy and Good, governing the world, and upon which we are dependent; of right and wrong, of holiness and virtue, of immortality and retribution —such are the elements of the Egyptian religion."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

On the Inspiration of Scripture. By His Eminence Cardinal Newman. *Nineteenth Century*, February, 1884.

Postscript. In Answer to Prof. Healy. By the same. (A pamphlet.) London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

It is a great pleasure to see again, after a long interval, the kindly light of Cardinal Newman's wisdom casting its gleam on some of the obscure parts of the way of truth. His article in the *Nineteenth Century*, the product of a whole year's careful deliberation, submitted also to the examination of other competent theologians, is, so far as we are capable of judging, a clear and correct statement of the whole authoritative and obligatory Catholic doctrine respecting the divine inspiration of the canonical books of the Bible. It is in conformity with what we have understood, by our own personal study, to be the teaching of Perrone, Murray, Franzelin, Hurter, De Bonal, Ubaldi, and other theologians of similar repute. It is, nevertheless, original in respect to its luminous method of presenting the old and common doctrine, and to its translation of technical phraseology into an idiomatic English style of language more intelligible to readers of ordinary education than the verbal usage in vogue among professional students of theology. It has called forth, however, strictures and criticism from a distinguished Irish professor writing in a periodical of high reputation, the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*. The *Postscript* is a reply to this criticism. Not having at hand the number of the above-mentioned magazine containing Prof. Healy's article, we are obliged to rely entirely on the cardinal's pamphlet for an account of the precise objections raised in this article against his statements of doctrine and expressions of opinion.

The most important of these objections is one made against a supposed exclusion by the cardinal of the historical part of Holy Scripture from the domain of divine inspiration. This supposition is evidently a misunderstanding of the case in hand, as is plain from the text of the cardinal's article, and fully proved in the reply which he makes in the *Postscript*.

The one and only suggestion discordant from the common teaching of the authors and text-books most in vogue which we found in the article published in the *Nineteenth Century* relates to so-called *obiter dicta—i.e.*, things said incidentally and aside from the scope of the writer.

The cardinal finds no difficulty in admitting the possibility that there may be such *obiter dicta*, "phrases, clauses, or sentences in Scripture about matters of mere fact, which, as not relating to faith and morals, may without violence be referred to the human element in its composition." On this controverted question we express no opinion except so far as this, that it is a question open to discussion. Prof. Healy admits, and every theologian knows, that it has not been closed by any decision of the church, and that no one can be censured for holding and expressing the view defended by the cardinal, with due reservation of submission to any

future decision of authority. In point of fact, although the authors of the text-books in general use do maintain that positive inspiration extends even to the least circumstances, they do not affirm that this is an obligatory doctrine. De Bonal, in his treatise *De Locis Theologicis*, says of this proposition: "Some deny it, others affirm it." There are some respectable authors who deny it. It is a question of no small import, and we rejoice to see it discussed, since the discussion is unavoidable, by such a learned and cautious and highly-placed author as the venerable Cardinal Newman. His two brief but weighty treatises are worthy of their illustrious author in his best days. Their whole intent and scope is to defend the majesty and authority of the Divine Scriptures, to corroborate the faith of Christians in God's word, and to alleviate the difficulty, created for some minds by certain tendencies of modern speculation, in regard to the harmony between rational knowledge and faith in the divine revelation. We would gladly see these two productions of the revered cardinal's matured wisdom published together in a form convenient for general circulation. All who are interested in the subject they treat of, and who have a just estimation of the value of everything which proceeds from the pen of their author, will be grateful for the opportunity of reading, and preserving them together with his other works. If published in a convenient and permanent form they will do great good to the cause of religion, not only at the present moment, but in the future time.

EXPOSÉ DE LA DOCTRINE CATHOLIQUE. Par P. Girodon, prêtre. Precédé d'une Introduction par Mgr. D'Hulst, Vicaire-Général de Paris, Recteur de l'Institut Catholique. 2 tomes. Paris: Libraire Plon. 1884.

The aim of M. Girodon has been to give a clear and methodical exposition of Catholic doctrine. Such an exposition is, in our author's judgment, better adapted for the wants of our time than a controversial treatise. What the church suffers from more than anything else is that her doctrines are not known by those outside who are no longer held by the chains of their effete sects, the bonds of which the inroad of modern "thought" has broken. The misrepresentations of Catholic doctrine which have been current for years are still strong enough to prevent many from seeking in the church that satisfaction for their mind which her teaching alone can give. What has to be done is to remove these misrepresentations; and the less of the controversial spirit there is in any work, the better will it be adapted for this end. There have been numberless expositions of Catholic doctrine, but they have had in view other wants than those which now exist. Mgr. D'Hulst, in his introduction to the work, admitting, as he does, the very great value and the proved usefulness of these expositions, and especially of those of M. Nicolas, yet would hesitate to recommend their perusal to any one whose mind was disturbed by current difficulties. Our author has endeavored to meet the difficulties of those thus placed. How far has he succeeded? His work is written for men who have been educated in the schools and colleges of France, in the traditions and atmosphere of conflicting political and social theories. Our judgment, from want of an intimate knowledge of those thus placed, would be of little value. That, however, of the writer of the introduction, who is at once vicar-general of Paris and rector of the Catholic Insti-

tute, cannot but be of great weight. He recommends a perusal of this work in preference to the *Exposition* of Bossuet, to the *Pensées* of Pascal, to the works of Nicolas and the *Conferences* of Lacordaire. This is high praise—higher, perhaps, than we ourselves should feel justified in giving.

The work is addressed to the educated reader; it indicates a familiarity not only with the facts of modern science, but also with its spirit. It is entitled to, and will well repay, the attentive consideration of all interested in these subjects. But that it will carry everything before it we should hesitate to say. There seems to be a tendency to the laying down of propositions in a broad, unqualified way which certainly stand in need of qualification. To take two instances to be found in the first four pages: The author holds that belief of every kind is always a free act, and instances the credit we give to the conquests of Alexander. But is this true? Am I free to doubt, able to doubt, for example, that a battle was fought in the Soudan last year in which Hicks Pasha was defeated? Is not the evidence of such a kind as to compel assent? We, for our part, cannot see how a rational being has it in his power to withhold his assent in this and numberless similar cases. The reason for which the author maintains this, of course, is that he wishes to lessen the difference between the act of divine faith, which is free, and that of faith in general. The act of divine faith is free—that is, the evidences for revelation are not of such a character as to compel assent, like mathematical or metaphysical evidence, but they are so strong as to render it clear to any rational being who has examined them that it is his duty to give his assent, that it would be wrong for him to withhold it. Still, the actual giving of the assent or the not giving it is left in his power. Again, on page 2 the author says that when it is a question of accepting statements on the authority of others—historical statements, for example—our sole examination is as to the value of the testimony which supports them, and not at all as to their intrinsic credibility. Is this true? Cannot statements be so evidently absurd that no examination of the authorities is needed? Cannot I dismiss *Baron Munchausen's Adventures* without inquiry? Is it not certain that the moral bearing of a miracle is one of the criteria of its being a true miracle? The author himself (p. 19) makes it the first question for one seeking religious truth to ask: Is there anything absurd or immoral in the doctrine presented to me for my acceptance? And only after that is he to enter upon the consideration of the external testimony.

We hope we shall not be considered hypercritical in these remarks. A work recommended so highly must expect to be closely examined. Still less do we wish to detract from its many excellences. In a short notice like this we cannot do full justice to these excellences. We can only repeat what we have already said, that the work will well repay the most careful and attentive perusal.

THE METAPHYSICS OF THE SCHOOL. By Thomas Harper, S.J. Vol. iii. (part i.) London: Macmillan & Co. 1884. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

It is with pleasure that we have received this evidence of Father Harper's restoration to health. We have been obliged to write our former notices of the volumes preceding the present one before we had had time

to give them more than a cursory examination. Since then we have read them carefully, and with a more mature judgment we repeat and confirm all we have said in their favor. The new part just published treats entirely of efficient cause. We have read enough of it to justify the expression of our opinion that it is fully equal to its predecessors, and we think that the author as he proceeds even improves continually in his style, which is an admirable one for his purpose, and is besides pure and excellent English. A large number of his theses are either demonstrated or sustained by the best probable arguments adducible in proof of their truth. We cannot profess assent to all the philosophical opinions of the author. Yet we must concede to him that, even in the case of propositions which do not appear to us satisfactorily proved, Father Harper makes the best defence of his opinions and those of the rigid peripatetic school to which he belongs which we have ever met with. His great work is, thus far, without a parallel in the English language, and we sincerely trust that he may have granted to him the health and strength necessary for its perfect completion.

Indirect Evidences in the New Testament for the Personal Divinity of Jesus Christ. With Appendices. By Frederic Rowland Young, D.D., Minister of Augustine Congregational Church, Reading. London: W. Stewart & Co. 8vo, 150 pp.

This book by a Protestant clergyman (who, with excellent feeling, dedicates it to his friend, a canon of a Catholic diocese) deserves to be widely read. The author is evidently a shrewd and an acute observer. His volume is full of interest. Is there no Congregationalist publication society in this country to republish this work of one of their own ministers and have it circulated, especially in New England? We have had not a few books from eminent men among the evangelicals in Scotland and in this country devoted to what may be called destructive criticism. Here is one of the building-up sort.

The Only Reliable Evidence concerning Martin Luther. Taken exclusively from Luther's own German and Latin works. By Henry O'Connor, S.J. London: Burns & Oates; Dublin: Gill & Son. 1884.

For its size this is one of the most trenchant and telling brochures that have been contributed to the Luther controversy. It is not a life of Luther, but an inquiry into the question whether, in any sense of the word, the father of Protestantism can be looked upon as "a reformer commissioned by Almighty God," and it adopts the novel expedient of taking its evidence almost exclusively from Luther's own works. Father O'Connor's compilation is the result of exhaustive research and is made with remarkable skill. Nearly two-thirds of the matter he publishes is taken from the original editions of Luther's own works as published in Wittenberg under the eyes of the "Reformer" himself; the remainder is mainly taken from the collection of Luther's letters by De Wette, a professor of Protestant Divinity at Basle and a stanch supporter of Luther. Father O'Connor claims that he has not quoted one passage which he has not seen with his own eyes in the book referred to; that not one of his quotations has been taken from a Catholic author; that he has taken special care not to quote anything that would have a different meaning if read with the

full context, and that in every case the translation from the German or the Latin is his own. Exact references are given for every passage quoted. In short, no pains seem to have been spared in making this powerful little book as nearly perfect as possible. Some of the things it proves conclusively are indicated by the following headings from the table of contents: "Luther rejects the Authority of the Pope"; "Luther admits the Authority of the Devil"; "Luther proclaims his own Authority and Infallibility"; "Luther acts with Authority and Infallibility"; "Luther's Intolerance against those who refuse to submit to his Authority and Infallibility." There are as many facts compressed into this little pamphlet as would furnish material for a bulky volume, and they are marshalled in such a manner that their force is irresistible. This is a controversial publication that ought to have a wide circulation.

[No. 1] CONFESSION AND ABSOLUTION. By Right Rev. Monsignor Capel, D.D. Philadelphia: Cunningham & Son; New York: Sadliers.

[No. 2] "CATHOLIC" AN ESSENTIAL AND EXCLUSIVE ATTRIBUTE OF THE TRUE CHURCH. By the same author. New York: Wilcox & O'Donnell Co., Publishers. 1884.

The first of these tracts is substantially the conference on the same subject which made one of a series delivered in the cathedral of Philadelphia during last Lent. It contains a brief and clear exposition of its topic, sustained by proofs from Scripture and tradition, and some testimonies from eminent authors.

The second tract is longer and more copious in its treatment. The author dedicates it to the Protestant Episcopalians of the United States, to whom principally its arguments are addressed.

Both are well adapted for general circulation and reading. They are instructive for Catholics, but especially useful for those who are not Catholics, if they will only read them. We desire and hope that they may do a great deal of good.

THE PUBLIC LIFE OF OUR LORD. Vol. VII. The Training of the Apostles. (Part iii.) By H. J. Coleridge, S.J. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1884.

This part of Father Coleridge's commentary on the Gospels embraces a portion of the second year of our Lord's public life, beginning from the open and violent hostility declared by the ecclesiastical rulers of the Jews. It contains an exposition of the first series of parables. We rejoice to see this admirable work going on steadily towards its completion, hoping that the author may be enabled to achieve the entire and successful fulfilment of the laborious and useful task he has undertaken.

LIBRARY OF ST. FRANCIS DE SALES. Works of this Doctor of the Church translated into English. By the Rev. H. B. Mackey, O.S.B. Under the direction and patronage of His Lordship the Right Rev. J. C. Hedley, O.S.B., Bishop of Newport and Menevia. II. Treatise on the Love of God. With introduction by the translator. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

To praise any work of St. Francis de Sales would be superfluous. The translation and introduction only require any notice or can be subject to any criticism.

As for the translation, it is the third one which has been made into

English, but Father Mackey shows good reasons for its necessity, on account of defects in the two earlier versions, especially the later one, which has been in more common use, but which is really an adaptation and not a translation. We have not time to examine this new translation and compare it with the original, but the well-known competence of the translator and the sanction of the Bishop of Menevia afford a sufficient warrant for accepting it as satisfactory.

The introduction is an extremely valuable and well-written analysis of the book itself, with a vindication from the mistaken interpretation put on parts of it by Fénelon and the partial disparagement of Bossuet. The editing and publication have been done with care, in a manner worthy of a work of such great importance as the issue of the *Library of St. Francis de Sales*.

ARMINE. By Christian Reid, author of *Hearts and Hands, Mabel Lee, Morton House, Valerie Aylmer, Daughter of Bohemia*, etc. 1 vol. 8vo, 359 pp. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates. 1884.

The author of *Morton House* has made a name in American fiction which is synonymous with purity of feeling, elegance of style, keenness without satirical sharpness of observation, and the quality of interest. *Morton House* had every quality that constitutes a good novel. *Valerie Aylmer, A Daughter of Bohemia*, and *Bonnie Kate* were novels which, if they formed a *genre* for American writers, would raise American light literature from the slough of despond in which it wallows. It is a great deal to have a pen like that of Christian Reid wielded on the side of truth. She is skilful in all the resources of an art so potent in a time when everybody that reads reads novels, more or less. She possesses taste and knows how to be reticent in the use of her resources. It is rarely that a work of fiction so pure, so elevated in tone, and so worthy of the pen of an artist in words as *Armine* is issued, even from the Catholic press. The introduction of Armine, with her bunch of lilac, although done with the admirable reticence characteristic of the author, awakes interest at once. Armine is the daughter of an ardent Socialist, for whom she translates and writes. It begins to dawn upon her that in assisting her father she is helping to propagate the evil doctrines of Socialism. She comes to D'Antignac—who is a Christian gentleman, a hero, and her friend—with her doubt. "You do not know my father as I know him," she says. "To you he is the most dangerous of those who wish to tear down all the fabric of religion and social order; but to me he is not only my father, but also one whom I know to be a passionate and sincere enthusiast." In this interview the charming *womanliness* of Armine, who has scruples about assisting her father, and yet who fears that her confessor might authoritatively confirm her scruples, is one of the finest touches in a book which abounds in fine touches. The dialogue is quick, *live*, natural, and consequently interesting; and, strange as it may seem to the jaded novel-reader, it does not lose these qualities even where it is instructive. D'Antignac is a noble creation. We are almost tempted to analyze the plot, in order to show how careful has been the author's study of her models; but that might destroy all interest in a novel which deserves reading and re-reading. The readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD who have followed *Armine* from month to month need not be told this. The

exquisite bit of pure sentiment which closes the book is in Christian Reid's best vein. Sibyl, one of the personages of the novel, bids D'Antignac "good-evening." "'We have a better salutation than that,' he said. 'It is the most exquisite of all forms of greeting. For brief or long parting, for joy or sorrow, for life or death—what better can we say than adieu? *It expresses all blessings, and it places those whom we love where we would wish ever to leave them.* So, my dear friend'—he held out his other hand to Egerton—*'à Dieu!'*"

Armine shows that the author of *Morton House* has reached a higher and firmer stage. It is a novel that can be enjoyed by thoughtful people interested in social problems at present puzzling the world, as well as by readers who care only for a well-told story.

MARY TUDOR. An Historical Drama in Two Parts. By the late Sir Aubrey de Vere. New Edition. 12mo, 330 pp. London: George Bell & Sons. 1884.

The late Sir Aubrey de Vere wrote the drama of "Mary Tudor" during intervals of sickness two years before his death. It was published posthumously in 1847, but failed to catch public attention. After twenty-eight years of neglect it is now brought forward in a new edition by the author's son, the present Aubrey de Vere, who prefaces it with an excellent memoir of his father and an introduction which is a masterpiece of finished criticism. The reprint, we understand, is prompted by the appreciation of certain select readers of the drama whose judgment Aubrey de Vere esteems. These judges deserve gratitude for forcing from unaccountable obscurity one of the most valuable contributions that English dramatic literature has received in this century.

Mary Tudor's is a character which no dramatist had yet attempted to elucidate and to which no single historian has been able to do justice. Yet it is a character offering in its tragic complexity the most striking features to the dramatist and to the student of human nature, and there are few sovereigns about whom historians have written more than this unhappiest and noblest of the children of Henry VIII. It was a bold, if fortunate, idea of Sir Aubrey de Vere to make the life and times of Mary Tudor the theme of a drama; and we say the very highest that can be said of such a work when we assert that this drama of "Mary Tudor" is a vivid and truthful exposition of its theme.

Sir Aubrey de Vere's is a new and, to our view, perfectly consistent conception of Mary Tudor. It is impossible to understand this queen without a right understanding of her time. It was a time characterized by violent passions and unusual vicissitudes, into the midst of which Mary stepped with the power and the responsibility of a despotic monarch. She was a queen who inherited piety, patriotism, a loving heart, and lofty ambition from her mother, Katharine of Aragon, and who by her father, Henry VIII., was endowed with some of the sanguinary and despotic traits of the Tudors. Her life was a struggle between the two contradictories of her nature: the better for the most part predominating, but the other asserting itself—in an age when shed ding blood on the scaffold had lost its enormity by becoming commonplace, and when the sentiment of compassion for enemy, or even kin, had been almost eliminated from men's minds—

sufficiently to leaven and embitter her whole career. That she persecuted cannot be denied; but the persecutions of her reign are insignificant by comparison with those of her predecessor's and her successor's; and it must be remembered that the worst things laid to her charge were done in her name by those under her when she herself lay unconscious in illness. Above all it must be remembered that the severities of her reign—unlike those of Elizabeth's and Henry's—were more punishments for the sake of political defence than persecutions for the sake of religion. The "reformers," as Dr. Maitland has well shown, were insolent rebels who denied the right of any woman to rule, who denounced the queen in sermons and publicly prayed for her death, who strewed scurrilous and calumnious papers on the floors of her palace.

Sir Aubrey de Vere depicts this queen, in the midst of the fierce passions of the time, as "disinterested, devout, and sternly sincere," "strong in self-sacrifice," "brave and queenly," self-devoted to the last, conscience being with her the great reality. She is faithful, though in sadness, to *all* who have a legitimate claim on her. "She will not desert her tried friend Pole to propitiate her angry husband; she has not discarded reverence even for her terrible father; she loves the brother who deposed her and the sister who is the one hope of all the conspirators; she is loyal to her race, loyal to her country, loyal to her faith. But that large heart has in it room for much evil as well as for good. . . . To Mary misery had made life more than a burden. . . . When her perpetual misery deepened it flamed up into wrath; and with wrath the old temptation ever stirred within her." This estimate of Mary Tudor, it will be seen, is un-apologetic, and is at the same time the nearest to being just of any that has been yet offered; while this blending of great good and great evil in a character, and the vicissitudes of a life in which the error is followed by the poetic justice of retribution, are the cardinal elements of tragedy. For, undeserved affliction, as is well said, is not tragedy, and neither is that punishment which is punishment alone and has no purifying tendency.

Scarcely less important in historical and dramatic interest is the portrait of Cardinal Pole, also for the first time painted here. It is a grand figure for a lofty drama—"the princely churchman who had lashed the vice of Europe's proudest king and refused the papal throne; the church's bravest champion, yet, on his return to power, the meekest of her sons; the voluntary exile; the lonely student whose 'wisdom seemed incorporated with his substance'; mournful from habitual remembrance of 'those great ancestral woes,' but alike in victory or failure serene; statesman as well as priest; the favorite of successive popes, but obsequious to none; in faith devout, yet un-enthusiastic; a patriot zealous for his country, and firmly believing that Religion is a great part of her greatness." It is thus that Aubrey de Vere sums up his father's conception of Pole. Such was the great cardinal in character; what was he in act? "Had he been at the head of all he could have done all, but he could not work with others. He hates the intriguer, the factious, the mercenary, the cruel; and most of those around him are such. He can no more understand their littleness than they can understand his greatness. He can chastise the baseness of Philip and reprove the pride that mingled with Queen Mary's highest aspirations. But he succeeds in nothing. Here again all is frustration.

He is cramped
Within the jealous precincts of a court
Large energies like his lack room to move (Mary Tudor, p. 296)."

We have, we think, indicated sufficiently that Sir Aubrey de Vere has complete grasp of the two leading characters of his drama, and that these characters, as he has conceived them, are unique and powerful presentations. Space does not permit us to dwell as we would wish on the other merits of the drama, as a historical and an artistic work. These merits are great. Sir Aubrey de Vere seems to have steeped himself in the history of the times of Mary Tudor, and to have thoroughly entered into their spirit. He has reproduced their seared characteristics with life-like intensity. Nor has he lost any of the opportunities for legitimate dramatic effect. Though the work is not intended for the stage, its action is buoyant enough to enchain an audience. Its contrasts between tender pathos and terrible tragedy are managed with exquisite art. It goes without saying—the work being Sir Aubrey de Vere's—that the whole drama is pitched in a tone of the loftiest poetic feeling, and that the diction is as pure as crystal. What needs to be said, however, for those who do not understand the capabilities of this poet, is that passion and tragedy find in his verse an entirely potent voice.

It is one of the inexplicable happenings of literary history that this drama of "Mary Tudor" should have remained unrecognized for twenty-eight years.

GEMS FOR THE YOUNG FROM FAVORITE POETS. Edited by Rosa Mulholland. Illustrated by W. C. Mills. 8vo, 384 pp. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1884.

This is a collection of poems gathered for the special behoof of the young from all quarters of English and American literature, by one who has won a bright name as a maker of ennobling and delightful literature for the young herself. Goethe said nothing truer than that the impressions received in youth are the most powerful and most lasting, and Miss Mulholland in her preface pleads eloquently the importance to the youthful mind of an early familiarity with good poetry, whose varied influences tell upon it "like winds blowing one way upon a sapling." "Strong lines lay hold of the memory, to echo long in the mind above the uproar of the world's battles; vivid pictures of right and ruth, of valor and virtue, arise and line the walls of the fancy, and, lingering there for ever, give color to the background of life."

On the whole, Miss Mulholland has done her work as well as we are entitled to expect from her, and that is saying much. In a range which goes from Shakspere to Felicia Hemans she has left unsearched few of the repositories of that clear and moving poetry of which young people are fond and which it is good for them to know. It would be hypercriticism to show how better selections might have been made from the poets quoted. But there is one thing we must allude to, because we cannot account for it: Clarence Mangan, whose works abound in quotable things for Miss Mulholland's purpose, is represented in this collection by two of the poorest *jeux d'esprit* he ever concocted. They are not included in the best

collected editions of his poems—rejected doubtless as unworthy of him by the editors. They must have been sought for in some scrap-book.

SHAW'S NEW HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. Together with a History of English Literature in America. By Truman J. Backus, LL.D. Revised Edition. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1884.

THE ELEMENTS OF RHETORIC AND COMPOSITION: A Text-book for Schools and Colleges. By David J. Hill, LL.D. Same publishers. 1884.

THE ELEMENTS OF LOGIC: A Text-book for Schools and Colleges. Being the Elementary Lessons in Logic. By W. Stanley Jevons, LL.D., F.R.S. Recast by David J. Hill, LL.D. Same publishers. 1884.

The first-named of these books is a type of the sciolism that is the bane of secular education in America. It reminds us, in its slap-dash flippancy, of the equipment with which the public-school young man descends upon the inferior world of un-cultured people. The book is an American "recast" of a work that is popular in English schools of the Protestant denomination—that is, Shaw's *History of English Literature.* Shaw's is an admirable hand-book for its purpose: to start English youngsters in the correct respectable groove of narrow Protestantism and narrow Englishism, to impregnate them with the idea that "their [the English] novelists paint the finest portraits of human character, . . . their poets sing the sweetest songs, etc.," and at the same time to withhold much of what would enable the student to form this idea (if he could) in the light of true intelligence. The only change effected in the original by the "recast" is that it is stripped of the heavy respectability with which it was cumbered, and presented in a smart American public-school dress which may or may not be an improvement. There is added, besides, "A History of English Literature in America." The publishers somewhat eagerly call our attention to the perfections of this book, dwelling chiefly on the fact that "although edited by a non-Catholic it contains nothing anti-Catholic," and asking us to "read what a prominent Catholic educator says regarding it"—from which it would appear that the publishers are making an effort to have the work introduced into Catholic schools in this country, and that there is a possibility of that effort proving to some extent successful. The prominent Catholic educator referred to has already introduced it into St. Joseph's College, Buffalo, with the remark that he has "rarely seen a non-Catholic editor try so kindly and so successfully to be impartial and gentle toward what Mr. Backus himself, with graceful courtesy, calls the 'venerable Church of Rome.'"

The Church of Rome will no doubt feel properly grateful to Mr. Backus for letting it off so gently when he might have been very severe; but what is required of a historian of a literature is to produce a truthful and proportionate history, and not to trouble himself bestowing compliments or anathemas on any church. It is a very imperfect history of English and American literature, for example (leaving out the question of religious bias), which ignores both John Henry Newman and Orestes A. Brownson. Newman, besides being the most powerful leaven in the religious thought of England in the latter half of the nineteenth century, is the writer who has done more than any other to form the character of the English style of the same era. Brownson was the most trenchant and prolific critic that Ame-

rica has yet produced, and his was one of the dominant figures in American theological controversy of the post-Transcendental period. Though Brownson or *Brownson's Review* is not mentioned, not even alluded to, in this history, a great deal of space is taken up with accounts of such writers as Fitz-Greene Halleck, Timothy Dwight, John Barlow, Joseph R. Drake, Christopher Pearse Cranch, John James Piatt, George William Curtis, Charles Dudley Warner, Edward Payson Roe, Joaquin Miller, Mrs. William S. Jackson, Mrs. Adeline T. D. Whitney, etc., etc. Another idea of the proportion with which this book is made up may be gained from the fact that exactly twice as much space is devoted to Fitz-Greene Halleck, author of "Marco Bozzaris," as there is to George Bancroft, author of the *History of the United States*. The great Catholic philosopher and author, Kenelm H. Digby, has no mention whatsoever in this history of English literature, nor has his great ancestor, Sir Kenelm Digby, the friend and fellow-worker of Descartes; and, though there is a special department given to historians, there is nothing to show that the author knew that such a historian as Lingard ever existed. Sheridan and Moore and Burke are the only Irishmen who contributed to English literature that are alluded to, though there are hosts of Irish poets, novelists, orators, and historians more deserving of recognition than, say, W. H. Ireland, whose sole claim to fame rests on certain Shaksperean forgeries made when he was a boy. James Montgomery, the Scotch poet, is not referred to. But we could exhaust our space with instances of this kind.

It is enough to point out that a history of English and American literature which excludes such writers as we have named, which teaches that Wycliffe first translated the Bible into English, and which endorses the dictum that the right way to train up a boy to be a poet is to set him reading Walt Whitman, is not a suitable hand-book for Catholic schools, any more than it is a well-considered digest of the subject it attempts to treat.

The "Logic" is a reprint of Jevons' handbook and the "Rhetoric" is good, as school rhetorics go.

LYRA CATHOLICA. Containing all the Breviary and Missal Hymns, with others from various sources. Translated by Edward Caswall, M.A. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

An elegant little edition, 32mo, of the well-known translations made by the late Father Caswall, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, who, while rendering these hymns into English, preserved with singular felicity of expression not only the sense but also the peculiar unction of the original Latin verse. His Eminence Cardinal Newman and a third eminent English scholar, Dr. J. M. Neale, a clergyman of the Established Church, divide with Father Caswall the honors of success in this difficult achievement of poetic art.

POPULAR LIFE OF ST. TERESA. Translated from the French of Father Marie Joseph, O.M.C., by Annie Porter. New York: Benzigers. 1884.

Monsignor Preston, in his preface to this new and popular *Life of St. Teresa*, says: "Among many lives of this wonderful saint, it excels in conciseness and in the graphic view of her great virtues." It is neatly printed and very tastefully and prettily bound.

YEAR OF THE SACRED HEART. A Thought for Every Day in the Year. Drawn from the works of Père de la Colombière, of Blessed Margaret Mary, and of others. Translated from the French by Miss Anna T. Sadlier. New York: Benzigers.

It suffices to give the title of this tiny volume to recommend it to the devout and to warrant its excellence.

FROM THE CRIB TO THE CROSS. From the French of M. D'Hulst.

MONTH OF MARY. By F. Beckx, late General of the Society of Jesus. From the German by Mrs. Hazeland. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

OUR BIRTHDAY BOUQUET. By Eleanor C. Donnelly. New York: Benziger Brothers.

These are three neat and pretty books of devotion.

1. An excellent collection of meditations for children between ten and sixteen years of age.

2. A "Month of May," one of the best and most popular of its kind.

3. Flowers culled with taste and skill from the shrines of the saints and the gardens of the poets—viz., short notices of the lives of saints, and brief extracts from about one hundred and thirty ancient and modern poets, so arranged as to furnish a little separate nosegay for every day in the year. A nice book for a present.

HOW MUCH I LOVED THEE! A Drama. By Raymond Eshobel. Published by the author.

This is a drama as silly as its title, in which Anderton, a captain of the Union army; Bryan, a lieutenant; Ross, an American citizen, and a Washington policeman carry on conversations in the following vein:

ROSS. Upon my soul
You have most wretchedly mistaken me:
I am a Union man.

BRYAN. You are a liar,
Whatever else. I know the terms you keep,
Your quips and quibbles and your reservations:
You should be spitted on a bayonet.
But I have marked your house. To-morrow night
You sleep at the Old Capitol.

ROSS. Good sir!

BRYAN. Get in to bed! I'll come for you to-morrow.

[*Exit* ROSS.

Enter other Policemen, *a rabble following.*

THIRD POLICEMAN. What brawl is this?

BRYAN. One that needs you not,
Since I have quelled it.

Enter ANDERTON.

ANDERTON. What, Lieutenant Bryan,
Is this a tumult of our soldiers' making?

The other characters—lovers, surgeons, adventurers, and Virginia planters—talk a similar dialect of civil war period Americanese.

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XXXIX. AUGUST, 1884. NO. 233.

SOLITARY ISLAND.

CHAPTER I.

EXTREMES MEET.

AMONG the many beautiful islands in that wonderful cluster at the source of the river St. Lawrence is one noticeable for its petty size and peculiar conformation. It covers a quarter of an acre, perhaps, and, lying at the foot of a sister island some seven miles long, would never attract the attention of visitors but for its shape and the excellent view it gives of the distant village of Clayburgh. Smaller islands, mere rocky stars on the watery blue, crowd about it on all sides, and larger ones close at hand shut it out from the sight of approaching travellers; but arching its back from the water like a bow, and throwing into the air a natural pyramid of moss-eaten graystone, it offers a summit as high above its nobler sisters as one could desire. Nature has provided a stairway to the platform above, and a stunted tree clinging there welcomes the sight-seer with scanty but not undesirable shade.

Here, on a day of early September, sat a man quietly and meditatively looking upon the splendid view before him. The sun was swinging close to the far Canadian horizon, and Clayburgh was crimsoned with its cold autumn glory. The water was on fire. With every ripple and wave red sparks and flames seemed to shoot into the air, the smoky woods lending to the

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illusion. It was neither chilly nor warm. A pleasant mean prevailed in the air, and so softly did the colors of dying day blend with those of the coming night that he who sat there was clearly unmindful of the passing hours. His gaze wandered from one feature of the scene to another, and its placidity was reflected in the repose of his body, in his gentle breathing, and in the pensive expression of his face. His general appearance was not that of one gifted with many of the finer human instincts. A blue shirt, gray breeches, undressed shoes, cap and leggings, all of very coarse, well-used material, made up his costume; his skin was toughened and browned as by years of exposure, and a curly red beard covered the lower part of the face. The rifle at his side, and the fishing-tackle in his canoe below him, indicated the professional sportsman. No one would cast upon the man a second look, and yet there was much more about him, as there is about every man, than even second glances would discover. His light hair and red beard were of very fine texture, his hands were shapely, his features delicately cut, and his blue eyes, if a little too keen in their glance, were sympathetic and expressive; but his skin cap hid hair and face, and tanned complexion and rough costume hid much more from curious eyes. As he looked at the distant village bathed in sunset fire he muttered to himself, and not seldom the unheeded tears fell down his cheek; but his emotion was gentle, and his thoughts led to no more violent expression of feeling.

"Ah! friend Scott, dreaming, hey?"

A rough voice came from below, where a corpulent, half-naked man was just rising from the water.

Scott looked down quietly.

"You had quite a swim of it, Pen'l'ton," he said, without moving. "Thought you couldn't hev got here for a good hour yet."

"The devil!" growled Pendleton, shaking himself like a dog and swinging his naked arms to take off the chill. "You're a nice man, to allow me to swim all the way, and your boat so handy! I'm chilled through. Why in thunder didn't you shout when you saw me coming?"

"Didn't know you were comin' till I saw you half-way over, squire. Did you want to see me?"

"Did I want to see you?" sneered the squire as he rummaged the canoe. "No; I want to see your whiskey-bottle—haven't any, confound ye! I'm a likely man to leave my clothes on the island and swim this far, and do it all for nothing. Look

at me," bawled he, as he began to mount the natural steps, "and ask that question again."

Scott rose from his reclining position as he arrived on the platform.

"It's a strange fix for you, Pen'l'ton," said he, amused. "You're not runnin' away from the law, may be?"

"Yes, I am running away from the law," answered the squire, shaking his fist at Clayburgh. "Blame 'em! they haven't left me a place this side of France or South America to hide in. They are after my head, man; they've offered a reward—both of 'em, Uncle Sam and Queen Victory—to any man, woman, child, or jackass that will present 'em with me, dead or alive, or with my head."

"I heard somethin'—" began the hunter.

"Of course you did. They're all talking about it—about the fool Pendleton, who sided with Mackenzie, another fool, and helped him to get justice for Canadians, and now has two governments after him. Well, I'm the man, and I've come to you for help; nobody else wants to give it. Blame 'em, the chickens! *They* free citizens of this country—bah!"

"I'm glad you lit on me, squire," Scott began again.

"Oh! are you?" sneered the squire, nettled by the tone. "Well, that's new, that's startling. Wait till you hear the whole of it. 'Any man who harbors, assists, feeds, etc., Squire Pendleton goes to jail along with him when he's caught.' How do you like that, hey?"

Scott was silent and turned his gaze in the direction of the town, whose spires alone now caught the reflection of the sun's last rays. Pendleton evidently did not expect this significant action on the hunter's part, and he grew uneasy and angry. A half-sigh escaped him, for his position was really one of peril, and there were others interested in his fate whom his capture would affect most bitterly.

"I don't wish to bring any one into trouble, Scott," he hastened to say, "and I'm not going to do it for you. But, knowing these islands as you do, I thought you could show me some hiding-place that would give me refuge until I can leave the country. For they'll not catch me—no, not if I have to swim to the Bay of Biscay."

There was no answer from Scott, and his thoughts seemed to be miles away from the squire's affairs. Pendleton stood for a moment irresolute, and then he hastily descended the steps and jumped into the canoe.

"You're like the rest," he muttered. "There's not a man among the whole crew. Well, you can meditate there for the rest of the night or swim for it. I'm going to make this my property." He attempted to cut the rope of the canoe, when by a dexterous jerk Scott upset the boat and the squire went into the water headlong. As he rose spluttering the hunter was smilingly engaged in rescuing his floating tackle.

"Foolin' with governments is dangerous," said he, "an' it's natural to think I don't want to get mixed up in your evil doin's. But then I'm not goin' back on ye, squire, not if I know it, even though my head was concerned, which it isn't, for in this country they don't go quite so much on the head-choppin' as I've heard tell of in other countries. I kin find a place for ye, p'raps. It mayn't be much to your likin', for beds are scarce, an' furniture has to grow of itself thar. But you'll hev the sun to call ye at six o'clock, an' the stars will see ye to bed and watch over ye all night along with the singin' o' the water. Squire, them's my comforts."

"They agree with you mightily," muttered Pendleton, who was now rather subdued. Having put his boat in order, Scott invited his companion to enter and was surprised to receive a cold and emphatic refusal.

"I've got a new idea from that ducking," he said gloomily, "and I'm going to follow it out. Good-by; thanks for your offer." And he plunged into the water again, only to be pulled out almost roughly by a strong, impatient hand.

"This," said the squire, purpling, "is—"

"Common sense—nothin' less, Pen'l'ton," was the firm, severe interruption. "Don't ye think I know more about this business of yours than to let you walk right smack into the hands of the officers? What'r you thinkin' of? What about Ruth?"

"Yes, yes, you're right," the other answered hastily. "I'm a fool. Poor Ruth! Go on. I'll go to the devil, if you say so."

Scott smiled and pointed to the boat, in which the squire penitently took his seat.

"Shall we go for your clothes?"

"Let 'em stay there. If they think me drowned, so much the better."

Scott pushed off and took his course eastward. The sun had set and heavy clouds had closed like prison-gates on his retreating glories. A thin mist was pushing itself from the marshy shores. The silence of coming night was scarcely disturbed by the dip of the paddle and the cry of the wild duck in the distance.

"They'll not see our course," Pendleton said, half to himself, "and Ruth will be satisfied. Poor Ruth!"

Scott did not hear him. His eyes were fixed, as usual, on the scenes around him, and reflected more than ever the emotions of his simple heart. These must have been very pleasant then, for his face was lit up by a happy smile.

CHAPTER II.

THE WALLACES AT HOME.

CLOSE upon the same hour which witnessed the meeting of the hunter and the squire on the island the bell in the dining-room of Mistress Winifred Wallace's pleasant home announced the evening tea. Mrs. Wallace herself had attended to the arrangements of the tea-table, and was now standing at the window awaiting the coming of her family. Her smooth, dark hair was combed over her long cheeks, and her smiling face looked out from the encircling locks like a picture from its frame. When five minutes passed without the appearance of a single member of the family, she raised the window gently and inquired of a very small gentleman, lost among the grape-vines in the garden, "if he thought the little bull would like supper that evening."

"Why in the divil don't you ring the bell?" said the small gentleman sharply. "How do I know supper's ready? How do you know? How does any one know? Nobody knows, confound you!"

"Seemingly, dear, I know," replied madam, with perfect modulation of her soft tones. "The little bull is losing his hearing as well as his mind, when the bell at his very ear isn't noticed."

And the lady laughed sweetly, while the gentleman fumed in a fury of absurd passion and came rushing into the open space like an aged bear. He was a dapper little fellow, with a face so excessively wrinkled that his eyes were visible only when light shot a ray from them. He jerked out a series of broken sentences in a mumbling way, which made Mrs. Wallace laugh the more.

"Seemingly you will spoil your appetite," said she.

"No," said he, putting on his coat, "but I'll spoil yours when I get inside."

"If you see any of the children, Billy, call them—"

"What's the bell for?" roared Billy.

"You're all alike, seemingly," said madam. "They don't hear any better than their father."

"Quarrelling again!" said a thin, spiteful voice from the depths of a garden arbor. "Is there any place in the town where one can escape from the intolerable gabble between you two?"

"Oh! ho!" roared Mr. Wallace, diverted from his passion by this new voice. "So me Lady Gwindoline Far-an'-near is there, is she? You're a match for your mother, ye divil! Come out and give her a taste of your tongue, Sararann."

Mrs. Wallace hastily shut the window, but the owner of the voice came out on the garden walk at her father's invitation. She was a young lady of twenty-three, dressed carefully and with some taste. Her light, curling hair was bound with ribbon, and her complexion was a marvel of purity, but there was a disagreeable sneer around her mouth, and shallow vanity was expressed in every feature. "Too late," said Mr. Wallace, looking after his wife; "she's gone. Would your ladyship condescind to sup with us this evening?"

"I condescend a good deal," muttered Sara, "but, thank Heaven! it won't last long. The first man that offers himself—"

"That'll do, miss," was the stern interruption. "The first man that dares to say a word to you before I give him leave will know who's who in this house."

"Where are the others?" asked Sara, as she preceded her father into the dining-room.

"Tramping, of course," said Billy. "Where else? We get no good of them morning, noon, or night."

"They are your pets, papa; what more can you expect of them," remarked Sara ironically.

"Well, you're not a pet," Billy snarled, "and how much better are you? They have sense; you haven't any, with your novels, and stories, and silly songs. I'll tear every novel to pieces. You have wan there in your pocket. Give it to me this instant!" And Billy jumped up in a second fit of rage more ridiculous and alarming than the first. "Seemingly, dear, you will smash the china," murmured Mrs. Wallace; "and here are the children coming."

Billy suddenly took his seat at these words and allowed his rage to subside. A remarkable quiet fell on these three members of this interesting family, and a stranger just entering would

not suspect that he followed close on a departing family storm. The children's voices were now heard in the hall—loud, cheery, laughing voices that brought a smile to every corner of Billy's many-cornered face—and after some running about they burst in with all the impetuosity of vigorous, hungry youth. The young lady who preceded the tall young fellow with serious face might, by a stretch of English, be termed a child, for she was little, delicate, sweet-faced, and pert; but her brother was a child of twenty-five years, very manly and very handsome, as any boy of fair figure, height, and muscle must be when health courses in his blood and talent in his brain.

"Late, as usual," exclaimed the girl as she took her seat; "but it's a novelty to find Sararann—I beg your pardon; I meant Pearl—ahead of us. Are you out of novels, or did the last chapter and the tea-bell chime in with each other?"

"Mind your business," retorted Sara bitterly.

"I see we kept you waiting, mother," said the young man—Florian his father called him. "Belinda is lively enough in leaving the house, but slow in returning. I fancy her appetite is not very keen."

"Seemingly, dear, you are all falling into bad habits," said Mrs. Wallace, "and I don't see the use of being regular myself when the rest of you won't be so."

"Oh! but I see the use," said the son, "for we must have one steady person here, where all are so light-headed. If the clocks run at all they must run on time."

"Good! that's good!" cried Billy, with a loud laugh. "She's the clock of the family—first-rate, Flory!—and she never stops—on time always—can't help it—why should she?"

"There it is again—laughing over nothing and shaking the table! Such vulgarity!" muttered Sara so that no one save Belinda would hear.

"What a pity he is your father!" replied Belinda in the same tone. "If you could claim some elegant aristocrat as a parent—Mr. Buck, for instance; but that would not do, since you expect to have him for a husband, I hear."

Sara grew a little pale and bent low over her plate.

"Florian knows it," Belinda continued, "and perhaps you won't enjoy yourself for a week or two—oh! no, to be sure not—with your window locked and Mr. Buck singing doleful hymns under it."

"You don't hear mother," interrupted Florian; "she is talking to you, Linda."

"I beg your pardon, mamma; I had a story for Pearl—I mean Sararann. What were you saying?"

"Frank Hanley was here this afternoon and left a message for you; his mother is planning a picnic for October, the last of the season, and wishes you over to advise with her."

"That is good news," said Florian. "I like the idea myself, for it will perhaps be the very last I shall enjoy here. Now, don't begin to frown, Linda."

"Nonsense!" said Billy. "Still talking of going away? Tut, tut! Clayburgh is big enough if you were twice as proud. Stuff! What are you boys thinking of nowadays?"

Linda looked reproachfully at Florian, and a silence fell suddenly on them all. This threat of leaving the paternal roof was the one cloud in the family sky. Mrs. Wallace was not so much sorry as glad that for a moment the strife of the family had ended, while the tears trembled in Linda's eyes and Billy's face worked curiously. The members of the family presented a very strange appearance as they sat facing one another around the table, for not one individual bore even the faintest resemblance to the other. The father was a mite of a little man, with no color in his hair, no expression in his face, and no outline to his features. The mother was a model of smiling smoothness, dark-skinned like a gipsy—a promoter of disturbances, yet ever anxious for peace. Sara was of a fair complexion and a second edition of the beautiful Miss McBride, whom Billy courted in the halcyon long-ago; while Linda and Florian were very pure types of Roman beauty, the former marble-skinned and raven-haired, the latter dark brown as to his hair, and with skin like a sailor's. In temperament Billy was all fire and his wife the purest oil; Sara had as little heart as she had intellect; while her brother and sister enjoyed a liberal endowment of the gifts which go to make man and woman charming. Linda was inclined to levity, yet capable of deep feeling, and her brother was full of manly candor and had the disposition of a philosopher.

"I don't like to hear this talk of going away," said Billy, breaking the silence first. "I won't have it. Going away, indeed! Let me hear no more of it. Pshaw! nonsense! What does it amount to, hey, Winny?"

Mrs. Wallace, thus appealed to, said she was sure there was more in it than he thought, and—

"Oh! of course," interrupted he, blazing at once; "side always with the boys—that's you—with the boys always, wrong or not. Go to the divil!"

"Seemingly, dear, you don't give me time to say—"

"Oh! no, I never do," he roared; "I needn't say anything when the boys speak. No, of course not; why should I? Let the boys go to the divil and you go with them—always side with them."

"Isn't that natural, father?" asked Florian, with a smile all-powerful to subdue the old gentleman's anger. "Wasn't it because of siding with a boy when she was young that she left her family and went with you?"

"Ha! ha! there it is again. Right, Flory—always right. I'll tell that to Père Rougevin—good, me boy!—that and the clock—she's a clock—she never stops—she sides with the clock."

They all laughed at this confusion of words, and in consequence the table trembled in a very vulgar way, but Sara was too much taken up with herself to pay any further attention.

"You are putting ideas into papa's head," said Linda, "that confuse him. And they are sure to crop out in his arguments with Mr. Buck"—Sara started at the name and looked apprehensively at her brother. "Fancy him bringing in a clock in support of the doctrine of baptism, or making mamma's preference for the boys a prop to the sacrament of matrimony!"

"There is nothing like confusing Mr. Buck," said Florian; "and he knows so little of anything that the confusion of an opponent only adds to his own."

"I wonder he never thinks of marrying," said Mrs. Wallace.

"So very few think of marrying him," murmured Linda.

"And the idea of a wife who could beat him in an argument," Florian laughed, "would frighten him."

"If he takes the one report is giving him," Linda began—

"He's an idiot!" broke in Billy. "He's a fool! No use arguing with him. All talk—no sense; can't understand a man—never tries—why should he? He's a fool."

"Is there talk of his getting married?" asked Mrs. Wallace.

"A little," Florian answered. "But how many times have people talked of it, and he hasn't done it yet." He threw a warning look at Linda, who was mischievous enough at that moment to say anything.

"Who are they talking of now?" asked Billy, regardless of grammar.

"You will excuse me," said Florian, rising. "I am in a hurry this evening. Sara, I wish to speak with you for a moment."

They all rose at this remark, for the meal was ended. Florian's manner was no graver than usual, but Mrs. Wallace found

some connection between Billy's question and her son's desire to talk with his sister, and, in her quiet way, was anxious and concerned.

CHAPTER III.

CLOUDS.

LINDA went out on the veranda, while Sara was led by her brother into the little room he called his study. It was filled with books, papers, and optical instruments. One window only admitted the light, and had painted on its narrow panes a water-view, with pine-fringed islands and the northwest sky for a background. Florian motioned his sister to a chair. She was pale but calm and obstinate-looking. Her face had set itself in a cold and hard expression, and, although it did not daunt the youth, it rendered him uneasy.

"I was a little surprised to-day—" he began,

"You always are," she retorted tauntingly, but without looking at him.

"To hear your name coupled freely, very freely, with Mr. Buck's. It seemed to be understood that Mr. Buck was an accepted suitor of yours, and that before long matrimony would make a convert to Protestantism where conviction could not."

"Well, what of it? Is Mr. Buck less a gentleman because he is a minister—"

"Excuse me if I do not argue that point," her brother interrupted. "I admit he is not, otherwise I would have knocked down the man who dared to mingle your names in my presence. Mr. Buck is a gentleman, though a little shallow and sometimes silly. What I desire to know is, have you given any reason to others to talk of you in this way?"

"And if I have am I bound to tell you of it?"

"You misunderstand me, Sara," he said gently. "I am not your master but your brother, and I ask the question, not because you are bound to answer it, but because it will be better for you to do so."

"Well, people will talk," she replied lightly, "and, unless Mr. Buck has presumed to speak about me, I have never given him the slightest encouragement."

"Why, then, should these things be said?" Florian persisted. "Are you sure that you have not even thought of encouraging

him? May not some of your actions which you thought light and unmeaning have given him reason to think—"

"I won't answer any more," she said, bridling. "Why, one would think I was in a witness-box, sworn to tell my very thoughts to you. It's worse than the Inquisition!"

"Than the Inquisition!" repeated Florian in astonishment. "Perhaps it might be worse than that, if the matter comes to father's ears."

Sara's lips quivered at this implied threat, and the tears filled her eyes. They were tears of spite, not grief.

"You are mean enough to tell him." And her voice trembled despite her pride. "I am persecuted everywhere. No one seems to care for me."

"It is just because we care for you, all of us, that we trouble you so much. Is it no pain to us that you should marry a Protestant minister and be lost to the faith?"

She broke into fitful sobbing. Florian walked to the window and looked out gloomily on the scene. A tall, clerical gentleman walking down the street raised his hat politely as he passed, and the young man could not repress a smile as he recognized the evangelical minister on account of whom this domestic storm had been raised. Mr. Buck was spotless in his personal make-up, having always the appearance of wearing a new suit, and of just having bathed and shaved and said his prayers. Florian hurled a mock anathema after him. Sarah dried her eyes at length, and from tears proceeded to frowns. She became suddenly vindictive.

"I won't stand this persecution any longer," she said, rising. "You may tell every one, you may tell the wrinkled old bore yonder"—she alluded to her father—"you may tell the world; but I shall do as I please, and if you attempt any more of this I have at least one refuge open to me."

"Then it is true," said her brother, with ominous quiet in his voice.

"You can believe it, if you wish to." And she attempted to leave the room, but he stood between her and the door, with so stern a face that she grew frightened again.

"You must remember," he said, "that this is no child's play, and that until you satisfy me one way or another as to what you have done in this matter your life will be twice as unpleasant as you say it has been. Your father shall know of it at once, the priest shall hear it as soon as may be, and Mr. Buck shall receive such a warning from me as to make a union with you unde-

sirable. Now you can take your choice—make a clean breast of what you know or prepare to suffer."

She walked over to the window for a moment and burst out crying again. Her brother, stern as he looked, felt a sudden pang, and sighed.

"It is true," he thought, "and, worse than all, she cares for him."

There was a long silence until Sara had dried her tears once more and was calm enough to speak. Her first words showed that she had become reasonable.

"You make me suffer for nothing," she said.

"I suffer myself much more," he replied, taking the olive-branch and changing his stern mood to one of tender appeal. "You are too dear to me, my sister, that I should look on you throwing yourself into an abyss, and not feel troubled. Have you no pity for us who love you? Do you not know that our grief would be less hopeless, less keen, to see you dead than to see you the wife of this man? Dead, you would be still ours; living and his wife, our separation would be eternal. Sara, think for a moment and you will see your folly."

"I haven't been guilty of any folly. Mr. Buck was foolish enough to pay his addresses to me, but I never encouraged him, never responded even. And, since you don't wish it, I'll not look at him again."

"Thank you," said Florian, but he was not at all satisfied. Sara may have thought that her last speech was exceedingly frank, and truthful enough in appearance to deceive her brother, but her face was not reassuring. He saw no sincerity there, but only the assumption of sincerity, and went away, sad, to join Linda outside, while Sara, after making a face at him as he retired, hurried away to her own room and a new novel.

Linda was standing where the sun could fall on her face through a veil of green leaves, and peering down on the river. Alone, her bright eyes showed no mischievous lights, and her sweet face reposed in the shadow of tender, serious dreamings. But the laugh was ready when her brother's step disturbed her.

"Well, you got little satisfaction from Pearl, I see," were her first words.

"How do you know?" he replied tartly. "My face doesn't show it."

"I didn't look at your face, but I know my sweet sister to a dot. Now that I do look, your face is clearer than a map. Don't

flatter yourself that it can hide your thoughts so easily. It is ridiculous to see how vain you are on that point."

He laughed good-naturedly.

"I am beginning to think we don't treat Sara fairly—"

"Sararann," she interrupted.

"There it is," he said. "You call her names and tease her. Her father scolds her, her mother quarrels with her, and I—well, I—"

"Well, you would like to take her part, and can't. No one can. Her name is Sara, and she actually cries sometimes to think her name isn't Pearl or Gwendoline. She is as shallow as a mud-puddle; and as for her faith—well, she'll marry Rev. Mr. Buck and follow him through every shade of opinion from his present Methodism to Mormonism."

"How you women can describe one another!"

"Then you see I speak the truth. I have no patience with her. She hasn't one soft spot in her heart that responds to the pressure of a gentle emotion. Heavens! what a family is ours for contrarieties."

"Wouldn't it benefit some of us," said he gently, "if we could count our own faults as readily as we count hers?"

She laughed in scorn.

"I can count mine," she replied gaily, "and it doesn't make me one bit better, as far as she is concerned. Yet won't we cry our eyes out when she becomes Mrs. Buck! O Florian! it's simply horrible."

And straightway the tears were in her eyes, and she turned away as if indignant with herself. He watched her with affectionate admiration, and then started suddenly and looked again.

"Come here, you witch," he said, and when she came, laughing, he pulled her cheeks and pinched her arms.

"What! you have been losing flesh."

"And you never noticed it! What a compliment!"

"Oh! but I was of the opinion that love fattens. What a blunder! And you noticed it and said nothing."

"No, but I did very much. I ate more, and studied and read less. But tell me, what did Lady Gwendoline Vere-de-Vere—"

"I would rather—"

"Well, *Sara*, then—what did she say?"

"Nothing; neither admitted nor denied, but fussed a good deal, wept and defied me, and wound up by declaring that she was innocent and would never do it again."

"I wish we could believe her."

"And don't you?" he said reproachfully.

"I am sorry to think I do not. But Pear—Sara is not very truthful. While you are here it may do very well; when you are gone—"

"I am not gone yet," he said when she hesitated.

"This incident may hinder your going. I hope it will. I would be tempted to favor Mr. Buck, if it would."

"Be reasonable, child. We must all part one day, and why not now, when health and youth belong to us? Separation is to be expected, and has happened to so many families that we should not wonder if it happens to ours."

"No one wonders; one only grieves. I know just what thoughts actuate you, Florian, and they astonish me. You are too ambitious."

"It is 'the failing of great minds,'" he quoted, smiling.

She shook her head sadly and turned her eyes on the river, now shrinking behind night's shadows.

"Look at it," she said, stretching out both arms towards the scene. "What a majestic spot to live and die in! I could not describe it to a stranger, because I feel it only. All those tender colors, that fresh outline of water and land and sky, those sweet smells, seem to centre here"—and she pressed both hands to her heart—"and move me to such thoughts and resolutions as all the world's ambitions could never rouse. O Florian! it would be wisest for you, and what a happiness for me, if your one ambition was to serve God here in a humble, plain way, and reach the world with your writings, than to throw yourself into its dusty conflicts and find no peace but in death. That is the way with politicians."

"Sometimes I have thought it, too," he replied musingly. "I know every feature of the place so well, and the idea of living sixty quiet years among the same scenes is pleasing. It speaks of such a grand quiet for the soul, upon which every change of that landscape would be painted until nature and it seemed one. What a placid face, what an untroubled heart an old man would have after six such decades! He would naturally graduate into eternity then. But pshaw! what a dream. Impossible! The soul was made for action. I couldn't think of it."

He jumped up in his eagerness, and noticed then that his sister had burst into tears. The next moment she laughed.

"That is the end of it, Florian. You have pronounced the doom of separation for our family: you to politics, Sara to Mr. Buck, and myself to—"

"The prince, of course; and you will find that such changes, though bitter, leave a honey in their wound. Come, get your cloak and hat, and we shall walk."

Linda was glad to hide her confusion at his last words, and ran away to prepare herself, while he remained on the veranda and allowed his thoughts to drift away into space until they were dashing like shattered vessels on the shores of his distant ambition.

CHAPTER IV.

A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

BELINDA, in a gipsy hat and cloak, felt better able to withstand the annoyances which brought the tell-tale colors to her cheek, and looked unusually pretty and bewitching beside her tall brother.

"I wonder," she said, as they went down the hill to the bay, "that Sara did not think of throwing Ruth Pendleton at you in reproaching her for encouraging Mr. Buck."

"It is a wonder," replied Florian; "she is so—well, she knows I would not marry Ruth if there was not a prospect of her conversion."

"And wouldn't you?"

"Why do you ask that question, Linda?" he said, looking down at her serious face.

"I thought, you know—that is, I heard you extol the power of love so often, and—well, the thought doesn't come to me, but I mean wouldn't it hurt you a *little* to give her up—"

"If she didn't become a Catholic after all? Yes, it *would* hurt me. But I never realized it, since there isn't much doubt about the matter."

They walked along in silence for a time.

"Ruth is so Quakerish, so thoughtful, and so determined," said Belinda. "If she couldn't feel convinced, she wouldn't become a Catholic—not for twenty Florians."

"Her highest praise that, my Linda. I would never have given her my heart otherwise. If my wife is to be a Catholic she shall be a good one."

"But just think, Florian, if she didn't believe!"

"You are bound to think disagreeable things to-night," he said, laughing; "but let us work on the *if*. In that case we should part and tune our harps to other ears."

"O Florian!"

"Well, what now?"

"Where is the power of love? Is it so weak that you can speak so calmly of putting it from you like a troublesome child? What do all your praises of the master-passion mean?"

"Love is not the all of life," replied Florian contemptuously, "if it be the master-passion. But then really, Linda, I can't realize the *if* as you would wish. I can't rave, weep, sigh, like the north wind or a furnace, on a supposition. Ruth is mine yet, and will be for ever. If we are to part you shall see the master-passion then in its strength. I suppose you want me to read you a lecture on love. It is the lever of the good in this life, and the—"

"That will do," she said. "Your lectures are affected with consumption, skin and bones—dry, dry, dry."

"'Words, words,' as Hamlet says."

"But where are you going?" she cried in surprise, as they stood suddenly on the deep shores of the bay, across which the shadows of night were sweeping.

"To take out the boat, of course. We must cross to Ruth's and bring her back with us, for there is going to be a fog; and that is the lover's mantle, friend, etc."

"Thank you, I have no intention of sailing in that mist. I'll go back to the house, and when you invite me to a walk again—"

"You'll know," said he lightly, as he loosed the boat, "that I mean a walk on the water."

And he began to sing a boat-song, while she stood pouting and angry. A strong voice from the hill joined in Florian's song very suddenly, and soon a stout, short gentleman appeared in sight, swinging his right hand to the time of the music, and waving his left to Belinda.

"The père," said she, "and he wants us. Come up here, for he won't talk to you down there."

Florian joined her as Père Rougevin, the parish priest, was making his salutations.

"What an evening for a boat-ride!" he said. "Fog is so pleasant, and the stars look so well through it. Then the uncertainty as to when you will get back and how many shoals you will strike is delightful. Or is this another version of Leander and the Hellespont?"

"There will be no fog within the hour, père," said Florian. They always called him père, although the French blood in the priest's veins was exceedingly mixed, and his family for genera-

tions had been Americans. He stole a quiet look at the young man from a pair of non-committal eyes—eyes whose color no one exactly knew, and whose expression seemed to be the one mystery of the père's plump face.

"I heard a good thing from Mr. Buck to-day," he said. "He was talking of Charlie. 'I hear your nephew is not to return to college,' said he. 'No,' I answered, 'and never will. He has a tumor under his arm—a dangerous matter.' 'Is that an impediment to orders?' said Mr. Buck. 'Not exactly,' I replied, and stopped. 'Ah! I see, Père Rougevin. It is probably, this swelling, the appearance of Adam's spare rib.'"

Florian joined in the père's soft but hearty laugh, while Belinda reddened and mutely suffered the père to pinch her hot cheeks.

"You have destroyed a vocation," he said. "But I did not let the gentleman off so easily. 'A shrewd remark, Mr. Buck,' said I, 'but wide of the point The rib has long been transformed.'"

He laughed again, and, running down the bank as fast as his short legs would permit, began looking for something in the boat very earnestly.

"Can I help you?" said Florian. "Is there anything you wish to find?"

"I have found it," replied the père, struggling up the bank and puffing. "I promised Scott to see how you liked the inside of your boat rigged."

"Ah!" cried Florian, waked into sudden animation, "how can I ever thank you for remembering me? Your boat will be something more than a vision then." The père grew suddenly reserved, as if offended, and looked far out on the water and up the shore again.

"Why should it be a vision?" And, without waiting for an answer, "I see Mr. Buck," said he; "excuse me," and was going off when Florian called out:

"If I could see you to-morrow, père, I have an important matter to discuss with you."

"That reminds me," replied the priest: "Ruth wished to see you on important matters to night. It will be necessary for you to go alone. Linda, you may return with me. Good-night."

"Good-night," said Florian, feeling that he had made a mistake, and anxious to punish himself for his blunder. A soft wind was rising as he pushed his boat into the low mist that floated on the waters, and presently the white folds of the fog shook

like a garment and the stars showed through like silver ornaments.

It was a kind of instinct that led the young man in the right direction across the bay. The distance was nearly a mile, but even for an experienced oarsman it was difficult to keep the water-path on such a night. The wind, growing stronger, made great rents in the mist, which remained open long enough to show the dark mass of an island or the lights on shore; and in this way he managed to reach his destination without any detours.

"I am so glad you have come!" cried a soft voice from the shore, almost before he touched it. He jumped out, drew up the boat, and clasped the hand outstretched to him. "You are always so, Ruth," he said, with some reserve in his tones, "but I know you are especially glad to-night. What's the trouble?"

"Come inside and I'll tell you." And they went into the sitting-room together. The light showed Ruth Pendleton to be a demure, pale, handsome girl of twenty, almost Quakerish in the simplicity of her dress and the quietness of her manner. Her beauty was of a subdued kind, impressing never unless her soul shone through it, but leading one to form great expectations of her mental powers. She was entirely wanting in color, and, standing beside Florian, with his manly heat and strong outline, his boyish freedom of gesture and action, she suggested the comparison of an apple-blossom with a sunflower.

"I have heard from my father," she said when they were seated.

"And his head is on his shoulders still, and no one has the reward?" murmured Florian regretfully.

"Oh! what silliness." She rose and went to the window. "Those spies infest the house from morning till night. I wouldn't like to have them hear us."

"Spies!" shouted Florian, rising, with a resolution in his face as plain as if he had spoken it.

"Oh! no, you mustn't," pleaded Ruth. "Wait till you hear what is to be done, and then you may go after the spies, if you want to."

"Spies! in this country?" he repeated, with hot indignation. "No, Ruth, I shall not wait an instant—"

"But remember you imperil my father's life and liberty by interfering now," said Ruth; "and it was to have your help in saving him that I sent for you to-night."

"Oh!" said Florian. "I shall wait."

"Scott, that queer hunter, came to me after sundown," Ruth began, "and told me that my father was hiding in a cave among the islands, and was anxious that I should send him some money. Scott was to bring it, but I told him—"

"That you would get me to do it instead," Florian interrupted, "and bring him some news and help him to get out of the country."

"Not at all," said Ruth, "but that I would go myself, for I know how he wishes to see me; but I will need help to rid myself of those spies."

"That is it," said Florian, with rising color and sparkling eyes. "That is pleasant. You are a good general, Ruth; you know how to select your means and how to dispose of them. What execution these will do!"

He held out his stout wrists, and she smiled.

"I think we shall need head-work more than wrist-work."

"One shall supplement the other," said Florian. "When are we to begin?"

"At once, of course," she answered; and immediately Ruth's soul began to light its smouldering fires, for the first glow shot from the depths of her gray eyes and transformed them.

"Oh! it is to be a night adventure," murmured Florian, with a sudden dash towards prudence, and he walked to the window, which held the bay imprisoned on its broad panes. The fog was gone and the wind was freshening rapidly. Dull clouds obscured the sky, but the faint starlight, shining down in broken beams, showed ugly white-caps playing across the black waters.

"It will be a rough night—"

"Ah! but we shall not be out all night," said Ruth; "and for an hour this wind will be no stronger. But we must not delay, and I must get over to-night."

"What a girl! 'When she will she will, you may depend on't.' If we can only give trouble to the spies! Well, wrap up and we are off."

He went out to get the boat ready, a common yacht of ordinary size, and presently Ruth, in a pretty costume, joined him.

"This is a stiff breeze," said Florian, "just right for a short sail. If but Linda were with us!"

"Excuse me," said a voice in the darkness, "but I am anxious to cross to Grindstone. If you are going that way I would be highly obliged if you would permit me to accompany you."

Ruth pressed Florian's arm as a man came out of the gloom.

"We are very sorry," answered Florian, with much rough-

ness, "but it is impossible. We do not know you. He is a fool!" he added in an undertone. "Any one could understand that dodge."

"I am very well known at the hotel," said the stranger. "Mr. Johnston would consider it a personal compliment if you could oblige me."

"Oh! that's another thing," said Florian. "Jump in." And, to Ruth's chagrin and astonishment, the stranger entered, the boat was pushed off, and in an instant they were scudding like a bird over the angry bay.

Florian, though not a humorist, had a keen appreciation of the humorous side of events and men, and, after his very proper refusal to admit the stranger into the boat, it occurred to him that a joke would not be out of place in the midst of a serious adventure. Therefore he changed his mind, and, though taken up with the little vessel, could afford a silent laugh at his future intentions.

The spy, if such was his character, could hardly be a keen man or at all fitted for his office. Florian had a reputation for keenness, and delighted to play off that quality against its counterfeit, rejoicing, as youth and vanity ever does, in the display of power. The boat flew very rapidly over the water—in fact, the wind was almost too much for the vessel, as some wild seas, which partly drenched the stranger, plainly showed.

"Quite a rough night," said he, by way of destroying a very awkward silence.

"One of those nights that bring no one out without a reason," said Florian.

"Well said," replied the stranger, and relapsed into silence, as if the cut had reached him. Ruth began dimly to perceive that Florian had an object in his strange action towards the spy.

In half an hour they were at Round Island, and the boat shot lightly into a sheltered cove.

"Here you are, sir. Come, Ruth," said Florian, and he swung the boat to the shore. "Make that rope fast at the bow, and jump on again," he added in a whisper.

The stranger landed, the bow swung round, Ruth was already aboard, and with a light shove the boat was far enough out to catch the wind.

"Excuse me," called the stranger, "but I am not quite sure of my way."

"Keep away from the water," said Florian, "and you're all right. Good-night, sir. I am happy to have obliged Mr. Johnston."

"Thank you!" came very dubiously from the deserted stranger, and a light laugh from the amused young people floated back to him.

"I am sorry," said Ruth, "to put him in so sad a plight."

"Faugh!" cried Florian in disgust. "I could scarcely keep from punching his head. Don't waste your sentiment, Ruth; keep it all for me."

"You're but a desert—"

"And you're a rose, and you shall bloom for me alone or not bloom at all. I absorb all your sweetness—"

"Pray be silent, Florian. You are not usually so silly, and this is not the time for extravagance."

"Not the time! When wind and wave, and cloud and sky are full of it!" cried he with enthusiasm. "Is not a storm the extravagance of nature? Are not the thick-strewn stars the extravagance of exhaustless wealth? Is not our presence here at this hour on such a night the extravagance of action—"

"And was not your treatment of the spy the extravagance of ridiculousness?" added she, which drew from Florian a hearty laugh in the midst of his rhapsody.

"Well, it is a glorious night and a glorious hour," said he, and would have said more, but that, entering into a narrow channel which had the full sweep of the wind, he felt constrained to turn all his attention to the vessel.

Not a small portion of the waves which broke in their path found a lodging-place in the boat; and as they emerged from the channel into a broad bay where the shifting winds had full play, the little craft began to heave with the "extravagance of action," and between altering their course and dodging seas they were a long time in getting to their destination. It was with great satisfaction Florian sailed under the lee of a pretty island not more than a mile distant from the Canadian shore.

"This is the place," said Ruth; "we are to look for a projecting rock, a house, and a light."

"That is, you want Scott's oratory, hermitage, ranch, or whatever you please to call it," he replied.

"Cabin is a good word, for I fancy the hunter is not a man of much prayer."

"He ought to be, in this solitude." And Florian fell silent, overcome, perhaps, by the majesty of those scenes through which he was gliding. All at once a light and a rock burst upon their view, and the hunter himself stood on the shore to welcome them in the darkness.

TO BE CONTINUED.

PHASES OF FAITH AND UNFAITH.*

THE old yet ever new contest between religion and its assailants is carried on, as age succeeds to age, with different weapons, along different lines, and with different degrees of intensity. In the early part of the eighteenth century there was a lull in the attacks of the church's enemies, soon to be followed by an outburst of bitter, mocking hatred, ending in a widespread massacre, when not a few of the mockers themselves fell victims to the demons they had evoked. Revolted by the horrors of the French Revolution and by the excesses of the vulgar, cynical tyrant from Corsica, the church in the earlier years of the nineteenth century again enjoyed, for a time, a comparative immunity from attack. Since the epoch of Catholic Emancipation, however, there has taken place another outburst of irreligion which has colored most modern literature, and the practical consequences of which we have yet to see. There is, however, a considerable difference between the manifestations of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries in opposition to Christianity in the field of literature. Whilst so many writers of the former century regarded, or affected to regard, the founders of Christianity as so many conscious impostors, modern infidelity professes to regard them sympathetically and to "explain" by a natural process of evolution the religion of the cross as well as every other religion. The task of the Christian apologist has thus become in some respects easier and in others more difficult. With opponents, many of whom are really sympathetic and in good faith, he is bound himself to show sympathy, and scrupulously to avoid putting forward as necessarily to be believed opinions which, however widely current amongst Catholics, are not *de fide* and may later on be shown to be erroneous by the advance of physical science. The case of Galileo ought to be ever before our minds and make us very anxious not to be led to follow in the footsteps of those who brought about his condemnation.

* *Creeds of the Day.* By Henry Coke. Trübner. 1883.

The Creed of a Modern Agnostic. By Richard Bithell, B.Sc., Ph.D. George Routledge & Sons. 1883.

Ancient Religion and Modern Thought. By William Samuel Lilly. Chapman & Hall. 1884.

The hand-to-hand fight with infidelity has to be carried on mainly by our clergy, to whom our well-disposed youth have recourse in their difficulties, and to whom inquirers from without naturally often address themselves. Now, one first condition of success in any fight is to know the weapons which are to be used in the encounter. But the time which can be spared for clerical education is so short that there is little opportunity for the ecclesiastical student, before he is sent on the mission, to make himself master of the objections now brought against Christianity. It is, then, very convenient to know where to find a clear and temperately-stated summary of the greater number of those objections. Such a summary is to be found in the first of the three works the titles of which are given in the foot-note on the foregoing page. Of these three works, the first, Mr. Coke's, is that of an apparently candid and well-disposed inquirer. The second, Dr. Bithell's, is an excellent example of a very shallow, anti-Christian, dogmatic school which, by means of intense self-conceit and reiterated, confident assertion, has imposed itself widely on the young men of our day. The third work is by one whose name, we should hope, is already known to all our readers as that of a Catholic of whom we may well be proud for the zeal, ability, and success with which he has worked in the church's cause. Amongst all the widespread English-speaking races, from Canada and Scotland to New Zealand and the Cape, we know no name amongst the Catholic laity more deservedly honored—for the wonderful literary ability with which the results of very wide reading and an exceptionally retentive memory have been given to the cause of religion—than the name of Mr. W. S. Lilly.

Before, however, speaking of his "antidote" we will briefly revert to the "bane," as exhibited in the two first works.

Mr. Coke's work is in the form of a series of letters, forming two volumes. This is an unfortunate arrangement, especially as there is neither index nor table of contents.

The first volume contains a statement of difficulties with respect to the Old and New Testaments, and also treats of evolution, primitive man, spontaneous generation, natural selection, and the bearing of modern physical science on natural theology. The second volume is largely occupied with a consideration of Darwinism, the rest of its contents being devoted to an exposition of the philosophy of Kant.

Although Mr. Coke is an uncompromising exponent of the views of modern anti-theological writers, he is no slavish follower of them. Thus he opposes Herbert Spencer's theory that all

pagan worship sprang from a belief in ghosts, saying: * "The heavens were neither personified nor worshipped because there were ghosts abroad, but because the heavens appear to change as living things do." Again, after quoting Huxley's avowal that "Nature does make jumps now and then, and a recognition of the fact is of no small importance in disposing of many minor objections to the doctrine of transmutation," Mr. Coke acutely remarks: † "Substitute 'natural selection' for 'transmutation,' and this avowal would dispose of the objections by nearly disposing of the doctrine." Mr. Coke is indeed fully alive to many of the difficulties which oppose the late Mr. Darwin's doctrine of the origin of species by natural selection, and brings forward himself not a few objections worthy of consideration, ‡ but which it would be out of place here to notice in detail. As to evolution itself he remarks, § "Till heredity is explained no explanation of evolution is possible," and he effectually disposes of the theory of an originally homogeneous universe by saying: ‖ "Had all the atoms in the universe been originally *alike* they could have embodied but one single kind of energy. They would, therefore, have produced but one single effect. Rather they would have produced no effect at all; for there would be no sufficient reason why the energy should ever pass into force. Perfect equilibrium would have existed from eternity, therefore no change."

The "modern agnostic," Dr. Bithell, tells us ¶ that he has been a teacher of youth for upwards of forty years, and he "has often been called upon to give some sort of answer to the inquiries of intelligent young men who, unwilling to stop at the point to which they were carried by the Sunday-school, sought to acquire more extensive and accurate views of the principles of religion." This teacher is (like Huxley, Spencer, Bain, and Mill) a disciple of Hume, and holds ** that "foremost among the things we know are our sensations"—a position which necessarily leads to an irrational scepticism, as the present writer has more than once done his best to point out. †† If it be not recognized that the first object of consciousness is neither our "feelings" nor our "self-existence" (both abstractions), but our actually feeling-self, no philosophy of any kind, whether sensational or intellectual, can sustain itself against the consistent sceptic.

* Vol. i. p. 90.
† Vol. ii. p. 38.
‡ Vol. ii. at pp. 42, 43, 44, 45, 95, 98, and 104.
§ L. c. p. 116.
‖ L. c. p. 119.
¶ *The Creed of a Modern Agnostic*, p. 15.
** L. c. p. 36.
†† In his *Lessons from Nature* and in his *Nature and Thought*, as well as in other publications.

With this original sin—according to which it is impossible for any man to know himself—inherent in his system, a foregone conclusion necessarily vitiates Dr. Bithell's reasonings about our knowledge of Almighty God, and makes him misapprehend * the arguments which justify our certainty as to divine attributes which entirely surpass our powers of imagination. Dr. Bithell has not even taken the trouble to inform himself † what is meant by the terms "person" and "personality" in the philosophy which has endured the longest and spread the widest of all those which divide amongst them the assent of mankind; neither has he made so much as an attempt to ascertain what theologians signify by the Divine Omnipotence.‡ If he thus errs by defect with respect to the representatives of orthodoxy, he no less errs by excess in the pictures he draws of the representatives of heterodoxy, and especially of his favorite form of it—agnosticism. Men who know intimately a considerable number of our leading agnostics will hardly recognize the exactness of what he says of them § in the following passage: "Prayer, to these men, is a very serious and solemn exercise; it is rarely engaged in except after much meditation and study of God's revealed will. But then this meditation and study forms a large part of the business of their lives, and ramifies all the thoughts and contemplations of their waking hours. These are the men of whom it may be most truly said, 'They walk with God.' Troubles and afflictions drive them only the more closely to him; that is, lead them to contemplate more assiduously the way in which he works, as shown in Scripture, in history, and in his mode of dealing with his creatures. The prayers of such men are like the 'effectual, fervent prayer of the righteous man, that availeth much.'"

It is refreshing indeed to turn from this pretentious and shallow effusion to the richly-filled volume of Mr. W. S. Lilly. It is difficult to say whether it is the matter or the style of this work which is the more worthy of commendation. Just as it is useless to take into the stomach any substance, however rich in nutritive material, unless it is in a form suited for digestion, so many writings full of the most valuable truths are devoid of practical value because their truths are conveyed in a form which either repels the taste or too greatly tries the understanding. Mr. Lilly's book is at once admirable from the flowing, facile, and attractive manner in which it is written, and also from the remarkable lucidity with which very recondite thoughts are by it presented in a form adapted to the comprehension of every ordinary reader

* Pp. 69–85 and 149, 150. † See p. 75. ‡ See p. 72. § P. 122.

of such matters. It consists of five chapters, respectively entitled: (1) The Message of Modern Thought; (2) The Claims of Ancient Religion; (3) Religions and Religion; (4) Naturalism and Christianity; and (5) Matter and Spirit.

These, as his preface tells us, have already, to some extent, been previously given to the world as articles in the leading reviews. But the book is far from being a mere reprint. It contains a considerable amount of new matter, while the old has been carefully revised, and more or less rewritten, to fit it for its present purpose.

The "Message of Modern Thought" refers to Schopenhauer and his school, that wonderful outcome of the spirit of evil—the spirit whose essence is negation and destruction, and the outcome of which is pessimism in thought and nihilism in action. This pessimism, which underlies so much of the poetry as well as the philosophy of the nineteenth century, reposes, in great part, on Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*, which, as Mr. Lilly truly says, "has given the tone to the speculative thought of the century, and has infiltrated itself into the minds of millions who have never read a line of it." Indeed, our author himself is to a slight extent an example of the wide extent of this influence, and he goes farther than we can in sympathy with the sage of Königsberg, although he heartily repudiates the teaching of the *Critique*, taken by itself. The outspokenness of Schopenhauer has, however, its value. "He raises directly the question, with a vigor, a clearness, a logical incisiveness peculiarly his own, whether life shorn of its theistic basis is worth living. Nor is it easy to see what answer can be given to the pessimistic argument, save that supplied by religious faith. 'How can I hold myself up in this miserable life, unless Thou strengthen me with thy mercy and thy grace?' asks the mediæval author of *The Imitation*, and the nineteenth century echoes back the How? 'Un monde sans Dieu est horrible,' M. Renan confesses. To Schopenhauer belongs the merit of having exhibited that horror in its fulness." But what other merit was his? What manner of man was the preacher of this new evangel? He never married, and appears to have declined, as far as possible, all the ordinary duties of life. Even his professed admirers attributed to him "arrogance" and "vanity" in the worst sense of the word. As Mr. Lilly tells us: "He professed a great respect for the memory of his deceased father, but to his living mother he exhibited 'a shocking want of filial piety.' In politics he was a strenuous advocate of absolutism. Like Voltaire, he held the people to be 'a collection of bears and

swine,' and he regarded all pleadings for their liberty, freedom, and happiness as hollow twaddle. He appears in practice to have approximated to the Byronic standard of the whole duty of man, 'to hate your neighbor and to love your neighbor's wife.' 'The more I see of men,' says Schopenhauer, 'the less I like them. If I could but say so of women, all would be well.'" Such was one of the heroes of modern philosophy. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

In his second chapter our author reviews the great Tractarian movement with an eloquence in great part due to his tender and loving reverence for that great man whose figure will assume relatively larger and larger proportions as this century recedes into the past—we mean Cardinal Newman. The next chapter, entitled "Religions and Religion," contains a concise and admirable statement of religious views more or less prevalent in Asia amongst Chinese, Parsees, Hindus, Buddhists, and Mohammedans. Very noteworthy is the high degree of spirituality which sometimes appears to be reached by Mohammedan ascetics. Thus we may cite the following prayerful confession of sin addressed to the Almighty: "Thou doest only good. We have done very wickedly. Every instant of our existence has been marked by new faults. We have never once obeyed thy laws with a heart entirely submissive and content. A fugitive slave I approach thy gate. Shame hath covered my face. But thyself hast commanded thy servants not to give themselves up to despair. Thou shalt purify me from my sins before thou turnest me again to the dust." One much tried by the praise of men would exclaim: "O God! save me from this glory, the requital of which may be confusion in another life"; and again: "O my God! when shall I unite myself to thee? O God most high! how long wilt thou leave me to consume away in this cruel separation?" This review of ancient religions leads on to the fourth chapter, in which the modern system of "Naturalism" is contrasted with Christianity. At first sight it might seem that since so great a religious elevation may be attained in a non-Christian system such as Mohammedanism, an elevation at least as great may accompany the so-called "Natural Religion" of to-day. But so to conclude would be a great mistake, since Mohammedanism, however erroneous, is at least a real religion, whereas modern "Naturalism" is no religion at all. As a type of this Natural Religion Mr. Lilly passes in review the views of the author of *Ecce Homo*. According to that author,* God is to be conceived of as physical "nature including

* L. c. p. 210.

humanity," or "the unity which all things compose in virtue of the universal presence of the same laws." But the author of Natural Religion quite recognizes that "to many, if not most, of those who feel the need of religion" all that he has to offer will seem a mockery. He frankly owns that "whether it deserves to be called a faith at all . . . may be doubted," and that it does not seem to him "by any means satisfactory, or worthy to replace the Christian view"; and it must be hard not to agree with him. But, as Mr. Lilly justly reminds us, the experiment of a mere natural religion has been tried on a large scale under circumstances more favorable than are ever likely to recur, and yet when *so* tried has proved a conspicuous and ever-memorable failure. After the abolition of Christianity in France the "natural religion" of the *Theophilanthropists* came forward to take its place in 1797, aided by the support of a despotic government and by the revulsion which had arisen against the filthy atheism of Chaumette and Hébert. Nevertheless its failure was utter and ignominious. Well may Cardinal Newman ask, as our author tells us he did ask: "Which is the greater assumption—that we can do without religion, or that we can find a substitute for Christianity?"

Mr. Lilly then, in the form of an animated and most readable dialogue between two old college friends, proceeds to consider some of the deepest problems of our own or of any past age—such as the opposition to the conception of a personal Will as the cause of the universe; what is the true conception of universal law and order; the moral proof of God's existence, viewed in the light of evolution; the mystery of sin and suffering; divine goodness and retributive punishment—and he then proceeds to a series of considerations touching certain historical difficulties. We heartily commend the careful perusal of these considerations. They are admirable from their breadth of view and the generous sympathy they manifest for noble, well-meaning souls wandering in the mazes of doubt, but seeking truth, if haply they may find it.

That religion, and the Christian religion, forms the one panacea for the evils of the world is asserted in eloquent and forcible words.* "Is not Pascal's saying abundantly verified, that 'nature offers nothing but matter of doubt and disquietude'? Can physical science—claiming to be the only science—supply ethical sanctions? . . . Shut off from man's mind the ideas of God, eternity, free-will, of 'justice, chastity, and judgment to come,'

* P. 302.

and what remains of him is a mere animal. . . . At the touch of materialism, as Luthardt has said with equal pungency and truth, 'morality ceases to exist; ethics are converted into a bill of fare.' Alas for the masses, born to toil and suffer, if they are to live and die on this gospel, the last word of which in practice is wealth, physical comforts, self—a gospel sad enough in any age of the world, saddest in this when the most notable result of our much-vaunted progress is to make life softer for the few, but ever harder for the many; to reduce the workman to a mere machine—there is a world of meaning in the term 'hand,' so often applied to designate him—wearing out his life to produce luxuries which he may not share, in those grim temples of industrialism

> "'Where is offered up
> To Gain, the master-idol of this realm,
> Perpetual sacrifice.'"

In his fifth and last chapter, Mr. Lilly proceeds to treat of (in a continuation of the former conversation) the great question of personal immortality and a future state, incidentally touching on the question of the nature of matter. As to the former question, the argument appears to us to be somewhat weakened by the absence of a clearly pointed out distinction between a rational soul which thinks and the souls of "fleas," which, in spite of Sir Joseph Banks, are (to our reason) happily as clearly incapable of immortality as of "damnation." The way in which our author speaks of matter he explains in his preface. By it he does not mean matter in the abstract—the *materia prima* of the scholastics —but matter informed; and he truly and forcibly puts forward the reasonable doctrine that the mere essential constituent of every material object, however low in the scale, is itself the immaterial form.

It is a very long time since we have had to welcome so admirable and telling an addition to the store of Catholic controversial writing as is the *Ancient Religion and Modern Thought* of Mr. Lilly. We earnestly hope that our clerical as well as our lay readers will not fail to make themselves masters of its contents. In so doing they will assuredly enjoy no small amount of pleasure; but the really important point is that at the same time they can hardly fail to become thereby informed and strengthened not only as to the main points of attack of modern infidelity, but also as to the most telling and persuasive modes of meeting such attack. In the name of all English-speaking Catholics we most cordially thank this author for this addition to our too scanty Catholic literature.

TA-WAN-DAH, THE LAST OF THE PECOS.

A LEGEND.

IT was the month of May. The month of the flowers was on its decline; a soft breeze, perfumed with the sweet odors of the *pino real*, the green oak, and the flowers of the mountain, swept over the solitude. The heavens were cloudless; only a light fog was unfolding itself as a white drapery over the valley, and pointed to the course of the Rio Pecos. It was the hour when the beautiful night opens to the evening breeze its many-colored calyx. Silence extended afar by degrees, like the shadows. You heard only, at intervals, in the deep of the forest, the bark of a solitary wolf, the piercing song of the late whip-poor-will, and the far murmurings of the waters of the Pecos as they rushed against the boulders fallen from the mountain.

A young woman at the foot of a stately pine, on her knees, with joined hands and eyes suffused with tears, prayed with fervor. On her pale forehead reigned an inexpressible sadness; her long hair streamed on her shoulders as a mourning veil. A beautiful child slept at her side. By turns she looked at the starry heavens and at her son; she was calling upon Heaven for protection. In a low voice she was singing her prayer:

"Great Spirit, God of my husband,
Forget not poor Ta-wan-dah:
Have pity on her boy!"

Then she placed her hand upon her heart, as if to hinder it from breaking, and, rising, she threw back her long hair, and taking vines of clematis and hops, which are many in the valley of the Pecos, she made a little bed and suspended it to the branches of the pine, and softly she placed her little one on this graceful couch swaying amid the perfumes of the forest.

"Sleep, my son, sleep! Fear not the bite of the mosquito; thy mother watches over thee, the good spirits love thee, the Queen of heaven smiles over thee; sleep, my son, sleep.

"When thou wast born, my son, thou shed tears and I laughed; now thou smilest and I shed tears. Blood has been spilt—the blood of thy father. They have pitied neither my cries nor my tears. The barbarous ones! Should they have found thee—oh! I tremble with terror. Thy smiles and thy innocence should not have saved thee from a terrible death.

Blessed be God! Mary has saved my child; her love protects thee. Sleep, O my son! sleep; fear not the bite of the mosquito; thy mother watches over thee, the good spirits love thee; sleep, O my son! sleep.

"When I left the hut I said: What will become of us? Suddenly a ray of hope shot into my heart, and, checking myself, I said: Have we not a Father in heaven? The dove is weak, and who can hinder her from building her nest? The birds are without help, and who can hinder their singing? The storm troubles an instant the water of the river; the storm over, all is calm, the waters are clear! Sleep, O my son! sleep; fear not the bite of the mosquito; thy mother watches over thee, the good spirits love thee; sleep, O my son! sleep." *

Thus in a low murmur sang the young mother.

About thirty miles to the southeast of the Villa Real de Santa Fé the upper course of the Rio Pecos traverses a broad valley extending in width, from east to west, about six or eight miles, and in length, from northwest to southeast, from twenty to twenty-five. The altitude of this valley is, on an average, not less than six thousand three hundred feet. † The *mesa*, or table-land, on the right bank of the river rises abruptly to nearly two thousand feet higher, and the *sierras* which bound the valley on the north rise to ten thousand feet, and even the Santa Fé Baldez, seen at the extreme north, exceeds twelve thousand feet. The Rio Pecos, a fine mountain-stream of limpid water and filled with speckled trout, in the upper part of the valley hugs closely the mountains of Tecolote, and then runs almost directly south until it empties in the Rio Grande five degrees more to the south, in the State of Texas. Nearly in the centre of the valley, two miles west of the river, there rises a narrow, semi-circular cliff, or *mesilla*, over the bed of a stream known as the Arrojo of Pecos, which is not to be confounded with the river proper, but is a tributary to it. The southern end of this tabular cliff is covered with very extensive ruins. These ruins are known under the name of the Old Pueblo of Pecos.

It was in the year 1840. Mexico had shaken off the yoke of Spain some nineteen or twenty years before; the holy Franciscan fathers who had attended for centuries to the spiritual needs of their Indian children had all been removed or put to death. Desolation, spiritual as well as temporal, pervaded the land. The war-whoop was heard over the *sierras* and *mesas* of New Mexico. Indian tribes were in convulsion. The Pecos Indians

* This song is found in many Indian legends.

† According to Lieut.-Col. W. H. Emory. See *Notes of a Military Reconnaissance from Fort Leavenworth to San Diego, in California*, 1848.

were living relatively in peace in their beautiful valley. Their stately church, built of adobes and dedicated to San Antonio de Padua, had lost much of its former glory; the people assembled there no more to hear the voice of their pastors. The cloisters themselves, that had hidden so many virtues; the cells of the monks—all were empty now. The poor pueblos had forgotten much of their former fervor, and all the idolatrous devices of the Aztecs had taken the ascendency. Medicine-men, or jugglers, were at their work again. The *estufa* was reconstructed for the Montezuma fire; and another *estufa* had been dug out as a palace for a horrid rattlesnake, the god of the place. As of old, this serpent was satisfied only with the flesh of young infants. Lots were drawn, and the innocent little victim was thrown alive into that horrible *estufa*, and the serpent, coiling around him; covered him with his slimy spittle and slowly devoured him, whilst above, at the sound of the Indian drum, a lively dance was executed, in which the desolate mother took part, hiding her tears as best she could; for it would have been a crime punishable by all Indian laws should it have been known that she shed tears.*

Now the lot had fallen upon the first-born of Ta-wan-dah. But the poor Indian mother was a true Christian. She had been baptized by good Father Augustine, a saintly priest, who had the special charge of the Pecos, while others attended to pueblos in Galisteo, San Marcos, and elsewhere. Her husband was a Frenchman, the son of pious parents who had emigrated from France and had settled in a beautiful spot on the Gila River near the Casas Grandes, and while yet a young boy had been carried away by a roving band of Comanches, and subsequently bought from them by the governor of Pecos and adopted into the nation. The first lessons of his mother had remained deeply printed in his mind, and ever after, in the midst of all the lewdness and orgies of the Pecos, he kept himself unstained and his hand was free from injustice and robbery. His name was Antoine; his family name he recollected not, but the Pecos called him, in their language, the *Frenchman.* Raised in the family of

* The story of the *Great Snake* (*la vivora grande*) is not believed by some; yet it is widely circulated. It is positively asserted, and even Ruiz affirmed, that the tale, as far as the Pecos were concerned, was certainly true; he, however, could never see the reptile. It is even said that now the Jemez and the Taos Indians adore the *vivora*, which they keep alive in some inaccessible and hidden mountain recess. It is even dimly hinted at that human sacrifices might be associated with this already sufficiently hideous worship. The prospects of securing knowledge of it are not very good. The Indians themselves appear to deny it, and are generally very reticent about their aboriginal beliefs.

the governor, whose son had died in war, and whose place he had taken, he grew up a man of much valor and counsel among the Pecos. At the age of nineteen he married Ta-wan-dah, the daughter of his benefactor, whom he had previously instructed in her religion, since they were bereft of all spiritual comfort. The marriage ceremony was performed by Father Matteo in a missionary journey he made from Texas to the Navajo Indians.

Already the drum-drum was heard; the Pecos had put on the last touch of red; the serpent was hissing in his *estufa*, licking his sides with his tongue, his fangs waiting for his usual meal. But where was Ta-wan-dah? No one had seen her: she had fled to the woods with her babe. Vengeance was vowed by the nation, and, to appease the evil spirit below, two infants were thrown into the *estufa*. The dance was more noisy than ever; the serpent was rioting in good cheer—

A cry is heard: "The Apaches!" All is confusion at the pueblo; men rush for their bows and arrows; women and children scream. It is too late. The Apaches from the brush of the Rio Pecos had watched their movements; night had come, and they were fatigued. Their plan succeeded well. From the mouth of the Arroyo of Pecos they ascended the dry stream, crouching like so many tigers ready to leap on their prey. The Frenchman, on his flight to the brush, had perceived them, and, leaving there his beloved wife and infant, was rushing back to the pueblo to give the alarm; but, alas! he was perceived, and seven arrows brought him to the ground. They did not molest him, thinking him dead. During the carnage at the pueblo Ta-wan-dah came to him, and, with her boy in her arms and her husband leaning on her shoulder, she took to the woods along the bank of the Rio Pecos. But it was too late: the wounded man lay down and died.

Ta-wan-dah did not forsake her husband. She prayed with him, she consoled him; and when he had passed away she covered him with branches, and planted a cross made of brushwood upon his tomb. Then, raising herself and holding her babe in her arms, she bade farewell to the poor, pierced body of her love.

"Adieu, O my own, adieu! But yesterday in our happiness we expected sorrows; to-day," she cried, "behold, here I am! No murmur, O my heart, no murmur! The God who united us separated us, blessed be his holy name! The absence will be short; soon we both will be in our happy camping-grounds. Farewell, broken flower; light of my path, farewell!"

And she started deeper into the woods of the Pecos River to

avoid the Apaches, and also, perhaps, to meet the few Pecos Indians who she knew had fled to the mountains on the other side of the river during the slaughter at the pueblo, and now were hid in the low woods and brush which cover the banks of the river. On she walked with her precious treasure, now listening carefully for the least sound, frightened at the very rustling of leaves under her feet, her heart beating at every shadow. Finally, footsore, hungry, and almost fainting with anxiety and want, she sat at the foot of the *pino real* under which we found her at the commencement of this sketch.

The red sky of the west had long before been drowned in the waters of the Pacific Ocean. Night became darker every moment. All was silence, only in the far distance was heard the cry of a solitary coyote; the katydid was chirping her evening song, and the Pecos, breaking its waves against the rocky masses which barred its rushing course, resembled the voice of distant thunder. Cooling sleep did not come to close the lids of Ta-wan-dah, swollen with many tears. Her eyes became, as it were, a fountain of tears, as her heart was a fountain of prayer.

Soon the little boy awoke from his slumbers in his elevated cradle; the mother rushed to him, and, taking him tenderly in her arms, pressed him to her heart. But, O poor mother! the cry of the little one had been heard by the fiends lying in wait for him and for thee. A rustling of leaves is heard; a number of Apaches rush upon her like a pack of tigers. The war-whoop is sounded; Ta-wan-dah is dying with terror. They say to one another: "Here they are!" They keep coming—six, eight, ten! Their blankets are covered with blood, wolfs' tails drag at their heels, ferocity is depicted upon their savage faces. All frighten Ta-wan-dah—their costume, their language, their looks. They are the same Apaches who spilt the blood of her husband.

The brigands, persuaded that the woman was not alone, prepared the "post of the torture" to make her declare where her companions were hid. They lit a large fire of resinous branches, tied her hands behind her back, and, binding her to the torture-post, commenced their bloody work under the very tree which had protected her. Her boy was thrown violently to the ground, crying for his mother, who was helpless to save him.

One of the monsters, applying a coal of fire to her body, cried out in a ferocious tone of voice:

"Woman, where are thy companions?"

"I told you I have no companions; you have killed my husband, and I was flying away with my child when you found me."

Ribald pleasantries passed from mouth to mouth.

The one who seemed to be the leader of the infernal band called them in council and proposed not to put her to death, but bring her captive into their Apache country. The advice seemed to please those demons; so the poor Indian woman was not put to death that night, and all, wrapping themselves in their blankets, composed themselves to sleep, leaving her, however, tied to the post of torture, while her babe, after much crying, had gone to sleep.

About midnight the chief arose, and, cutting her bonds with his *navaja*, said to her in a whisper:

"Woman, courage! Take thy child; I will deliver thee. Silence! Follow me."

Filled with joy, she took her baby boy and followed the man. All was silence; even the beasts of the forest had retired to their dens. Silently they ascended the right bank of the Rio Pecos to the place where now stands the *plaza*, or village, of Pecos, and, crossing the river by wading through, they followed up the left bank on the hillside to a place where the river makes a sharp elbow, running to the northwest instead of southeast, its general course. This strange freak of the Rio Pecos is caused by huge rocks of volcanic matter thrown in its way by the convulsions of primitive ages. At that place the brush along the river is not thick, a few trees standing here and there in the crags of the rocky bluff. There the Apache sat down, beckoning his prisoner to do the same.

I seated myself on the same rock during the summer of 1873 while a guest at the house of my friend, Padre Breen, then pastor of Pecos. It is an enchanting place. The *mesa* is arid, but the Pecos far below rushes with impetuosity; its waters are white with foam. Here and there you see clusters of adobe houses perched at the foot of the mountain, the river bathing their feet. There dwell a few Mexican families, cultivating diminutive fields around their dwellings. A distance up the mountain flocks of sheep and goats are feeding on the blades of *grama* grass growing in the crevices of the rocks, while the whole is crowned by the snowy summits of the Sierra Madre.

Ta-wan-dah, filled with apprehensions, having obeyed the order of the Apache, he turned upon her his piercing eyes and horrid face.

"Woman," said he, "thou art in my power; thy life or thy death is in my hands. Not a word, not a cry, or my *navaja* puts an end to thy wicked life. Consent to become my wife, and I

will adopt thy boy, I will take care of him, and I will bring thee, my bride, to my mountain home, and thou shalt be the light of my hut."

"Never will I marry the murderer of my husband."

"Consent at once or thou art dead."

"Never!"

Snatching her boy from her arms, he took him by one foot, and, dangling him head downward, prepared to dash his brains out upon the rocks. The woman, terrified, besought him in vain. The cries of the little one could not soften his heart.

"Thou seest, woman; consent to become my wife or thy boy is dead."

"Mother of mercy, have pity on him and me! Great Spirit, save him and me!"

Suddenly uttering a great cry, the cruel Apache falls, his heart pierced with an arrow. A few muttered curses, a scream, a nervous motion of the body, and all is over. There he lies lifeless—ugly still in death.

Some fugitives from the pueblo of Pecos had found refuge in the rocks a few feet below the place where sat Ta-wan-dah and the wild Apache. They had heard all, and one of them, taking his bow, had shot an arrow into the heart of the villain and sent him to his reward.

The poor fugitives travelled much and were sore-footed. Ta-wan-dah remained with them. They had forgiven her flight from the pueblo on the terrible night of the massacre. Misfortune had checked their superstition. They helped her to bring up her baby boy. They finally found rest with the Indians of Jemez, where the truly Christian Ta-wan-dah gave beautiful examples of virtue, converted her adopted nation from many of the horrors of superstition, and brought them more and more to the great light of the Gospel.

Her boy lives still, an old and honored member of the pueblo.

The old pueblo of Pecos soon fell in ruins; relic-hunters took the very beams of the edifice; the graves of the poor Pecos have been desecrated by vandals under the guise of curiosity-seekers. Nothing could stop this work of destruction till, a few months ago, the present pastor, Padre Leon Malluchet, wisely fenced the venerable ruins to save them from utter destruction.*

* The learned A. F. Bandelier has published a very fine work entitled *Ruins in the Valley of the Rio Pecos*. Much information upon the Pecos can be gathered from this important work.

Ontario.

TWO MIRACULOUS CONVERSIONS FROM JUDAISM.

SAUL OF TARSUS AND ALPHONSE RATISBONNE.

Some years ago an ecclesiastical fine gentleman, in a lecture before a select audience at Hartford, alluded in a tone of genteel irony to the apparition of the Blessed Virgin in the grotto of Lourdes and the miracles wrought there. The allusion was received by his refined auditors with a burst of derisive laughter. Little wonder, and perhaps we may add small blame, if any, that a story of supernatural occurrences in which a poor barefooted peasant-girl was the heroine should be received with incredulity in a circle of the *élite* of society, in their own opinion also the elect of God, having "the promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come." Is it not notorious that Joseph, Mary, and our Lord were of royal birth? Did they not always show their preference for "high company"? Whoever has the slightest understanding of the hidden meaning of the Gospel must perceive that our Lord always intended to teach that "blessed are the rich, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." The best critics are agreed that in the interpretation of the Holy Scriptures a sense must often be given to the words which is the precise contrary of their literal and natural meaning, especially when the latter is absurd. Translated into the language of common sense, and interpreted by the common consciousness of the most enlightened Christians, certain passages grossly misunderstood by the ignorant and superstitious adherents of "the letter which killeth," according to their true spirit really denote that Christ came to found a social state in which culture and elegance should reach their highest point and their most extensive diffusion. "How hardly shall they that have (not) riches enter into the kingdom of heaven. It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle" than for the gross and rude to pass through the narrow aperture fitted for the most delicate silk thread.

Really when one sees a church filled up with common working people, who live in an unsightly suburb known in ordinary parlance by some such dreadfully vulgar name as "Hog Hill," what can be thought of a lady or gentleman who will resort to such a place by preference? Must they not be considered by

truly sensible and refined people to have the same strange taste for "low company" which Miss Blimber with the spectacles ascribed to poor Paul Dombey, because he liked to associate with "old Glubb"?

John Bunyan undoubtedly had genius, and must therefore be allowed to deserve the admiration of the most æsthetic; yet, after all, he was a tinker in his youth, and more familiar with Bedford jail than with the mansions of the great. And he seems to have indulged his spite against the more favored class of society when he drew the caricature of Demas, a gentleman who loved religion most when she walked in silver slippers. Silver slippers are becoming the dignity of a goddess. It is bad taste to prefer wooden shoes. A religion that is accommodated to the inferior and rude mental condition of children and adults who are childish, that appeals to their love of the marvellous, that consults their predisposition to external objects which strike the senses, that is founded on a belief which submits without questioning to an authority that overawes untutored minds, that is fitted for half-civilized ages and nations, surely cannot claim the homage of the educated, the refined, the superior classes of a highly intelligent and cultivated society.

This is the latent meaning of the laugh of the polite audience, the sneer of the fashionable drawing-room, the supercilious air which is assumed by those who would pass for the most enlightened, progressive, and advanced disciples or teachers of something higher than the religion "hidden from the wise and prudent and revealed to babes and sucklings," whether they call it Christianity, philosophy, science, culture, or any other name.

Their common sentiment is derision for what they look down upon as the religion of an inferior order of men. Certain ones openly say that it is the religion of the apostles and prophets, Christianity as a professed revelation, and the natural theism which underlies it, which they reject and despise, expecting to go far towards effecting its complete disappearance from the civilized world. The two closely allied claims to the mental homage of belief, that of miracle and that of revelation, are utterly abhorrent to them, as involving an enslavement and degradation of the mind and of all nature. But there are professed Christians, insisting on the reasonableness of believing in a revelation and in certain miracles, who deride, not Christianity in the abstract, but that concrete, actual Christianity whose glorious surname has always been "Catholic." And their aversion is just as distinctly against revelation in its authentic, genu-

ine character, as proposed and enforced by an authority of divine origin and right, as it is against the miracles which are direct attestations of this divine authority of the Catholic Church, and the truth of specific dogmas which they reject. They divide between certain miracles recorded in the Scripture and essentially connected with the truth, even purely historical, of its most important records, and all others. They are most anxious to show a difference in the two classes of miracles of such a kind that the acceptance of the former class is perfectly compatible with the rejection of the latter.

It is well known that Gibbon, who was first a Protestant, then a Catholic, and finally an apostate into infidelity, places all these miracles on the same level in respect to their credibility. He argues that any reason which suffices to discredit the latter class is equally fatal against the former. Wherefore Protestants, such as Guizot and Milman, and other more recent writers, have exerted themselves to make a complete separation between the two causes.

We will not affirm that no difference whatever exists, for there are certainly miracles on which Christianity rests which in historical credibility far surpass most of the commonly admitted facts of human history, which are attested to us immediately by the divine veracity and are among the objects of divine faith. On the other hand, there are no post-apostolic miracles which can demand, *per se*, more than human faith or claim more than a human credibility. And in single cases this varies with the greater or less amount of moral evidence by which they are attested or which is accessible, from slight probability up to the highest degree of moral certainty.

Yet they are alike in this—viz., that an *à priori* rejection of the second class of miracles logically requires a rejection of the first class. They are alike in respect to merely human, historical, and rational credibility, inasmuch as they must be examined and judged of, according to the same criterion and the same common laws of testimony and physical or moral evidence.

We have not found that Protestants are any less superficial and supercilious in dealing with ecclesiastical miracles than are infidels and sceptics in dealing with all miracles alike. John Bunyan, in his *Holy War*, describes Diabolus as placing one Mr. Prejudice with a company of fifty deaf men to guard the Ear-Gate of the town of Mansoul. Cardinal Newman, in his admirable *Lectures on Catholicism in England*, a perusal of which we take occasion earnestly to recommend, proves that prejudice is

the life, ignorance the protection, assumed principles are the intellectual ground of the Protestant view of Catholicism, making special application of his general argument to this very matter of miracles.* With this reference on the general subject we leave it for the sake of one particular instance which will serve as an example and illustration of the analogy between the two classes of miracles above mentioned. The instance is that of the conversion of the young Israelite, Alphonse Ratisbonne, considered in its analogy to the conversion of St. Paul, and its real though diminished likeness to that momentous event in the apostolic history, in respect to its credibility and its significance.

A knowledge of the history of St. Paul's conversion may be taken for granted. Dr. Farrar, who takes, as nearly as he can, the line of those who look at the apostolic history merely as a matter of critical and rational inquiry and examination, in his *Life and Work of St. Paul* writes as follows in respect to his conversion:

"It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of St. Paul's conversion as one of the evidences of Christianity. That he should have passed, by one flash of conviction, not only from darkness to light, but from one direction of life to the very opposite, is not only characteristic of the man, but evidential of the power and significance of Christianity. That the same man who, just before, was persecuting Christianity with the most violent hatred, should come all at once to believe in Him whose followers he was seeking to destroy, and that in this faith he should become a 'new creature'—what is this but a victory which Christianity owed to nothing but the spell of its own inherent power?" †

Dr. Farrar says more, which we have not quoted, because it is not relevant to our purpose, proving, as it does, a kind and degree of importance in St. Paul's testimony to the truth of Christianity which is transcendent, placing his conversion far above any similar and subsequent event. It is easy for any one who wishes to do so to read the whole of Dr. Farrar's eloquent chapter on the conversion of Saul. The conversion of M. Ratisbonne is parallel to it, in the same way that a short line may be parallel, though it is unequal, to a long line. There is a similarity in the persons in respect to their violent passion for Judaism and antipathy to Christianity, their high position in the Jewish sect, and their zeal for the conversion of other Jews after their becoming ministers of the Christian religion. There is a similarity in

* *Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England.* Addressed to the Brothers of the Oratory. By John Henry Newman, D.D., Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. Third edition. Dublin: James Duffy. 1857. Lectures vi., vii., viii. Pp. 274–288.

† Farrar's *Life and Work of St. Paul*, c. x., "Seaside Library" edition, p. 26.

the manner of their conversion, and the sudden, permanent change which it produced in their whole course of life. There is a similarity in respect to the trustworthiness of their testimony to the proximate and supernatural cause of their conversion, as accredited by their moral character and subsequent manner of life. There is a similarity in respect to the renunciation of worldly goods and advantages, together with a voluntary devotion to a life of self-sacrifice and disinterested labor for the sake of Jesus Christ and their fellow-men, which both these Jewish converts embraced.

A short account of M. Ratisbonne, of his conversion, and of his subsequent career, which is not yet finished,* will put the truth of these statements in a clear light.

Alphonse Ratisbonne was a younger son of a wealthy Israelite of Strassburg. In the year 1841 he was betrothed to a cousin, whose extreme youth caused the parents of the young people to delay their nuptials for a year or two. During the interval he was sent away from home to travel, and came to Rome, rather by accident than from any motive of curiosity or interest, and with the intention of making a very short stay. It happened that a visit which he paid to an old schoolmate, Baron Gustave de Bussière, led to an acquaintance with his brother, Baron Theodore, a convert to the Catholic Church, who immediately conceived an ardent desire and hope for the conversion of the young Israelite, and induced many pious persons to pray for it, besides making an earnest and persistent effort to induce his new friend to give his attention seriously to the subject. These efforts seemed likely to prove a total failure, and were apparently wholly ineffectual. Ratisbonne was not well instructed in his own religion; he was a young man of the world, with the opinions and sentiments of the free-thinking and not at all of the rabbinical set in the synagogue. He was more like a Sadducee than a Pharisee. In this respect he was very unlike Saul of Tarsus. Drach and Liebermann, in regard of their thoroughly rabbinical education, furnish a better parallel to St. Paul, as examples of the power of truth and grace to convert proud and stubborn Pharisees imbued with all the prejudices of Jewish tradition into humble believers in Christ. His Jewish prejudice was one of race and family, it was social and political, and gave his animosity against Christianity, of whose religious doctrines he was profoundly ignorant, the quality of a patriotic hatred against the cause of the down-

* An announcement of his death has just appeared in the daily papers, but we are not yet certain of its correctness.

fall and scattering of his own nation. Yet he was as bitter and violent and obstinate in this hatred as if he had been brought up on the Mishna; his visit to Rome only increased his antipathy, and he received all the reasonings and entreaties of his Catholic friends in a spirit of mocking levity. His elder brother, Theodore, had for years been a Christian, and was in 1842 already a priest in Paris. Alphonse had been completely alienated from him, and had only so far receded from the position of entire estrangement as to write him a letter of cold civility on the occasion of his engagement to his cousin. He did submit, however, to the importunity of the Bussière family so far as to suffer a medal of the Blessed Virgin to be hung around his neck, and to copy out and keep the little prayer of St. Bernard called the "Memorare," and he could not prevent the words of that prayer and the image of the cross from haunting his imagination while engaged in the diversions with which he was whiling away his time. He was anxious to rid himself of all these disagreeable importunities and to escape from Rome, where everything was distasteful to him and harrowing to his feelings as a Jew; and yet, as it were in spite of himself, he was induced to prolong his stay for a few days. One of those who had been most constant and fervent in praying for his conversion was the Count de la Ferronays, a former minister of Charles X. of France, the father of Mrs. Craven, the author of *A Sister's Story*. This pious nobleman, after having spent most of the day in a church occupied with devotions and prayers, and particularly in interceding for M. Ratisbonne, suddenly died on the evening of January 17, 1842. During the next three days M. de Bussière was chiefly engaged in pious offices about the body of his friend, and on the 20th went to the church of S. Andrea delle Fratte to make arrangements for his funeral obsequies. M. Ratisbonne passed the morning with one of his fellow-boarders in frivolous conversation about the balls and other amusements which they had frequented together, until noon. At one o'clock he accidentally met and joined M. de Bussière, who was on his way to the church. They proposed to take a walk together after the business at the convent had been discharged. M. de Bussière asked his friend to wait for him in the church for a few moments, and in about twelve minutes returned there from the convent to seek him. He had left him standing in an attitude of listless indifference at the epistle side of the altar. He was no longer there, and was not visible in the church when he returned. Looking for him on the opposite side in the chapel of St. Michael, he found him

kneeling in an attitude of rapt devotion, so insensible to all around him that he could succeed in arousing his attention only with difficulty and after repeated efforts. At last, turning his tearful countenance on his friend, he exclaimed: "Oh! how M. de la Ferronays has prayed for me." More than this he would not reveal until he had made his disclosure on his knees to a priest. Taking the medal from his bosom, he kissed it devoutly, exclaiming in accents broken with sobs: "How good is God! What a plenitude of gifts! What joy unknown! Ah! how happy I am, and how much to be pitied are they who do not believe!" As soon as he became somewhat composed and tranquil he was conducted to the Rev. Father Villefort, to be received as a catechumen and instructed in the doctrines of the faith as a preparation for baptism. In obedience to Father Villefort's direction M. Ratisbonne made known what had occurred in the chapel of St. Michael:

"I had been in the church but an instant when suddenly I was seized with an inexplicable fear. I raised my eyes: the whole edifice had disappeared from my view; one chapel alone had, as it were, concentrated all the light, and in the midst of this effulgence there appeared standing upon the altar the Virgin Mary, grand, brilliant, full of majesty and sweetness, such as she is represented upon the medal. An irresistible force impelled me to her. The Virgin made me a sign with her hand to kneel, and she seemed to say: 'It is well.' She did not speak to me, but I understood all."

The priest who prepared M. Ratisbonne for baptism, and all who conversed with him at this time, found that, in fact, although he had never read a book explaining the doctrines of the Christian and Catholic religion, he was illuminated by an infused knowledge and belief of all the principal mysteries of the faith, and acquired in a few days without difficulty all the technical and formal instruction which was only necessary in order to give him a correct verbal expression of that which he had been suddenly taught without words. Ten days after his conversion he was publicly baptized, confirmed, and admitted to communion by the cardinal vicar, the Abbé Dupanloup, afterwards Bishop of Orleans, preaching an eloquent sermon on the occasion. The Sovereign Pontiff, Gregory XVI., ordered a careful canonical examination of the miraculous conversion to be made. And on the 3d of June, 1842, the cardinal vicar, Patrizzi, "pronounced and declared that the instantaneous and perfect conversion of Alphonse Marie Ratisbonne, from Judaism to Catholicity, was a true and incontrovertible miracle, wrought by the most blessed

and powerful God through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary."

Forty-two years have elapsed since this memorable conversion. The manner in which M. Ratisbonne has lived and worked since then is a continuous and incontrovertible proof of the reality and power of the divine grace which effected the instantaneous transformation of his whole intellectual and moral being. Dr. Farrar's argument from the life of St. Paul subsequent to his conversion can be applied in his case also. He made a like if not an equal sacrifice to his convictions. He said of himself at the time:

"Every one of my acquaintances knew full well that, to all human appearances, it was impossible for me even to think of changing my religion. My family was Jewish, my betrothed, my uncle were Jewish. In embracing Christianity I know that I break away from all earthly hopes and interests. And yet I do it willingly; I renounce the passing happiness of a future which was promised me; I do so without hesitation. I act from conviction. The most powerful interests enchained me to my religion, and consequently all should be convinced that a man who sacrifices everything to a profound conviction must sacrifice to a celestial light, which has revealed itself by incontrovertible evidence. What I have affirmed is true. I know it, I feel it; and what could be my object in thus betraying the truth and turning aside from religion by a sacrilegious lie?"

One most remarkable trait in the religious state of mind of the new convert was his deep appreciation of the mystery of the cross, the great stumbling-block of the Jew. Adoration of the divine Christ crucified for men, admiration of martyrdom endured for his sake, the desire to make sacrifices, to labor, and to suffer for the glory of the Redeemer and the salvation of men, especially those of his own race, filled his soul and prompted him to devote himself to the work of preaching Christ to his own unbelieving people. In this he was strikingly like St. Paul; but he was called by the providence of God to a more special and exclusive mission to Jews than his greater prototype, the Apostle of the Gentiles. His extraordinary conversion was intended far more in view of his future apostleship than for his own personal benefit. It is one of a considerable number of remarkable conversions and other events by which the Lord has seemed to manifest the intention of giving a new call to his own special people to be converted to him, and repent of the great national crime of the rejection of their true Messias, which has been so terribly punished during eighteen centuries. The extent and importance of this Christian movement in the bosom of Judaism are not commonly known. We have not space to take notice, at

present, of anything except the special and individual part in this work undertaken by Father Ratisbonne. His elder brother, Father Theodore, founded a religious society of women under the name of Our Lady of Sion, and another society of priests devoted to the same purposes, and it is under his direction that Father Alphonse founded, and is now carrying on, his own mission in Jerusalem, aided by members of these two societies.*

He was sent to Jerusalem in 1855, but, after several months of seemingly fruitless efforts to found the mission, the order recalling him to France was sent to him by his superior. The fulfilment of this command was frustrated by an accident of a very painful nature, yet most happy in its results. On the 9th of March, 1856, Father Ratisbonne supplied the place of a priest, who had been taken suddenly ill, at the little village of Gifneh, and on his return to Jerusalem was thrown from his horse in a narrow gorge between two walls of rock, in such a way as to break his right arm very badly. Lack of proper surgical treatment, and the infliction of the worst kind of positive malpractice, caused him to be laid up for weeks in a disabled and suffering condition. A letter which he wrote with his left hand to a favorite sister, Ernestine, still a Jewess, but extremely fond of her brother, explaining the reason of his detention at Jerusalem, stirred her sympathy so powerfully that she sent him at once a gift of six thousand francs. On receiving this generous gift Father Alphonse wrote immediately to Father Theodore imploring him to rescind the order for his recall, and with success. The sum of money so unexpectedly placed in his hands, though small, was the beginning of the considerable fund which he was finally able to gather for the first necessary purchase of a site and the construction of the house and chapel of the mission. The site was at the spot where formerly stood the entrance to the palace of the Roman governor. A colony from the community of Our Lady of Sion arrived in Jerusalem in May. In due time priests and other assistants were sent out to Father Ratisbonne. For nearly thirty years since that time, with arduous labor, amid untold difficulties and contradictions, he has been consolidating and extending his work of religion, education, and charity for the benefit alike of native Christians, Jews, and Mohammedans. The narrative of his life would need to be minute and complete in order to be in any way satisfactory as a picture of the man and a description of his work. A circumstantial history of his conver-

* See the last of the series of articles on "Christian Jerusalem" in The Catholic World, vol. xxxii. p. 384, for some facts respecting the conversion of Jews.

sion has been published in a small volume by the Baron de Bussière, and a record of the history of the mission at Jerusalem is contained in the *Annales de la Mission de N. D. de Sion*, a magazine published at Marseilles since 1877.

From the *Annales* of March, 1881, we learn that besides several priests of the Congregation of Our Lady of Sion, there were in Jerusalem and its vicinity twenty-five religious ladies of the same institute, besides a number of brothers, artisans, and other persons employed in service. There were three distinct establishments belonging to the mission: the convent of the *Ecce Homo*, the convent of St. John On The Mountain, and the school of arts and trades called St. Peter's On Sion. There were about forty boys in the industrial school, and two hundred and fifty children in the orphanage, the boarding-school and day-school. The number of persons receiving alms or medical assistance for one year is given as fourteen thousand. Among numerous instances and interesting anecdotes showing the effect of the charitable efforts of the priests and nuns in gaining the goodwill of Jews and Mussulmans as well as of Christians, we will mention only one. An infirm rabbi, eighty years of age, was persuaded by some other Jews to apply at the dispensary for treatment and medicine. When he left he expressed in accents of emotion his grateful sense of the charity shown to himself and his people, and said: "Daily I pray for you and all the Sisters of Sion at the synagogue; for you are the end, as we are the beginning, and we shall all meet together on high" (*Annales*, September, 1879).

A very pleasing photograph of Father Ratisbonne, seated amid a group of Arab children, shows him to be a man of venerable and benevolent aspect, a true son of the patriarchs, worthy to be taken as a type, as we trust he is one of the precursors, of a new line of apostles from the bosom of Judaism. He is now seventy years of age, and for nearly forty years has been a priest. His life and works attest the reality of his conversion and the credibility of his own testimony to these facts contained in its history to which he is the only witness, with a like though not an equal evidence to that which makes the miraculous conversion of St. Paul credible and certain.

The fact of the sudden, complete, and lasting conversion of Father Ratisbonne and of its perfect sincerity is certain beyond all question. Its miraculous nature is obvious from the impossibility of assigning any merely natural cause adequate to the effect. The essence of the miracle consists in the suddenness

and completeness of the change wrought in the mind, will, and disposition of the subject—a change which would naturally require a considerable time, much serious reflection, a voluntary application to an inquiry into and an examination of the evidences of the truth of the Catholic faith and the motives for embracing it, and, furthermore, an earnest deliberation on the question of sacrificing all worldly interests for the sake of becoming a minister of Christ. Nothing less than an immediate action of God upon the mind and will of the subject, so extraordinary and efficacious in itself as to set aside and transcend the ordinary laws by which divine grace operates, and therefore deserving the name of miraculous, could have produced the instantaneous conversion of M. Ratisbonne. As to what we may call the preternatural phenomena of the revelation which enlightened and subdued him, his own testimony is credible for the same reason that the testimony of St. Paul to the heavenly vision he received near Damascus was worthy of credence. It is not in the least important to determine the precise nature of these phenomena, or to explain what was the proximate objective cause of the impression on the senses and imagination of the recipient. Dr. Farrar treats the question about the objectivity or subjectivity of the appearance of Christ to St. Paul as unimportant (c. x.) We may dismiss the question about the apparition of the Blessed Virgin to M. Ratisbonne in the same manner. He is a witness to that which he experienced. The sudden irradiation and inflammation of his soul by divine grace gave evidence of an intellectual vision whose effects were transforming and lasting. It was accompanied by vivid impressions on the senses, or the imagination, which were manifestly preternatural, whether caused by an objectively real apparition or merely subjective. The miracle of the conversion remains intact on any hypothesis. That the conversion was truly supernatural and the work of God is manifest from its nature and its effects, if we admit the truth of Christianity and the reality of the miraculous conversion of Saul. The language which Dr. Farrar applies to this most illustrious converted Pharisee we may apply to his modern disciple and imitator:

"He rose another man; he had fallen in death, he rose in life; he had fallen in the midst of things temporal, he rose in awful consciousness of things eternal; he had fallen a proud, intolerant, persecuting Jew, he rose a humble, broken-hearted, penitent Christian" (*ibid.*)

There is a similarity between these two instances in another

respect. The Pharisees contemptuously asked: "Hath any one of the rulers believed in him, or of the Pharisees? But this multitude, that know not the law, are accursed" (St. Luke vii. 48, 49). It was a scandal in their eyes that Jesus chose simple, unlettered men as his associates, preached the Gospel to the poor, and was followed by the common people. Saul was a convert from the Temple aristocracy, the learned school of the Sanhedrin. In his case it was shown that although in the beginning, as he himself says, it was true that among the brethren of the Christian communion "not many are wise according to the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble; but the mean things of the world and the things that are contemptible hath God chosen" (1 Cor. i. 18–31), yet that Christ could win and employ in his service, when he chose, men who are noble in the worldly sense. Almighty God, although he sanctions order in human society, is no respecter of persons, and the Catholic Church, governed by his Spirit, has always favored the poor and humble, and even opened the way into her hierarchy to the sons of peasants and laboring men as well as to the offspring of parents belonging to the higher classes. She is emphatically, though not exclusively, the church of the people. In certain times and countries her condition and aspect give especial occasion of offence to worldly pride and afford her adversaries a pretext for assuming towards her that air of supercilious haughtiness which is a marked characteristic of the heresy and infidelity of the modern age. The supernatural and the miraculous is peculiarly obnoxious to this high-flying and boastful spirit of worldliness and incredulity, for the very same reason that made the Gospel of Christ preached by St. Paul a stumbling-block to the Jews, and to the Greeks foolishness. These things are despised as belonging to the credulous multitude. And since there is no denying or ignoring the intelligence and learning of a numerous class of those who belong to the clergy and laity of the Catholic Church, and it is impossible for the well-informed to shut their eyes to the wisdom and ability with which it is governed by its hierarchy, there is another rule applied for measuring the so-called enlightened Catholicism of this superior class. It is supposed to be a sort of refined and rationalized essence, an ethereal, disembodied spirit, separated from the common mass of the great organic body over which it hovers as a ruling genius. In respect to miracles popular belief and devotion, or, as it is called, superstition, is supposed, either honestly or as a convenient argumentative hypothesis, to be encouraged and sanctioned on the principle of

pious fraud, of expediency, or an unavoidable connivance at a kind of popular credulity which nourishes the spirit of subjection to the church.

The conversion of M. Ratisbonne is above the region of all these and similar cavils. The persons concerned were all in the higher social and intellectual class. The miracle was believed and admired by all the Catholic residents and visitors in Rome. There is not a shadow of reason for supposing that the decision of the ecclesiastical authority was anything else than a judgment given with full conviction and based on evidence. The ordinary special pleading which relegates ecclesiastical miracles summarily and in a mass to the categories of natural phenomena, legend, popular credulity, and pious fraud, is at fault and wholly breaks down in this instance. And although it is only this single fact that is, strictly speaking, accredited by its own evidence, yet it is, in respect to the general topic of the preternatural and miraculous, a sample and an illustration. The existence and perpetuity of the miraculous in the Catholic Church is proved, in general and in particular instances, by the same kind of argument. The allegations to the contrary are in like manner shown to be either false, conjectural, or irrelevant. That natural effects are often fancied to be preternatural, that legends have frequently been mistaken for histories, that there have been impostors and illusions, that the disposition to an excess of credulity is common among the illiterate, that a great many reputed miracles are not conclusively and certainly provable—all these are irrelevant allegations. That belief in the miraculous belongs exclusively to the uneducated, that the ecclesiastical authorities sanction pious frauds—these are false allegations. That the miracles related in ecclesiastical history and in the lives of saints are mere legends is frequently, in particular instances, only conjectural, and, as a general proposition, is false.

These are assertions which we do not profess to prove just now, or expect to be accepted as anything more than a statement of the position taken and defended by Catholic writers in their polemics. They need proof, of course; the question is one of argument and the examination of evidence. Argument and the production of evidence have not been wanting on the Catholic side. Laymen of distinction as well as ecclesiastics, scientists, physicians, and literary men as well as theologians, have written with the utmost care, and, in strict accordance with the rules of logic and the laws of evidence, have presented the proofs of a considerable number of miracles of various kinds, many of

them quite recent and attested by eye-witnesses, some of whom are medical men. Protestant writers who defend Scriptural and reject ecclesiastical miracles do not take up and examine the evidence of these miraculous facts according to the sound method of inductive reasoning. They ignore them, and proceed by the way of assertions and vague generalities, and are able to count on the ignorance and prejudice of their readers, who hear but one side.

The consistent and outspoken deniers of the reality and possibility of all miracles, though they make a loud boast of being the only enlightened and rational thinkers in the world, really proceed after a most unhistorical, uncritical, and unscientific fashion. Their diatribes against Christianity would be beneath contempt and unworthy of notice, were it not that so many persons are duped by their shallow pretences.

CONCERNING SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

On a very beautiful day in midsummer last year, just after sunset, I found myself gazing on the garden in which Sir Walter Raleigh first planted the potato in Ireland. The ancient town of Youghal—so called because, in the primitive description of the inhabitants, it was "a wooded place"; although there are no woods there now, Sir Walter Raleigh having cut the timber down, made it into barrels, and shipped it across to the wine-makers on the Continent, so that for many years the wines drunk in England were drawn out of Irish wood—Youghal nestled at the foot of its protecting hills. Westward was the rolling ocean, stretching away towards America; and hither swept the broad ribbon of the Blackwater down through the hills, like a silver fillet shining on the dark hair of Twilight.

Youghal is indeed an ancient burg. Its charter of incorporation was granted by King John in the first decade of the thirteenth century; the first religious foundation of the Franciscans in Ireland was made there soon after its incorporation, and before the end of the century the town had attained some commercial importance. What a stirring history it has had for such a little place! In 1579 the Earl of Desmond, under the ban, led his forces into Youghal and plundered it. The Earl of Ormond, then the English governor of the island, sent troops to catch the

Earl of Desmond after he was safely out of the way. But the troops fared as ill as they might have had he remained: most of them were slain after entering the town, and the survivors were glad to escape to the ships that had brought them down the coast from Waterford. The traveller is shown the mayor's house, whose historic value consists in a fact which was of great interest in those days, and of little now: to wit, that the mayor, having refused to receive an English garrison, and having suffered the rebels to enter the town, was summarily exterminated before his own door on a gibbet. In 1649 a great stain fell on the town. That splendid ruffian, Oliver Cromwell, made it his headquarters; and that it never has fulfilled its early commercial promise may as well be attributed to the baseness of the inhabitants, who became his partisans, as to any other cause. It was thence he sailed for England, leaving behind him a track of horror, devastation, and death like that of Vesuvius down the scarred sides of what were an hour before blooming villages and flowery valleys.

Mr. Crofton Croker mentions, among the curiosities he found in the manuscript archives of the town, that during the mayoralty of some of his ancestors, who were of Cromwell's way of thinking, any papist who should presume to go to the mayor's feast should be fined five shillings or be set in the stocks—which was lenient enough, considering that he must have gone uninvited and should have had self-respect enough to decline an invitation under the prevailing distempered circumstances; that Gregory Grimes was disfranchised for having a papist wife—who, were she an actively-minded woman, may have given him so much to think of that he scarcely missed the precious boon of participating in the affairs of a corporation which, apparently without distinction of creed, class, or previous condition of servitude, enfranchised a cook and a barber on their solemn pledge thereafter to dress the mayor's feast and shave the corporation gratis. The next imposing event in the history of Youghal was the visit of "his late majesty" William IV. when, as Prince William Henry, commander of the *Pegasus*, he furled his wings at Youghal and ambled up the one long street which is still the only street in the town, and at the proper place at the table d'hôte his dinner, in the most prosaic fashion, with the corporation. Whether the enfranchised cook and barber were in attendance or not on that great occasion is not of record; if they were it may be presumed that, being unused to such company, the cook may have shaved the corporation and the barber dressed the feast.

Only one more incident in the annals of the place aroused my

wonder. When the people, who had raised copious harvests in the awful famine years '46–'47, were dying of hunger, while the harvests were being exported, the people of Youghal stopped the sailing of two ships laden with corn. That is the highest transaction I have been able to discover to their credit. Alas! their virtue was short-lived: after a while they let the ships go with Irish corn grown, by Irish hands, on Irish soil; and as the sails fluttered outside the bar and swelled with the ocean wind that bore them away, the hands that had grown the corn withered and the bodies of the dead were flung into famine-pits. The old town had not been exorcised of Cromwell. A curse still hangs upon its dilapidated quays; the scarlet uniform of the foreign legionary still dominates its dismal and shrunken streets. Everywhere red-coats! It seemed as if the town were pinned down with a bayonet, lest, were the opportunity given, it would slip out to sea or run up the hills and hide itself. All through Ireland the American traveller feels this. The island is pinned down on its foundations with British bayonets as the sole means of keeping it down. But one still is told the legends of the early commercial greatness of these old ports. Youghal was so self-important some two hundred years ago that when a French privateer was descried out on the horizon a boat was manned and the prize brought in. I was told, with a sigh of remembrance and a smile of mystical hope, of the great shipping of fish and timber, of wool, ale, pottery, glass, delf, bricks, porcelain, and clay-slate used as building-stone, which once rendered Youghal promising. The promise has been blighted. The exports are now, in the language of the official directory, "chiefly grain, flour, and provisions." The salmon fishery of the Blackwater, we are told, is "very extensive"; that it is the private property of a landlord is not mentioned. In 1835 the number of vessels that entered the port was four hundred and eighty-five. In 1879 it was three hundred and seventy-two. In 1835 the clearances were four hundred and sixty-six; in 1879 they were three hundred and seventy-two. The decline continued. In 1882 Youghal was dropped altogether from the list of customs ports.

It was not remarkable that while gazing upon the house where Sir Walter Raleigh smoked tobacco—until then unknown in Ireland—and on the garden in which he first planted the potato, the thoughts of the traveller should run away from potatoes to poetry. In yonder manor he tuned his lyre; over those hills he rode to visit Spenser when that carpet-bagger was also enjoying a confiscated Irish estate and writing the *Faerie Queene*,

of which George Eliot has said, when speaking of German comedy, what we all have thought, but ne'er so well expressed: "You see no reason in its structure why it should ever come to an end, and you accept the conclusion as an arrangement of Providence rather than of the author." As a matter of fact, it was not an arrangement of Providence but the Irish rebels that did bring it to a close and interrupted the poet before he approached the end he had set for himself. As a poet Raleigh belongs to the class about whom an artificial fame is maintained. Spenser, in a fulsome fit of admiration, doubtless mutual, described him as the "summer's nightingale."

> "He pip'd, I sang; and when he sang, I pip'd;
> By change of turns, each making other merry;
> Neither envying other, nor envied;
> So pip'd we until we both were weary."

Weary indeed will he be who reads much of Sir Walter; and he must be of demure imagination and sombre fancy who can read even his best without laughter. But makers of manuals on English literature continue—the fashion having been firmly set among those traditional styles in taste which do not change with seasons—to include him with Chaucer and Gower, Spenser and Sidney, Lyly and Greene, Marlowe and Donne; yet one may read his every authenticated line without finding in it a true melody, a spontaneous flower, an original metaphor, or what George Eliot calls Heine, "a real voice, not an echo." Raleigh wrote poetry because it was the genteel extravagance of the court, and raised him, like the story of spreading his cloak for the queen to tread upon, above the horde of hungry adventurers who sought, with coarse greed and unconcealed knavery, the rewards of a reign rich in confiscations, prodigal in giving away the riches of abbey and sept, of chief and churchman. His coquetry with the queen was witty, astute, and brilliant; and out of the spirit of airy hypocrisy thus bred he wrote most of his verse. Some, penned, it is believed, in the Tower, might be held tolerable as the stiff song of a caged bird, but it is only middling poetry at best. Here is ample evidence from "His Pilgrimage":

> "Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
> My staff of faith to walk upon,
> My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
> My bottle of salvation,
> My gown of glory, hope's true gage,
> And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

" Blood must be my body's balmer ;
No other balm will there be given ;
Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,
Travelleth toward the land of heaven ;
Over the silver mountains,
Where spring the nectar fountains,
There will I kiss
The bowl of bliss,
And drink mine everlasting fill
Upon every milken hill.
My soul will be a-dry before ;
But after it will thirst no more.

" And when our bottles and all we
Are filled with immortality," etc.

The world is still afflicted with an abundance of bad poetry ; but that style of it has gone for ever, like Sir Walter's starched ruff, plumed hat, and slashed doublet. As a poet he need trouble critics not at all.

Even his claim to have introduced the potato into Ireland is open to dispute. That momentous credit is assigned to Sir John Hawkins, the slaver who, when Christianity had all but abolished the traffic in human beings, secured Queen Elizabeth as a partner and added the commodity Man to British commerce.

But I must not forget that I am gazing on the mediæval manor in which Sir Walter Raleigh tuned his lyre, smoked his fragrant Virginia weed, and dreamed, perchance of sharing an imperial crown, perchance of the El Dorado he was never to behold. The house itself is said to be interiorly interesting. It is now the property of the governor of Hong Kong, Sir John Pope Hennessy.

The most suggestive description of the interior of Raleigh's house is furnished by Sir John Pope Hennessy himself. He has told us of its carved oak, its exquisite panelling, its parchments and vellum, the original painting of the first governor of Virginia, and the contemporary engraving of Elizabeth, whose signet is among the papers in the carved oaken chest. He has done something still more valuable for Americans. He has told the whole story of Raleigh's life in that country—a story which it is well should be known, if, as is proposed, the sacred soil of Virginia is to rear upon its bosom a monument commemorative of Sir Walter Raleigh's colony.

There is no dearth of material from which a fair estimate of the character of Sir Walter may be obtained. Besides Hen-

nessy's *Sir Walter Ralegh in Ireland*—the name is spelled variously—there is a Life by James Augustus St. John; a Life by Patrick Fraser Tyler; *Lord Bacon and Sir Walter Raleigh*, by Macvey Napier; *Raleigh's Discovery of Guiana* (Hakluyt Society); Kingsley's panegyric in his *Miscellanies;* and a very important contribution of new evidence by Samuel R. Gardiner, covering especially the expedition to South America, printed in *The Fortnightly*, May, 1867. Sir J. Hennessy constructs what is really a chapter omitted by all biographers and commentators, and he gives his authorities explicitly. From all of these let us try to see Sir Walter as a soldier, a courtier, a politician, an adventurer, an intriguer, a pirate, and an Englishman willing to abandon his country for France.

Raleigh was in his twenty-eighth year when he sailed for Ireland. Froude says he accompanied Lord Grey: "Ireland had become to young Englishmen of spirit a land of hope and adventure where they might win glory and perhaps fortune." Fortune Raleigh won; but as to glory, the legends of Dingle Bay and Smerwick Castle will not award him that. This is Froude's account of the deed:

> "Don Bastian with the officers came out with ensigns trailing and gave themselves up as prisoners. The men piled their arms outside the walls and waited defenceless to learn the pleasure of their conquerors. . . . The officers were reserved for their ransom. Common prisoners were inconvenient and expensive, and it was thought desirable to read a severe lesson to Catholic sympathizers in Ireland. 'The Lord of Hosts,' wrote Grey, 'had delivered the enemy to us, none of ours being hurt, Mr. Cheke alone excepted. Then put I in certain bands, who fell straight to execution. . . .' A few women, some of them pregnant, were hanged. A servant of Saunders, an Irish gentleman, and a priest were hanged also. The bodies, six hundred in all, were stripped and laid out upon the sands—'as gallant, goodly personages,' said Grey, 'as ever were beheld.'"

The historian Hooker thus describes Raleigh's part:

> "When the captain had yielded himself and the fort appointed to be surrendered, Captain Ralegh, together with Captain Macworth, who had the ward of that day, entered into the castle and made a great slaughter, many or most part of them being put to the sword."

Hooker was a personal friend of Raleigh. The infamy of the massacre became so widely known that "Grey's Faith" grew into a proverb, expressive of more than the shame and treachery of *Punica Fides* in old Rome. The historian Haverty says the execution of the butchery "was entrusted to the afterwards famous (Sir) Walter Raleigh, who fleshed his maiden sword on

the occasion." The poet Spenser was secretary to the commander, Lord Grey, and is authority for the confession that he himself "was not far off." Camden says that the expedition which thus ended in treachery and massacre had been sent to Ireland by the king of Spain to divert the attention of Queen Elizabeth from the affairs of Belgium.

Having thus chivalrously inaugurated his career as a soldier, Raleigh prolonged it in an equally chivalrous manner. He obtained shelter in the castle of Lord Roche, and, after sharing his hospitality, coolly announced that host and hostess were his prisoners and carried them off to jail. His biographer, Edwards, declares that "deliberate assassination" of rebels or of persons "vehemently suspected of an intention to rebel" were among "practices against rebels" approved by Raleigh, Carew, and Cecil; but that Cecil avowed a rooted objection to the killing of a rebel by poison. Hennessy says that Raleigh and Carew "thought any means lawful by which the lands of the Irish chiefs could be obtained." Raleigh himself wrote: "We have always in Ireland given head-money for the killing of rebels." He added in the same letter to Cecil: "I am more sorry for being deceived than for being engaged in the practice." When Sir Henry Sidney invited the chief of Ulster, John O'Neill, to an interview, O'Neill replied that Sir John's predecessor, "the Earl of Sussex, had twice attempted to assassinate him; that after such experience his timorous Irish would not trust him any more in English hands." A letter from Sussex to Queen Elizabeth, relating how he tried to bribe an Irishman, having access to O'Neill, to assassinate that chief, is given light by Mr. Froude. Sussex swore the wretch on the Bible! The plot failed; and afterward, when a treaty of peace between O'Neill and Elizabeth had been effected, lacking only the queen's signature, a present of poisoned wine was sent to O'Neill. "It brought him and half his household to the edge of death," writes Hennessy. It was traced to an Englishman named Smith, in Dublin. On trial he confessed his guilt and was acquitted through the influence of the government. Elizabeth was aware of the transactions of her deputy, and kept him in office after acquiring that knowledge. Her feigned displeasure over the massacre of men, women, and children by Sir Walter Raleigh at Smerwick Castle is therefore open to the doubt even Froude casts upon her sincerity in her Irish campaigns.

Raleigh did not think the Duke of Ormond was severe

enough in Ireland, and wrote that "what was wanted was the fire and sword of Sir Humphrey Gilbert (Raleigh's half-brother), who boasted of 'putting man, woman, and child to death.'" That vulgar cupidity was the motive which inspired Raleigh's savage cruelty is fully shown in a letter to Sir Francis Walsingham, in which he urges that the queen appoint his own relative to the office of the Duke of Ormond and give him the estate on which Barré Court stood, which included one side of Cork harbor. His land-hunger, writes Hennessy, included not only a castle or two, "but the idea of a residence near the sea, where he could have easy access to his ships, and where he could indulge his passion for mercantile speculation." Elizabeth did not comply with his request; but she subsequently allotted to him twelve thousand acres around Youghal. Hennessy endorses Lecky, who, he says, describes the real spirit of Raleigh when he characterizes the desire to find out new and rapid paths to wealth, "a desire showing itself in the form of discovery, of piracy, of a passion for Irish land." That it was greed for fortune, and not innate cruelty, which inspired Raleigh's cowardly and infamous career as a soldier in Ireland is shown not only by his land-hunger but by his personal prowess and fortitude, several fine illustrations of which are mentioned by Hennessy. The project which he long had in mind, of acquiring land in America and amassing wealth through colonization schemes, there began to absorb his imagination. He bartered most of his Irish land for money, retaining only an old castle. Of his temporary residence at Cork nothing remains. The island he hungered for was Queenstown. Kilcolman Castle, where he visited Spenser and where Spenser wrote the *Faerie Queene*, is a roofless, ivy-clad ruin.

Into the circumstances of Raleigh's condemnation and more than thirteen years' imprisonment in the Tower it is not necessary to enter. By bribing influential courtiers he obtained his liberty, without, however, procuring a pardon. The death-sentence hung over his head, and the Damoclean sword might fall at any moment. The king, the covetous and sinister James, would not pardon him, but he was quite willing to let Raleigh replenish the empty treasury of the kingdom. The letter Raleigh had written James, begging for his life—a letter described by one of his biographers as couched in terms of "blasphemous extravagance," and by even his partisans confessed unworthy of him—had so lowered him in the estimation of a man naturally low-minded that Raleigh's lot was rendered uniquely miserable, exceptionally desperate. He insisted that there was a gold-mine

in Guiana, the wealth of which would more than supply the kingdom's needs; and, if the king would authorize him to lead an expedition to it, the needs of the kingdom would be supplied. But the mine was on territory owned by Spain, and Spain and England were at peace.

Opinions differ concerning the facts and the principles of the subsequent proceedings. Raleigh's partisans maintain that James had all but taken his life. A man of striking beauty, robust, eager, when cast into the Tower, he emerged from it prematurely old, emaciated, the victim of apoplexy and paralysis. He owed James nothing, they contend, and was free to effect any arrangement for his own interest. Doubtless most men in Raleigh's position would have been of Raleigh's mind. The facts are that, entering into a solemn compact with his own king and the sovereign of his own country, he also entered into negotiations with the king of France upon terms and with an object constituting treason.

Mr. Gardiner, who has had access to documents not explored by the biographers, sums up the Guiana business in a brief entitled *The Case against Sir Walter Raleigh.* The spirit of the composition is not that of the mere prosecutor. The language is moderate, the conclusions arrived at far from extreme. But the facts do not leave Sir Walter in the position of a chevalier, even of a man of common veracity. They do leave him in the position of a man who, having piteously solicited the permission of his sovereign to do a specific thing for the benefit of his country, is secretly bargaining to turn the profits of the adventure over to the enemy of his country.

No amount of condemnation of Raleigh palliates the ignobleness and meanness of James. Gardiner makes his conduct clear enough, but fails to make it defensible:

"The details of the expedition might safely be left to the commander. The principle of its action was for James to consider. From this James shrank. He did not like trouble and he did not like responsibility. On the one hand, the Spanish ambassador declared stoutly that if Raleigh were allowed to sail war with Spain would be inevitable. The friends of Raleigh at court—and they were neither few nor without influence—declared no less stoutly that it would be folly to let slip, in deference to the arrogant pretensions of the Spaniard, such an opportunity of filling his exchequer. Instead of examining the question seriously, the king thought that he had done all that was needed when he threw the whole responsibility upon Raleigh. Such a resolution would, as Raleigh knew, expose him to a thousand accidents. He was plainly told that with his head he would pay the penalty for any injury which he might do the subjects of the

king of Spain; and that circumstances might easily bring about a collision no man knew better than Raleigh himself."

So it is clear that Raleigh understood perfectly the terms upon which he was to take the risk of going to Guiana.

But another project was also in his mind at the time—a project of which a Bayard would have been incapable. He actually proposed to lead against Genoa the fleet prepared and announced for Guiana—the purpose being to aid the Duke of Savoy in his contest with Spain—on condition that he and his horde of ruffians might pillage Milan! It is also certain that another project, equally indefensible, was in contemplation. This is Gardiner's version of the proposal to attack the Italian fleet on the high seas, as broached to Bacon by Raleigh:

"'If I can light right on the Plate fleet you will think I were mad if I should refuse it.' 'Why, then,' said the astonished lord-keeper, 'you will be a pirate.' 'Tush, my lord!' was Raleigh's answer; 'did you ever hear of any that was counted a pirate for taking millions? They are poor mychers that are called in question for piracy, that are not able to make their peace with what they get.'"

The details of Raleigh's intrigues with France are too numerous for a fair condensation. The reader will find them full of interest, however, in Mr. Gardiner's pages. This is indisputable that he effected an arrangement with the French king to bring into France the booty he expected to win by force, if need be, in Guiana. It is also probable that he had secured the promise of French ships to reinforce him, either for attack upon the sea-coast towns or for the capture of the Mexican fleet. But disaster crushed all his hopes, ruined all his plans, whether honorable and loyal or piratical and treasonable. He returned to England, found his intrigue with France suspected, tried to escape on a French vessel, and was deceived and betrayed by an English spy and traitor. When the king ordered that the death-sentence be carried out Raleigh confessed his arrangement with France and threw himself upon the king's mercy. Under promise of pardon the king had set a wretch to worm confessions from Raleigh in the Tower, even as Stukely, the creature who by treachery had prevented his escape to France, had carried on his knavery by the king's orders. Ah! the methods by which men in durance are tortured and betrayed for the crown of England have not changed much since Sir Walter Raleigh mounted the stairs and laid his head on the block. And like a brave man he walked to his death, anxious only that the executioner should do his

work quickly, lest an ague chill might come upon his shattered frame and make him seem a poltroon.

There is a proposal now in the United States to erect a monument to Sir Walter Raleigh. I have not undertaken to cover the whole of his career. Many episodes, daring, brave, and generous, may be recalled. On the other hand, much that is lower than aught here touched upon lies in silence. But I think what has been said goes far to show that such a man, such principles, such a career, ought not to be given to the youth of the American republic as ideally correct and æsthetically beautiful. Raleigh was a man of versatile talents, possessing in a high degree the gifts of courtiership; fond of power, of land, of money, of luxury, of adventure; unscrupulous, of low standard of morality, and in many respects more like our Aaron Burr than like the Bayard of France, without fear and without reproach. That the great empire of America is under the least obligation to him is not susceptible of proof. His motive in sending an expedition out here was purely commercial and selfish, so far as the proofs go. He was actuated by the same motives in going to Ireland. He was no worse a man than his time and the standards of the age in which he lived made it inevitable that he should be. Much of romance has been thrown around his career, and his dreary but by no means idle years in the Tower have secured for him sympathy and pity from all gentle hearts.

Ferocious and relentless as he was to my people, who owe his memory nothing but execration, and to whom he was as merciful as a wild beast to children, there is a paragraph in the pages of Sir John Pope Hennessy with which I cannot quite agree. "There is," it runs, "an old and much-prized engraving by Vanderwerff, of Amsterdam, that seems to combine all his characteristic features—the extraordinarily high forehead, the intelligent eyes, the same large but well-shaped nose, the moustache and peaked beard, ill concealing a too determined mouth. The likeness is most striking. But there are accessories in this famous engraving that seem to identify it, even more than the mere resemblance of the features, with Raleigh's career in Ireland. The knightly personage in armor is shrouded in the skin of the wolf, the wolf's head shows its sharp fangs at the top of the picture; two human skulls are beneath, the eyeless sockets of one being directed upwards to the portrait, with an expression, as far as a poor skull can have expression, of reproach and woe. Both skulls rest on the torch and sword, the dagger of the assassin and the halter. Surely that must be Raleigh?" No; it was the more hideous monster, the Duke of Alva.

CATTLE-RANCH LIFE IN COLORADO.

EACH cattle State possesses peculiar or general advantages, on which the native is wont to hold forth. In addition to its other merits—location, grass, and water—Colorado boasts of a delightful climate in its elevated portions. Between the prairie and the mountain ranch there is a vast difference. The former may be so insufferable as to effectually dishearten the new-comer. Inexpressibly bleak and dismal, with nothing but the cottonwoods fringing the river to break the gloomy monotony of the yellow plains, much of the bottom-land is infested, especially in rainy seasons, with swarms of flies, fleas, and mosquitoes that drain alike the blood of man and beast. What a relief to flee from these pest-ridden, dreary solitudes to the foot-hills of the Rockies, where the mosquito's song is frozen in his throat—bill, if you like—by the ever-cool nights; where atmosphere and scenery both so strikingly attest the necessity of pointing out to the "tender-foot" the miseries of the plains, the felicities of the mountains.

English capital has largely contributed to the building-up of this State; miles of irrigating ditches, wire fences around which it takes a week to drive, the towns, the cattle that blacken the hills—all confirm it. Owing to the nature of the soil farming is little followed, so that Colorado still retains much of the aspect of the frontier; the "sandy wastes," known but a decade since as part of the "Great American Desert," are one vast cattle pasture.

Ten or more years ago it was not unusual for mere cowboys to attain in a few years the wealth they now enjoy, and this by honest means. As for those who made fortunes by unscrupulous methods, unbranded cattle still bear the name of Maverick, the thrifty gentleman whom these wanderers enriched. But the forces have been at work, and to-day I would hesitate before encouraging an Easterner to embark in the Western cattle business with less than five thousand dollars capital—not, at least, unless he is resigned to spending the better part of his life in exile. Phenomenal cases are, of course, always cropping up; but, even with the amount specified, hard work, frugality, and a good location are all essential to success. It is unnecessary, if not out of the question, for the small capitalist to own much land; a claim of one hundred and sixty acres, commanding a water-front and

public grazing land, being sufficient. But he must run the risk of this outside territory being purchased by the cattle kings or of its being overrun by their herds. Otherwise the risks are slight; dangerous winters are few, and heavy loss unusual. The beginner may find it most profitable—especially when, as in Colorado, the available grazing land has been largely taken up—to "pool his issues" with a well-established and reliable ranchman.

The profits of cattle-raising cannot be very accurately stated. Those gentlemen whose experience has been confined to pencil, paper, and talks with the natives will insist—proving it by the most delicious figures—that cattle, by natural increase, will double their number every three years. They will demonstrate that, all expenses paid, ten thousand dollars will, in fifteen years, have swollen to something over three hundred thousand—an annual profit of twenty thousand dollars, or two hundred per cent. I learn, through the general manager of a large company, that thirty-three and a third per cent. may be taken as a happy average; from a well-known *Live-Stock Journal* that forty cents on the dollar is undoubtedly the correct figure; while a conservative but enthusiastic friend of much experience assures me that the actual gain may variously range between fifteen and fifty per cent.

Though convinced of the uselessness of arithmetical display, were the figures never so neat and cleverly added, we may be morally certain that the profit is at least very large, the risk comparatively small, the life independent and healthy. For the benefit of the timid let me hasten to relate the experience of a Wyoming acquaintance, who, after losing during an unusual winter one-half of his herd, realized on his original capital, the following spring, a very fair profit from the survivors. And to those who declaim in glowing terms that dwarf the "financial opportunities" in the *Herald* I can mention the largest ranch of a wealthy corporation, whose books lately showed but a paltry seven-per-cent. dividend; another that has only just begun to pay expenses.

Stock-raising on the plains is a very different thing from stock-farming. Save during severe winters preceded by unusual drought, the cattle are never fed. The grass preserves its nutriment through all seasons, offering the herds the subsistence it has always granted the mighty droves of buffalo and horses. The latter have left their wiry, agile, hardy progeny to the part it plays so well. No matter how hard-ridden, these ponies are

fed and sheltered by nature alone; only during the snowy months are those in actual service treated to either grain or stable.

The owners of countless acres enclose with wire fences as many cattle as the grass will feed, thereby saving much time and labor. But many thousands roam at will, their wanderings arrested only by natural barriers; and these at certain seasons are "rounded-up," the adults and calves to be variously branded, tallied, gelded, or shipped. Stampeding has few of the vague but terrible results with which the Eastern mind has from boyhood invested it. The only time when this foolish conduct affects any but the fools is when the herd is being collected or driven; and even then the very worst fright will send the brutes scampering but a dozen miles.

If the embryo ranchman would learn his business he must turn practical cowboy, especially if his capital be limited. There is little or nothing to do during the winter months, and at this time he may seek the city, leaving the cattle to graze where they best find food. Some contend that they even grow fatter in winter than in summer. It is in the latter season that the tyro must labor as he never did before—as in no other but a wine-like atmosphere it is possible to labor. It depends entirely upon circumstances as to whether he must cook or wash; but he must be ready and willing for anything: riding, butchering, horse-shoeing, branding, colt-breaking, and—just possibly—fighting. He may be told that it is contrary to all precedent to eat his own beef; and it is here that he first learns of the "mavericks" already alluded to. He after whom they are christened was not fastidious with regard to anything he might brand as his own; but there are still to be found truly ownerless beeves that have escaped the "round-up" and branding-iron. These are nominally relegated to the funds of a State society, but I fear they oftener fall a prey to those who have a surfeit of bacon.

A general "round-up" takes place in the spring, when each ranch is represented by its quota of cowboys. Accompanied by a mess-wagon, the entire outfit scours the surrounding country in quest of cattle. During all the summer, more or less, "rounding-up" is constantly being done on the big ranches, for tallying, branding, gelding, and shipping purposes. When no corral or chute is at hand it requires a small army of experienced vaqueros to select, lasso, and trip the cattle on the open prairie. All strangers are driven out of and away from the bunched herd, and those wanted are cut out from the others, one by one, when they are roped, thrown, and branded as quickly as possible. This is

very hard work, calling for agility and training on the part of man and horse. The easiest and simplest method of tallying consists in running the cattle through the chute, where the hair hanging below the gristle of the tail is cut off square. Those that have attained their beef-hood can thus be readily distinguished from the uncounted, while the calves are tallied when branded.

But perhaps—everything considered—life on the trail affords the best combination of hard work, variety, and unceasing watchfulness. The trail consists of numerous foot-paths, running side by side, long since worn by the mighty herds conducted from State to State. What, for example, is known in Colorado as the Texas trail is the route that, selected with respect to shortness and watering facilities, leads from Texas up northwards through the Indian Nation. Six men, besides the cook, can drive in this way a thousand cattle at the average rate of ten miles a day.

Tents are often entirely dispensed with, blankets and canvas sheets answering for both bed and roof. In truth, there would be little use for such a luxury, since the cattle invariably stampede in the night on the slightest provocation. After riding hard all day it is nothing unusual to be awakened by the splashing of rain in the face, or even by a warning wind; to jump astride your ready-saddled broncho and circle all night the frightened cattle. If they prove too much for their weak captors, and madly break the human ring, each rider must follow a fragment in its headlong flight till daylight enables him to resume the mastery. Every night sentinels must mount guard, gently turning back into the sleeping herd the hungry and the restive. The fare is of the rudest and is despatched with most alarming celerity. The four horses always allotted to each vaquero are sometimes increased to six—wet blankets and hard riding telling sadly on these grass-fed slaves, so that I have often been unable to urge them out of a walk.

And the cowboy—that terrible creature held responsible for such a large portion of Western wickedness! It is impossible to do him justice in a few words; to know him you must live with him. When thrown upon his hospitality he has stolen from me what I most needed, and nervously fingered his six-shooter at the first sign of my displeasure. It is also true that, when filled with bad whiskey, he has a penchant for making things unpleasant for those who attach a par value to their lives; and that his language often rivals that heard in a college smoking-room. But, on the other hand, he frequently puts to the blush those who have had

far better opportunities; shows a charming toleration of things Eastern; is so manly, dashing, high-principled, and hospitable as to expel any pangs you may entertain with regard to your latest horse-trade.

Cowboys are paid from twenty-five to forty dollars per month, and the foreman from fifty to one hundred—perhaps more. Ranch managers are well remunerated, according to responsibility and duties. I know one gentleman, of about ten years' experience, who draws the unusual salary of ten thousand a year. Board and the use of the ponies are matters of course and independent of these figures. The fare on a ranch of any size is good and abundant, sleep unbroken and of moderate length. It is when camping out on "round-up" or trail that the food is simple and repose brief.

Sickness is unusual, though rheumatism is frequently contracted—chiefly through carelessness. Clad in American sombrero, California chaperajas, boots, and the water-proof "slicker," the ranchero may ride with a dry skin in the teeth of wind and rain; while a little care exercised when camping out will grant him immunity from watery beds. Life among the cowboys may savor more of the prosaic than romantic; yet a gallop and pursuit with a circling lariat is ever exhilarating; the snowy peaks almost atone for the ocean; while the midnight watch and the bellow and tread of rushing herds long retain the novelty and excitement that even the consequent loss of sleep fails to altogether dissipate.

RUSKIN AS A TEACHER.

As it is the highest and noblest function of the critic, not to correct, but to teach, so it is the most essential quality of the scholar to accept with docility and a temperate humility the lessons so imparted. And though the number of self-appointed teachers in this world are many, yet those duly authorized and equipped for their task form a lamentably small body of earnest thinking men, each of whom sways in a measure the thoughts and consequently the actions and history of his day. So when Mallock, in an outburst of saddened enthusiasm, says of Ruskin that he is the only one of our teachers who seems to speak with the least breath of inspiration, he turns wilfully away from more resonant voices calling him to higher ground, and thinks rather of the beauty evidenced in his master's life and thoughts and efforts than of the positive lessons given by him to the world.

For the voice of inspiration is strong and clear and steady, not broken or fitful or saddened by the shadow of all things evil. Ruskin's purity of motive, his earnest sincerity, and the grasp of his powerful yet versatile mind fall far short of inspiration, which, drawing its light from a higher source, and with fewer natural advantages, strikes home like an arrow to the heart. He has been an ardent worker all his life, not shrinking in practice from what he advocates in principle, and impelled by an unselfish desire to benefit his fellow-men; yet, after so many years of sincere labor, how much has been accomplished? It is not, indeed, within the scope of the present article to consider him either as an artistic or literary critic, in both of which characters he has won just renown, but to look at him rather from his highest standpoint—"the helper of those who live in the spirit." This is what he has tried with all his heart to be, and this is the truest test by which to measure his attainments.

Ruskin's start in life was singularly felicitous. An only son and the heir to a large fortune, flushed with collegiate honors and the author of a successful book, full of a happy confidence in his own powers and trained in that peculiar school of stolid British Protestantism which spreads a mantle of religious complacency over its fortunate possessor, the fields of Italy became the natural theatre of his labors. Bayne informs us that "his father and mother were fervently devout persons of the Evangeli-

cal school," and amiably adds that to such "the Bible was the voice of God, infallible, and alone infallible; the Church of Rome was the great and subtle apostasy." Indeed, the elder Ruskin's views are set forth plainly in an article published by him in one of the prominent journals of the day, and quoted with emphatic approval by his son in the appendix to the first volume of *Stones of Venice*. In this prolonged wail over the Catholic Emancipation Bill the author moderately says:

"It is admitted by all (?) that by the very act of abandoning the Catholic religion we became a free and enlightened people. It was only by throwing off the yoke of that slavish religion that we attained to that freedom of thought which has so advanced us in the scale of society. We are now so much advanced by adopting and adhering to a reformed religion that, to prove our liberal and unprejudiced views, we throw down the barriers between the two religions, of which the one is the acknowledged cause of light and knowledge, the other of darkness and ignorance."

This the writer considers to be "miserable reasoning," "infatuated presumption," and fears—not without reason—that "when the Romish religion rolled her clouds of darkness over the earlier ages she quenched as much light and knowledge and judgment as our modern liberals have ever displayed."

With such an influence still strong upon him, and with the natural reverence of a young man for a kind and indulgent parent, it is not surprising that in his earlier books we find Ruskin speaking of Catholic rites as "idolatrous ceremonies" in the round old English style, cavilling at the Blessed Virgin, and considering it the plain duty of every English tourist to "dissipate the Romanist errors, and to communicate to others the better knowledge which he himself possesses;" being all this while in a state of perfect satisfaction with the "better knowledge" so possessed.

But for an eager, sensitive soul, with its natural turning to beauty and truth, to remain long in this complacent darkness was impossible. The holiness of Catholic art, and, above all, the influence of those two exclusively Catholic painters, Giotto and Fra Angelico, sank into his heart; while, on the other hand, the warring of the infidel writers of the day tore from his shoulders the cloak of Protestantism in which he fancied himself securely wrapped. In all his books we trace the change as it comes slowly and surely; but, alas! it is only a change from a narrow to a wider ignorance—a palingenesis, saddening because incomplete. What the cant of the day calls "honest doubt" might satisfy the cravings of some; but it brought scant comfort to

the man who preached all his life the supreme virtue of obedience. "The infinite folly of modern thought," writes Ruskin coldly, "is centred in the notion that liberty is good for a man, irrespective of the use he is likely to make of it." * And the keynote of his doctrine is sharply struck when he protests that "all freedom is error. Every line you lay down is either right or wrong." † It is true that he has turned in "sorrowing contempt," as Bayne says, from the narrow harshness of his earlier creed; but the liberty of thought offered in exchange for his youthful beliefs is still more hateful to him—a stone when he asks for bread. In his exaggerated admiration of Greek pantheism we have, not the natural and involuntary paganism of Keats, but the restless cravings of an unsatisfied Christian soul seeking light in the paths of darkness. When he asks if we can suppose "that real angels were sent to minister to the Jews and to punish them, but no angels, or only mocking spectres of angels, or even devils in the shape of angels, to lead Lycurgus and Leonidas from desolate cradle to hopeless grave," ‡ he is proposing a spiritual problem about which neither Lycurgus nor Leonidas were wont to trouble their minds. As the last shreds of his faith are scattered to the winds life grows darker and darker before him, until the climax is reached in the bitter cry which Mallock, in the *New Republic*, puts into the mouth of his "inspired teacher" pleading for a God.

"Once I could pray every morning, and go forth to my day's labor stayed and comforted. But now I can pray no longer. You have taken my God away from me, and I know not where you have laid him. My only consolation in my misery is that at least I am inconsolable for his loss."

This the voice of inspiration!—this hopeless cry of real pain from a man to whom the question of religion is the one vital interest in life. Over and over again, in his lectures to young girls and world-worn men, in his appeals to artisans and soldiers and scholars, he comes back with unerring certainty to the absolute need of a spiritual life, to the happiness of serving God. Yet, with no firm ground to tread on, how can he hold out his hand to save his sinking brother? This great want nullifies his utmost efforts, and he stands powerless before the mountains of cupidity, self-interest, and stolid ignorance, striving in vain to lift them by his own unaided strength. He has thrown himself heart and soul into the cause of labor, upholding its true dignity without the aid of those would-be lofty sentiments

* *Queen of the Air.* † *Crown of Wild Olives.* ‡ *Ethics of the Dust.*

which political wire-pullers are wont to lavish on the working-classes, and which, as Sancho Panza sadly complains, "butter no parsnips." The voice of poverty never appeals to him in vain; and the spirit of gain and worship of prosperity, which in England leaves no room for the poor outside the workhouse doors, is hateful in his eyes. The poverty which is synonymous with idleness and beggary, and the poverty which struggles vainly against the crushing burdens of life, are the two blots upon the world's fair face; and the hopeless beggar in the Italian streets and the hopeless toiler in the English mills are objects that mar, for him, all the beauty and harmony of existence.

All must work: such is Ruskin's great doctrine. But every man should reap the profit of his toil, and all work must proceed from a pure motive or result in inevitable failure. In the opening chapter of *Sesame and Lilies* every stroke directed against the spirit of low ambition and dubious gain tells with crushing force. No sophistry can blind him in this matter. He has no part in that "modern Christianity which consists in knocking a man into a ditch, and then telling him to remain content in that position in which Providence has placed him." The oft-repeated phrase, "station in life," irritates him beyond endurance, serving, as it generally does, for a cloak to cover every sort of self-indulgence. He complains with pointed irony that in the countless letters he receives from parents their one expressed desire for their children is an education befitting such and such a station in life, never an education good in itself; and that when it becomes a question of some useful work to be done in the world the great objection urged is always the same: "We cannot leave our station in life."

"Those of us who really cannot," he answers—"that is to say, who can only maintain themselves by continuing in some business or salaried office—have already something to do; and all they have to see to is that they do it honestly and with all their might. But with most people who use that apology, 'remaining in the station of life to which Providence has called them' means keeping all the carriages and all the footmen and large houses they can possibly pay for; and, once for all, I say that if ever Providence *did* put them into stations of that sort—which is not at all a matter of certainty—Providence is just now very distinctly calling them out again. Levi's station in life was the receipt of custom; and Peter's the shore of Galilee; and Paul's the antechambers of the high-priest—which 'station in life' each had to leave with brief notice." *

Perhaps the only man in England who could have clasped hands with Ruskin on the broad ground of Christian charity

* *Sesame and Lilies.*

was Father Faber. With little else in common, they have on this point only one mind between them. Faber says that the poor are the eagles of God, and as such we must let them despoil us. Ruskin declares that we are wanting even in justice when we take our children to church in their pretty hats and feathers, and leave behind us the little barefooted beggar to sweep the frozen gutters in our path.

Yet there is always something despairing in the very courage with which he fights his battle. No optimist like Emerson, no selfish brooder like Carlyle, no calm and temperate critic like Arnold, his scorn burns like caustic where he touches the open sores of a great nation. And much that he says of England fits our shoulders as well. We, too, worship the Goddess of Getting-On, the base-born modern Athene. We, too, are niggardly where art and science are concerned, only to fling the money thus saved under the feet of thieves. We, too, struggle every man to outwit his brother, cajoling the ignorant with empty words to use them as party tools. The rotting roofs of our clumsy buildings, the rotting piers of our sinking bridges, the rotting hulks of our worthless ships, bear witness in so many voices to the truth of Ruskin's oft-repeated words that the work which is done for gain alone can never be done well. Not so the ancient Romans built, having for their purpose always the greater pride and aggrandizement of Rome; not so mediæval Florence reared her churches, having for *her* purpose the honor and the glory of God.

"Six thousand years of building!". cries Ruskin bitterly; "and what have we done? . . . The ant and the moth have cells for each of their young, but our little ones lie in festering heaps, in homes that consume them like graves; and night by night from the corners of our streets rises up the cry of the homeless, 'I was a stranger, and ye took me not in.'" *

But if our social wounds lie bare before this fierce apostle of labor and charity, he at least dares to do what few reformers have attempted—follow rigorously himself the counsel given to others. Preaching contempt of wealth for wealth's sake, he has scattered his ample fortune to the winds. Preaching charity, he has denied himself the pleasures he most covets, for the sake of the poor he loves. Preaching order and cleanliness, he has, with bucket and broom, washed down the flight of stone stairs in the dirty little Savoy inn, declaring plaintively that they had never before been cleaned since they were erected. Yet it is often hard

* *Sesame and Lilies.*

to draw from his books the practical lessons they are meant to convey. How many pages of the *Fors Clavigera* are helpful, or even intelligible, to the workmen in whose behalf they are published? Granted that they are agreeable reading for those who, not being obliged to work, have plenty of time to study their meaning and take their charms to heart; this is not the avowed purpose of their creation.

So, too, in his lectures to women, so full of satire without harshness, and chivalry without mawkishness. All that he says is delightful, and much of it true. The earnestness with which he appeals to them to use their great influence for better things; to be the sought and not the seekers; to give with justice only that crown of praise which it is their prerogative to bestow; to mingle charity with their religion, and not "think to recommend themselves to their Master by scrambling up the steps of his judgment throne to divide it with him" *—all this advice, given with a tender toleration, is directly applicable to the women to whom it is addressed: the daughters of wealth and breeding, whose surroundings are in harmony with their lives, and who, in the writer's own words, "have pretty rooms to live in and pretty clothes to wear."

But there is another class of women—and, alas! their number increases yearly—who, without belonging strictly to the working-classes, yet work their fingers to the bone. Gentlewomen these—the term that Ruskin loves—but there is no gentleness in their lives. They are no "queens" to be loved and cherished, but tired women who must harden their hearts and their faces, and push their feeble way through an elbowing world. Surely these are the souls most in need of a little help; yet where do they receive it? Ruskin, it is true, keenly appreciates the type of Catholic holiness, humble as a wild flower and as full of tender beauty, which has been given to the world in *The Story of Ida*. But the simple and contented poverty of the Italian girl is a different thing from the wearied strain which is the heritage of so many women in England and America. Ida's humble means sufficed her humble wants. There was no anxious, sordid struggle to mar her life. She had a great temptation and a great sorrow, but both might have come to a duchess as well as to a peasant; and her purity and piety made her as one who stands waiting in the courts of the Lord. But for those who live much further off from heaven, and who feel themselves growing more earthy day by day, recognizing with a dull pain the gradual

* *Sesame and Lilies.*

blunting of their finer aspirations under the petty cares of each succeeding hour—to these what word has Ruskin said? There is more real help for such in that one noble sonnet of Matthew Arnold's to Marcus Aurelian than in anything that Ruskin has written. The poet, with firmer perceptions though with no wider sympathies, has touched the key-note of such existence, and points with quiet finger to the only cure:

"The aid to noble life is all within."

He, too, is essentially a teacher, and, if his audience is necessarily more esoteric than Ruskin's, the sincerity of both is proved by their patience under adverse criticism. Those who work with a distinct and simple purpose, and not merely to reflect their own image to the world, are spared that haunting sensitiveness, or self-consciousness rather, which made Macaulay wince under a word of blame, and Byron writhe beneath the censure he affected to scorn. To be misunderstood, and, what is worse, misrepresented, must naturally be painful to an earnest writer conscious of the integrity of his motives; but when he has no small vanity to wound he is ready to accept it as one of the inevitable crosses of his lot. And on the subject of bearing such Ruskin gives a word of pithy explanation and advice directly applicable to all:

"Taking up one's cross does not mean having ovations at dinner-parties and being put over everybody else's head. It means simply that you are to go the road which you see to be the straight one; carrying whatever you find is given you to carry, as well and as stoutly as you can, without making faces or calling people to come and look at you. Above all, you are neither to load nor unload yourself, nor cut your cross to your own liking."*

Sentences like these scattered throughout his books linger in the mind after much else has been forgotten, and bear their fruits in silence. Where has a profound truth been more simply and vigorously told than in the seven short words which say to an unbelieving world, "Wise work is, briefly, work with God"? How sharp the arrows flung either at the contented sceptic or the exclusive religionist who will draw his own inspiration from the holy text, after his own self-approved method! "Make either your beliefs or your difficulties definite," says Ruskin, with visible impatience, to this latter class; "but do not go through life believing nothing intelligently, and yet supposing

* *Ethics of the Dust.*

that your having read the words of a divine book must give you the right to despise every religion but your own."

He acknowledges in the weariness of middle age that he, too, has been fascinated with the dream of a monastic life; he, too, has "pensively shivered with Augustines at St. Bernard, and happily made hay with Franciscans at Fiesole, and sat silent with Carthusians in their little gardens south of Florence, and mourned through many a day-dream at Melrose and Bolton."* Yet, curiously enough, he rejects the sanctity of such lives, as not working hard enough for the world's good. His veins pulse with the fretful activity of the nineteenth century, which seems to be always saying: "God's work has fallen upon my shoulders. I must give my help to the Almighty." The singular sophistry of the day which tells you that to save your own soul is an act of supreme selfishness finds in him an able exponent. Even sorrow for sin is more of self-indulgence than he is willing to allow. It would be better not to think about your sins at all, but go right on and try to do some work well. Yet out of his own mouth is he condemned when, in all humility, he acknowledges that sin unfits for labor.

"There is no fault or folly of my life," he cries—"and both have been many and great—that does not rise up against me, and take away my joy, and shorten my power of possession, of sight, of understanding."

And in all Ruskin's later books there is ever present a sense of failure which saddens without angering him. He grows, not bitter, but hopeless, and is "startled by the fading of the sunshine out of his life." Now and then his old prejudices come back again, but feebly and without a sting. He gropes who would fain lead others, and is driven hither and thither, anchorless on an ocean of speculation. He can lie neither to himself nor to the world; but fear has taken the place of hope, and his words no longer stir the heart as of old. What has he done for the brothers he has loved? How much has this brave, tender, and versatile soul gained in its years of unstinted labor? What has been the secret of his failure?

"We have toiled,
Yet all our fruit hangs dwarfed upon the tree,
And half our grain lies rotting in the ground,
And the lambs wander—and the night has come."

* *Ethics of the Dust.*

THE LAST OF THE IRISH BARDS.

THERE will be no occasion to apologize to the modern reader for any attention that may be paid to subjects of Celtic literature after the eloquent and sympathetic exposition by M. Renan of its spiritual and emotional power, and the admission by Matthew Arnold that the Celtic element has given sensibility and grace to English poetry and lent its chief charm to the product of the genius of Shakspere. There is coming to be an appreciation in minds of the higher critical order that the book which was so repugnant to the Philistine sensibilities of Johnson and Macaulay—the poems of Ossian, as known in the paraphrase of Macpherson—marred as they are by imperfect comprehension and overlaid with false and tawdry ornamentation, reflect the shadowy figure of one of the great poets of the world, and a literature rich, original, and powerful, superior in elevation of spirit and eloquence to that of any European inheritance, except the Greek alone. The instinct of Goethe was more sound than that of the prosaic and prejudiced English critics in recognizing the genius of Ossian, and it undoubtedly exercised a great and vitalizing influence not only upon German literature of the succeeding period, but upon those less willing to acknowledge it in English literature—Gray, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and others. There are those upon whom the spirit of Celtic literature exercises a most powerful fascination through its emotional sensibility, its keen instinct for the soul of natural scenery, and even its melancholy acquired through misfortune; and even those who are without the consolations of revealed religion are melted and chastened by the purity and strength of its devotional spirit. All that labor and study have done to preserve the sadly mangled and imperfect treasures of Celtic literature under the influence of national enthusiasm and patriotic spirit, and against every discouragement and indifference on the part of British learning and criticism, has been of most valuable service to the world's treasure of literature, and is coming to attract a recognition and a praise which it was long without. Much has been done of late years to elucidate and make known the treasures of Celtic literature; but the work has been hardly more than begun or passed beyond provincial limits, and a rich field lies open to scholars and critics, which, there are indications, will soon be eagerly occupied.

It is unfortunate that in Ireland, where Celtic literature was in its greatest original force, it has suffered most from the destruction brought about by a continued state of warfare, scattering and obliterating its written records, and, in its later influence, by the consequences of a state of political and social subjection upon its representatives. But a small fragment remains of the great bulk of Irish devotion, poetry, history, and legislation, as recorded in its literature, after the continued destruction by war and plunder, and its magnitude and value are signified as much by the vicissitudes which its remains escaped as by their inherent quality. When the living representatives of the ancient Irish bards were known otherwise than as objects of enmity to the English colonists, and attracted some little attention from curiosity, they were no longer the proud and high-spirited poets of victorious or powerful princes whose very defeats and misfortunes had a tinge of greatness, but the humbler attendants of decayed families who had preserved but fragments of their ancient wealth and magnificence, and who no longer hoped to continue the national struggle, but sought solace in an indulgence which was not always elevated, and kept alive by their predominant virtues, chiefly the spirit of hospitality and generosity. The spirit of the bard of this period, deprived of the inspiration of the national conflict between the two races, and even of that of the great and overwhelming misfortunes of his patrons and his people, naturally degenerated to the lower themes of the praise of hospitality or the tribute to family pride, and to a certain degree descended to what must be termed sycophancy and the praise as well as the practice of unworthy self-indulgence; although in both instances a candid comparison with his English contemporaries, the poets who wrote fulsome prefaces to noble lords for guineas, and were the virtual outcasts of society for drunkenness and licentiousness, might not leave the balance against him. But, at any rate, the spectacle presented to the alien and prejudiced observers of the English colony by Carolan and his contemporaries, who are classed as the last of Irish bards before the line definitely descended to the hedge-poets, was that of drunken "sorners," above the rank of beggars, to be sure, but living upon charity and ready to celebrate the praises of anybody who would give them a place at their tables and fill them with good cheer. This is apparent even in the observation of so sympathetic and unprejudiced a nature as that of Goldsmith, who has recorded his remembrance of Carolan in an unsympathetic spirit and misunderstanding of his personal character and imper-

fect acknowledgment, if wonder, at his genius. A part of this estimate was unfortunately true. The bards were too ready to praise those who treated them kindly and hospitably, and the temptations of their profession, which was associated with occasions of feasting and merriment, and the misfortunes and dependence of their lives, led them to an indulgence which was also universal with every class at the time. But they were far from being so degraded as they seemed to prejudiced English observers, who had no knowledge of their genius or sympathy with their higher thoughts. Carolan, at least, always preserved a certain dignity even among his English entertainers, while the spirit with which he celebrated the hospitality of the ancient Celtic families was in a much loftier tone and style than his praises of the good cheer of the Saxon squires and squireens. With the McDermotts Roe and others of the ancient families he was the high-spirited bard, whose praise was the grateful tribute of affection to merit, if, on the other hand, he sometimes condescended to be the laureate of the boisterous *bodagh* and the entertaining performer at a tavern carouse. Even his habits of personal indulgence will seem to the sympathetic spirit less as the gross craving of appetite than as the heightener of gayety and the source of inspiration, and as also the refuge from grief and despair, as they were to Burns. There is oftentimes a deeper pathos in the Irishman's praise of whiskey than in the most pitiful lamentation of a set purpose, and it signifies the sole and despairing recourse of misery far more than a riotous self-indulgence. Says poor Murrogh O'Monaghan in the street-ballad:

> " May whiskey, by sea or by land, in all weather,
> Be never denied to the children of care,"

and the same spirit is often apparent in Carolan's bacchanalian verse, in spite of its real enthusiasm and merriment, as thus in " Whiskey the Potion ":

> " Drink nine times a draught of whiskey in the day ;
> It will clear your eyes ; you shall be courageous, fresh-hearted,
> Cheerful, active, and cold will not come upon you ;
> You shall have sleep and rest ;
> You shall not incline to distemper, sickness, or trouble,
> Till you be *ten times as old as the mist*."

This is in a very different spirit from the mere praises of gluttony and indulgence which make the staple of English drinking-songs, and is the plea of sorrow and misfortune for shelter, rest,

and warmth, such as, we believe, is really the predominant spirit of what has been charged as the Celtic habit of intoxication.

The title which has been given to Carolan of "The Last of the Irish Bards" indicated not less the condition of the Celtic inhabitants of Ireland at the time than his own superiority in genius and social consideration to his successors who sang in the same language. It indicated the turning-point in the struggle, and the final abandonment of the effort to maintain the national contest with the English invaders, and the submission to the new condition of things, which was to develop into later efforts at independence, but which, for the time being, was despondent and hopeless. The old customs had not entirely vanished, but they were the survival of habit rather than a vital maintenance of spirit, and despondency, no less than the poverty produced by confiscation and industrial oppression, affected the methods of life in the great families. It was the beginning of the darkest period of Ireland's history, when the iron of defeat entered into the soul and the nation lay prostrate under the yoke, before the birth of the undying struggle for liberty under new conditions. The personal history of Carolan thoroughly illustrates the condition of the people. He was born in 1670 at the small village of Nobber, in the County Westmeath, and on the lands of Carolanstown, which had been wrested from his ancestors by the family of Nugent during the wars of Henry II. His father, John O'Carolan, the descendant of an ancient sept of East Briefney, was a small farmer at the time of the birth of his son, occupying but a few acres of his ancestral domain, and living in a small cabin, the remains of which were still standing in 1786. Whether the father took part in the last uprising of the native people under James II. is unknown, but he was dispossessed in the confiscations that followed it, and compelled to seek the shelter and protection of one of the ancient families of Connaught. This was the family of McDermott Roe, whose estate was at Alderford, in the County Roscommon. Tradition preserves no recollection of the death of the father, but at an early age Turlogh was a resident, or a "cosherer," at the house at Alderford, and the companion of the children of Mrs. McDermott Roe. His pleasant ways and engaging manners made him a favorite, and he received the fragments of an education with the children of his patroness, having been taught to read in his native language and received some rudimentary instruction in English, although his knowledge of the latter was always imperfect. Accounts differ as to the period of his life when he became blind, the sketch of

his life in Walker's *Memoirs of the Irish Bards* stating that it was at an age when he was too young to remember colors, while that in Hardiman's *Irish Minstrelsy* fixes it in his eighteenth year and as the result of an attack of small-pox. At all events, it definitely decided his career as poet and musician, there being no other resource left him except helpless dependence on his patroness or the staff and bag upon the roads. He received instruction upon the harp from the numerous wandering professors of the time, and was soon prepared for his lifetime of wandering minstrelsy, although it is said that he never acquired accomplished skill as a musical performer, and his harp was but the instrument of his composition and the accompaniment of his poetry and song. The record says that he was furnished by Mrs. McDermott Roe with a horse and attendant—which may, perhaps, be translated into a pony with a barefooted *gossoon* to guide him—and in his twenty-second year he commenced the pilgrimage which ended only with his life.

The circumstances of the Celtic families of the time were such that not only was it impossible for a single one to maintain its private bard in the ancient state, but their condition or the change in habits extended the bardic circuit beyond their limits. They were the heartiest, most hospitable, and most congenial of the hosts and entertainers of Carolan; but he was obliged to also accept the hospitalities of the English settlers in some degree, and even to be the attraction at tavern feasts. That this circumstance had an injurious effect upon the subject and quality of his verse, as well as his character and habits, is evident, and the spectacle of this side of his life is as lamentable as that of Burns sharing the cups and praising the virtues of the petty lairds and shopkeepers of Ayr. He was, however, first received, his genius appreciated, and his fame established among the old Celtic families whom he celebrated in his verses; and among the O'Rourkes, the Maguires of Tempo, the O'Haras, the Burkes, the O'Malleys, and others, who preserved the traditions and feelings of a nobler time, he was the honored guest rather than the mendicant minstrel. He at first confined himself to compositions in music, which, we may believe, were the natural bent of his genius; and it was only upon the challenge of a gentleman named Reynolds, at whose house he was staying, that he attempted his first poem, the description of a legendary battle of fairies on a neighboring rath. From the time of this discovery of his faculty his songs and music were composed together, although it is evident that the verse was subordinate to the composition. His

fame was soon established, and the circuit of his visits widened to include the territory of Middle Connaught, beyond which he seldom ventured. He had his love-romance, the lady, Bridget Cruise, prudently refusing to become the spouse of a wandering and improvident minstrel, and the bitter-sweet of love and disappointment inspired some of the most genuine and pathetic of his verse and music. An affecting anecdote remains of his recognition of the touch of his love's hand after long separation, and without knowledge or expectation of her presence, when landing from a boat on the shores of the pilgrim isle of Lough Dearg; and we need not be told of the keenness of his sensibility and his warmth of feeling. He afterwards married a Miss Maguire, of good family in the County Fermanagh, but described as a "proud and haughty dame." He set up a household at a small farm in Mosshill, County Leitrim, which he maintained during the lifetime of his wife, although it was to be presumed that he was only an occasional visitor and that his wife experienced a full share of the penalties of marrying a genius. It is recorded that he loved her affectionately, was deeply affected at her death, and composed a feeling monody to her memory. He had a family of seven children, and it is quite possible that his lineal descendants are now in existence. His domestic life, however, was but a small feature in his career, and, to all intents and purposes, he was always the wandering bard. The results of this method of life were an indulgence in liquor which has given him the name of an inveterate drunkard, although such was never the case, even in his old age. Universal drinking and intoxication were habits of the time, and Carolan shared them; but he maintained periods of complete sobriety under vows, and it may be imagined from his temperament that a slight indulgence gave him the inspiration he required, as in the case of Addison, Lamb, and other men of genius. In fact, this impression would be confirmed by an anecdote to the effect that, while dull and impotent under a vow of sobriety, he received a vivifying inspiration by a full sniff of the exhilarating fumes of a bottle of right usquebaugh with the scent of the heather upon it. In fact, all the anecdotes that are current of Carolan's life would indicate a delicate temperament and sensitiveness far removed from the character of a gross roisterer in whom the appetite for indulgence was predominant. It is said that while at the house of a Mr. Brett, in Sligo, where he was a frequent and honored guest, he tuned his harp in order to compose a "planxty," or sprightly tune and song, in honor of the daughter of the house, a beautiful and engaging young girl,

but found that his inspiration had entirely deserted him. Putting aside his instrument in grief and despair, he told the mother that he had often tried the theme, but some evil genius always seemed to interfere, and the strings of his harp would only vibrate to melancholy tones. He was convinced that it was a foreboding of evil, and that her daughter would not survive the twelve months. The event justified his prescience; and, if the anecdote is true, as there is no reason to doubt, it indicated a delicate sensitiveness to some accent in the girl's voice, or some emanation from her presence of the near companionship of death, invisible to ordinary perception. Even if it was not true it would indicate the character of the man of whom it was told. His favorite place of inspiration at the house of one of his friends was the sunny nook of a garden near the hives of bees, whose musical murmur gratified his inner sense of melody, and where he would sit for hours, until the inspiration of music had taken shape in distinct melody, when he would ask to be led within and give it voice upon his harp. The genius that found its favorite food in this was not that of the merely bacchanalian minstrel. His portrait confirms the impression of his innate delicacy and refinement. It was painted at the request of Dean Massey, of Limerick, during a visit in the later years of life, by some artist of more than the ordinary skill of itinerant painters, and it is believed by Dr. Petrie to have been the work of Vander Hagen, a Dutch artist of some repute, at that time in Ireland. It represents him with his harp, and with his face slightly elevated in the attitude of inspiration. The features are of remarkable refinement and regularity, the flowing locks and partially bald brow giving it some resemblance to the portraits of Shakspere. It is interesting to note, in comparison with his contemporary and fellow-countryman, Goldsmith, that, while there is the same expression of benignity and sweetness of temper, the features are cast in a finer and more delicate mould, and that, as between the two, it would be said that Carolan was the descendant of a purer and higher race than Goldsmith, as, indeed, without any sort of reproach upon the latter, was probably the case. His portrait would show unmistakably that Carolan was not only a man of genius, but a gentleman in the ancestral sense of the term.

His life, after the manner which has been indicated—the bard of a crushed and decadent race, sometimes the honored guest of ancient families, and sometimes the curiosity of the alien invader and the amusement of the tavern feast—lasted for sixty-five years. The death of his wife, however little he may have seen of her,

was a severe blow. His family was broken up, and it may be presumed that the burdens of old age, to one of his temperament, were heavy upon him, and the task of amusement without the inspiration more repugnant and harder with years. Among his later compositions were several devotional pieces, one in particular, now lost, a *Gloria in Excelsis*, which was spoken of as of uncommon devotional tenderness and power. As his infirmities increased and the hand of death was visibly laid upon him he bent his steps to the house of his earliest friend and benefactress, the widow of McDermott Roe, then more than eighty years of age, to die. Having recovered somewhat from the fatigue of his journey, he composed his last piece in a final adieu to life and inspiration, "The Farewell to Music," and then took to his bed, from which he never rose. The tradition is that he preserved his gentle kindliness and genial humor towards his attendants to the last, nourishing exhausted nature upon his favorite beverage, and that his death was devout and decorous. The account of his funeral gives a singular illustration of the customs of the time, as well as of the extent of his fame and the esteem in which he was held. The wake lasted four days, and the throng was so great that all the houses in the neighboring village of Ballyfarnon were occupied by strangers, and the people erected tents and huts in the fields about Alderford. There was a gathering of all his contemporary bards, who vied with each other in musical and poetical elegies, some of which are still preserved. Besides the neighboring gentry and populace it is recorded that over sixty clergymen of various denominations attended the wake, and that the funeral, on the fifth day, extended for miles and was one of the largest ever known in Connaught. The remains were interred in the tomb of the McDermott Roe family in Kilronan church. In 1750 the grave was opened to receive the remains of a Catholic clergyman whose admiration for the genius of the bard was so enthusiastic that he desired to be buried with him, and the skull was taken out and placed in a niche above the tomb. It was destroyed in a manner affording another singular instance of the temper of the time. In 1796, says the account, "a person in the garb of a gentleman, *but* supposed to be a northern Orangeman," rode up to the church on horseback and asked to see the skull. It was brought to him, when he fired a pistol at it, shattering it to pieces, and put spurs to his horse with an oath at "all Irish papists." The alarm was given, and he was pursued by some of the neighboring gentry into the next county; but, unfortunately for the proper execution of im-

promptu justice, he escaped. Outrageous as was this sacrilege, it was not more than an extraordinary exhibition of the ferocious party spirit of the time. To this day the grave of Carolan has no monument, although a musical celebration of his works was held in Dublin during the early part of the present century, as it was understood, for that purpose. Finally, there may be given in testimony to the character of Carolan the words of his friend, the venerable Charles O'Conor, of Balenagare, notable in the annals of Irish scholarship and patriotism: "Constitutionally pious, he never omitted daily prayer, and fondly imagined himself inspired when he composed some pieces of church music. Gay by nature and cheerful by habit, he was a pleasing member of society, and his talents and his morality procured him friends and esteem everywhere." These were not idle words from a person of Mr. O'Conor's character and sincerity.

In the literary estimate of Carolan's genius and production omission will necessarily be made of his abilities and achievements as a composer, which, as has been said, were at least an equal factor in his product. It is enough to say in this regard that, while not originating anything beyond the forms and character of the Irish music whose traditions and spirit he inherited, he holds a high rank among the native composers, and that, with a few exceptions in favor of the single pieces of unknown musicians, his airs and compositions are of the highest order and most genuine spirit of the graceful and charming, if not the pathetic, development of Irish music. In considering him as a poet it is also necessary to take into account the nature and limitations of his profession. As a bard the subjects of his verse were almost always strictly personal—the immediate praise of his entertainers and hosts or their families, or the contribution to the amusement or provocation of a bacchanalian carouse. However genuinely he may have been inspired by friendship or reverence for a family of ancient lineage whose representatives treated him with the dignity and regard due to the ancient honor of the bardic profession, or by the beauty and gracious kindness of the mistress or the daughter of the household whose charms he celebrated or whose epithalamium he sang, the element of personal flattery must always have been intermingled with his verse and injured its independent genuineness and spontaneous feeling. This element is perceptible in the poetry of the bards, whose position was more noble and dignified as the honored retainers of princely families, and whose themes were higher in the warlike achievements of great chiefs or the misfortunes of a noble line,

which also involved the fate of the tribe or the nation; and was, of course, still more predominant in the degenerate circumstances of Carolan. As has been said, many of his themes and subjects of praise were as unworthy as those of Burns in compliment to the small gentry of a Scotch parish, and it is a wonder that he was able to manifest any sort of genuine feeling and inspiration in these productions of a flattering if not a mercenary muse. He had not the advantage of the contemporary English poets, who could put all the flattery of a patron into a dedication while they preserved the independence of the theme and faithfulness to genius in the literary product itself, but was bound to make the subject of his verse the immediate praise of his entertainer. Among the upwards of two hundred pieces of Carolan's verse which were preserved beyond their immediate occasion, there are many which are merely the hackneyed phrases of compliment and the familiar invitations to carousal; and that so many are spirited, original, and hearty is a proof not only of his genial and grateful disposition, but of the fertility of his genius. It may be readily supposed that the inspiration of his muse was often more genuine than that of his verse, as that, at least, was not degraded by the necessity of personal flattery. It would be wrong to suppose that Carolan was at the beck and call of any squireen who chose to entertain him like a hired musician. His position and his pride placed him above that, and it may be believed that he always preserved a certain degree of dignity and independence. But he readily accepted the invitations of English squires whom his predecessors would have scorned, and took part in entertainments which were merely boisterous and drunken, if profuse and hospitable. It is deeply to be lamented that, with his genius, he had not the themes of great events, the victories and misfortunes of princely lines, like his predecessors, or had an audience and a public that would have rewarded him for singing the loves and the sorrows, and depicting the characters, of the people around him, or interpreting his own genuine emotions; but he had not, and accordingly, although his verse is not without a trace of the dignity and the feeling of both themes, its greater part was diverted to less worthy subjects, and was injured and degraded by the exigencies of his profession. It is a wonder that he produced so much that is genuine and worthy under the circumstances, but none the less it must be admitted that his genius was sadly marred by his condition. Finally, as a barrier to his appreciation by the world, his poetry was confined to a language which, so far from being one of the commanding

dialects, was confined to an oppressed people and subject to the prejudice and enmity of the victorious nation which had the most command of the ear of the world in regard to it. During his lifetime he was absolutely unknown to the learned English world, and the critics of his day would have been as much surprised and as contemptuously incredulous that a poet and composer of original power and genius, worthy to be compared with their best, existed among the Celtic people of Ireland as they would now be to hear of such a phenomenon among the Maoris of New Zealand. Even now his merits are by no means recognized, and, except among the few students and lovers of Celtic literature, he is but the shadow of a name, hardly more substantial in its proportions than that of Ossian. It may be hoped that the time is approaching when this ignorance will be dispelled, and that not among Irishmen alone, but among all who are sensitive to the grace and charm of lyric song, there will be appreciation and affection for the last of the Irish bards.

In endeavoring to give some view of the characteristics of Carolan's verse it will be honest to include that which is worst as well as that which is best, and to represent him by his own product, exactly as he is. So much of his verse, as has been said, was devoted to absolute, if genuine, personal praise that it could not be omitted without losing a predominant characteristic. The lowest form of this was, of course, the flattery of a roistering squire of the alien race who had him to cheer his cups, with, perhaps, a natural appreciation of his festive genius, but very little sense of its higher qualities. A host of this kind was George Brabazon, a squire of Fermanagh, and the "planxty" in his praise is an evidence of the hearty spirit and happy faculty of Carolan in his lowest themes. It seems better to present it in a literal version rather than as versified in English, although in this, of course, it is robbed of all the form of poetry and has only the spirit to preserve it, while, as with all the verse of Carolan, there is also the vital want of the accompanying melody, which gave it half its life, and in this case was the sprightliest and gayest of movements. Nevertheless, with every disadvantage, the reader will hardly avoid catching something of the spirit and felicity of the gay compliment and conviviality.

GEORGE BRABAZON.

"O George Brabazon, that you may live long and well!
The love of every man, O son of happiest repute.
O hand of generosity! from whom it were easy for us to obtain wine,
Jovial is the company in the place where your friends may be.

Heigh-ho! there he is, the hearty fellow!
Ho'm-bo'! the flower of brave fellows;
Our sport, our mirth, supplying our necessities;
Our meat, our ale, our music, and our bread and butter,
Our harp, our fiddle!
He is the mirth of Kinratty in the middle of his own country.
The top branch of Gallen—the love of my heart is with him.
He is noble, free, graceful, friendly, and true.

"I'd rather than the cattle or the gold of the king of Spain,
Than the horses and coaches of Rome and the Pope together,
And than MacYoris's Dunmore and MacRannall's Norrall,
Be looking at George scattering gold in handfuls from him.
Heigh-ho! there he is, the gay fellow!
Ho'm-bo'! with his black farewell to every one.
Him-ham! planxty merriment!
Sing, dance, drink his health about!
He is gentle, he is calm, he is courteous,
He is the flower of his name; we will all go with him to his estate.
A world of prosperity on him! luck and liberality on him!
And may a good increase of every noble quality fall on him!"

It was in a different spirit from the praises of this prodigal and roistering squire—at the head of the table in the tap-room of an inn, dressed in tawdry lace and shouting "drink about!" vulgar and coarse even in his hospitality—that the bard raised the great white cup of the O'Haras, brimming with precious claret, to his lips under the oaken roof of the ancestral hall, and set it down to tune his harp in a not unworthy tribute to a more dignified hospitality. There were grades even in the bacchanalian verse of Carolan, and the praise of the cup of O'Hara might have come from the lips of Sanchan Torpest or any of the nobler race of bards. It is given in the version of Sir Samuel Ferguson, which preserves all the spirit of the original while being nearly literal:

THE CUP OF O'HARA.

"Were I west in green Arran,
Or south in Glanmore,
Where long ships come laden
With claret in store,
Yet I'd rather than shiploads
Of claret and ships
Have your white cup, O'Hara,
Up full at my lips.

"But why seek in numbers
Its virtues to tell,
When O'Hara's own chaplain
Has said, saying well,

'Torlogh, bold son of Brian,
Sit ye down, boy, again,
Till we drain the great *cupaun*
In another health to Keane'?"

A more elevated and grateful subject for Carolan's praise and tribute was the beauty, grace, and kindliness of the wives and daughters of his hosts—the noble *châtelaines*, who preserved the flower of gracious hospitality in the midst of decayed fortunes, and the lovely girls, the "branches of bloom" in beauty and lineage, who were the ornaments and hopes of the household. His strain was always elevated and his language of rare felicity in dealing with these subjects, which make the greater bulk of his verses, and the sense of personal flattery was in a great measure lost in the genuine sentiment, warmth of feeling, and glowing inspiration with which reverence and admiration affected him. Many of them are as genuine as the amatory songs of Burns, and the incidental testimony which they give of the character and spirit of the Irish ladies of the time is grateful, although perhaps hardly needed. It is needless to say that they are thoroughly pure in language and expression. Purity has been the characteristic of Irish poetry from the earliest period; and it is not only manifested in the highest degree in the verse of Carolan, but there is a delicacy of expression that might not have been looked for, and it is only very rarely indeed that there is a frankness of language unsuited to modern taste, and which in any case is neither immoral nor gross. Carolan was, of course, the inheritor of much of the phraseology of his predecessors, the familiar epithets in praise of beauty, which are to be found in all Irish poetry, as in the verses of the ballad-singers of every nation, and signify its prevailing or peculiar charms. Such felicities of description and expression as "the hair of branches and tendrils," "the cheeks like the hawthorn berries in the snow," "the walk like the sailing swan," and the whole presence like "branch of apple-bloom," are common to all the Celtic poets of Ireland, and are the natural emanations of the peculiar charms of Irishwomen and the fine taste and eloquence of their admirers. They are interwoven gracefully in the songs of Carolan, and, as might be supposed with a blind man, the charms of voice appeal strongly to his sensibilities; and the "bird-voiced lady gay," and the sweet tone of the maiden that sets the cranes to sleep on the strand, are but examples of the felicities of his description. Predominant and characteristic above all is his enthusiasm and gayety, which is the outcome of his Celtic na-

ture, and which, if at times it seems extravagant to soberer feelings, is thoroughly genuine and natural, like the imagery of the Oriental poets, which it sometimes resembles. The very abruptness which characterizes his verse is a proof of its warmth and enthusiasm, and, whatever effect it may have in a bald prose translation, it is natural and effective in its native garb. When he says of the effect of the beauty of Mable Ni Kelly, that men who see it spring like wild men to the tops of the trees, and that if in a room the candle swims before their eyes as though they were drunk, it is merely the warmth of eloquence and not the cold extravagance of conceit, like that of the euphuistic English poets, and is certainly less exaggerated than the imagery of Oriental bards, which is accepted as the natural expression of their feeling. This enthusiasm of eloquence is characteristic of all genuine Celtic poetry, and, like its redundancies of expression and epithet, indicates a kinship with the Oriental nature. A specimen of this class of Carolan's poetry may first be given in the naked baldness of a literal version to which all the form and grace of poetry have to be supplied by the imagination:

PEGGY O'CORCORAN.

"Is it not happy for the youth that will be caressing her,
The flower of a child, of the smooth, white hands?
She is the love and delight of sage nobles, the sweet girl of the fair hair.
This is what I say—and is it not of it I was to treat?
Were the habits of us the Irish as they were wont to be,
We could not sleep by night or day.
O bright eye, modest, of great beauty, sweet mouth, teacher of all learning,
Beautiful Peggy, of the pearl's felicity and fortune on you!

"O companion of Spanish princes, fold of the curling thick locks—
Let now drink be filled, and let us be always drinking her health.
Is he not happy for whom was assigned the ornament of a child
That obtained superiority over the world? Is she not of the amiablest qualities?
The branch of happiness, and it all under blossom; a face without gloom—she is the fairest and best.
O fold of happiness and flower of the Gael in nobleness, discretion, and memory.
Are there not princes from every region encamped near one another
For the fair damsel, gentle O'Corcoran?"

Next we may show the grace and felicity of expression in the tribute to the "bird-voiced" Grace Nugent, as rendered in the reproduction as well as translation by Sir Samuel Ferguson, nothing being added to the original, and only some of the Celtic redundancies omitted:

GRACE NUGENT.

"Brightest blossom of the spring,
Grace, the charming girl I sing—
Grace, who bore the palm of mind
From the rest of womankind:
Whomsoe'er the fates decree —
Happy fate!—for life to be
Day and night my cooleen near,
Ache or pain need never fear.

"Her neck outdoes the sailing swan,
Her radiant face the summer dawn;
Ah! happy thrice the youth for whom
The fates design that branch of bloom;
Pleasant are your words benign,
Rich those azure eyes of thine—
Ye who see my queen, beware
Those twisted links of golden hair.

"This is what I fain would say
To the bird-voiced lady gay—
Never yet conceived the heart
Joy which Grace cannot impart:
Fold of jewels, case of pearls,
Cooleen * of the circling curls!
More I say not—but no less
Drink you health and happiness."

There are many other tributes equally graceful and charming, and certainly many more than those that have been preserved must have been totally lost. Not exactly a troubadour, as his verses were less of amatory passion than of respectful, of enthusiastic admiration, Carolan is entitled to a high place as the laureate of beauty and grace, and his poetry of this class will compare favorably with that of any of the mediæval minstrels and minnesingers. But, interesting and grateful as it is, it is to be regretted that his circumstances and the nature of his profession prevented him from being more a poet of the people, dealing with their loves and misfortunes, depicting their ways and modes of life, and interpreting their feelings from the mere inspiration of the themes and as the natural emanation of genius. He was well qualified to do it from sympathy and ability, and it would have strengthened the honesty and sincerity of his verse, as well as have been most valuable as giving a picture of the time. It may be believed without extravagance that he was capable of being the poet of the Irish people in the same manner that Burns was of the Scotch, and his adulatory verse should have

* Head of thick tresses.

been the least rather than the greatest part of his production. The circumstances and the necessities of his trade prevented it, and it was a serious misfortune to the Irish people and to literature. There are but few poems of this kind remaining in Carolan's verse, genuine pictures of the peasant life around him, but the graphic sketch of Shane Glas (Green Jack) and his sweetheart may show what he might have been capable of doing:

GREEN JACK.

"If you had seen Green Jack, and he going to the fair,
And a favor from every damsel in the breast of his shirt—
Ah! girls of the mountain, there is Green Jack for you.
This is what says every one of the prettiest girls that see him:
'May I get my spoiling, but he is the boy for me.'
Ah! girls of the mountain, there is Green Jack for you.

"There is no poet without verses, no harp without strings,
There is no rib in his bones without a smashing for lies.
He is but a vagrant vagabond that has been left without a penny;
If his bones have been broken he need not deny it.
Ah! girls of the mountain, there is Green Jack for you.

"Had you seen Sally, and she going to the fair,
Colored shoes on her and a white apron—
Ah! girls of the mountain, there is Green Jack's sweetheart for you.
She is the picture of Venus, the branch of azure eyes,
And her face on the blush and her cheeks like the berries.
Ah! girls of the mountain, there is Green Jack's sweetheart for you."

Although slight, this is vivid and natural, and emphasizes the regret that out of the rich material around him he used so little. Of the other subject of his genuine verse, the praise of whiskey, which was the bane of his life and the only serious blot upon his fame, the spirit, as has been said, was not so much the gross or even hearty indulgence of appetite as the reckless gayety which has the sting of despair beneath it, and the self-condemnation which seeks relief in artificial merriment. This is predominant in the whole tone of Carolan's bacchanalian verse, as may be seen in this characteristic specimen from "Why, Liquor of Life, do I Love you so?" translated by Mr. John Dalton:

"Many's the quarrel and fight we've had,
And many a time you made me mad,
But while I've a heart it can never be sad
When you smile at me full on the table.
Surely you are my wife and brother,
My only child, my father and mother,
My outside coat—I have no other!
Oh! I'll stand by you—while I am able."

In the estimate which the world will place upon the genius of Carolan little allowance may be made for the unfortunate condition of himself and his people, the limitations and degradations of his profession, and the many influences that marred its product. Much may also depend on the attention that is paid to Celtic literature and the accidents of skill in translating his verse into a living and dominant language. At best he can be but imperfectly known, but in any candid and intelligent estimate it must be admitted that he was possessed of true genius, eloquence, and lyric enthusiasm, and that the wide fame and honor which he received from his native people, as one of the greatest as the last of the Irish bards, were thoroughly deserved.

KATHARINE.

CHAPTER VII.

KATHARINE'S father had, in fact, received Miss Falconer's communication, and the advice accompanying it, with a mixture of feelings of which it would be hard to say whether the predominant one was that very common manifestation of self-love which makes parents instinctively resent either express or implied blame imputed to their children, or a paternal jealousy wounded by the suspicion that this new friend had penetrated farther than he into his daughter's secret thoughts. He felt conscious of having been not merely a generous but an appreciative and sympathetic father, who, recognizing his child's aptitude and thoughtfulness, had resolved to give her every educational advantage within his power, and acted on his resolution in spite of sundry warnings, more frequent of late years, which had been addressed him by his spiritual advisers. More than one preacher, displeased and perplexed by the questions she asked in private as well as in the quasi-publicity of Bible-classes, had said to Mr. Danforth that there was danger in the direction of over-training an intelligence so slow to accept, so ready to propose objections to, the religious truths presented to it. But all these warnings had indicated absolute unbelief as the peril to be feared, and Mr. Danforth, who knew the nature of his daughter's studies and took an innocent pride in her school triumphs, paid small attention. "Science falsely so-called," at least in the sense in which

his advisers applied that phrase, though there was plenty of ground for it in another, was a rather top-heavy description of the curriculum of the most ambitious schools for girls which flourished in that region at that date. A little profane history, furnished by Peter Parley and that fount of doubtful information, ungrammatical English, and vast entertainment, Oliver Goldsmith as edited by Pinnock; a still smaller amount of sacred history and geography; an excursion into astronomy which included sundry peeps at the stars through the observatory telescope and provided a choice of names for the Dipper; some physiological instruction, illustrated occasionally, in the midst of shrieks and titters, by the opening of a green-baize-shrouded cupboard, within which hung a grinning skeleton on wires; a little chemistry, which did not meddle to any great extent with reactions and formulas, but sometimes impressed itself forcibly on the memory in connection with certain malodorous experiments on sulphuretted hydrogen in the laboratory; a little botany; a little geology; mental science, as taught by Dr. Abercrombie; Paley's *Evidences* and Bishop Butler's *Analogy*, exhausted its most ambitious efforts.

Such as it was, however, Mr. Danforth stood almost alone among his usual associates in venturing to risk its dangers for his child. Some of them were doubtless deterred by the prudential considerations suggested by the equation between the size of their families and the size of their incomes; others still by the belief that there was some direct connection between Katharine's hypothetical possession of so much unnecessary worldly knowledge and her unconverted state. As one after another of the young folks professed to "get religion" at revival or camp-meeting, and stood up on communion Sundays at the altar-railing to be received on their six months' probation, while she still sat, apparently unmoved, on what had once been not obscurely signified, by a side-glance in her direction from the pulpit, as "the seat of the scornful," it seemed to them increasingly plain that some adequate explanation of her case was called for.

In reality there had been nothing very revolutionary in Katharine's questions, which had now and then demanded reasons why certain conclusions which to her seemed necessary should not be drawn from the premises given, and again had turned upon the nature of the authority and evidence for what was claimed to be divinely-revealed truth. "The heart of man," says Tertullian, "is naturally Christian," and Katharine's, at all events, justified the saying by its instinctive inclination toward the funda-

mental Christian verities. Beyond these she had found the road impassable; her heart, although all her life it ran before her mind, stopping invariably to demand support and corroboration from it, failing which, in a most absolute and definite form, it was sure to refuse further progress. Hers was one of the natures to which Christianity, presented in its perfect and unmutilated form, would at once have substantiated its claim to be the true food of the reason and the supreme satisfaction of the soul. But it is only when one has eaten the pure "butter and honey" of the Gospel from infancy that in youth he is skilful "to refuse the evil and to choose the good."

In the special direction in which she had been urged to move both heart and mind had failed her. Her tastes and her instincts had alike revolted from the noisy emotionalism which characterized Methodism, perhaps more forcibly in that day than at present; while, on the other hand, she had found it impossible to accept as final, on serious matters which she knew had torn Christendom into a multitude of mutually repelling fragments, the mere affirmation of teachers who sometimes went ludicrously wide of the mark on undisputed matters of fact within easy reach. A lesson on humility may, it is true, be given effectively by the most illiterate soul on earth, but it must be admitted that to a very young student of astronomy such a lesson, enforced by a reference to man's comparatively low place in the creative scale, and illustrated by the remark, "We are but a planet, and a very inferior planet at that—the moon is many times larger than our globe," is more than apt, as its first result, to generate pride and provoke laughter. But such had been one of Katharine's rebuffs in a very early quest for information.

Of late years she had ceased to propound her inquiries at home, or to amuse herself there with the replies given her elsewhere, seeing that to do so caused her parents pain, and finding with them other points of interest and mutual sympathy. Such points of contact, especially with her father, were so numerous that he had taken it for granted they covered all the ground, and looked forward to her conversion as an affair of time and persistent prayer which required no other aid. To him she was the dearest thing on earth, and her quick intelligence, her love of books, her readiness to seize and to enjoy the more amusing side of life and literature, as well as the caressing fondness with which she returned his love for her, had given additional strength to the tie, ordinarily strong, which unites a father to an only daughter. He felt wounded by Miss Falconer's story, but not in the way she

had anticipated, for he received it with a rather incredulous surprise. Katharine's greatest virtue in his eyes, as in that of sundry other people it had been one of her most disagreeable faults, was a straightforward candor which seemed to make concealment not merely difficult but well-nigh impossible to her. Could he believe that on such a matter her real thoughts and feelings were absolutely unknown to him?

What he had failed to perceive, and what his daughter was, as yet, perhaps too young to have suggested to any one, was that her candor was an affair of her intellect only. What lay within the range of her mental vision she saw with great clearness, and had, for her own part, an utter fearlessness with regard to her conclusions. Her soul was at once blinder and more timid, and even if at any future time it should find that what now seemed hopeless chasms between it and her reason were solid roads from which advancing knowledge dispelled the fogs, yet even then it would remain mute, unless it believed itself to meet full comprehension and perfect sympathy. At present on all matters of fact, of taste, or of opinion, especially with people indifferent to her, her words were sure to be an accurate reflex of her thoughts. But whereas her mind mirrored itself in her speech, her heart, which held profounder deeps and knew them empty, often turned to those who loved her another sort of mirror, in which they beheld the image of their own emotion and sometimes mistook it for its counterpart.

As to any danger of the sort Miss Falconer seemed to dread, her father had no real fear whatever. A thousand prejudices, planted in his mind in childhood, and nourished by his later reading and associations, made it seem to him absurd to suppose that his clear-headed little girl should take a direction so opposite to his own. He resented the advice to use an authority on which he had never yet needed to lay any serious stress, and, even in the midst of his displeasure, found something comical in the thought that Miss Falconer, in trying to enlighten her pupil on the weaknesses of popery, had herself fallen into a trap where she was still evidently struggling. She had not been able to conceal the nature of her motive in taking Katharine to her own church, and he easily divined that had his daughter conceived an equally strong attraction for what her teacher called "the simplicity and elevation of our service" she would have found it unnecessary to give him any warning. We have heard Mr. Danforth expressing, at an earlier period, a wish that there had been no later secessions from the Church of England, but his opinion

on that point had since been modified by a sufficiently unpleasant personal experience. When the building was entirely completed to which he had contributed so heavily in time and funds and labor that one of Grandmother Danforth's standing grievances, until the day of her death, was that common gratitude should not have named it St. James', in delicate appreciation of his services, he had called on the ministers of all the various Protestant denominations with a notice which he desired to have read from their pulpits, to the effect that upon a forthcoming Sunday it would be dedicated, one of the Methodist bishops performing the ceremony and preaching the sermon. All received him and his request with cordiality and acquiescence excepting the rector of St. Paul's, who informed him, with a cold dignity which chafed him at the time but made him merry afterwards, that "the church" could not in any way recognize a schismatical body, much less acknowledge the official existence of such a person as a Methodist bishop. He smiled now as he thought of it while loosening the horse's halter from the hitching-post, and was saying to himself that this was a clear case of the pot calling the kettle black, as Kitty, with her hat awry and her school satchel on her arm, came running down the steps to greet him.

They rode on for a while in silence, the father humming a hymn-tune behind his teeth, as his habit was when musing on thoughts not specially serious or perplexing. The secondary effect of his recent conversation had, in fact, been salutary, by rousing him for a time from the painful preoccupations just then caused him by his business affairs. He was considering now whether it were worth while to mention the matter at all, if Kitty did not do so; while she, who had concluded from the length of the interview in the library that the promised explanation had been made, but was far from surmising the actual direction it had taken, was mute, as she had been the night before, under the influence of a reluctance that resembled fear more than any other feeling she had ever known. Left to herself, she would not at this time have spoken; but her father, on whom the humorous side of the case was gaining ground, and who always liked to share his amusement with his usually sympathetic companion, at last turned to her with a smile.

"Well, Kitty!" he began, "what bee is this that Miss Falconer has in her bonnet?"

"Has she a bee?" returned Kitty, consciously fencing a little. "I haven't heard it buzzing."

"A whole hive of them. The fact is, the good woman was so

hard hit by what she saw up at the cathedral last Sunday afternoon that she takes it for granted you were damaged too. I hardly know what sort of treatment she thinks would suit your case best—a month on bread and water or a week in the coal-hole. Which shall it be?"

Katharine knew her father well enough to require no further enlightenment, while he, on his part, read plainly the cause of the mingled pain and annoyance which flushed and contracted her expressive face.

"Ah!" he replied to it, "new friends are neither so wise nor so kind as the old ones, little girl. It would never have occurred to me to think of you as a likely dupe for the papists, and, if it had, I should not have jumped to her remedy for it."

He spoke with the easy confidence of a security which believes itself unassailable. Katharine, imposed on by it, suddenly took her courage in both hands, and told him, as fully as his surprise and pain and finally his anger would permit, the nature of her thoughts in the past and her desires in the present. Such a limitation is very great—so great that where it exists between two who love each other and yet occupy the relative positions of parent and child, full confidence is probably impossible. Katharine at least succeeded in making fully intelligible neither the demands of her reason on one side nor those of her soul on the other. The latter were not really intelligible to herself. All that stood to her in the place of knowledge about the Catholic Church was to its discredit. To oppose it she had nothing but what she heard called a child's fantastic, idle whim, with a suspicion that it deserved no better name. She had half recoiled from the thought of putting it to the test, even when she most fully resolved to do so should she find it possible, with an inward dread lest that might be the result. If, on the other hand, her reason spoke with unambiguous clearness and told her that whatever purported to be a divine revelation must, before all things, prove its claim to respectful hearing by being invariable, and attested by a witness incapable of corruption, how insist on such a condition as that with a father who seemed oblivious of this fundamental necessity? What she did succeed in, when her reluctance to yield her ground became plainly evident, was putting her father into a cold rage of which neither of them had supposed him capable. The passionate and imperious "Danforth temper," as his wife called it, remembering it in his father and seeing it in others of his kindred, had been so singularly free from domestic provocations in his own case that

he was hardly aware of its existence. It flamed up now in his eyes with the cold lustre of steel, his ruddy cheeks grew pale, and his voice hardened into a tone which both of them remembered afterwards with a chilling of the heart, as he forbade inquiries which seemed to him at once perilous and unprofitable, and enforced his command with a needless threat of banishment from home in case of disobedience. Even to himself this seemed so worse than useless that it calmed him as he uttered it, while on his daughter it had only the effect of taking away the grace of her submission. Before they reached home he had not only repented of it, but made such an apology as does not often come from a parent to a child. But to him she had of late been growing to be friend as well as daughter; not to add that the consciousness of having been right on the whole, as well as triumphant, easily lends itself to the trifling humiliation of acknowledging the folly of a move which after all turns out not to have endangered the game.

As to Katharine, it was characteristic of her that, after once distinctly deciding not to follow her attraction, she made no attempt to disguise from herself the nature and the cause of that decision. To her own consciousness she had been imperatively summoned in a given direction, and knew that, left to her own discretion, she would have obeyed without hesitation. She did not, indeed, say to herself that it was the voice of God, or even that of her conscience, that she had heard. But she assumed that it came from some power beyond herself, as simply as does a wanderer by night who becomes aware of lights and sounds in the distance that make his heart beat with the hope of shelter and safety. But as such a traveller, held back by a crippled, wounded, terrified companion, refuses to leave him helpless and alone to follow an uncertainty, so she, closing neither eyes nor ears, simply said: "Just now I cannot. It is plain to me that here I shall inflict grievous pain; and as to the light yonder, it may be only a will-o'-the-wisp glimmering over a morass. If I were absolutely certain, it would be different. Then I would run all risks in the hope of coming back with succor."

How far did ignorance really excuse her? How clearly had sounded in her soul the unmistakable voice of Him of whom it is indeed recorded that he was subject to his parents, but not until after it has first been told that he left them sorrowing to attend to the business of his Father? But those are questions which Katharine's biographer cannot undertake to answer. In after-years she herself found many a bitter occasion for repenting her

present decision. At the time one phase of the matter caused her many serious thoughts. She had been always an obedient daughter, but now, for the first time, the abnegation of her own desires and will afforded her no satisfaction. She found, too, that a little breach had opened between her and her father, which her submission and his contentment with it by no means bridged, and of which both were sensible, though perhaps not equally so. She began also to be vaguely aware that the distinction between right and wrong had, to her apprehension, lost something of its hitherto clearly-defined outlines. She had made no attempt to persuade herself that duty lay on the side of her decision in this crisis of her experience, but had simply avowed, without pretence, that she had not the heart to grieve her parents. Probably, if the argument that now went on silently within herself had taken place between her and another, she might, at some point of it, have sought momentary shelter behind the plea of filial duty. Perhaps she did so even now, for the voice within her asked where that road would end along which the only guide was the pleasure of those who loved her. For that distinction was also plainly in her mind. She did not say, "I love my father so much that I cannot grieve him," but "He loves me so much that I will not."

A final, and to her most painful, change was caused by the abrupt loss of all her interest in Miss Falconer. After the first moment she had felt no resentment toward her, and did full justice to the motive which had prompted her interference. She would have been glad to be able to go on worshipping, for she was beginning to dread those revulsions of feeling which brought all her attachments, one after another, to a more or less sudden close; but when she revisited the shrine she found it empty. Miss Falconer was a general favorite with the more thoughtful and studious of her pupils, and the desk nearest hers was a prize coveted and eagerly competed for at the beginning of every year. Katharine, on whom her beauty of outline and expression had made a strong impression for a year or two before the time for entering her class, had succeeded, after many efforts, in obtaining it, and had worked harder than ever at home for the sake of the idle moments in school hours when she would be at liberty to do nothing but regard her undisturbed from behind the shelter of her wraps hanging from a peg on the wall. Miss Falconer had often smiled inwardly at the shy yet undisguised devotion which she met in Katharine's dark eyes whenever she lifted her glance from her own tasks, and was rather proud of the report she was

able to make in the monthly conference of teachers concerning her improvement in docility and diligence.

"There is no real change in the girl," one of them had replied to her little boast not long before; "she deifies you—that is all there is about it. She is quite as capable as ever of taking the bit between her teeth; and as to work, it would take a good deal to persuade me that she likes it for its own sake."

Entering the class-room some minutes before school-time a few days afterward, Miss Falconer saw with some misgivings, not untinged with personal regret, one of the girls occupied in transferring her own belongings from a desk in the embrasure of a window at the other end of the apartment to that hitherto occupied by Katharine.

"What does this mean, Helen?" she stopped to ask.

"Oh!" replied Helen, looking up with a smile, "I have succeeded at last in persuading Kitty Danforth to exchange seats with me. I have been tempting her these six months, and had given it up as hopeless, but she told me yesterday that the light by my window suited her eyes better. It does really—the screen here makes it rather dark, especially on rainy days."

Nothing but the most ordinary intercourse took place thereafter between teacher and pupil. But the latter gave no ground for active disapproval, burying herself in her work, in fact, with an absorption and success beyond any she had yet shown. She was trying to fill up the void caused by a lost friendship; the friend she had already ceased to think of.

CHAPTER VIII.

"I SAY, Kitty!"

The young girl looked up from the garden-walk where she was on her knees, busy with trowel and strings in repairing the damage wrought among her flowers by the severe thunder-storms that had raged during the afternoon and night before. The blonde, curly head of little Johnny Boyd, her next-door neighbor, was peeping over the fence.

"Couldn't we have a walk this morning, Kitty? I know a splendid place to go to after a rain."

"I don't see why not. Where is it?"

"Over by the falls in Denison's hollow. Father took me there last Fourth of July, but it was 'most dried up then. He said it was full in spring or after a heavy rain, and it poured

hard enough last night. They won't let me go alone—mother thinks I'm a baby! But she said I might go if you would."

"Well, I'll see when I go in to breakfast. I think we might as well."

"I've had my breakfast. I'll go and feed my rabbit and then I'll come for you. Say, Kitty! my father saw a man hanged there once when he was about as big as me."

The blonde head retired; then it popped into sight again.

"Hold on, Kitty! Have you got any good twine or strong thread in your house? I can't find my ball of string, and there isn't a spool in mother's basket that she'll let me have. I think there's fish up there this morning."

"I'll look. Have you got a hook?"

"I've got some pins," confessed Johnny, with a rather sudden drop in his animated voice. "I haven't ever been a-fishing yet."

"Then I think we would better go around by Mrs. Taylor's first. There's a five-cent piece somewhere in my pocket."

Whereupon Johnny's head set finally behind the fence, as radiant and rosy as the sun out of a cloudless sky.

August had been hot and sultry. The dusty streets, the dry roads running between parched fields, along which she took the frequent drives with her father which had been almost her sole out-door pleasures this vacation, were growing wearisome to town-bred Kitty, whose only experience of country life was drawn from a week once spent in the confusion of a camp-meeting grove. The succession of dazzling, scorching days in which the very ground panted and gasped with heat, opening in hard, yawning mouths that seemed begging the unrelenting sky for moisture, had at last been ended by a fierce and prolonged storm, or succession of storms, that had deluged the streets, turned the hillside gutters into turbid rivers, and inundated cellars in the lower part of the town. It had been heartily welcomed, nevertheless, and had left behind it a refreshing coolness in the morning air which made altogether pleasant this prospect of a stroll beyond the city limits. Kitty's father laughed when she recited the story of the little fellow's desires and preparations.

"A bent pin and a piece of thread will answer for all the fish he will find there now," he said. "When I was a boy, before the trees were cut away above the falls and the dumping began into the Lydius Street hollow, it was a first-rate trout-stream. I doubt if he finds a tadpole or a minnow now."

"He can enjoy the pleasures of hope, at all events," said Mrs. Danforth, to whom Kitty had of late been dutifully reading the

volume of Campbell's poetry which had rewarded her own efforts at verse-making on commencement day. "Dear me! how well I remember that hollow and the old red mill that used to stand down below the falls!"

"Why haven't I ever been there? I have always heard of it, but nobody ever proposed going."

"That was where Jesse Strang was hung. I went there to see it."

"O mother! how could you?"

"That is just it," returned Mrs. Danforth. "I am answering your question. I could go easy enough, for all the town went, but I could not stay. I caught one glimpse of him dangling in the sunlight, and then I turned sick and ran away. I never could bear the sight of the place afterward."

"Hurry, Kitty!" Johnny's straw hat pushed in just here between the muslin curtains of the low dining-room window, and his heels beat an impatient tattoo on the flags of the front yard. "The sun is getting so hot that all the water will be dried up before we get there, if you don't make haste."

"Wait a minute," called Mr. Danforth, as his daughter whisked behind his chair on her way to the door. "You will find a book on the upper hall table beside my hat. I bought it in Gray's yesterday and forgot to give it to you. As you have taken to stringing rhymes yourself, I thought perhaps you would like it."

He drew his arm about her as he spoke, and Katharine, with a brightening face, stooped to give him one of the caresses that had grown less frequent lately, and for which he had perhaps been angling with his gift.

It wanted yet some hours of noon when, after having crossed one or two suburban fields and descended the slope of a gentle hill, Katharine and her young escort came out at the head of a little cascade that foamed and gurgled down its bed of shale to the level some thirty feet below them. The rain had swollen it to a feeble imitation of its volume in the old days when, sheltered by primeval elms and beeches, it had worn this deep gully through the rocks. Farther down it glittered in a narrow, shallow stream across a tiny valley and beside an old mill-wheel, half sunken in weeds and grass, in bright unconsciousness of its impending destiny as a city sewer. To the east and south the Hudson sparkled in the sunshine; the Catskills stretched, blue and faint, beyond; the flat tin roofs shone in the low grounds between them and the river; behind them the slope they had just descended hid their

own quarter of the town from view. A few old elms, sole remnants of the forest which had waved on either side of the stream fifty years before, spread their wide branches above the grassy space at the head of the cascade, and here Katharine, throwing aside her brown straw hat, sat down to enjoy the prospect for a while before tearing off the wrappers from the little book she had slipped into her pocket. Each of the oddly-assorted twain felt in differing degrees that pleasure, born of residence in cities, which is neither critical nor grasping in its first demands upon external nature.

"Isn't it nice?" sighed Johnny after a long glance round him. "Don't you wish your folks lived in the country? I do."

"That doesn't sound like a very polite wish," said Kitty, with a laugh.

"Why?" asked Johnny, opening wider a pair of big blue eyes. "Say, Kitty, do you think the fish would stay up here, above the falls, or would they be more likely to go down yonder?"

"I'm afraid I don't know much about the ways of fishes before they are cooked. You might try both places. I am going to stay here under this tree. But I should think you would be more likely to catch something down in the valley. See! there is a quiet little pool a little beyond the fall."

"So should I," reflected Johnny aloud. "I don't see how fish could help rolling down this slide." And off he scrambled down the rocky path.

"I don't suppose I shall read much—it is too pleasant to-day," mused Kitty when at last she sat about untying the knot of red bookseller's twine; "at least unless this is better poetry than Campbell's."

The little blue-and-gold volume bore a name unknown to her. Opening it at random, the spell of the magician who was then moving all susceptible young hearts fell on her, shutting out the actual world, and bearing her at once into that enchanting vale where sad Œnone wandered, "forlorn of Paris, once her playmate on the hills." Deaf from that moment to Johnny's frequent calls for sympathy, she was equally so to the steps that half an hour later descended the slope behind her. The new-comer was a tall young fellow in his early twenties, with a moody but far from unpleasing face, whose first surprise at finding the place thus tenanted had changed, after a prolonged scrutiny of the brown head drooping over the open book, into a smile of pleased recognition. His near approach finally aroused Katharine from her absorption, and she sprang quickly to her feet.

"I might have known," said the young man, with a smile and an outstretched hand, "that no one in this town but Kitty Danforth would be sitting here alone on a hot August day, so wrapped up in a book that she wouldn't hear a clap of thunder, not to mention an old friend's nearly spraining his ankle in a tumble down this hill. You have surely not forgotten me?"

"No," answered Katharine, whose look of surprise had also quickly turned to pleasure. "I did not remember you at first, and no wonder. How many years is it since we played our game of dominoes together?"

"A century, isn't it? And what have you been doing all this time besides growing tall and stately?"

"Me? Oh! nothing. Going to school and reading books. And you?"

"Pretty much the same things. What have you there this morning?"

"I never read a line of it before," said Kitty, handing him the volume.

"Tennyson? This town must be further back in the woods than I had supposed, if you have really waited all this time for "The Princess" and "In Memoriam." Curious! I had been looking at you for ten minutes before I was certain who you were, and a line of his was running in my mind just as a turn of your head made me quite sure. If you had not looked up when you did I should have saluted you with 'Shine out little head, running over with curls.'"

"I wonder where Johnny is?" said Kitty, turning away toward the edge of the cliff with an evanescent blush and a light laugh. Richard followed her. The straw hat, and the sturdy legs in their striped stockings pushed out in front of it, were still in close proximity to each other, their owner sitting motionless on the bank with the patience of a born angler, in the vain hope of a nibble. "It is Johnny Boyd, my next-door neighbor. I hardly know whether he takes me out walking or whether I take him, but we generally go together."

"He seems to have more perseverance than I had at his age, but if he has no more success we may as well sit down in the shade and wait till he scrambles up again. I came home yesterday and could not resist the temptation to visit these falls this morning after the rain. I used to spend most of my Saturdays here when we first came to the city."

"It is months," said Kitty, "since I have met your father. He told me you were away at school, but I never knew where."

"Poor old man! It makes me sad to come back and find him so bent and feeble. This is the first time I have been here in nearly six years. Yes, I have been at school. I ran away—you knew it—to my Uncle Dick the next day after that famous game of dominoes. He was going to send me back again, but I threatened him with the sea, and then my father wrote that he thought it better I should stay. They had intended in any case to send me a little later on. I wanted to go to Harvard, and Uncle Dick was willing enough, but my father and mother both took fright over the idea of possible Unitarianism, or what-not, and prevailed on him to give me my choice between a diploma from a little one-horse denominational concern over in Connecticut and none."

"Well?"

"Oh! that was not even Hobson's choice, to my mind. I went into Boston to the high-schools, and for the last two years I have been attending medical lectures and riding round with my uncle among his patients. As Giddings says, a man gets along just as well in this country in medicine or law without a collegiate training as with it."

"Giddings?"

"The greatest friend I have. I wanted to bring him with me for a visit, but the memory of the old days was strong in me, and I preferred to come first and see how the land lay. It isn't a case of sour grapes with him, however. He has had his sheepskin these five years. I should have been glad of one, if I could have got the right sort; but it was the same old story—these idiotic squabbles over petty religious questions, splitting up the work of education and creating almost as many half-supported 'colleges' of different dyes as there are churches of different creeds."

Katharine gave a faint sigh which did not escape her observant companion, though he mistook its import.

"Fortunately," he went on, "there is a very fair school for girls here—as schools go—and your father has been wise enough to keep you in it. That reminds me: our folks sent me a copy of the daily paper which had the account of this year's closing exercises. I saw your prize poem in it."

This time Katharine reddened in good earnest.

"Don't mention the word poetry in connection with the stuff," she said with energy. "They gave me the *Pleasures of Hope* for it." She began again after a pause: "Last year I was presented with *Lalla Rookh* and *Paradise and the Peri.* When I

read those I felt somewhat reassured about my verses. But this morning has cured me. I shall make no more rhymes."

Richard laughed.

"That is criticism with a vengeance! I hardly know which to admire most, your humility or your—"

"Conceit?" suggested Kitty.

"Well, I noticed that you took a motto from one of Shakspere's sonnets. He didn't abash you? And Tennyson does?"

"Shakspere is like the sun—he lights and warms you, and you never think of measuring yourself with him. But this other! It is like turning on a blaze of gas in a hall where there is a tallow candle burning."

"Oh! stick to poetry. Call it a glow-worm!"

"Don't let us talk about it at all," said Kitty. "How pleased your father and mother must have been to see you!"

"Yes," said Richard, with a sigh. "They killed the fatted calf for me. My poor father quite broke down."

"How good he is! It always gives me pleasure to have a talk with him."

"Good? Yes—a fruitless goodness. Good-for-nothingness I should call it in any one but him. My mother had so much strength in many ways that, if he had only mastered her in the first place, they could have worked together and made something else out of their life than the miserable muddle it has always been. If ever I marry I shall take care that the gray mare is not the best horse in my stable."

"Ah!" said Kitty, "you are a more audacious critic than I am. I confine myself to books. What good is there beyond just goodness itself? And what is there to make of life except eating and drinking and sleeping, and having more or less of your own way? The less you have of it the better you are, according to all accounts. I suppose," she finished, with a laugh, "the others, who get theirs, console themselves for the lack of excellence by the good time they have."

There was a slight bitterness in her tone which struck her companion. He looked at her curiously.

"You remind me of Giddings," he said. "I wonder how you would like each other?"

"I wonder how Johnny would like his dinner?" she returned with some irrelevance, rising as she spoke. "Ah! here he comes, with wet feet and empty hands."

"Hadn't we better go home?" asked the little fellow, with a sheepish glance at the stranger and a rueful one at Katharine.

"It's awful hot down there, and I'm tired, and I haven't caught a thing! There's plenty of black, shiny little fishes with big heads and wiggly tails in the water, but they won't bite."

"I'm afraid your mother will think you have caught something serious, young man," said Richard, "when she sees those wet shoes and stockings. Sit down here and hold your feet out in the sun. Your wigglers will be croakers one of these fine days."

CHAPTER IX.

RICHARD NORTON and Katharine walked up the long, gentle rise after leaving the falls, at a pace which the increasing heat of the day naturally made dilatory, but which doubtless owed some part of the slowness that finally disgusted their companion to the pleasure each found in prolonging a talk insensibly fallen back into the candor distinguishing their childish intercourse. Coming mainly from the young man, and being confined to a brief account of certain scientific researches in which he had been interested and the train of revolutionary conclusions suggested by them, these confidences ill rewarded the attention which Johnny's very juvenile intelligence had been inclined to pay them. And when at last, on reaching the crest, his elders paused under the shadow of a great elm to look just across the grassy hollow, where houses were as yet new and few, to the still gentler slope of the Capitol Hill, and then down at the broad river sparkling far below them, with the horse-boat ploughing its way across, and the white Greendale villas on the farther shore softening their glare under the hazy blue, Katharine's remarks on the beauty of her native place suddenly appeared to him altogether idle, and, pleading hunger and his mother's displeasure when the "men-folks" kept the table waiting, he ran ahead without further ceremony.

"Dutiful youth!" said Richard, laughing.. "Or is he only imaginative and puffed up with pride by those new knickerbockers? I wore a blue pinafore half-way to my heels until I was a head taller than he is, and, though I sometimes lost my dinner by being late for it, my inventive genius would not have been equal to that last excuse for haste. What curious piece of good-fortune brought us together this morning? I should not, of course, have passed two days in town without looking you up, but, as it happens, I have only this one at my disposal. I thought I had a week before me, but Uncle Dick telegraphed me this

morning that he had been summoned professionally to Montreal and wanted me with him. He will be here to-night, and we take the early train to-morrow."

"He is a famous surgeon, then?"

"Hardly that—perfectly safe and cool-headed, and good to be with; but no one except an old patient and personal friend would have sent for him from such a distance."

"I wonder you had the heart to leave home at all to-day. I wouldn't, in your case. But, considering that I saw Buttermilk Falls for the first time this morning, though the name has been as familiar all my life as that of the land of Canaan, it is rather odd we should have met there."

"Your comparison is painfully characteristic."

"How so?"

"It sounds so natural, perhaps—so like a thing I might have said and hated myself for saying. What do you think about it all, or haven't you begun your serious thinking yet?"

"About—"

"Oh! about the way we were brought up, and the crowd of baseless beliefs and idle superstitions planted in us that it will take the best part of our lives to root out again? Are your ears as keen as ever to detect truth by the sound of it?"

"I am afraid I have been growing deaf lately. All things sound pretty much alike now—with a note of interrogation after every one. At the same time I don't quite understand why you should hate yourself for making a Biblical allusion, if it came in naturally."

"I see you don't, and it puzzles me a little. How happens it that what you have been taught so incessantly all your life has taken no deeper hold on you? I seem hardly to have surprised you by what I have been saying, and I certainly have not shocked you. For my part, the more clearly I have seen the absurdity and folly of such a training as I got at home, its want of bearing on the real questions of life, and the certainty with which all we really know and are on the eve of knowing gives it the lie, the more I have felt hampered by the associations I formed and the notions that were branded into my mind when it was young and tender and assimilated everything. To this day there are things I cannot say, and a whole code of absurd and arbitrary minor morals that I cannot transgress, without something in me cringing as if it expected the lash. I am like a half-converted Jew gloating over a scrap of roast pork and yet secretly inclined to believe he will be found dead with it sticking in his throat. And when I

see how the ignorant bigotry that has stamped me in this fashion has also cut off opportunities from mankind and stood in the way of knowledge, I feel a bitterness that"— he paused, and then went on in a lighter tone, his face clearing into the sudden smile that used of old to dispel its clouds—"that makes me laugh when I reflect on it in saner moments and see how ready I am to repeat in another fashion the very bigotry that I resent."

"I don't quite understand that feeling. I have none like it. I soon began to doubt some things that I was taught, but I held fast until lately to the belief that the bottom things were true; that God had made a revelation and that it was embodied in the Bible. But from the day when I first clearly understood that the Bible itself was unvouched for, that every one interpreted it as he pleased, and that the particular set of notions about Christianity put before me was only one of many among which I should some day be free to choose, it began to dawn on me that this was the same as denying revelation altogether. It seems to me absurd to suppose that God became man for the express purpose of teaching us what to believe and what to do, and yet left things in as great an uncertainty as ever."

"Still on the old track, Kitty! I remember leaving you with that serious little face turned Romeward, but I hardly thought I should find it that way still."

"No," said Katharine, with a smile that did not reach her eyes, "it is not turned that way now. I meant for a long time to make inquiries about that church, but when I proposed doing so last spring I found my father so bitterly opposed to it that I gave it up. I thought then that I had simply postponed the search, but I find since that in some unaccountable way the inclination itself has left me, and in its place the conviction has fastened itself in my mind that it would be useless. I hardly know yet whether to be glad or sorry."

Her companion looked a mute interrogation, and the girl went on with that easy, unembarrassed confidence which comes more naturally between young people of different sexes who are on the same intellectual level but have no sentimental ties, than under other conditions.

"It was the gain of a loss, you know. It took away a great hope from me—I did not know how great until it was gone. I begin to find in its place a sort of sympathy for, and understanding of, others that I had not before, and which goes far toward filling up the void. It is one thing to be amused by people who seem to you to be making more or less excusable blunders in

working out a problem that has a definite and attainable solution, and quite another to be convinced that the problem has no answer, and that any guess they may make which gives them satisfaction is just as good as any other. I feel ashamed when I think of the resentment I felt at first against my father, and how slow it has been in wearing off. I began at one time to believe that the only result of obeying him in that one instance would be that I should presently cease to obey him in every other."

"Does he know where you are now?"

"Why should he? It cost me a great deal to yield to him last spring, when I still thought there was something at stake which it would be worth while to buy even at the cost of his displeasure. But now how worse than absurd it would be to take him into my confidence! If I found myself capable of such a piece of cruelty it would go far toward proving to me that both natural affection and the sense of duty really rest on a religious foundation, which is what I have been fearing lately. I begin now to be persuaded that they are instincts and may be trusted to look out for themselves. I find, at all events, that the commandment to love one's neighbor—to a certain extent—is written so plainly on my conscience that it ceases to seem of so much importance whether or not it was written on tables of stone by the finger of God on Mount Sinai. But, all the same, I have a certain pleasure in thinking of such people as your parents and mine, whose illusions have not vanished, and in hoping that they never may."

"Let me see," said Richard, smiling down at the girl's thoughtful but very young face, "was it a hundred you were on your last birthday? For my part, I feel no such tenderness for what you call illusions when I remember my own dismal childhood and what made it what it was. My mother was tyrannical and selfish, but she had a natural wit and keenness of perception that were only half-blinded by her religious views. She kept one eye wide open on the main chance always, and, though she would have been quite ready to burn a heretic or a slaveholder, she would have kept well out of the way of scorching herself. My father, on the other hand, is the most unselfish, the simplest, the sincerest man in the world. He would not wrong his neighbor of a pin; he would not misrepresent friend or enemy by so much as an equivocal inflection of his voice; he simply never thinks of his own comfort where that of others is concerned. All that would be admirable, if there were not another side to it. He lives in the idea that hell yawns on either side of every path in life.

He thinks all light reading pernicious and all amusements sinful. He believes that every word and act not deliberately aimed at one's own salvation tends directly toward damnation. Those notions, confined to one half-educated man, embittered even my babyhood and have crippled my youth. Think of them with their force multiplied by whole generations and backed by the power of physical compulsion, and you have what Christianity, in that primitive form after which you have been hankering, has done for the world at large. Your father did a good work when he turned you away from it. Protestantism is, at all events, an advance on what went before it. Three centuries ago men who held views like mine would have been burned for them."

"Nobody is burned on either side now," said Katharine. "But if one is effectually thwarted in taking his own road because other people are afraid he will come out at a different place from them, what difference does it make what the actual hindrance is? What I like, for myself and every one else, is freedom to think one's own thoughts and act on one's own judgment, no matter where they lead. But you are just like your own father and mine. You go in another direction, but you are as sure as they are that the end of all other ways is death."

"That is not fair at all. It is because I believe in freedom, and want to secure it for those who will come after us. But to insure that it may be necessary to do some rough work in uprooting the weeds planted by those who went before us. For that reason one would like to safeguard education, so that sincerity and steadfastness shall be aids to the general advance of the race, instead of being, as they have been, its worse drawbacks."

"Poor race!"

"Don't be satirical. It is becoming, but not convincing. The plain fact is that the only thing which makes a belief in dogmatic Christianity innocuous, or even tolerable, in any given case, is that it shall be held in a Pickwickian sense and not become a spring of action. The real virtues that hold society together are what you called them just now—instincts. But when they have been twisted in the vice of dogma and then fasten themselves on a really upright heart, the better the man is by nature the worse he becomes by what he calls grace. The very tenderness that makes his bowels yearn toward his fellow-men incites him to crush out, at all risks, all that he believes likely to imperil their salvation. And then to think that he actually knows nothing at all about the matter, and shares that ignorance with every other

soul of man! Why should one have any tenderness for illusions such as those?"

"Your father," said Katharine, going back, as was her wont, from generals to particulars, "has always struck me as a happy man just by reason of the intensity of his belief and his fidelity to what he thinks it enjoins. What would console him for losing it, his life remaining what it is? If it were to be had by wishing for it, there is nothing I can think of that I would not exchange for one like it. But the stones in the road are too many."

"Take my word for it, they will not always be so if that remains your attitude of mind. You may not end where he has, but some fetich or other you will set up and try to bend the universe before it. For me, I shall come along with a hammer and break your idols for you."

"And welcome. It is because an idol with a crack in it is a trifle worse than none that my altar is empty at present. But I think you may spare yourself the trouble, all the same. I never set up Dagon over-night but what I find him on his nose in the morning."

"Do you know, Kitty," said Richard, after a somewhat prolonged silence, "that you surprise me greatly? When I began talking to you awhile ago it was with the expectation of shocking you a bit and drawing down on myself a little good-natured scolding for my own aberrations. How do you happen to have wandered so far from the regular path? I have had access to all sorts of books, besides making some friends among older men of liberal views. Then there is my profession into the bargain: *Ubi tres medici, duo athei*, says the old proverb. But where did you get your notions? With all your father's indulgence in the matter of books, I cannot imagine his not taking every care to keep anti-Christian literature out of your way. Where did you get hold of it?"

"Nowhere. I never saw an infidel book in my life. I knew, as a matter of ancient history, that there had been infidel writers: Voltaire, you know, and Paine, and—but I don't think I ever heard any others mentioned, and I took it for granted they had all been routed and put to flight centuries ago. Perhaps they were. I hardly know when it began to be plain to me that the incessant throwing of missiles which goes on in sermons and the religious publications that come to the house must mean that there is a pretty lively foe somewhere close at hand. It was like building a snow fort: you haven't much to do but dig a trench in a snowbank and unload your shovel on the other side—the wall will

pile up of itself. It was since last spring, at all events. Then I am to take up Paley and Butler next year, and I have been reading both of them this vacation. Why do people put such elaborate explanations, apologies, excuses before school-girls who have been taught that Christianity is as certain as the multiplication-table? Who can help seeing that all is not plain sailing? Pope or Pagan—one or other of those giants is sure to swallow up people like me whose only speech is yea or nay."

"I see. You travel fast because you travel on straight lines. You must find listening to sermons a delightful occupation in that frame of mind."

"Oh! but I seldom listen. You have always your own thoughts, and then, thanks to two sessions of Sunday-school and three sermons, Sunday is always a drowsy day. It isn't always safe, though, to drop asleep in a pew situated like ours," she said, stopping to laugh at a sudden recollection. "You remember it, of course, at the right of the pulpit and facing the body of the church. Three years ago we had a very eccentric minister—a doctor, by the way: the one of the three who is not an atheist. He has dropped theology since and gone back to medicine. He took his text one morning from St. Paul's Epistle to Timothy, *Give attention to reading*, and made it a peg on which to hang a string of rather foolish comments on all sorts of authors, from Chaucer to Fanny Fern. Some severely stupid criticism on Shakspere moved my father to turn his head and smile at me. Unfortunately, the doctor's wife happened to be looking our way and reported the misdemeanor. Father stayed at home with a headache that afternoon and mother kept him company, so that I went alone first to Sunday-school and then to church, where I fell asleep with my head on a book-rest. Fancy suddenly starting bolt upright just in time to catch the full force of this remark: 'In the day of judgment, instead of sitting, as some did this morning, in a very prominent position, facing the whole congregation, and laughing at myself, there will be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth!'"

"No?"

"But yes. The worst of it was that after blushing scarlet, and wishing I could sink through the floor to escape people's eyes, the fun of the thing flashed on me and I laughed again. But father was very angry when I told him. He left the church for a while and took me with him. He threatened to apply for his letter and join elsewhere, but mother was very stanch about sticking to the old place, and he finally went back. But not until we changed ministers."

They were nearing her own door as she spoke, and Mrs. Danforth's grave, rather anxious face was looking out from the entry.

"There is mother," Katharine began again. "It would be pleasant to have you, and she is sure to beg you, to come in to dinner, but I don't believe you ought."

Richard laughed. "You are quite right about your conscience," said he: "it is evidently ample enough for two. How do you do, Mrs. Danforth? This young lady's escort basely forsook her, and I am so unfamiliar to the town that it took an endless time to find her way home."

"Johnny Boyd came in to tell me Kitty had a gentleman with her," said Mrs. Danforth, with a kindly but rather stiff greeting. "I should hardly have known you—you have grown almost beyond remembrance. And you really will not come in?"

"I would, but dare not. This little dragon of filial respect has just been ordering me back to my own mother. If truth-telling were not my foible I should say I came this way merely to catch the Kenwood stage, which I see coming. Good-by, Mrs. Danforth; good-by, Kitty."

"And so that is Richard Norton—a full-grown man," said her mother, looking meditatively at Kitty. "I shall have to put up your hair and let down your frocks next. Dear me! how time flies. It seems the other day that you were a baby."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE COST OF MONARCHY AND ARISTOCRACY IN GREAT BRITAIN.

IT is not our intention in the following pages to advocate any particular form of government in preference to any other, nor are we desirous of deducing any argument in favor of any favorite political theory from the facts which we shall enumerate; for we are quite ready to admit that the actual money cost of a method of national government is not a correct test of its suitability or its value one way or the other. Governments, like humanity in general, are to be judged by their fruits. Therefore if a government is a good one its expensiveness is no objection, while if a bad one its cheapness is no recommendation. In dwelling upon the cost of the present system of government in England we have no intention of expressing any opinion as

to its suitability to *that* land. Were we considering the case of Ireland we should have something different to say, and we must now, at the outset, express our conviction that so far as Ireland bears the burden of the present system of English government, so far is that burden unjust and improper.

Her majesty the queen of Great Britain and Ireland receives for her own expenditure in hard cash annually no less than £453,541, or about $2,260,000, while there is expended upon her various palaces a sum of £36,354—about $181,700—and upon her royal yachts, naval escorts, and other matters of a naval character connected with her household and its removals, £40,775, or upwards of $203,800. Military expenditure in immediate connection with the royal establishment consumes £68,793, equal to $343,900. The total annual payments on behalf of the sovereign, including, of course, several which we have not detailed, amount to £619,379, or close on $3,096,800. If we multiply this amount by the forty-seven years during which Queen Victoria has worn the crowns of England, Ireland, and Scotland, we find an actual expenditure personal to the sovereign of fully $145,000,000—surely a sum sufficient to make future generations of more enlightened beings than the English of the present day ask what the rather dull, though undoubtedly very good, old lady who sits upon the throne of England did to earn it all. It is to be borne in mind that the queen's late consort had received during his life £630,000, or about $3,100,000, while the queen received a bequest in 1852 of upwards of $2,500,000 in cash, besides real estate, from an old gentleman named Nield, who could find no better use for his money than to bequeath it to a monarch already over-burdened with wealth. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Albany, the Princess Royal, the Princess Christian, the Princess Louise, the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, the Princess Augusta, the Princess Mary, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Prince Leiningen, Prince Victor of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, and the Princess Frederica, being her majesty's surviving children, cousins, and nephews, receive between them about £260,000, equal to $1,300,000, annually; the entire payments in one twelve months on account of the royal family being £886,973, close on $4,430,000.

The amount of money annually paid by the English people towards the support of the aristocracy is something astounding. We are not now referring to the amounts drawn by the nobility from their vast territorial possessions, but solely to the

moneys which the chiefs of the great noble families and their relatives obtain annually from the public revenue for the discharge of the duties of various offices—offices many of which could easily be dispensed with, and any of which could be filled as well by a commoner as by a peer. The Duke of Athole, for example, has obtained various public situations for fifty-seven of his relatives, the Duke of Beaufort for seventy-seven, the Duke of Bedford for fifty-four, the Duke of Devonshire for fifty-five, the Duke of Manchester for a similar number, the Duke of Wellington for sixty-one, the Marquess of Bute for forty-two, the Marquess of Anglesea for ninety-seven, the Marquess of Clanricarde for thirty-eight, the Marquess of Ely for ninety-two, the Marquess of Lothian for ninety-six, and so on and on until one shrinks in very weariness from the dry recapitulation of names and numbers. It may, to be sure, be said that many of the people included in the figures we have quoted are the best servants the nation could obtain, and worthy, through their abilities, of the pay they receive. This may be true in some instances, but, to take an example of our own choosing, let us ask if it will be seriously contended that one of those whom we have counted—the Marquess of Hartington, to wit—owes his present high position in the Liberal cabinet to anything but his aristocratic parentage and influence. The marquess, in any other land save England, would not have had the ghost of a chance of being leader or semi-leader of a great political party. In a Continental or an American assemblage he would be voted dull and slow, while as a public or popular orator anywhere he would be the most incapable of men.

By the various employments which the dukes of England have obtained for their relatives and connections it is estimated that they have supplemented their incomes from their landed and other possessions by no less a sum than £9,760,090, or about $48,800,450.* Five hundred and nineteen relatives of ducal

* This estimate is that given in the annual almanac of the Financial Reform Association, a publication of admitted reliability. Its compilers say:

"The estimate, commencing with the year 1850, includes all members of noble families who at that time or up to the year 1883 had entered the public service in any of its departments or become recipients of national bounty. In the case of each person it includes all moneys drawn in that person's lifetime, and therefore necessarily includes some large amounts drawn *before* 1850, but in every such case the recipient is either now living or has died *since* 1850.

"Accuracy in all cases has, of course, been impossible, but in the great majority of the amounts it is sufficiently certain. A few overestimates that may have occurred would be swamped a hundred-fold were the marriages of the female line in every family brought under contribution, as they have been in but very few instances. Beyond this we have, to our knowledge, much under-assessed hundreds of individuals in the list, and a further margin remains to

families divide between them the emoluments of one thousand and thirteen offices. The marquisate comes in for its full share of what can only be styled the national plunder. Thirty-three families of marquesses have written the names of six hundred and twenty-six members upon the national pay-roll to the tune of £8,305,950, or $41,529,750. The earls surpass in this respect all the other branches of the nobility. Two hundred earls have secured for three thousand three hundred and ninety-one relatives the perquisites of five thousand nine hundred and sixty-three offices to the amount of £48,181,202, or $240,906,010. The Earl of Guilford alone secured place for fifteen relatives, who held thirty offices and received pay to the amount of £462,000, or $2,310,000. The editor of the publication to which we are indebted for our figures says of his lordship of Guilford:

"This is the venerable party who for forty-five years robbed the rich charity of St. Cross' Hospital, and was exposed in the law-courts by a Dissenting minister of Southampton, being made to disgorge four years' accumulations. Lord Romilly, the Master of the Rolls, said his 'shameless perversion of one of our noblest charities had been done under a system which not even the most unscrupulous cupidity could have carried out until hardened into a contempt for common decency.' The *Times* newspaper of the period wrote: 'He will go down to the grave with a dishonored name and an evil fame too well deserved, should he leave to his own offspring the property accumulated by depriving the needy of their inheritance.' The property *was* so left. The motto of the family is, 'Virtue is the only nobility.'"

There never, perhaps, was a more glaring example of the evil effects of the undue influence allowed the aristocratic element in England than the case here referred to, and which was adjudicated upon in August, 1853. A brief summary of the chief facts will show this.

The Hospital of St. Cross, at Winchester, was founded in the twelfth century, and the Almshouse of Noble Poverty, at the same place, in A.D. 1446, the first-named through the Catholic charity of Henry de Blois, the latter through that of Cardinal Beaufort. These originally separate institutions had in the course of time come to form one charity. In the almshouses were supported thirteen poor men, while dinner was daily given to one

draw upon in those numerous cases of aristocratic pensioners and functionaries whom no published document refers us to, but whose name is legion."

The president of the Financial Reform Association is Mr. Muspratt, son of the world-famous chemist, and amongst its vice-presidents are numbered Sir Charles W. Dilke; Mr. Trevelyan, now Chief Secretary for Ireland; Mr. Jacob Bright, Mr. John Morley, Mr. F. H. O'Donnell. For the purposes of ready calculation we have, as will be seen, taken the United States dollar as worth four shillings of British money.

hundred more, and various benefits were conferred upon all who were indigent or in need of help. An attempt had been made, so far back as the very century wherein the charity was established, by one William de Stowell and afterwards by Sir Roger de Cloud, successive masters of the hospital, to pervert its funds to their own purposes. These attempts were defeated by the courageous steadfastness of William of Wykeham, who had the contention referred to Rome for papal decision. This decision was, as it was certain to be, just and impartial, and by it the fraudulent-minded master was condemned in all the costs of the proceedings which his felonious designs against God's poor had made necessary. The Reformation having come, it seems to have occurred to the then master that opportunity offered for easy enrichment. But the times were not yet ripe for such rascality; enough of the old leaven of Catholic respect for the rights of the poor still existed to defeat his efforts, and in the reign of Elizabeth a special act of Parliament was passed confirming the original grants and foundation, and expressly forbidding any alienation of the property or income of the institution from its original destination. In 1696, however, things had altered somewhat, and the rogues triumphed. In that year the brethren and two chaplains of the hospital agreed to a document called a *Consuetudinarium*, or settlement of the custom of administering the funds of the charity, and making over same entirely to the master. In this precious document, which was sanctioned by the then Protestant bishop of Winchester, and which Sir John Romilly described as "one of the most extraordinary and nefarious deeds which the court had ever perused," a deliberate falsehood was set out in order to give some color to the act of piratical fraud which it was intended to perpetrate. It commenced by stating that after diligent search no documents had been discovered providing for the government of the charity, although at the very time the master and the so-called brethren were in possession of the original deed, the pope's bull, the statutes of Henry and Elizabeth, and the records and archives of the House of Noble Poverty. Under this disgraceful and dishonest document the "noble" house of Guilford purloined the revenues of the old Catholic charity for more than a century and a half, until at last the courageous determination of an humble clergyman let in the light of day upon the iniquitous and fraudulent transaction. Now, however, stepped in aristocratic influence to screen the Guilfords from the necessity of restitution, for when the able and upright judge who had heard the case came to utter his decision

he found that her Britannic majesty's attorney-general had so astutely framed the legal pleadings and informations that it was impossible for the court to make the earl accountable for any moneys received previous to the commencement of the legal proceedings. Thus was one flagrant aristocratic fraud upon the English people condoned through aristocratic influence. It is true the robber was discovered, but good care was taken to secure him the proceeds of his knavery—that he should get clear off with "the swag."

Another fruitful source of profit to the aristocratic classes in England lies in the ancient pensions granted by various monarchs who, besides subsidizing, at the expense of their people, most iniquitous wretches, likewise, by the exercise of their own "divine right," lifted up to the regions of "blue blood" scoundrels whose vital fluid must have been black as ink, if debauchery and vice could taint the stream of life. Charles II. was a liberal bestower of these pensions. To one of his sons, whom he had created Duke of Richmond, he granted a duty of one shilling per chaldron on coals exported from the Tyne and consumed in England. This pension was eventually commuted by the payment of no less a sum than £490,833, or $2,454,165. Charles gave to another son, the Duke of Grafton, a perpetual grant of the prisage and butterage dues on wines, to abolish which the people of England had to pay £200,000, or $1,000,000. To recapitulate the entire list would, however, weary our readers; it is a tedious piece of evidence of royal chicanery and of popular subserviency which is little creditable to any one concerned. Is there loyalty or honor or equity in the hard-working people of England still patiently paying five hundred pounds annually to the descendant of a man whose sole title to pension was the fact that he scorned not to purvey to the debauchery of the second Charles? Think of a man pensioned from the Woods and Works Office in 1842, on the score of "ill-health," after three years' service, who is still alive, and who has received in all for doing nothing £13,860, or $69,300; of another, retired in the same year, who received before his death £103,645, or $518,225; and of still another, retired in 1847, who yet lives, and who has received from the nation so far £114,700, or $573,500.

The Duke of St. Albans now holds the title and draws the salary of Great Falconer, although the royal pastime of hawking is completely extinct. There is still the office of Lord High Almoner, with a large salary attached, which must be filled by one of the spiritual peers, and the duties of which consist

solely in dispensing twice a year the queen's bounty to the individuals appointed to receive it; if the bounty he distributes were anything near being equal to the salary he draws there might be a redeeming feature in this office of Lord High Almoner, but the extent of the royal gift is—as many silver coins as the years of the sovereign's life, distributed, one coin apiece, to an equal number of favored recipients! Not many years ago a clergyman had a salary of £1,200 ($6,000) a year as the Searcher of Old Customs; a gentleman was Comptroller of Forest Fruits; another was Clerk of the Pipe; a lady (!) was Chief Usher of the Court of Exchequer; and a dowager duchess was a Receiver of Foreign Customs, for which office she drew £300 ($1,500) a year. A very curious annuity is still paid to the descendants of a sergeant of halberdiers who, after the battle of Malplaquet, was placed by the Duke of Marlborough in charge of some ammunition left on the battle-field; the descendants are supposed to be still guarding this ammunition, in virtue of which service they continue to receive the annuity granted in 1709. Talking of the Duke of Marlborough, the present holder of that title—one of the most profligate members that ever disgraced the British peerage—only the other day compounded with the government his hereditary pension of £4,000 for a sum of £17,000. The descendants of William Penn, too, have just compounded the annuity they have been receiving since the War of Independence for the handsome figure of £60,000. We should mention that one of the rights hereditary of the Duke of Norfolk is the office of Great Almoner to the sovereign, the duties of which, singular to say, consist solely in distributing the medals struck at coronations.

These are but instances; they by no means exhaust the list of absurdities, of travesties of charity, of masquerades of patriotic services, which the British public—whose "practical common sense" is so loudly advertised to the disparagement of less wise peoples—are lavishing so much treasure to perpetuate.

Aristocracy is sometimes a good thing; but whether the form of it which has grown up in England is an unmixed blessing or not, it is certain that their whistle is costing the English people mighty dear.

WHO COULD HAVE TAKEN IT?

AN EXPERIENCE OF ACTUAL LIFE.

London, March, 1884.

Some short time ago I read a case in the newspapers of a woman who having forged a character for herself, obtained by its means a situation in a gentleman's family. On conviction she was sentenced by the worthy magistrate to a month's imprisonment with hard labor; moreover, she was given to understand that she was being leniently dealt with because she had conducted herself honestly during the few weeks she was in her situation, for otherwise, as her crime was akin to felony, she would have been committed for trial.

Reading these facts, a certain queer affair that happened in my cousin's household a few years ago of a somewhat analogous nature recurred vividly to my mind. As I was much mixed up in it, I could not help contrasting the circumstances and feeling how strangely justice is meted out in this country.

My cousin's husband was suddenly called away on foreign service which obliged him to take his men-servants with him, thus considerably reducing his establishment. His wife and children remaining behind in London, he said he felt rather uneasy leaving a tribe of women in a big house without any one to look after them, especially as his wife, who was very young and had been born and brought up abroad, was hardly yet familiar with English ways and customs.

I suggested he should leave one of his men behind in the house, as it was only for a few weeks. To this he objected, saying their names had been entered as part of his retinue, and go they must. My next idea was, why not engage a steady man-servant for my cousin and as a sort of protection to the house?

"I'd willingly offer to come myself, Howard," said I, "and take care of the whole establishment, babies and all; but your wife is young and handsome—it wouldn't do. All the lady friends would raise no end of an uproar."

"No," rejoined Howard—"no, certainly not, my dear fellow. I have thought already of this idea of a man-servant, but Mary is so averse to them, and she seems to imagine I can find one at any moment, if it is absolutely necessary, and time is growing short. Numbers of people have such a reckless way of giving

characters that it becomes quite dangerous to take a stranger into your house; and others, on the contrary, refuse to give a character at all to some honest, hard-working individual, simply from a mere personal dislike. And the whole thing becomes a puzzle. One thing is, the maids are steady and trustworthy; there would be no danger of flirtation. Besides," he added, laughing, "five women would surely suffice to keep one man in order, if necessary; and there is safety in numbers."

At this moment my cousin entered the room, and Howard began immediately:

"Well, Mary, Stephen proposes that you should have a respectable man-servant to look after you during my absence."

"What!" she exclaimed, "a strange man? No, thank you. English men-servants are so uncertain. You remember that dreadful affair in Palace Gardens. And then suppose he refuses to carry the coals farther than the drawing-room door, as William did (but I believe it's a trick of the whole caste), or if he leaves the gas burning all night in the servants' hall, or, what is worse, comes in drunk in the middle of the night and sets fire to his bed, as Brown did, and when the policeman called you up at one o'clock you had to hold his head under the tap in the scullery to bring him to his senses? Stephen, please don't put such ideas into Howard's head; you are not a family man, and only laugh at these difficulties, but wait till your own turn comes. I can do very well with my five women; and even Howard admits that they never give any trouble, and he also allows that they are sensible and have some gumption."

"Nonsense, Mary!" I said. "Do be reasonable. You must have a man, if only to answer the door and accompany the carriage, and make himself generally useful. It looks well, and by the time he refuses to carry the coals or requires a shower-bath to clear out the cobwebs Howard will be back again."

She held out resolutely for some time, and at last, after a hard-fought battle, she gave up, saying:

"Well, I suppose if you and Howard are quite determined I must give in; at the same time I'd much rather not. However, settle it between you; only remember you are answerable for all consequences."

Now, the next query was how best to secure a really trustworthy man. Howard first spoke to his own steward, who had been many years in his service and was thoroughly in his confidence, thinking he might know of some one; but Redman did not, and suggested applying to the tradesmen as the safest and

most expeditious method. This we did accordingly, and found the fishmonger knew of some one he thought would just answer. He had not seen the person, but knew his brother, a highly respectable young man, who was butler to a family he served in Eaton Square. He had asked him to look out for a place for his brother, saying he had an excellent character from Lady Diana Barrington, with whom he had lived for six months.

The fishmonger was deputed to secure the treasure, and Howard made me go home to dine with him, in order to inspect the individual if he turned up. After dinner, as we were sitting over our wine, Redman came in and announced that a young man who gave the name of John Read had called and would be glad to speak to Sir Howard, if convenient. He was ushered in—a quiet, self-possessed young fellow about thirty, in plain clothes, with remarkably good address. He said he had taken the liberty to call on Sir Howard Trevor, as he understood from Mr. James, the fishmonger, that a lady's footman was required, and he could highly recommend his brother, who had an excellent character.

After the usual inquiries as to age, health, why he left his last place, and how long he had been without a situation, all of which were answered satisfactorily, Howard settled that the brother should call the following evening, and if, after a personal interview, Lady Trevor was satisfied, Howard would either see Lady Diana Barrington or write for his character.

Meeting my cousin the next evening, I heard that Howard had seen the treasure, was satisfied, and had engaged him, provided his character answered all expectations.

"Do you like him, Mary?" I said.

"Well, I don't know exactly, Stephen. I don't think I do; there is something disagreeable about him."

"Disagreeable?"

"Well, not disagreeable in the exact sense of the word, Stephen; perhaps 'queer' would answer better to express what I mean."

"How so?" I rejoined. "His brother seemed a decidedly superior young man, and of a better style than the class of servants one ordinarily meets with nowadays."

"Yes," said Mary, "a very superior man, who would perpetually make you feel that he was quite above his position. Part of the queerness is that this same brother seems to be the moving power in the whole matter. He came this evening, and to all Howard's questions to James the brother replied, James winding up at the end of each sentence with 'Yes, sir, just as

my brother says, sir.' How I do dislike a man who can't speak for himself!"

"What is he like?" I said, very much amused by my cousin's description.

"Carroty hair, with the usual complexion accompanying that style of chevelure; rather tall, thin, and I should say gawky, but Howard declares he is well made and only lank from illness, and wants filling out. He has a very anxious, nervous, and rather hesitating manner. By the bye, he has one peculiarity: he screws his eyes up dreadfully when he looks at anybody or anything. I asked if he was short-sighted, and his brother immediately replied for him: 'Oh! no; it was from a cold he once had in his eyes, and they had been weak ever since.' To which remark James added his usual refrain, 'Yes, my lady, just as my brother says. I never recovered from the effects of that cold.' Now, as far as I am concerned I don't believe in the cold, and, what is more, I don't believe they are brothers; they are different as day and night."

"Now, Mary, you don't mean to say that you have never seen brothers who were the exact opposite of each other, both morally and physically?"

"Well, I suppose I have, but you imply by that that I'm prejudiced."

"A little, perhaps; but all this may turn out better than you expect. Wait till Howard gets his character."

"He hopes to get it without delay; and you know, Stephen, Lady Diana Barrington has the reputation of being a very pious person. I conclude if she gives a good recommendation we can depend upon it, though I do sincerely hope he is not by way of being sanctimonious—I have such a horror of cant. My servants have hitherto got on very satisfactorily, and, in spite of different creeds, they pull very well together; even Kitty, my fiery little Irish nurse, gets on with Rebecca, who rather distrusts papists, as she calls them; but Kitty is so earnest and so edifying she will end by converting us all by her good example."

"Well, I hope Howard is satisfied so far."

"Yes, quite so; but I must confess, Stephen, I feel distrustful about this new importation. I do not like his expression or his manner. Perhaps my fears are foolish; at any rate, I will give him fair play, as Howard wishes to take him."

The next I heard was that the character had been satisfactory in every respect. Howard said Lady Diana Barrington had declined a personal interview, owing to ill-health, and answered

all inquiries by letter. James Read was established in Grosvenor Place, and I promised to keep an eye on things and see how all went on.

About three weeks later I dined with Mary, who had been out of town on a visit. I had not seen James, and this proved a good opportunity for inspecting him. I had heard from my cousin that he gave satisfaction, and seemed so nervously anxious to please that it was positively painful. Mary had strained a point in calling him carroty. Whilst dinner was going on I glanced at him occasionally, and each time I felt that my eyes met his, though I could not say I saw them, for only two thick rows of white eyelashes were visible. It was the most peculiar thing I ever beheld. I could hardly call it a deformity, but it gave him the oddest expression in the world—just like a pussy-cat, as Mary said, sitting on the watch to pounce on the first unlucky mouse who might take the closed eyes as a guarantee of sleep. I never saw so observant a fellow; he seemed to forestall your every wish, and everything was done so quietly, so silently. I confess I did not quite like it; there was something too feline to please me. I mentally agreed with my cousin in her general view of the whole affair. I felt all the more uncomfortable because in the first instance I had treated her judgment lightly. Having nothing tangible whereon to ground my dislike, I thought it better to keep my misgivings to myself, resolving to be on the lookout for breakers ahead.

After dinner I rushed up to the nursery to look at the children and say a word to Rebecca, who was a prime favorite of mine. Finding the children all flourishing, I said good-night and turned to leave the room, when it suddenly occurred to me to ask Rebecca how she liked her new guardian. Now, Rebecca was a handsome, quiet, pleasant-faced young woman about thirty, prudent and self-possessed beyond her years, with very strong views regarding babies, Independent ministers, the weather, and her luncheon beer. Kitty was sitting by the fire, with her great blue eyes fixed on Rebecca, while she occupied herself in slowly rubbing the baby's pink toes.

"Guardian, sir! I believe it is us as will have to be on our guard with him."

"What on earth do you mean, Rebecca?"

"Why, sir, just this: that I don't like him, and, if I'm not a good bit mistaken, he'll show his claws yet."

"His claws?" I repeated, laughing.

"Yes, Mr. Stephen; he's no good, for all his mincing, smooth

ways, and screwing up his white eyes as if he was afraid of the light. Mark my words, sir, for they'll turn out true, and I think her ladyship is about as wide-awake as I am. He'll have to be up before daybreak, if he expects to find us napping; and Kitty isn't to be blinded, either."

"But, Rebecca, what is the meaning of all this? Have you really any grounds for these gloomy suspicions beyond his appearance?"

"Well, some few of my reasons are, sir: first, he's too smooth, and no good ever yet came of those hushed, gentle-voiced kind of men; then he's always of everybody's way of thinking and wants to know everybody's business. To think of his impudence when he comes up with the coals, daring to say to me how I was a real good nurse, and my babies did me credit, and he liked dissenters! 'Well,' says I, 'and pray what are you?' So he screwed up those ferret eyes of his and says: 'Well, I was born in the Church of England, but I'm not particular.' 'No,' says I, 'I shouldn't think you are. You don't know what you are, I expect.' Now, Mr. Stephen, I do like folks to have solid views on religious matters. I just bundled him off and told him to mind his own business. Then when I'm out of the way he comes up and tries it on with Kitty, telling her how uncommon pleasant she is, and he offers to take the dear baby and give it a dance—there's impudence for you, for the likes of which I told Kitty she ought to have boxed his ears—and then he finishes up with he likes the Catholics, they are so earnest, and he knows a good deal about their religion."

Here Kitty burst into a merry laugh, showing the prettiest row of white teeth possible, as she said to Rebecca:

"And it's little he knows of our holy faith. Why, he could hardly tell the difference between Mass and benediction."

"Well, sir," continued Rebecca, "I came up just at that moment and asked him pretty sharply what he was doing in my nursery, and with that he answered, quite savage-like, 'Only trying to make myself agreeable, Mrs. Wilson.'

"'Agreeable!' says I. 'Now look here, young man: you try this on a second time, and as sure as you stand there I'll let Sir Howard know of it. I'll send you to the right-about with your nonsense about agreeables.'"

"Well, Rebecca, I'm sorry you don't like him. If anything does go wrong you know where to find me, and you could either come or send for me."

"Indeed I will, sir. And Kitty could go; she'd find you easy enough."

"Sure enough I would, sir," broke in Kitty. "I know the length of Piccadilly well."

From what I had just heard it was evident the new man was not in favor, though when I came to analyze his shortcomings they did not appear on the whole very serious.

About a month or six weeks later Howard was summoned to London on diplomatic business. He was to pass one night only in town, dine out, and leave early the next morning. Redman being unable to accompany him, he wrote word that everything must be ready, for he should arrive so late as to have hardly time to dress and be off. James was very efficient on this occasion, as I found out from Mary afterwards. Howard arrived, dressed, and, after a few hasty words with his wife, he rushed off to his appointment. I did not see him, of course. The following evening I was dining out and called at my club, before starting, to see if there were any letters. The porter met me with a curious expression on his face, saying:

"Please, sir, there's been a young woman four times this afternoon looking after you."

"After me!" I exclaimed. "What sort of person?"

"Well, sir, a very nice-looking young woman—very pretty indeed."

"What was she like?"

"Rather small, sir; beautiful blue eyes, sir, and the nicest teeth I ever saw. She said her business was very pressing, but she'd leave no message."

It never occurred to me till that moment, when it all flashed across my mind.

"Good heavens!" I said aloud, "it must have been Kitty. What can have happened?" At my outspoken thought the porter's face relaxed into an unmistakable grin; this recalled me to my senses, so I said as quietly as I could:

"It must have been one of Lady Trevor's servants. Was her accent Irish?"

"Oh! yes, sir, certainly. She did seem in an awful way the last time, when I told her you were not in, and that no one could tell where you might be found. I asked if she had a note, but she said she had a message, and she'd give it to no one but his honor."

"Get me a hansom without delay, and I'll write a note which you must take to the Athenæum; if the young woman calls again tell her to get into a cab and follow me to Lady Trevor's." This hasty action dispersed the castles in the air which Kitty's persist-

ent visits had evidently created in our worthy porter's brain. To write a line telling my friend that urgent business prevented me from dining with him, jump into the cab, and be off was the affair of five minutes, and I found myself bowling on rapidly to Grosvenor Place, wondering all the while what could be up. On ringing at No. 25 the door was opened by the housemaid, a quiet, demure sort of girl. I could trace no signs of flurry or expectation in her face. She said Lady Trevor was at home; would I walk into the library, and her ladyship would be down in a minute. In a few seconds down came Mary; she looked pale and perplexed.

"Well," I said, "what's up? I missed Kitty. I heard she had been to my club, so I came down at once, concluding you wanted me."

"I do want you, Stephen, very much. I'll tell you what has happened. You know Howard came up last night for that diplomatic dinner. Well, he only had just time to dress and be off. Almost directly after I went to bed, being very tired. I did not go into his dressing-room after he left, but told Rebecca to see that the gas was turned off. I must have been asleep when he returned, for I did not hear him. He got up very early, before I was awake, as he meant to return to Paris by the mail. After he was dressed he came up again, and I was considerably startled by his waking me up with these words:

"'Mary, did you take some money out of my dressing-case last night? I am afraid I shall require some of it.'

"For a moment I could not make out what he meant, but I almost immediately assured him that I had not returned to his room after he left. He then told me he had brought fifty pounds with him in his dressing-case, and that he was twenty pounds short. Knowing that I had a duplicate key, he thought perhaps I had taken it, as he could find no traces of it. I felt very uncomfortable, and of course, Stephen, my suspicions fell on James. Howard, however, told me, in his usual calm way, not to jump at hasty feminine conclusions, and above all not to mention it to any one, and that he would have another look through his things; and with that he rushed off to his breakfast, as the time was getting short. He soon returned saying it was most perplexing; that the money was certainly gone, and that it was in gold. He told me to send for you at once, and he thought we had better speak to Inspector Sanderson. He said he would write by the next post, if anything occurred to him to throw any light on the affair. So now, Stephen, put on your most serious considering-cap and try to unravel this mystery."

"I wonder if Rebecca could help us? Suppose you send for her, Mary, and we'll ask her a few questions."

Rebecca soon appeared, looking rather mystified.

"Do you know who put the gas out in Sir Howard's dressing-room last night?" said Mary.

"I did, my lady," answered Rebecca. "I was in the room with Packer just after Sir Howard left, arranging some linen in the drawers, and while we were there James came in with a can of water and began brushing the clothes."

"Did he leave before or after you?"

"We all left nearly together, Mr. Stephen; but after Kitty had brought up the nursery supper, somewhere about ten o'clock, I went down again to turn out the gas and see that all was safe, and I found that James, with his usual forwardness, had been beforehand and done it for me; he was poking about on the stairs, so I just turned it on again for a few minutes and then put it out to show him he'd no business to meddle. He was very savage and told me he'd pay me out in a way I shouldn't like; but I don't care a bit for his threats; besides, he is too cowardly to do anything that would get himself into trouble, though he'd be up to anything mean or sly."

"Did any one wait up for Sir Howard?"

"No, sir; he let himself in with his latch-key." This was the extent of the information we gained from Rebecca, and it threw no light on the difficulty. We next ordered the carriage and drove to Inspector Sanderson's. He was most civil and obliging. He asked all sorts of questions about the servants—how long they had been in the family; their general character, age, and appearance; if we knew anything about their friends; if they went out, and what hours they kept. In fact, he asked no end of questions, and the most alarming thing in it all was that he seemed obstinately inquisitive about poor little Kitty. He wanted to know if she went home, how often, and if her own baby was alive; if her husband came to see her, and if he had been lately; he took down his name and address and that of his employer. Mary, bursting over with indignation, declared her to be the most faithful, true-hearted little soul he could find, and devoted to Mike, who was a most respectable man.

"Exactly so, Lady Trevor," he said, putting his pocket-book away in his capacious pocket. "I presume she's a Roman Catholic."

"Yes, of course she is," answered Mary.

"And you let her go to Mass?"

"Certainly I do on Sundays and feasts; but I can't see what that has to do with the question."

The inspector evidently saw he was getting on dangerous ground, and wound up by saying he would wait upon us in Grosvenor Place the same evening. He would come in plain clothes, and did not wish, if possible, to be seen by any of the servants.

This was rather difficult to manage. Mary's suspicions were still firmly fixed upon James, and she determined to dispose of him by sending him to Windsor on a commission to her sister-in-law, and telling her to detain him with the answer till the late train; the kitchen people would be busy with the dinner, and Packer was to have an evening out. As we were sitting over dessert Susan announced, "A gentleman from Sir Howard's agent wishes to see your ladyship on business."

"Show him into the library, Susan, and I'll be there directly."

At Mary's request I went in first; he rose as I entered the room, saying:

"Well, sir, have you been able to gain any information as to who may have taken this money?"

"Absolutely nothing; and I am beginning to think we never shall find out."

"Well, sir, I should like to ask you a few questions while we are alone, for it's delicate work cross-questioning Lady Trevor; besides, I could not get much out of her. Now, sir, do you suspect any one?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, I do a little, but I haven't even the shadow of a proof; as there have been some queer circumstances which rather prejudiced me against the individual, I really don't think it would be fair to mention names."

"Very well, sir; I understand your objection and respect you for it. How many servants are there?"

"Six—five women and one man."

"How long have they been here?"

"The man about two months; Sir Howard engaged him just before going to Paris. The women have been some time with my cousin, some as much as six or seven years."

At this juncture Susan came in with a tray with wine and biscuits, and a message to say Lady Trevor would be down almost directly. Inspector Sanderson evidently took the girl in from head to foot; when she had shut the door I poured out some wine, while he remarked:

"The housemaid, I conclude, sir?"

"Yes, the upper housemaid."

"A nice-looking young woman, but I should say slow."

"Yes," I replied, "certainly heavy, but very steady and respectable."

"Exactly what I should think. How long has she been here?"

"Six or seven years, I imagine; she had an excellent character from Mr. Stirling."

"Ah! that is just what I wanted to know. Mr. Stirling lives in London, does he not?"

"Yes; I speak of the gentleman who has that very beautiful house in Kensington. He is a great connoisseur in pictures and antiquities."

"Yes, sir, exactly so; I know him well. The girl is all safe."

"How so?" I asked, rather surprised.

"Because he's a man who would never say anything but the truth, so you need never mistrust a recommendation from him."

"But, gracious me! all my cousin's servants have equally good characters."

"No doubt, sir; but, for all that, you do not know what we do of the ins and outs and ways in which characters are given"—Inspector Sanderson spoke eloquently and used choice terms—"and the unscrupulous way in which many ladies evade the truth in order to avoid disagreeable results, fearing the consequence. No-principle I call it, and no sense of what is due to the public; and it's always a certain prim set that practise this style of fraud."

After this exordium he proceeded to take notes till he came to the last new-comer, James. I carefully avoided any remark that would betray on my part the faintest suspicion that he was the black sheep. I gave the details of his engagement; when I came to his character I said he also had an excellent one from that exceedingly straitlaced individual, Lady Diana Barrington, who holds such extreme religious opinions.

"Lady Diana Barrington?"

The inspector took me up so sharply, and the tone of his voice was so peculiar, that I was quite startled. When I looked at him the expression of his face was still more remarkable. It had quite changed: the thoughtful look had given place to one of keen concentration.

"Yes," I said, "Lady Diana Barrington; do you know her?"

"Yes, I have had occasion to see her ladyship on business."

"Do you think," I said, a sudden thought flashing across me, "that she would give a false character?"

"No, sir, I should hardly think she would give a false one; but I should like to see the character she did give this James Read."

"It is a very good one; I'll send for it." Just at this moment my cousin came in, and at my request she went and fetched the character, which she handed to the inspector. While he was examining it I watched him narrowly, for his sudden reserve had excited my curiosity. He read the letter over twice; then, turning to me, he began with his usual phrase:

"Exactly so: he lived in his last place six months, and nothing about where he lived before. I think, sir, it will be necessary to take one of the servants into our confidence. Have you any one you can trust?"

Mary immediately proposed Rebecca. The inspector remained deep in thought till she made her appearance. She dropped a strange, nervous kind of curtsey to me, and then stood, as we say in the army, "in position," her hands spread out stiffly before her and her eyes fixed on Inspector Sanderson with a half-injured, half-inquiring gaze, he looking all the time very intently at her. I wished I could have photographed the pair.

"Now, young woman, don't look at me as though you were on your oath in the witness-box; you are going to be my friend and help me."

Not a muscle of her features showed any kind of pleasure at the prospect of this sudden friendship, till at last I exclaimed:

"Now, Rebecca, do sit down, and don't look as though you had swallowed all the starch for the use of the children's frills."

Her features relaxed a little and she seemed as though she felt safer at the sound of my voice. I poured out a glass of wine and made her drink it, saying:

"My cousin has great confidence in you, Rebecca, and has selected you, as the most trustworthy of her servants, to act conjointly with Inspector Sanderson."

"Her ladyship has told me all about it, sir, and I'm ready to do my duty."

She seemed rather upset, and the inspector interposed, saying:

"Come, come! we shall be good friends in five minutes. I know it's a disagreeable business, but just think of the satisfaction if the matter is cleared up; think of your kind mistress and your duties to society." He then entered into a string of inquiries far too minute to be noted down here, to all of which Rebecca answered quietly and satisfactorily, firmly maintaining all the

while that James was the thief, much to the worthy inspector's amusement.

"Now, my good woman," he said, "have you any more solid reasons for fixing on this new man as the culprit? Does he seem to be free with his money or to have plenty at his disposal?"

"Well, I can't say he has, sir; but he's always poking about into everything and asking all manner of questions that don't concern him," said Rebecca, with an injured sniff.

"Yes, my good friend; but all this does not tend in any way to point him out as a thief."

"Well, I suppose it don't, sir; but then, as I remarked to myself the other evening, that young man must have a pretty good lookout on everything the master does in his dressing-room."

"Oh! how is that? The windows are opposite each other, no doubt? I should like to see Sir Howard's room."

We found, as Rebecca had said, that Howard's room was quite exposed to the observation of any person in the pantry; we tried it with the blinds down, and even then the movements of any one walking about the room could be pretty accurately followed by an interested observer. All these details were taken down in the note-book. Inspector Sanderson counselled me to keep a strict lookout and let him know anything new, saying:

"In the meantime I'll take the first opportunity to have a look at the young man. That may give me a clue; his character is evidently genuine, and we have no kind of evidence that he has touched this money, which he couldn't have got at in the ordinary way, for he hadn't the keys, and the locks have not been tampered with. If he did take it, why then he must be an old hand, and if we showed our cards we should lose the game. He may be a quiet, enterprising young man, and if so it won't end here. Keep a good lookout and let me know everything."

The next morning I went early to see my cousin, as I had an engagement for that evening. After luncheon we retired to the library, Mary to write her letters, while I settled myself in an easy-chair with the paper. The weather was unbearably hot, and I fell into a light doze. I was sitting in the far end of the room, facing the door. Mary was seated at the writing-table near the window. Suddenly I was partially awakened by what appeared to be the door opening very slowly, as though it had not been properly shut. I was quite under the influence of a dreamy half-sleep, and so faint was the noise it failed to rouse me completely. I had a drowsy impression that the form of a man had protruded itself in the aperture, and I could define the

dim outline of the lower part of the body; a strange feeling of being literally fascinated, like a man in a nightmare, roused me, and with a violent effort I started up from the chair, wide-awake, just in time to catch the ill-expressioned eyes of James fixed fully upon me. It was the only time I ever saw his eyes, and I hope never to see them again. In less than an instant the white-fringed eyelids fell into their accustomed place, and in a low voice, with perfect self-possession, he addressed himself to Mary, who, roused by my violent start, turned quickly around.

"Am I to lay the table for two, my lady?"

"No; Mr. Stephen will not be here; he dines in the country to-night."

He withdrew, closing the door with all his habitual care and attention. Mary, turning to me with a strange, surprised look still on her face, remarked:

"Did you fall out of your chair, Stephen, or had you a bad dream?"

"Yes, a very bad dream; and nothing will induce me to leave you alone here with that man. I believe I have caught your strange dislike to him. You must get rid of him, and that without delay. I shall write by to-day's post to Howard and beg him as a personal favor to do anything he likes with the man except leaving him here."

"Really, Stephen," said Mary, laughing, "I believe you're more inconsiderate than I am. You know he was engaged for six months, and we have nothing against him but an uncomfortable feeling about that wretched money."

On this point, however, my mind was made up, and I wrote my letter. I am not a man given to fancies nor an idle believer in dreams, but the expression I had caught in that man's eyes haunted me for weeks. That he had taken in my ill-concealed horror at a glance was certain, and equally certain was it that he would be on his guard against any action on my part. How long he stood at the door, and what his motive was for standing there, must remain a mystery.

Mary undertook to keep a watchful eye on everything till I returned the next morning. After I left all went on as usual, and Mary settled down for a quiet evening as soon as she came out from dinner. What happened after I give in her own words:

"It must have been some time after dinner, for I had spent at least three-quarters of an hour walking up and down the room with the window open. I felt heavy and thought this was the best way to work it off. After I sat down I must have dozed a

little, when I became aware that James was in the room. I wondered what he was doing. I remained quite still and watched him moving about. He put out all the candles and moved my reading-lamp from the table at my side and placed it well on the middle of the writing-table; he then went out of the room, only half-closing the door after him. The next moment I had drawn off my shoes and followed quietly to the door. He was mounting the stairs with the same self-satisfied, deliberate tread. To my horror I saw him turn the gas out on nearly every landing as he passed. What could he be doing? Had I been asleep? Was it very late? I looked at the clock in the hall—fifteen minutes to ten o'clock; the lateness of the hour was evidently not his motive. In another moment I was following noiselessly up the stairs. By this time he had reached the nursery, which he entered without remonstrance or greeting of any kind from the inmates. I was beginning to feel very much alarmed, and, with my heart thumping very audibly, I glided into the hot-water closet, from which I had a full view of the nursery. Rebecca, to my astonishment, was fast asleep in an arm-chair. Kitty was invisible from where I stood. James looked round with a low chuckle at Rebecca, saying: 'You're all comfortable enough for to-night, Mrs. Nurse; I told you I'd be even with you some day.' He next proceeded to put out all the lights except a small lamp which generally burned all night; this he placed in safety, and then left the room and went down-stairs, I following as closely as was prudent. On the top of the kitchen flight I came to a stand-still. As he passed the kitchen he looked in, closed the door, and turned the key. He then entered the pantry. As he opened the door a blaze of light revealed to me in my dark corner an extraordinary scene of confusion and disorder: the floor was strewn over with paper, bags, and boxes; two strange men, who were moving actively about, turned to James, saying:

"'Well, how did you find them all? Have the drops done their duty well? They're a fine improvement to supper beer.'

"'Oh! yes,' answered James. 'They are all safe and comfortable, for to-night at least, so now let us pack and be merry; by the time they all wake from their refreshing slumbers we shall be miles away. It's a lucky chance that Mr. Paul Pry has to dine at some of his eternal clubs or places to-night, or he'd have been poking round. I don't approve of cousins who are always—'

"Here the door closed with a bang and I heard no more. I felt there was not a moment to lose. The men, I knew, were safe for some time. I returned to the nursery and shook Rebec-

ca, but made no impression. The children were perfectly quiet and sleeping peacefully. I caught up a hat and cloak, and went quietly down-stairs and out the front-door, which I closed behind me with a latch-key, so as to make no noise. I knew that something serious was going on, and that not a moment must be lost. I got into the first cab I met and drove to the club. There did not seem a shadow of a chance of finding Stephen there, as his night was, I knew, pretty well filled up; but it was close by and on my way to Scotland Yard. The porter stared when I asked him if my cousin 'was there.' Yes, he had arrived about five minutes before. My heart gave a great bound. I felt I was safe. The porter shuffled and hesitated when I asked to see my cousin. Every moment seemed like an eternity, till, fairly desperate, I placed my hand on the electric bell and said: 'Take my message directly or I'll rouse the house.' The man saw it was serious.

"'What name, ma'am?' 'Say Lady Trevor is here.' In two minutes Stephen was standing before me, and the next saw us seated in the cab on our way to Scotland Yard. Inspector Sanderson was there. After a few hasty directions he returned with us to Grosvenor Place, closely followed by another cab containing four policemen. The inspector advised us to alight at some distance from the house, in case there might be any one watching, though he considered it still much too early for the removal of stolen property. All appeared quiet as we came near No. 25, so little time had been lost. I went up to the nursery at once; the children were quite safe and the nurses still fast asleep in the same position. There could be no doubt a sleeping-potion had been cleverly administered, the effects of which I had escaped by my activity after dinner.

"Meanwhile Inspector Sanderson proceeded with his little band to the scene of action. They were in all six against three, and all armed, so that the burglars' pistols could soon be silenced if they made themselves disagreeable. A good deal of noise and talking was going on inside the pantry; it was evident they were resting after their work, and refreshing themselves for the approaching journey. They freely discussed their plans—where they were going and what they intended to do with the plate, which was all ready packed for removal. The conversation had become very animated, when, at a sign from the inspector, the door was opened, and each of the inmates of the pantry found himself confronted by a policeman and a pair of handcuffs. They were literally caught in a trap from which

there was no escape. Much to Stephen's surprise, he found himself face to face with no less a personage than John Read, who was, as it transpired afterwards, the moving power in a good many plate-robberies. He was an old hand and well known to the police. James, who was no relation to Read, had already been convicted. His good conduct obtained him a ticket-of-leave, and he had succeeded, by some lucky chance, in getting afloat again, though in the evidence it appeared almost certain that some suspicions of him had prevailed on his late employer to part with him.

"There was no defence at the trial—in fact, none was possible—and John Read and James Read *alias* James Smith are still working out the sentence allotted to their last offence.

"I learned from Inspector Sanderson that the remarkable peculiarity about James Read's eyes which had helped to prejudice us against him was a very common result of close application to oakum-picking."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

GREY OF GREYBURY. A Novel. By the Marquis Biddle-Cope, of Rome. 2 vols. 12mo, 294 pp. and 283 pp. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1884.

The Marquis Biddle-Cope's Anglo-American novel ought to make somewhat of an international sensation. It is thoroughly original, and it is also thoroughly clever. No author yet, we believe, has conceived the bold idea of transforming an American citizen into an English Tory squire and member of Parliament!

First, to speak of *Grey of Greybury* as a novel pure and simple. It is written with great vivacity and skill. The plot, if not deep, is sufficiently complicated, and the interest is sustained with such magnetism that it positively does not flag once from beginning to end. The characters are mostly what might be described as brilliant off-hand portraits; and the sketches of life and society, both in England and America, are done with singular keenness. As the incidents are laid alternately in Philadelphia Quaker homes, in English country-houses, in Milan cafés, on Venetian canals, in the University of Oxford, and in Paris during the siege and the Commune, and as they are described with striking vividness, it will be seen that the story does not lack motion or variety. It only remains to add that the "color" is as warm and plentiful as the heart of novel-reader ought legitimately desire. The author's style, too, is crisp, easy, and picturesque.

But what shall we say of this foreigner's handling of Americans and

Americanism? We call him foreigner, for, though not an Englishman, he says he has been brought "to forget at last" that he is not an Englishman; and though he speaks of his "American kindred," he gives us no other right to claim him, and he writes of America altogether from the foreigner's point of view. Without being quite so harsh a critic as the redoubtable Sir Lepel Griffin, this Marquis Biddle-Cope is quite as violent an English Tory and quite as sweeping in his denunciation of democracy—of what he calls "the preposterous assertion that 'all men are born free and equal.'" He is tolerant of Americans with "blue blood swelling in their veins," and by these he means Americans who have a long colonial pedigree, and who have behind that again an English lineage stretching back indefinitely towards William the Conqueror; for all other Americans he has a wholesome contempt. Yet even an American of this thoroughly qualified type he cannot bring himself to marry to the daughter of an English baronet without first causing him to be discovered heir to an English house quite as ancient as the baronet's. Previous to that, being only then Grey of Greybury, near Philadelphia, he is thoroughly objectionable—"the fellow's a Yankee"; once become Grey of Grey's-Ashby, England, he is received with open arms. This way of looking at a proposed son-in-law from the United States is probably natural enough with an English Tory baronet; the worst of it is that the author shares the baronet's sentiments.

The only American characters with whom the Marquis Biddle-Cope takes much pains (for none of the Grey family, charmingly as they are portrayed, can be rated Americans from the author's standpoint) are Bessie Brown and her brother, "Friend Thomas." Bessie is a demure Quaker young woman, who carries on a liaison with the hero, Raymond Grey, ten years her junior, in the hope that when he comes of age she can inveigle him into marrying her. Friend Thomas is a sanctimonious scoundrel, who plots to levy blackmail off Raymond Grey, when the latter is engaged to be married in England, by threatening that he can prove Grey had been secretly married to his sister Bessie, and who threatens his sister with a publication of her shame if she does not aid him, by forged letters and false evidence, in his plots. The Marquis Biddle-Cope, with apologies to the Society of Friends, says that these portraits represent only individual cases, but that they are artistically true. Certainly no more repulsive a pair was ever introduced into the pages of a novel.

Although this book is written by a Catholic, and although the hero is made to find his way into the church eventually, yet there is nothing in its pages to mark a due abhorrence of the sin committed by the hero and this woman, Bessie Brown. True, a shade is cast over Bessie socially when the thing becomes known, but this has entirely to do with the social aspect of the case, and the shadiness would seem not to become really serious until the brother's dabbling in forgery and perjury is also spoken of. Nobody seems to be affected by the moral view of the transaction. Raymond Grey receives a "light from Heaven" and joins the Catholic Church; yet he does not utter a single sentiment which would show that he felt remorse for the crime he had committed. He puts the girl from him lightly when he has tired of her, without the least apparent sense that he has done her any wrong. The matter does not trouble him at all. He resolves to break

with Bessie Brown, but does not want a scene. "He shrank from saying hard things, because he liked to slip through difficulties smoothly, without knocks and jarring. Even as a school-boy he hated quarrels, and if he ever flinched beneath a blow it was only because he remembered a doughty old Roundhead trooper whose name he bore, and certain De Greyes who bore the banner of the cross to Palestine with English Richard." This modern pink and flower of Catholic chivalry only thinks of the Bessie Brown affair when Bessie's brother begins to annoy, and then it is only to posture as the wronged and suffering one!

The truth is, the Marquis Biddle-Cope's Catholicism seems to be modelled largely after that of the old French parvenu who remained a Catholic because it was the only religion for gentlemen. The following ridiculous sentence gives a key to this author's philosophy:

"The preposterous assertion that 'all men are born free and equal,' false historically, false scientifically, false morally, false from the standpoint of natural religion, of revelation, of philosophy, is fit companion to the delusions and mental perversions upon which repose the multifarious sects of Protestantism."

No one, to our knowledge, ever asserted that all men are born free and equal; the Declaration of American Independence—at which the marquis is hinting—says "all men are created free and equal," and this is also according to St. Thomas. So much do our views differ from this author's that we believe the Catholic Church is the medium which is to interpret for the world the immortal principles of the Declaration of Independence; and that on the soil of this America the church will reach her mightiest achievement, her grandest development—the glorious synthesis between the Old World and the New, between infallible authority and absolute freedom.

The Marquis Biddle-Cope's Anglo-American hero, scion of a Philadelphia Quaker family, when he goes to Oxford, replies thus to a query of a fellow-undergraduate as to his political creed:

"'I am a Monarchist, a Legitimist, a Carlist, a Jacobite, everything "unenlightened" and "obsolete."'

"'Tell me, then,' says the other, 'how was such a creature ever evolved in Pennsylvania? But give us an idea of your Utopia. What is your model state?'

"'I should like Russia better than any country under heaven, if the climate was not so despicable.'"

Truly a very much evolved American this! Is it possible the author himself—he informs us many of his personages are drawn from life, and imagination alone would hardly suffice to produce so unique a creature—has sat for part of the portrait of Raymond Grey, who hates his native country and abandons it, becomes a fox-hunting English squire and an Oxford graduate, enters Parliament in the Conservative interest, and joins the Catholic Church apparently as much for the sake of family prestige as through any other motive? This hybrid gentleman is certainly quite a new type which will surely be relished in the international book market.

Apart from what we have pointed out, *Grey of Greybury* has a high old Tory flavor all through which is very piquant, whether the author is describing a mob of Communist *petroleurs* in Paris as typical "republicans," or alluding to the family of a wealthy Welsh ironmaster at an English hunt-meet as "very worthy people from the principality." The descrip-

tions of fox-hunting and of society in the English shires are almost as good as Trollope could do them; and some of the bits of Oxford life are real cabinet pictures.

A ROMAN SINGER. By F. Marion Crawford. 16mo, 378 pp. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

This novel is in many respects a marked improvement on its author's previous works. That eloquent narrative style of which he is the happy possessor here moves with a freer, evener grace. Here, too, perhaps for the first time since he began to write, Mr. Crawford has created some genuine human character—people of flesh and blood. Above all, in *A Roman Singer* a note of pure and lofty sentiment is struck that alone lifts the book not only above what the author has previously written, but above the average of the fiction that both English and American authors are giving us to-day. It is, in short—name of strange sound!—even a wholesome novel.

And this is true in spite of many serious blemishes which mar the book. Some of these are blemishes of false taste, others of false art, and a majority would seem to be referable to the haste with which it is evident the novel was written. Such blemishes as are due to haste will serve but as a warning to Mr. Crawford that what art demands is not abundance of works but excellence of work. Even in the other mistakes—which we shall refer to—there is that which gives reason to hope that they are but the slips of an author whose way to better things is clear.

The plot of *A Roman Singer* is exceedingly slight. It is merely the story of a pair of lovers who, with very few of the usual complications, reach a happy consummation of their attachment. It is the accessories and the setting of this story that make the interest of the book. Count Cornelio Grandi is an old professor of philosophy in Rome, who was once a nobleman of good fortune. Nino Cardegna is the orphan son of one of the former peasants on his estates, whom the old professor has adopted. Count Grandi grows as fond as a father of his adopted son, and wishes to make a philosopher of him. But Nino possesses an extraordinary voice and develops a passion for music, which De Pretis, a maestro and old friend of the count's, does his best to foster; so, with the count's regretful consent, Nino adopts the profession of operatic singer. Nino sees one day the Countess Hedwig von Lira, daughter of the Graf von Lira, a Prussian military colonel staying for his health's sake in Rome, and straightway falls in love with her. De Pretis, who is also Hedwig's music-teacher, being convinced that Nino would sing better if he were in love, does all he can to favor Nino's suit. From these roots springs a tale of true love in which Nino, Hedwig, Hedwig's father, a baroness, a baron who seems at first intended for the Wandering Jew, and the Count Cornelio Grandi principally figure.

The story is supposed to be told by the old professor-count; and this character, as he unconsciously reveals himself in his delightfully garrulous narration, is the one really great thing in Mr. Crawford's book. This Sor Cornelio, with his extraordinary attachment for his adopted boy, with his droll frugality, and his gay self-sacrifice, and his quaint philosophizing, and his timorous old housekeeper, Mariuccia, whose extravagance he is always

denouncing, is quite a new type, with a rich, new-old flavor all his own. One of his little disquisitions on love strikes the keynote of the spirit in which the book is written very truly; so we will give an extract:

"I am old to say sweet things of loving. But I cannot help it. Like our own dear Leopardi, I loved not the woman, but the angel which is the type of all women, and whom not finding, I perished miserably as to my heart. But in my breast there is still the temple where the angel dwelt, and the shrine is very fragrant still with the divine scent of the heavenly roses that were about her. . . . Now, therefore, I say, Love, and love truly and long—even for ever; and if you can do other things well, do them; but if not, at least learn to do that, for it is a very gentle thing, and sweet in the learning. Some of you laugh at me and say: Behold this old-fashioned driveller, who does not even know that love is no longer in the fashion! By St. Peter, heaven will soon be out of the fashion, too, and Messer Satanas will rake in the just and the unjust alike, so that he need no longer fast on Fridays, having a more savory larder! And no doubt some of you will say that hell is really so antiquated that it should be put in the museum at the University of Rome for a curious old piece of theological furniture. Truth! it is a wonder it is not worn out with digesting the tough morsels it gets when people like you are finally gotten rid of from this world. But it is made of good material and will last, never fear! This is not the gospel of peace, but it is the gospel of truth."

The ugliest blemish in the book is the introduction of a certain baroness who is made to display an unlawful passion for Nino. She seems to be introduced solely with the view of complicating the plot and thus adding to its interest. But she could only be an element of disgust from first to last. Mr. Crawford's part would be more reprehensible in having recourse to this baroness, only that his own conscience seems to have quickly shown him the sinfulness, both against art and morals, of the character; for, with much confusion and recklessness of dramatic fitness, he kills her off before the ninth chapter.

Next to the introduction of the baroness the faultiest feature is the management of the marriage of Nino and Hedwig. Mr. Crawford is said to be a Catholic. At any rate, his book gives evidence of a strong religious feeling—for a novelist—and that even of a Catholic kind. He takes the trouble to make his heroine become a Catholic, and to have the marriage finally solemnized in a Catholic church. This passage occurs:

"I do not know how it was managed, for Hedwig was certainly a heretic when she left her father, though she was an angel, as Nino said. But before they left Rome for Vienna there was a little wedding, early in the morning, in our parish church, for I was there; and De Pretis, who was really responsible for the whole thing, got some of his best singers from St. Peter and St. John on the Lateran to come and sing a Mass over the two. I think that our good mother church found room for the dear child very quickly, and that is how it happened."

Having gone so far, it is a pity Mr. Crawford did not arrange the whole episode so as to have kept the example of the lovers, if not edifying, at least orthodox. This could have been done without difficulty, and the exigencies of his plot would have been fulfilled quite as well as at present.

Among the failures in the book for which hasty construction is plainly responsible are the characters of the Graf von Lira and the Baron Benoni, both of which, especially the latter, promised well but ended lamely.

THE POOR MILLIONAIRE: A Tale of New York Life.
THE SHAMROCK GONE WEST, and MOIDA: Tales. By William Seton, author of *Romance of the Charter-Oak*, etc. New York: P. O'Shea. 1884.

These two novelettes present a brilliant appearance, and we think Mr. Seton's severest critics will at least admit that they, and all the other

stories he has written, are very readable. New England children read and re-read the three principal works of fiction which Mr. Seton has produced—viz., the two parts of the *Romance of the Charter-Oak* and *The Pride of Lexington*—with avidity, and this is, in our opinion, a good test of their merit. The comical episodes in these stories are sometimes too near the grotesque to be in good form. The same criticism will apply to other stories in which the author indulges his strong inclination to the humorous. Yet they are dashed off with a great deal of graphic power, and are very amusing. In other scenes, descriptive or pathetic, the author succeeds admirably. He is a versatile writer, and different stories from his pen vary from each other very decidedly, so as to call forth very opposite criticisms. Some of his shorter sketches are perfect of their kind, while others have faults which call forth some severe censures, as it seems to us, rather exaggerated.

The Poor Millionaire is not one of the best of Mr. Seton's stories in respect to artistic form. It is very realistic in its minute details, but lacks tone, harmony, and conformity to real life and probability in its structure. The moral is a very good one, the characters are vividly sketched, and we could wish that those millionaires who have lately committed suicide, and others who are haunted by a temptation to do likewise, might have met with such a sudden and happy conversion as that of Mr. Grey. We recommend the story as a useful tract for circulation among millionaires and that class of our youth which is too much devoted to mint-juleps.

The Shamrock Gone West and *Moida* are, each in its own way, specimens of Mr. Seton's most pleasing and successful manner. The first story, which appeared originally in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, tells of the way an Irish girl captivated a Yankee boy out West, with a real and natural pathos, and also a genuine and not exaggerated humor, which are simply charming. The second is a romantic tale of the Tyrol, full of poesy.

THE WORKS OF ORESTES A. BROWNSON. Collected and arranged by Henry F. Brownson. Vol. ix., containing "The Spirit-Rapper" and "Criticisms of Some Recent Theories in the Sciences." Detroit: Thorndyke Nourse, publisher. For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.

As much contained in this volume concerns the relation between religion and science, it will be particularly welcome to the best class of readers. Few men have been so well able to treat of such subjects as Dr. Brownson. He was by nature and by training a philosopher, a metaphysician; and it is for such men that the investigations of science furnish the raw material. The scientist must consult the metaphysician to learn the cause of his phenomena. If his researches are going to start with a reasonable basis he must be introduced to them by the philosopher, and if they are going to be suggestive of fundamental truth they must be ended in the philosopher's company. However great a man's learning may be, if it is simply in the region of physical facts it is not philosophical. Dr. Brownson, in various essays contained in this volume, has well proved this, and has done it at the expense of Spencer, Darwin, and the school of which they are the leaders. Hence, before reading the works of the agnostics, or while struggling with their difficulties, let the studious inquirer read some of these essays. No fairer summary of the agnostic doctrines, no better statement of their relation to fundamental principles, can, we are convinced, be found

in the English language. His refutation of their errors is simply unanswerable—is, indeed, the only short and decisive one possible. To allege facts against facts with such specialists as agnostics is like trying to howl down the east wind. Facts are only mastered by principles; the moral bearings of events are only understood after a study of their causes. We commend this volume.

The Co-operative Commonwealth in its Outlines. An Exposition of Modern Socialism. By Lawrence Gronlund. Boston: Lee & Shepard, publishers; New York: Charles T. Dillingham. 1884.

This book of 278 pages contains several just and severe criticisms on the actual evils of the present political society, particularly those of our own country. This, indeed, is its real value. As such we recommend it to our politicians, legislators, and spread-eagle orators. Its author advocates an ideal socialism with an enthusiasm that reminds us of Brisbane, George Ripley, and other social reformers of half a century ago. But the evils which afflict mankind are not so much political or social as they are personal, and our author makes the mistake of stopping half-way, as if the social adjustments were the radical cure for personal evils. Notwithstanding he possesses but a smattering of theological science, he talks on religious matters with a dogmatic spirit. This is to be regretted, for it discredits whatever truth he may have to say in the remainder of the volume. From this point of view the book indicates a man whose clothes are too big for him. We have read the entire volume attentively, and we advise those who are interested and students of political economy and social questions to do the same.

Summer. From the Journal of Henry D. Thoreau. Edited by H. G. O. Blake. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

Summer is the ninth volume of Thoreau's works, and is one of the richest in thought and expression of the series.

The contents of *Summer* have been selected by Mr. Blake from the notebooks of Thoreau, the Concord naturalist and philosopher, who was much given to jotting down during his frequent rambles, at all hours of the day and night, his thoughts and criticisms on books, men, and the natural objects which surrounded him. Thoreau was a true son of Nature. He loved the inanimate as well as the animated subjects of his studies. It pained him to see life destroyed, if it were only a growing tree or the hawk preying upon the farmers' poultry. In obeying this principle he denied himself the advantages of an ornithological collection, so valuable an aid to the naturalist in the study of birds.

This volume, appropriately entitled *Summer*, is the result of summer investigations in the field and forest, which will well repay a careful perusal. The reader can follow the author in his rambles with the aid of an excellent map which has been prepared for the work.

While dealing with the principles of nature, Thoreau exhibits an entire lack of orthodoxy, as far as revealed religion is concerned. In fact, while looking upward "through Nature to Nature's God" he ignores much that is usually accepted by Christians. His friends say of him that he once had intentions of fitting himself for the ministry, but this idea was abandoned

by the time he graduated from college. He then followed the "bent of his inclination," and fairly revelled in the studies of the field and forest for the remainder of his life.

His ignoring revealed truth is a problem we could never satisfactorily solve. Why should not a man accept all that Thoreau accepted, and yet delight to live in the light of revealed truth?

In his natural and simple life, in his honesty of purpose, in his love of all created things, in his bold and outspoken detestation of human wrongs, in his act of going willingly to prison rather than offend his conscience—there is much to be admired in Thoreau's life. Though an extremist in some of his views, he held up to his more extravagant countrymen a mirror in which he contrasted the simplest and purest forms of living with the most nerve-wearing and wasteful. A reformer must be by nature an extremist as compared with the average man. Thoreau shows by his methods how much time for study and self-improvement may be rescued from the whirl of life. Many thoughtful persons now read his works and realize how much time, physical labor, and mental wear is wasted in trying to live as others do and in bowing to the dictates of fashion. To all this the simple, studious, and natural life of the Concord naturalist is in great contrast.

While the peculiar positions of many of Thoreau's readers will not allow them to adopt the simple habits of his daily life, yet all can learn through his books how wonderful, how beautiful, and how beneficent to the overworked man of to-day is the untrammelled contemplation of the works of our kind Creator, who is, let us add, also our Mediator and Redeemer.

WHIRLWINDS, CYCLONES, AND TORNADOES. By William Morris Davis, Instructor in Harvard College. Boston: Lee & Shepard; New York: Charles T. Dillingham.

The matter discussed in this little volume is certainly, just at the present time, of the deepest interest. The tornado particularly, and especially in the great Northwest, is growing both in frequency and rapacity. The awful phenomenon has awakened such a dread in the hearts of people dwelling on the great plateaus above the Missouri valley that any appearance in the heavens only remotely resembling a funnel spreads immediate and breathless panic. Many of its most familiar tracks are beginning to be recognized and mapped out, houses are being built on the northeast slopes of hills, cellars are designed with storm-proof corners, and children are early warned, the moment they catch sight of the ominous spiral, to direct their flight to the southward. Once the creature appears, however, neither flight nor barrier is of any avail.

Mr. Davis first considers small dust-whirlwinds, next the great hurricanes and typhoons of the tropical seas, and lastly tornadoes and waterspouts. Normally the air tends to maintain a condition of stable equilibrium, owing to its gravity. But when the beams of the sun heat too rapidly the lower strata of the atmosphere this equilibrium is overthrown and the whirlwind produced. Still air on a low, flat surface devoid of water becomes very highly heated before the equilibrium is disturbed. If the air were in motion no part of it would remain long enough close to the ground

to be greatly warmed; if the surface were not flat the lower air would flow up the slopes as soon as it was a little heated, and not wait to acquire a high temperature; if the surface were moist much of the sun's heat would be employed in the process of evaporation, and would so be lost to the lower air. The longer the delay before the disturbance begins the more violent the motion when it does begin. The lower air rises at some point against the downward pressure of the upper layers. The surrounding heated air then rushes in from all sides, creating the gyration and producing an upward current. The author adduces some happy illustrations to show that heat alone is capable of producing the rotary motion in wind. The part taken by condensing vapor as a sustaining agent in the great cyclones is presented in a very happy manner. Due force is also given to the earth's rotary motion in the production of the inward spiral motion of the storm. The effect, too, of rainfalls on the course and force of the storm is pointed out.

The author goes very thoroughly into the consideration of the great cyclones of the ocean. It is true that the behavior of these great storms has been long and carefully studied, and has been almost established on a scientific basis by the labors of Dove, Redfield, Reid, and their successors. Still, the author treats the matter freshly and brightly. His description of an ocean hurricane is very graphic, and where he tells the tragic fate of the luckless vessel caught in "the eye of the storm" he furnishes a model instance of word-painting.

Following Ferrel, he considers that the great havoc of the tornado is due to the partial vacuum produced in its centre by the centrifugal motion of the whirl, and the consequent rushing in of surface air-currents. He eliminates, and very probably correctly (although it is ably disputed), electricity as an essential ingredient in the tornado's composition. Certainly the wind alone would be capable of effecting all the destruction recorded of tornadoes. All that is needed is velocity. Sufficient velocity being given, the most direful effects follow. There is a fixed relationship between the velocity and pressure of the wind. The pressure is proportioned to the square of the velocity. A velocity, for instance, of twenty miles an hour exerts a pressure of two pounds on the square foot, and of forty miles a pressure of eight pounds, and so on. The greatest pressure ever recorded was that of ninety-three pounds, produced by the East St. Louis tornado of 1871. This force lifted a mogul engine from the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad track and threw it to a distance of fifty feet. That wind was moving at the rate of one hundred and forty miles an hour. Yet it is well known that air flows into a vacuum at a marvellously more rapid rate—a rate of twelve hundred and eighty feet a second, or eight hundred and seventy-two miles an hour.

Professor Davis' little treatise is written in true scientific spirit, and is a valuable addition to our storm literature.

TANCRED, PRINCE OF TIBERIAS: A Tale of the Eleventh Century. From the French. 12mo, 224 pp. Baltimore and New York: John Murphy & Co. 1884.

This is a truly inspiring tale, in which exciting adventure, noble sentiment, and a pageant of historic deeds appeal to the imagination of the

reader. He must be indeed a dull or demoralized boy who would begin to read this book without growing absorbed in its fascinating pages; and no boy can read it through and not be made the better for it. It is a tale of the order of *Ben-Hur*, which has vindicated the good taste of our youth by proving such a success. The hero, Tancred, is a Crusader, and he is taken through the stirring vicissitudes of the Crusader's life from Sicily to the Holy Land. It is one of the best boys' books that have been issued recently.

A MARVELLOUS HISTORY; or, The Life of Jeanne de la Noue. By the author of *Eastern Hospitals, Religious Orders, Tyborne*, etc. 16mo, 146 pp. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1884.

A "marvellous history" indeed is that of Jeanne de la Noue, the linen-draper's daughter, who, two hundred years ago, founded the Sisters of St. Anne of the Providence of Saumur; and the book above named presents that history in a singularly attractive form. It is written less like a history of marvellous works of piety than like a novel intended as much to interest as to edify. Its descriptions are vivid, and its dialogue—of which plenty is skilfully made use of—contains real vigor and truthfulness to life. It is a book which will be read as easily by the worldly-minded as by the pious; and all who buy it will find that gratification which comes of doing a good deed in which no sacrifice is demanded, when they are told that the profits of the work are devoted to a very commendable charity—the support of the Holy Cross General Hospital, St. Helen's, Lancashire.

LOST, and other Tales for Children. Adapted from the French by the author of *Tyborne, Holiday Tales*, etc. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1884.

A collection of three admirable tales for children, the titles of which are "Lost," "Lottie," and "Miss Tea," has just come from the pen of the author of *Tyborne*. The author assures us that while the idea of these stories has been taken from the French, yet they are in no sense translations; they have been much altered and in part rewritten. Be this as it may, the stories are above the average of their class. They are the work of people who evidently understand children and sympathize with them, who know what amuses and what impresses the little folk. They thus differ from a class of stories which seem to be written in the belief that the way to catch an intelligent child's fancy is to address it in a mixture of preachiness and baby-talk.

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XXXIX. SEPTEMBER, 1884. NO. 234.

CONTEMPORANEOUS CHINA.

THE Franco-Chinese conflict, now being waged with renewed force, has evoked much curiosity about contemporaneous China. Judging from the amount of books that have been written on that immense empire, so jealously kept apart from the civilized world, it seems that it ought to be pretty well known nowadays. Yet such is not the case. As soon as a new work comes to light through a new traveller we lay it down in despair. Why? The field of observation is so large that we cannot reasonably expect to have it thoroughly explored by men who boast of going round the world in eighty days, *à la* Jules Verne. How many writers never saw China but from the piers of Shang-Haï or Canton, or the bottom of a boat or a palanquin! Countless are the Frenchmen, Englishmen, Germans, Italians, and Spaniards who saw New York from the elevated railroads, and then jumped in a hurry on a home-bound steamer to notify their contemporaries, through high-sounding books of travels, that they had discovered "America" from Maine to San Francisco and New Orleans. And America is not a closely-walled country, but a wide-open, large-hearted, good-natured republic, whose customs, qualities, and failings may be studied, without any jeopardizing of liberty or life, from the President in the White House to the unsuspecting bootblack in the crowded thoroughfares of the Empire City.

On the other hand, even among serious travellers there are as many ways of observing as there are observers. Minds, like

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noses, are shaped in a thousand forms. A soldier does not see like a diplomatist, a physician like a clergyman, a botanist like a geographer, a man of leisure like a business man. If the aphorism, *Quot capita, tot sententiæ*, has been written for anybody, it has been for travellers. The true observer has always been and still is a rare bird, and especially so when looked for among explorers of China. Very few are those whose luck it was to penetrate into the private life of a real Chinaman—not of one of those folding-screen or fan Mongolians who pose before foreigners in the conventional *mise en scène* of official receptions, nor of one of those degenerate Chinese who crowd the few ports open to our trade, but of the simple, natural Celestial in his own home. And this is why we consider it a good fortune to find at last in a Russian traveller, Dr. Piassetsky, a man endowed with what we might call the gift of making himself familiar with foreign, strange surroundings—a man who did not shrink from a daily intercourse with workmen, fishermen, poor people of every avocation and description, to talk with them, eat with them, laugh, and if necessary cry, with them. Thanks to his talent as a draughtsman, all kinds of doors were thrown open before him. His fine, clever, artistic sketches fascinated lords and country-people alike. Every one wanted to look at his wonderful album, and when he went out of a hut or a palace, of a den or a pagod, a mob was sure to crowd around him and to indulge in a spirited row to catch a glimpse of the new *croquis* of "the great artist from behind the sea." Far from being angry at such an outburst of inquisitiveness the good doctor was too glad to provoke it, as it gave him an opportunity to satisfy his own curiosity, and to see more and more of the peculiarities of his eager and somewhat troublesome admirers.

I.

It is in this original fashion that Dr. Piassetsky went twice through China: first, starting from Lake Baïkal, and penetrating in Mongolia, north of Pekin, to go from that grand city to Shang-Haï; second, going up the Blue River, to follow afterwards its affluent, the Han, then crossing the Yellow River at Lan-Tcheou, to travel along the Great Wall up to the Gobi wilderness, and finally re-entering Siberia by Sou-Tcheou, Ansi, and Kami. This may be called a fine trip. And he made it all along as a tourist, noting here and there, without a particle of pedantry, his every-day impressions, thus piling up portraits, landscapes,

indoor and outdoor descriptions, with pen, and pencil as well, constantly struck by the external relief of men and things, and copying in simple but masterly style whatever fell under his candid, impartial, unpretentious observation. Let us first hear him relating his interview with a much-talked-of personage—General Li-Hung-Chang. Let us see what were the preoccupations of that illustrious warrior and commander-in-chief of a great army, whom everybody rightly considers as the head of the party favorable to foreigners:

"I was just taking my lunch when a cannon-shot from the *Hermine* notified me of the arrival, on board of the frigate, of the governor-general of the province, Li-Hung-Chang. I went in haste to the pier. I had seen in Pekin a picture of Li, and recognized him at once among the mandarins forming his escort, although, while he was taller than the others, there was nothing extraordinary in his features. Yet Father Palladius had assured me that Li was a remarkable man, not by reason of his origin, which was a humble one, but on account of his qualities as an administrator and a statesman. He had on a blue satin gown, a cloth vest with a velvet collar, and black satin boots. On his hat a tuft of peacock's double-eyed feathers distinguished him from other mandarins, whose feathers were favored with one eye only; moreover, his grade was made conspicuous by a red coral button. When I arrived on deck the captain of the frigate, in full uniform, was explaining to him very minutely the firing of cannon. I remarked how intent he was upon some details, which were probably the only ones he cared for, as he paid very little attention outside of them. Then the captain explained what torpedoes were, and sailors began illustrating the theory by actual experiments, which threw Li-Hung-Chang and his staff into a sea of amazement, and even of terror, when he felt the frigate shaking under the force of the explosion, and saw the water jump and spout up about forty-five feet high. Sosnowski and I were introduced by the captain, who stated our mission, and we all went down to the cabin, where fruit, bonbons, and champagne were in order.

"During the conversation that followed Li expressed his astonishment at what he was kind enough to call our courage for science's sake, and, when shown our rifles, admired them very much and instantly ordered a thousand of them from Sosnowski. Then he asked us to send him a map of western China, expressing his regret that the other members of the Chinese government were opposed to railroads, telegraphs, and other innovations which, had he been the master, would have been, he said, long ago introduced into the Celestial Empire."

All this is only a confirmation of what Francis Garnier says in his book, *De Paris au Tibet*, that China is opposed to everything which comes from modern industry but its destructive appliances. It becomes still more evident when we read what Dr. Piassetsky has to say of the great rival of Li-Hung-Chang—General Tso-Tsong-Tang, the head of the party which represents

the old Chinese spirit, the stubborn enemy of all foreign element and advocate of a well-corked-up China.

Tso, in order to show his disaffection to the Russian doctor, made him and Sosnowsky purposely wait for a long while before he condescended to appear:

"Of small stature and rather stout, he looked about sixty years of age, and by his features reminded me somewhat of Prince Bismarck, but instead of being fair-complexioned and blue-eyed he was brown and black-eyed. His 'goatee' consisted of three hairs; the mustache was a little richer. Every motion was affected, calculated, perhaps, to produce a stronger impression. It seems to me that his aim was not reached. On entering the room he outlined a general salute nearly imperceptible, stopped as if astonished at something unexpected, and, without saying a word, advanced one step more and stopped again, looking at us. One of the mandarins presented him the list of visitors, which he took quite slowly, holding it, to read it, at the full length of his arms, after the fashion of old people, then pronounced every name with great circumspection, as a man who is always on his *p*'s and *q*'s, looking sharp at every person mentioned, as if he had a choice to make among us; then he began, on the spot, to learn our names by heart, which was not an easy task, and became quite mixed up with So, Pia, An, etc. Meanwhile we remained standing. When he ceased to examine me I said to my colleagues, 'Well, gentlemen, let us take seats; I think he does not propose to invite us to do so.' Tso did not understand what I said, but guessed the import of my words and seemed very much puzzled by the determination he read on my face. He was evidently comparing us one with the other, and undecided as to whether he would invite us all to be seated or Sosnowski alone. Finally, to put an end to such a ridiculous situation, I sat down first and invited my colleagues to do the same, in order to impress him with the fact that we were no servants, but commissioned officers of the great empire of Russia. That bold action set loose the general's tongue. Tso invited us to take a seat, sat down last, and ordered tea to be served."

The remainder of the interview was of the same pattern. Tso appears to be the prototype of the legendary Chinese with three hairs, the slave of etiquette, so starched that he looks idiotic. In fact, that Chinese general of the nineteenth century knew nothing of the strangers he hated so thoroughly, and asked Dr. Piassetsky if there were still cannibals in Russia. Of sciences, of which he knew as much, he did not want to hear anything. "We do not need," he said, "telegraphs, railroads, etc." But, to make amends, he believed firmly in all the Chinese superstitions—to wit, the flight of winged dragons. "I have seen some," he chimes in; "do you have any in your country?" And yet Tso is a learned man, at least one of the Chinese *literati*. But the letter kills in him the spirit that maketh alive. And this

is the man who is appointed to-day to organize against France a Celestial Armada and an efficient artillery.

Piassetsky, in his capacity of a military surgeon, was favored with a display of the "régiments d'élite" of the Field-Marshal Tso. First he visited a cannon foundry, the chief of which showed him several rifled cannons, home-made too, which he contemplated with an unmistakable love as long as they were not loaded, but as soon as the charge was in the enthusiastic fellow took to his heels. "One day," says the doctor, "artillery practice being in order and the target in its place, soldiers began loading the heaviest of the guns, while its father, the chief of the foundry, looked from afar under a tent. As I stood near the gunners, who worked very skilfully and without any appreciable terror, a mandarin rushed to me, seized me by the arm, and tried to force me to follow him under the tent, insisting that the best way to see the exercises was to be as much as possible undisturbed by the roar of the cannon. I thanked him and tried to remain where I was; but he did not allow me to do so, unwilling as he was, he said, to permit me to endanger my life should the gun explode; and, stopping his ears with wadding, he dragged me forcibly towards a rampart, fortunately stopping there just when I was afraid he would oblige me to hide behind it." Such artillery officers, professing that you see a gun better when you do not hear it, are quite the reverse of Panurge, who wanted to put spectacles on his ears, in the hope that they would hear better if they could see. At any rate, they give a lofty idea of the commanding of troops in China.

Another day Tso had ordered a review. Soldiers stood in a long line, two abreast. Preceded by a group of horsemen and two executioners comes the general, riding a superb palfrey and draped in his yellow robes. His head was dressed like that of a woman. He stops in front of a pavilion from which he is to muster his army. Four officers take him off his charger; others, standing in line, wait for him respectfully. He takes place, with three generals, on the middle terrace. "As soon as Tso was seated," writes the doctor, "mandarins with red, blue, or no buttons came on, one after another, and bowed before him. Then began infantry and cavalry manœuvres which lasted three hours, with intervals of rest. After the army came fifteen or twenty boys, from ten to twelve years of age, whom Tso pretended to instruct in military tactics. That little corps of cadets is called *Youi-Bine*. They also went through some gymnastic exercises and used bows and small guns, meanwhile gambolling like

clowns and making all kinds of faces like Chinese actors. Tso appeared to take great interest in their antics, placed here and there a criticism, distributing praises, blames, and jokes alike. I understand that those miniature soldiers receive a regular, or rather irregular, pay from the treasury."

Then began target-shooting, with old guns without stocks, which the soldiers held with both hands, drew close to their body, and fired, without balls of course, on a large ring half a yard in diameter, and from which waved a round piece of leather. The sharp-shooter places himself five or six feet from that very elementary target, fires, and is considered a remarkable marksman if the piece of leather swings a little quicker than usual. Quite an appropriate exhibition for a country celebrated for its painted cannons in the embrasures of its forts! I do not wonder if Sosnowski answered "Russia" when General Tso, very much pleased with the skill of his men, asked him proudly: "Which do you think would be victorious should your country and mine come to fight?" And the candid old man put the same question to all the foreign bystanders, and when answered by all, "Russia"—which, it seems, was quite unexpected by him—became thoughtful and a little despondent, but retorted at last, in a most convinced fashion: "Oh! no; not by a long shot."

All this would seem incredible had we not the testimony of many other travellers of mark, like Lord Elgin and Sir Lawrence Oliphant, who witnessed live battles between the Chinese imperialists and the Taïping rebels in the vicinity of Nan-Kin. "It is impossible to imagine anything more picturesque," writes Sir Lawrence Oliphant fifteen years before the Russian doctor—that is to say, in 1860.

"Mountains were crowned with the dazzling flags of the rebels, who rushed bravely down the green, grassy slopes to attack the imperialists posted in a large plain not far from the river, where they had erected straw screens and temporary earthworks, behind which stood several small cannons, looking as inoffensive as big ink-bottles. Now and then a few men would come out from behind the screens and from the ranks of the rebels, who had prudently stopped at the foot of the mountains, and, advancing within two or three hundred yards from each other, would discharge their muskets and then retreat precipitately with deafening hurrahs and a great displaying and shaking of banners. Of course we did not await the event, as the battle could have, on such principles, lasted world without end. One day those famous rebels, grand terrorizers of the country and slaughterers of unarmed peasants, dared to make a demonstration against the English flotilla engaged in the Yang-Tse-Kiang. We were examining them through our telescopes, when, to our great surprise, they rushed up to the bank of

the river, clad as usual in garments of the oddest but brightest colors and brandishing yellow and crimson flags, under the lead of a man on horseback, with a crimson coat and white trousers, who was quite interesting to behold while caracoling and parading at the head of his multi-colored regiment. Suddenly the fellow, with a defiant air, fired at us his old, rusty musket at a distance of five hundred yards; and his men, emboldened by such a fine feat, opened a decidedly absurd fire on our vessels, which they repeated three times, then hurried on to one of their circular redoubts and began pointing toward us a very large gun. It seemed to us that this was the time to turn their dull jesting into a practical joke, and the *Retribution* sent a skilfully-directed bomb right in the middle of the fort. It was a treat to see the magnificent, crimsoned chief dismount as by magic, run and tumble in a state of inexprimable agony of terror, while his resplendent acolytes fled like so many panic-stricken rabbits. Our sailors were seized with such a wild fit of laughing at such a ludicrous spectacle that they could hardly stand erect by the side of their guns."

One must admit that military tactics have improved among Chinese troops since Sir L. Oliphant wrote; but if we are to believe Dr. Piassetsky, who saw them in 1875, they are still very far from being thunderbolts of war. No matter how prompt a country may be in its transformations, even in Europe, it is impossible for it to create, in seven or eight years, a truly powerful army with skilled officers, well-drilled soldiers, baggage, ammunition, artillery, a system for the maintenance, discipline, and control of troops, and, what is still more necessary, gallantry and science in the chiefs. The doctor could not in 1875 foresee that trouble would arise between France and China in 1883–4. Therefore his *Voyage through Mongolia and China* was not written to please or displease the one or the other of the now hostile parties, and we are inclined to believe his statements entirely free from partisanship, especially when we see them wonderfully corroborated by those of *L'Echo du Japan*, one of the leading daily newspapers of Yokohama, which, in a number brought by a recent mail, speaking of a possible renewal of the Liou-Kiou Islands question and of the consequent reinforcing of the Japanese army, says:

"China's military forces never inspired Tokio with a hundredth part of the anxiety which seems to pervade many French deputies, who would be seriously embarrassed if asked abruptly to point with their fingers the province of Tonquin on a map of Asia. Japan knows China by heart, while France knows the latter from the *raconteurs* and the bombastic affirmations of the London *Times* and other English papers generously paid by Mr. Hart, head of the Chinese customs department, who sends to them their fat salaries through his agent in London, Mr. Campbell. [This is a very precise statement, is it not?] So Paris thinks that China is able to put

into line considerable forces. But—as we have never ceased to repeat—the best troops of the Celestial Empire have been already for several months in Tonquin fighting by the side of the Black Flags. Besides, Li-Hung-Chang has three thousand men of his own who are said to be equal to the best European soldiers, but from whom he will part under no circumstances nor at any price. *The rest*—about two hundred thousand men scattered all over the immense empire—*are worth absolutely nothing*. Armed with pikes, spears, arbalets, bats, slings, and other such odd implements of antiquated warfare, they are without instruction and discipline. Their military exercises consist in contortions worthy of an army of clowns, and of a variety of most ugly grimaces, with which they candidly believe themselves able to put any enemy to instant flight. Most of them are inveterate opium-smokers; many are infected with a persistent itch, and, when off duty, pass the day lying on the ground, scratching their legs like mangy dogs. They are badly fed, receiving very rarely any meat, and profess no respect for their chiefs, in whom they have no confidence, as was proved a few weeks ago when fifteen thousand of them, being ordered to the Tonquin frontier, and knowing they were to join the Black Flags to fight against Frenchmen, stopped suddenly on their way, many deserting, others, and the larger number, simply returning home to see, they said, a sick father or a dying mother, so that not more than fifteen hundred men out of fifteen thousand ever reached the frontier at all."

This, we repeat, is carefully translated from a very recent number of a well-informed Japanese daily, and is in complete accord, though written about the bulk of the Chinese army of 1884, with what Dr. Piassetsky saw of it in 1875. "China," says the Yokohama paper in conclusion, "dares to threaten war against France, and is not even in a situation to sustain an encounter with Japan."

II.

Every traveller, as he rambles over China, is more or less puzzled by this perplexing question: "What is to be the future of the Chinese people?" Will they be blessed with a second youth, or are they condemned to an irredeemable decrepitude? Are they still called to high destinies, or vowed to constant decay by the same supernatural power which seems to keep down Asiatic agglomerations of men once so alert, so fond of war, domination, and conquest? Where are the Gengis Khans, the powerful rajahs of India, the Assyrian and Persian warriors of old? Shall we ever see their like again? *Viatores certant, et adhuc sub judice lis est*, as would say our friend Horace.

Yes, travellers are very much mixed up when they try to put in black and white their judgments about the yellow race. Some say with emphasis that a day shall come when Asiatics

will shell our ports and colonize our depopulated fields, or at least replace on our globe Latin, Celtic, or Saxon activity through their bankers, workingmen, emigrants, all remarkable for wonderful mercantile aptitude, an inexhaustible patience, a matchless endurance, and prolific virtue. Others profess that Chinese are steadily declining and shall so continue up to self-extermination. Still others believe them to be congealed in their antique civilization, hieroglyphs, prejudices, which have been stationary for centuries and so shall remain for centuries to come. Thus so-called observers jump from one extreme to the other: here a towering flight, there immobility, there again decay. Which of them shall we trust, especially when we see such contradictory verdicts fall sometimes from the very same pen, according to the mood of the writer and what strikes him most in his every-day wanderings?

Decay!—this is the exclamation of all travellers as soon as they find John Chinaman kicking at our modern inventions and stupidly condemning himself, through opium-smoking, to the existence of a perambulating skeleton. China is a lost country when they see its inhabitants bowing to and trembling under the stick of a mandarin; lost again when they are confronted with the venality of officers, or introduced to a Tso declaring from the top of his sandals that China does not need telegraphs, telephones, or railroads; lost when appears the wild rebel, murdering without remorse, plundering with too evident a delight, and transforming into deserts the richest portions of the country. "Here is a nation which is going to pieces and to death!" exclaims Robert Fortune, simply because he found in some bric-à brac bazaar Chinamen entering into competition with his tastes as an antiquarian. Imagine China going into hysterics about her own old rubbish, especially if it consists of broken articles rusted and out of fashion! "One feels," shouts Robert, "that this people, once great and unique, is now enamored of its past because the hour of its decline has come, irretrievably come!" But, dear Robert, what of us, then, so fond nowadays of notched china, old medals, pipes, slippers, stones, teapots? What of poor Di Cesnola, Feuardent, and their like?

Great future, second youth, astounding vitality!—this is, on the other hand, the opinion of Father David, and sometimes of Francis Garnier. "Beware!" says Father David; "the Cantonese are little by little monopolizing the commerce originated by Europeans. Englishmen are at a loss to compete with them; Jews themselves give up the job. The coolie is hated by blacks

and whites; he works like four of them and lives on nothing." "Two centuries hence," writes Francis Garnier (*De Paris au Tibet*, p. 172), "our nephews will not treat the yellow race with such contempt. Will they be even strong enough to resist its four hundred millions of representatives?" Much has been said of the enormous population of China, but we have good authority for believing that during the last twenty years it has singularly decreased. Dr. Happer, who studied conscientiously this important item, thinks it does not exceed two hundred and eighty millions, which is already quite enough. He begs us to remark that fifty millions perished at the time of the Taïpings' rebellion—a serious one, we must reckon. Then twenty other millions disappeared in consequence of horrible famines which desolated the northern part of the empire two years ago, leaving aside the ravages caused by the Mohammedan insurrection. Emigration had also its share in the great depopulation of China. It is increasing every year, taking away the best young men and scattering them over Cuba, Central America, Brazil, Australia, and—we know something about it—even California, and other parts of our United States. To corroborate our statement and that of Dr. Happer we have also the testimony of Mr. Hippisley, a gentleman closely connected with the Imperial Department of Customs, who carefully compiled documents on this subject, and comes to the conclusion that the Chinese Empire does not possess more than two hundred and fifty millions of actual native and foreign-born inhabitants. As an argument on behalf of his assertion he states that the last census of the province of Chekiang, in 1880, showed a decrease of sixty per cent. in its population. This is enormous. It is still certain that if the largest part of the eighteen provinces which constitute the empire are densely populated, especially on the banks of large rivers and lakes, and in several cities, like Canton, Pekin, Shang-Haï, and Han-Keou, it is not less out of question that immense solitudes are to be found in the northern and southern portions of the country, far from rivers, lakes, and canals, as well as in mountainous regions.

We are again put into a vexatious quandary when we listen to what our favorite traveller, Dr. Piassetsky, has to say about the great cities of China; we are at a loss to form an opinion. Everywhere he finds the most marvellous qualities in crying contrast with the most miserable defects. The same man who bravely risked his life rowing on a tremendous rapid shakes with fear like a coward at the bare thought of advancing rebels.

Cities of five hundred thousand inhabitants surrender, without any semblance of fight, to a mob of five hundred *banditti*. Superstition nails down those otherwise bright intelligences; mendicity spreads itself everywhere, horrible, repulsive, hideous. An unlimited national infatuation, but no patriotism, and everything for sale. "By the side of gold, mud!" says the doctor, wandering through Pekin; "and Pekin is China in miniature!" He visits the Shang-Haï arsenal, which, although constructed eleven years ago by Europeans, employs to-day fourteen hundred workmen, exclusively Chinese, and for the most part born in Canton or its surroundings. "These men," writes our observer, "are very skilful and capable of attaining the highest perfection in the most delicate pieces of workmanship, but—[the sempiternal *but!*]—they are so thin, so attenuated, their eyes are so deeply sunk in their sombre sockets, that I was filled with pity at the sight of such a decrepitude, due to unwholesome, scanty food, and, above all, to a constant abuse of opium." And he gives a lengthy description of the night-asylums and vapor-baths which are numerous at Shang-Haï—"civilization!"—but a more lengthy one of the vastly more numerous opium-dens—"brutishness and decay!": "As long as an opium-smoker is rich enough to devote one or two dollars per day to the satisfaction of his taste, which becomes very soon an imperious want, he does not suffer much; but the more he uses the dreadful drug the more he must increase the primitive dose, and to do it the Chinaman will give his last penny, his clothes, then steal and murder, if necessary, as to commit suicide would be easier for him than to live without his seven, and sometimes ten, daily pipes. Do not speak to him of his impending ruin, of that of his family, of the awful death awaiting him soon; his will is gone, his mind shattered as his very body. He is lost—lost for ever!"

Is this exaggerated? Recently medical reports, issued simultaneously by officials in charge of British hospitals at Hong-Kong and Singapore, treated the subject of opium consumption and its effects. One of these officials, Dr. Ayres, colonial surgeon at Hong-Kong, says of Chinese patients:

"I cannot find that opium-smoking causes emaciation in any way. . . . It appears to me that the opium-smoker suffers much less from the enforced deprivation of the accustomed luxury at once than the tobacco-smoker. There is certainly no loss of sleep to any extent, for I have had many of them specially watched. . . . I can also speak from personal experience. I have eaten opium till I could consume half an ounce daily, and I can understand the fascination of that habit and fully appreciate the

difficulty of leaving it off. I have myself smoked three mace (thirty grains) of the farmer's prepared opium within an hour, without the slightest effect. I have watched other Europeans do the same, as they admitted to their astonishment, with no effect either. I counted their pulses and took their temperature, neither of which were altered by smoking in the slightest degree. No opium-smoker among the Chinese smokes with the idea of procuring sleep; being naturally tired, he may take a pipe or two before going to sleep, but with no intention of helping him to sleep. An opium-smoker visits a friend, who offers him a pipe, and they lie smoking and chatting between the pipes for hours, just as a European offers wine to a friend. The Chinaman does not expect his visitor to go off to sleep and snore like a hog, any more than the European expects his friend to get drunk and make a beast of himself. That it is costly and expensive as a habit there is no denial, and in order to procure this luxury, unless a well-to-do man, the Chinaman must deprive himself and his family of many comforts and necessaries."

Alas! against that benevolent report on opium-smoking, Consul Charles Seymour quotes that of the eminent American physician, Dr. John G. Kerr, for the past twenty-nine years in charge of the Medical Missionary Society's Hospital in Canton, at which over six hundred thousand patients, with all kind of diseases and ailments, have received treatment.

"Scientifically," says Dr. Kerr in reviewing Dr. Ayres' report, "are the facts given by Dr. Ayres all that are needed on which to base so sweeping a conclusion? Thousands of men have tried opium-smoking in Hong-Kong, tens of thousands are trying it in China every day. Is all the evidence obtained from these men to be ignored? Will they pronounce the smoking of opium absolutely 'without effect' and 'a most harmless practice'? I have had hundreds of opium-smokers under my observation in Canton. Other medical missionaries have had as many or more. All of these agree as to the evil effects, physical, moral, and pecuniary, of opium-smoking; but medical missionaries are easily 'bamboozled,' so we will throw out their testimony as worthless. Still, *there are innumerable facts at hand* bearing directly on this point, and until a sufficient number are collected, sifted, and weighed by competent and unprejudiced persons, any conclusions as to the harmlessness of opium-smoking, founded on the experience of a few foreigners, *is the essence of scientific nonsense.*"

It is more than probable that Dr. Kerr will, as above intimated, prepare an array of facts on this subject that will corroborate the statements of Dr. Piassetsky and command world-wide attention. But, after all, have we any right to conclude as to the absolute decay of the Celestials because they are silly enough to crave after self-poisoning? We do not smoke opium—as least most of us do not—but have we not tobacco under all its forms, whiskey and alcoholism? Chinamen never get drunk, at any rate!

But the same contrasts which have been observed by most travellers in the Chinese, between their bravery in certain circumstances and cowardice in others, their habitual meekness and temporary ferocity, their taste for schools and their general ignorance, their respect for maxims and their dissolute habits, their apparent scepticism and gross superstition—these same contrasts, which have elicited such contradictory judgments concerning their future as a nation, are to be found not less striking in the material condition of their country. Here prosperous cities strike the traveller with admiration; there the same traveller is shocked at the sight of devastated towns; magnificent marble bridges are to be seen at the same time as sunken roads, and triumphal arches near stinking huts. So the European wanderer feels more and more puzzled by the problem of Chinese destinies: vitality or decomposition? For him commercial markets springing up as by magic, skilful industries, rivers covered with brisk, lively junks, and well-cultivated fields are so many promises of life; but dirty, unpaved streets, innumerable quagmires, uncared-for canals, china towers in ruins, mean death in a far-off but includable future. So says Dr. Piassetsky, who evidently never saw New York in her regular winter glory, and who, being a Russian, ought to be, anyhow, more lenient for bad pavements, abominable streets, filth, and Oriental quagmires. If those very ingredients of civilization mean death to nations, how many commonwealths in the world are assured of a morrow?

It seems to me that in China, as well as in Russia and in America, there is some discrimination to be made between the people at large and their administrators. If China is to perish it will be through her administration; if she is to be regenerated the cure will not come from the high spheres, but from the people proper. What is the work of the Chinese functionaries? Dr. Piassetsky is no sooner in China—which he enters through a worn-out, wrecked door of the Great Wall and the filthy city of Kalgan—than he writes in his note-book: "Loads of dirt everywhere. . . . In some places the air is unfit for respiration, from pestilential effluvia and emanations. To go to Pekin nothing but a horrible, rugged, muddy pathway, looking as if the country had just experienced a general earthquake." Perhaps Pekin is somewhat better? No; all travellers are unanimous on the subject: the imperial city betrays itself to the pilgrim's nostrils by a nauseous atmosphere. Is Pekin a truly original Empire City in this respect?

Dr. E. Martin, who was for years the physician of the French

Legation in Pekin, and Dr. Morache, who succeeded him in his office, wrote, the former in 1872, the latter in 1879, in the *Gazette hebdomadaire de Médecine* and the *Dictionnaire encyclopédique des sciences médicales*, several very interesting articles on Chinese peculiarities and customs. They give us the reason of the undeniable stench of Pekin surroundings. There was formerly a river, the Yuko, which passed through Pekin, and formerly, too, Pekin had sewers. Since 1850 the river is no more, through mere neglect from the authorities. No more shore, artificial or natural: no more dams nor sluices. So the ditches which the Yuko is reputed to supply with fresh water encompass the city with putrid marshes and miasmas. As to the sewers, they have fallen into a horrible state of dereliction and ruin: "Within one hundred and fifty yards from the imperial city," writes Dr. Martin, "I observed a long line of sewers in which agglomerations of decomposed animal matter were on a level with the ground, there to be diluted and spread out when summer rains pour like torrents." And all this in a city in which dwells the "Brother of the Sun and Moon," the "Lord of a Myriad Years." What an anti-climax!

Are you anxious to know how they refresh in summer-time the atmosphere, loaded with burning clouds of dust, in that great, populous capital where water is not now to be found? Listen, then, to Dr. Piassetsky, and, for that purpose, gather up your strength not to faint in the undertaking: "The watering of the streets of Pekin is done with water taken from innumerous pools or puddles which line every street, and, in addition to rain-water, are the recipients of every household refuse. This filthy, muddy, thick liquid is covered up with a mouldy crust, under which are heaped up organic detritus and deleterious gases. In the evening, when the dust in the streets becomes hot enough to stifle a hog, Chinese go to work, break up the above-mentioned crust, and throw the water lying beneath through the streets. Then gases and miasmas fill the air and the stench grows unbearable. Never in my life have my nostrils been submitted to such a torment. I thought I was going to die, while around me Chinamen seemed to enjoy the unique perfumes of what they considered as a highly hygienic measure. Poor, miserable wretches! their health, their lives are thus destroyed; epidemics of small-pox and typhus kill them by thousands."

This is exactly what Dr. Durand-Fardel says of other cities, especially of Canton, in his *Étude sur le climat des côtes de la Chine*: "Formerly the streets had been carefully drained up. But since

the decay which followed the establishing of the Mandchoo dynasty at the end of the seventeenth century everything is wearing out, deteriorating, going to ruin, and the sewers of old are turned into lethiferous quagmires. There is not among those multitudinous agglomerations a shadow of sanitary regulations, and a board of health is less than a myth all over the Celestial Empire."

And in the midst of such an appalling misery and lack of administration the slothful, selfish mandarin, clad in beautiful silk, lives leisurely in the rear part of his garden, which five or six large courtyards separate from the streets; or, if he goes out, passes through them *en palanquin*, with a retinue of valets who plash through the mires in his stead.

Moreover, the streets are not lighted at night. Once Dr. Piassetsky was caught in the rain in the midst of Pekin, and, as misfortunes never come single, the night overtook him and his companion, Sosnowski. "We were wet to the skin," he writes. "The intermittent gleam of awful flashes of lightning was our only light, and in the meantime we were buried in a distressing darkness. Here and there some lanterns could be perceived in stores, where men were playing checks, chatting, or sipping their evening tea; but those lanterns had no effect on the streets. We had to be exceedingly careful not to fall into some large mire, for it is a frequent occurrence for people, and even mules and horses, to lose their lives in some of those horrid receptacles of filth."

Outside the imperial city the sight is still more lamentable; the whole of the suburbs look like one vast swamp, one continued bog, where appear by intervals ruined habitations, bridges with tumbling parapets, roads full of large ruts in which vehicles plunge up to their axle-trees. "Nothing," says Francis Garnier, who saw the same things in 1872, "proclaims more eloquently the actual degradation of China than the unseemly indifference with which, a few miles from the capital, magnificent roadways have been left to themselves and given up to the great destroyer of everything which is beautiful—time. And yet this country is so rich in resources that a few years of honest administration would suffice to make it one of the most prosperous and powerful among the greatest in the world."

So much for the rulers; let us now look at the people.

On his arrival on the pier of the Pei-Ho, Piassetsky is amazed at the animation which is to be seen on that river. "What a medley of small and large boats!" he exclaims. "Really, it

is a forest of masts all over the width of the river. Of those boats some were taking passengers, others received or unloaded goods. What struck me most in that mass of craft was the wonderful order in which one set were coming down the river while the others went on by series to their respective places without the help of any officials entrusted with the discipline of the port. As to the rowers, they were admirable for their skill, strength, and never-failing activity." And when rivers are running through mountainous defiles, when they are encumbered with rocks or suddenly lacking in depth, do you suppose the navigation to be stopped by such trifles? Not at all. These men seem then to defy nature itself, and haul their boats, jumping, like wild goats, along all the escarpments of the mountain, now on the top, now in the ravines, pulling all the time upon their bamboo ropes and winding through the rocks as Indians through the level plains of the West. "I was often frightened to death seeing the poor fellows climbing, jumping, running down at their life's peril. Look at that one; his foot slips from under him. Bless me! he darts like an arrow through the air. . . . Don't be afraid: he will always find something to hang upon, and there he is again on his feet and pulling like a brave man! 'What a sad fate!' do you say? No; Chinamen—I speak of laborers—never complain of their fate." (See *Voyage à travers la Mongolie et la Chine*, p. 238.)

In Han-Keou is another lively picture. There commercial life is so active that business is transacted on land and water alike. At the foot of stores and houses, on a line more than one league in extent, is an astounding mass of boats at their moorings. "I do not think," says the doctor, "that the like of it is to be seen in any other port in the world. There were more than ten thousand boats of every dimension. As to junks and smaller barks, they were innumerable; and if you bear in mind that every one of them is inhabitated by at least five persons, which is a calculation far under the true average, you may form an idea of the population living on the water." Now, at that point where the Blue River joins the Han, Han-Keou is not the only city: two others face it, each of them on an opposite shore, something like Brooklyn and Jersey City facing New York at the Battery; and this trinity of cities forms an agglomeration of over three millions of inhabitants, spread on three necks of land extending farther than your eye can reach. Well, the Taïpings, about 1857, passed there, putting everything to fire and sword, not leaving stone upon stone in Han-Keou—not a shop, store, house,

or edifice—pillaging, ransacking, destroying the whole unfortunate city. But the barbarous rebels had hardly left what had been Han-Keou than the down-trodden population was back and the admirable swarm reconstructed its hive. Two years after Han-Keou was up again and as large, populous, animated as ever. And this is not the only instance of the wonderful recuperative power of the Chinese race. Hundreds of plagues, rebellions, inundations, famines, have desolated the Chinese land —a land of surprises—and life always succeeded death with a marvellous rapidity, thanks to that indomitable energy which seems to be a natural gift of the yellow race, as well as of the Caucasian portion of mankind to which is due the stupendous creation of the modern United States of America.

A people capable of such resurrections is decidedly not an ordinary people. China is far from being dead, and when the Prime Minister of France, M. Jules Ferry, spoke of her lately in the Chamber of Deputies as *une quantité négligeable*—a quantity which may be slighted at leisure—M. Ferry did not speak as a far-sighted statesman. In the next century China will be quite able to defy Europe in a defensive war. In spite of the stubborn Tso and his adepts, telegraphs, steamers, railroads, all our engines, ideas, and appliances of extermination, will be adopted by the Celestials. Nothing proves that our grandchildren will thank us for having forced that kind of civilization on such an enterprising and still barbarous people, and will not regret the premature destruction of the legendary Great Wall.

MY STAFF OF AGE.

FROM THE CELTIC OF LLYWARCH HEN.

My staff of age!
I lean upon you, and, sighing, see the fern-leaves red and sere,
And the yellow water-flags wave on the edge of the gray, cold mere;
The blood of my heart is chilled with the breath of the waning year.

My staff of age!
I lean upon you when winter lights the ruddy tavern pane.
While gallant roisterers quaff their ale and raise the joyous strain,
I creep to my lonely bed with no mirth in my heart or brain.

My staff of age!
I lean upon you when the cuckoo darts singing through the air,
When the white foam sparkles on the wave and the hills are green and fair,
And summer brings a deeper pain with love I cannot share.

My staff of age!
I am saddest of all this May of the long, brown furrow's line,
When the early corn is green and the tendrils curl on the vine,
And I have to lean on a crutch where once I could sing and shine.

My staff of age!
The woes of eld are upon me, and my locks are thin and gray;
My eyes, that a woman loved, are sad and dull to the light of day,
And my lips, so often kissed, can but mutter and groan and pray.

My staff of age!
It is sad to be bent and old, to be cold in limb and heart,
To be without mirth or love, and to lose the breath of my art,
But saddest to remember of my life how great was their part.

PHILISTA.

I.

It was Sunday in Philista. Philista is a town in one of the Middle States. It contains several flourishing pottery-works, a canal, and numerous first families of intense respectability. The first families are very aristocratic and exclusive. They know who their grandfathers were; and in Philista, given a grandfather, a genealogy of radiance is easily constructed. Of late a genealogy has become so necessary a part of every well-regulated household in America that the family-trees of the Philistans are much regarded by visitors; and the old graveyard, which dates much beyond the time when Washington crossed the Delaware, has lost one or two of its tombstones, so great is the rage of our generation for memorials of its ancestors. The Stokes, of Beverly, Del., for instance—whose family congress is held in September of every year—have in their parlor, between the spinning-wheel of their alleged great-grandmother and a suit of armor bought in New York, one of the tombstones of Philista neatly framed in gold. What can be more convincing of the antiquity of a family than this? Gossip may maliciously say that the Stokes had no grandfather. But even Gossip ought to be silent in the presence of a tombstone.

It was Sunday in Philista, and it was Sunday at the Catherwoods', which is the concentrated essence of all the Sabbatarian characteristics of the Philistan Sunday. The street was very quiet. The sunshine fell hot on the well-swept pavements; the leaves of the paper-mulberry trees rustled lazily, stirred by the ghost of a breeze. It was at that hour on Sunday when the smell of roast beef taken from the oven has been dissipated, when the baked potatoes are cold and mangled, and the "help" in the Philistan kitchens softly clatters the dishes and murmurs, "I know a happy land," only rising to high C when she breaks anything.

It was a drowsy and wretched hour. Dinner was done; the younger Philistans had, on August Sundays, nothing to look forward to. There was not even the mild diversion of the cold-weather Sunday-school or Bible-class. All the books permitted to be read were of the kind that the young Philistan despised—

"memoirs" of holy Methodists and pious Baptists, the doctrine of predestination arranged in an attractive primer for the use of the young, and story-books about consumptive little boys who would not play on Sunday, and who died young. To add to the horrors of this time, when the sweet hope of dinner that had buoyed up the young soul through the long sermon of the morning had been lost in fruition, the parlor organs and melodeons in Jackson Street were let loose. To whistle would have been profanation; to draw a violin-bow across the strings sacrilege; to touch a piano, except to bring forth some sanctimonious tune, would have made the Sunday sunshine assume a rakish and week-day look in the eyes of the Philistans. But to manipulate the melodeon or parlor organ, of which instruments of torture each house in Jackson Street possessed one, was considered the proper thing for Sunday. And now, to such an accompaniment, voices, young, old, and middle-aged, were humming the various vocal arrangements of Moody and Sankey. Heard through the hot air, "in the hush of the sunshine," there was something indescribably dreary in the sounds. It seemed as if all Jackson Street had taken to this dismal form of amusement because there was nothing else to do.

The elder Miss Catherwood sat at her melodeon in the little parlor murmuring "Beulah Land." The door was slightly ajar, kept so by a brick, in an embroidered cover, which was wedged between it and its frame. On week-days the door was open; on Sundays it was thought proper to keep it ajar. The window-shutters were "bowed," and the room was in semi-gloom. The chromo of "Washington Crossing the Delaware," and the oil-painting of old Mr. Catherwood in the suit he wore in the great Federal procession in Philadelphia, were carefully covered with pink gauze to keep off the flies. On the marble-topped table near the window was a big Bible, and upon it a glass case containing a pyramid of wax fruit, supposed, out of respect for tradition, to be very natural. The wall-paper was covered with large green roses with gilt leaves, and the carpet was red and green. Tidies of worsted-work were arranged in a mathematical manner on the backs of the hair-cloth sofa and the chairs. On Saturday every atom of dust had been ruthlessly traced to its lair by the Misses Catherwood and exterminated. While Miss Catherwood sang, Miss Tamar Ann, her sister, sat in her rocking-chair and moved noiselessly to and fro.

The elder Miss Catherwood had a placid expression not unlike that of a sheep. Her face was white and wrinkled, but of a

different kind of whiteness from that of the two tight, white curls which were visible on either side of her forehead. She wore a gray gown of stiff texture, and a lace collar fastened by a brooch in the form of a cross made of hair. Miss Tamar Ann resembled her sister in appearance, but her hair was only sprinkled with gray; she wore no cap; she was shorter and more alert; her eyes, black and small, were always in motion; and, to mark her juvenility, she had her gray gown distended by a hoop of the fashion that came in when the Empress Eugénie ruled the world.

Miss Catherwood's slim, long hands and low voice glided from "Beulah Land" into "Almost Persuaded." It was doleful enough. An unusually big fly perched on Miss Tamar Ann's palm-leaf fan, and, being disturbed, hummed drowsily among the green slats of the blind at the window. Miss Tamar Ann dropped her fan, ceased to rock herself, and quietly contemplated the hot brick wall across the street. There was no other occupation left for her on Sunday, except to read the Bible, as she did not "play the parlor organ."

Miss Catherwood's voice broke on one of those particularly strained notes which the adepts in Protestant devotional singing so often use.

"I was thinking," said Miss Tamar Ann, in monotone suitable for the time, "that it was a day like this when poor little Jimmie Reed was drowned. It was an awful warning to Sabbath-breakers. He *would* go to fish in the canal, and he fell in, you remember? It was on the 15th, the Sunday after I turned my black silk, and I remember thinking, 'I hope Jimmy put on his clean underclothing, for if he didn't his mother will be *so* mortified.' Dear, dear! And to think of the poor child going to perdition that way!"

Miss Catherwood had not attended to this reminiscence. Her eyes were full of tears. The dismal hymns she had been singing were very pathetic and solemn to her. They brought into her heart a yearning that almost broke it—a memory of the dead which was nothing but a memory.

"'Almost Persuaded' brings back Rosalia to me, Tamar. I have heard the Romanists pray for their dead. It would be a great relief to pray for Rosalia now, or to pray to her, if she is in the 'Beulah Land.'"

If Miss Tamar Ann had been a Catholic she would have made the sign of the cross; but she detested the sign of the cross, except as an ornament for the collar or in a patch-work quilt.

"I am surprised at you, Jane!" she said, shaking her head. "Poor Rosalia married a papist and died young; and if John O'Brien hadn't sent for a priest at the last, she'd have died a Baptist and the Catherwoods would have been spared the disgrace of seeing her buried among the Irish Catholics. *I* don't understand how she could have done it. I saw some of their crucifixions in the Belgian exhibit at the Centennial Exhibition. They were really distressing. But we've always done our duty by Alice, and sent her over among that low crowd at St. Bridget's, as we promised her father when he died. There's no denying it goes against the grain, and it's a disgrace. If Alice sticks to her religion who's going to marry her, I'd like to know? Not that I think she'll stick to it when she sees how very low everybody considers it."

"I don't know," answered Miss Catherwood. "I can't tell. I wish," she added with some fierceness, "that John O'Brien had never met our Rosalia. If she was right, Tamar, we're wrong. And if she's in heaven, we'll—but I want to see her again! I want to see her again! It wouldn't be heaven, if she wasn't there!"

"Sister!"

Miss Tamar Ann's eyes actually snapped. *If!*

"For my part," she said, in a voice raised above the appropriate monotone, "I'd rather go to a place where the Good Man isn't than find there's nothing in all the Bible curses against idolaters. I declare I would!"

A faint knock sounded at the door, and it was pushed open after Miss Catherwood had said "Come in."

The gentlewomen were very much fluttered when a young man entered. He was rather tall, with brown hair close-cropped, a wide brow, full, bright blue eyes; a thick, reddish mustache covered his lips, but the chin it left visible was too finely moulded for a man's. He smiled good-humoredly at the Misses Catherwood, and fumbled with the red rose in the buttonhole of his light tweed coat. He gave Miss Catherwood his tall white hat, which she placed on the cover of the melodeon, and then he asked if he might see Miss Alice.

Miss Catherwood said, "Certainly." And then, with a little flush on her cheeks, "Shall I tell her your name?"

"Mine? Oh! I beg pardon," the young man answered, with a crispness of accent and a slight trill of the "r" that contrasted pleasantly with Miss Catherwood's rather flat enunciation. "Cornelius Blake."

Miss Catherwood and Miss Tamar Ann smiled. "You are the young gentleman Alice met at her cousin's in Philadelphia?"

"Yes," he said. "She was kind enough to ask me to come to see her, and, as I was obliged to—but here she is."

A girl not much over twenty had entered from the back room. She paused for an instant on the threshold, and glanced quickly at the visitor, as if she had heard his voice but was not quite sure who he was. She was a slight young girl, having dark-brown hair and large, gray-blue eyes too densely fringed with lashes not to give her face what the people in Philista called a "peculiar" expression. Her face was a pure oval, and her nose—a feature which nature seems to find the most difficult to mould correctly—just escaped being Grecian by being a trifle too much "tip-tilted." It was an Irish type of face, in which a certain vigor of outline was corrected, or rather contradicted, by a delicacy of color and meagreness of flesh which are often observable in an Irish type grafted here. Her face was quiet and pleasant in expression; her complexion had a singular opaque whiteness, which, as it intensified the color of her eyes was considered by some an additional beauty, by the Misses Catherwood a sign of the heart-disease of which her mother died. She moved with the gentle air that characterized both her aunts. She smiled as she entered the room, and shook hands with the visitor. Miss Catherwood and Miss Tamar Ann at once arose to leave the room. It was one of the rules of etiquette in Philista that old people should always disappear when the young folk had visitors.

"I hope you'll invite your friend to tea, Alice," Miss Tamar Ann said.

"This is Mr. Blake—"

"Oh! yes," said Miss Tamar Ann, "we know."

"I don't want to interrupt your music," said Mr. Blake, showing a very good row of teeth to both aunts, and appealing to Miss Catherwood. "Do go on with your music. I am very fond of it."

There was an oppressive silence.

Music! The mention of the term in connection with the singing of hymns on the "Sabbath" seemed most incongruous to the sisters. Music, as music, was not for the Lord's day.

"I declare, Miss Catherwood," continued the visitor, with his brightest smile, thinking he had not said enough, "if I have an idol in this world—if I have an idol in this world," he repeated,

fancying from something in Miss Tamar Ann's look that she was deaf, "it is—"

"We don't speak of idols," murmured Miss Tamar Ann, nervously drawing closer to the young man. "It might hurt Alice's feelings. She's a Romanist."

The young man lost his smile for a moment, and then laughed a little.

"So am I!" he said.

Miss Tamar Ann gazed at his fashionable suit of clothes in amazement. The Catholics in Philista were, she said afterwards, "such a very different class of people."

"Well," spoke Miss Catherwood, "sister and I have some reading to do. I hope we'll see you at tea."

But in order to be polite, and perhaps to charm the Romanist with some sacred song, she played "Almost Persuaded," with a slight variation caused by the E-major key in the treble part of the melodeon having met with an accident.

"To think," complained Miss Tamar Ann, when the sisters had settled down in their bed-room to read an appropriately gloomy book, "that a nice young man like that should be obliged by the pope to end all his prayers with an invocation to the Virgin!"

"It's a good thing for young men nowadays if they pray at all," Miss Catherwood answered. "Most of them don't."

II.

Cornelius Blake was "a promising young man." His father and mother had come over from Ireland, with a little money earned by shop-keeping in Cork, before the famine. They had settled among the Philadelphians and done well. They were frugal, careful people, and their six children found themselves with a snug sum to begin life with when the old folk had passed away. Cornelius was the second of these children.

He had been called "bright." He had gone through the various grades of the public-school without much study or thought. He was looked on by his teachers as "a promising boy," and when he went into business, first as an entry clerk in a dry-goods establishment and afterwards as a commercial traveller for a silk house, the adjective had clung to him. Having, like his father, been frugal, he saved a little money, to which, when his father died, he added the comfortable amount bequeathed to him. Then he threw up business and studied law in one of the multitudinous law-offices which abound in his native

city. He mastered Blackstone and the other text-books put into his hands with a fatal facility that had been made second nature by the superficial training of the public-schools. He had never thought about anything in his life for more than three minutes. If he did not reach a conclusion then he "gave it up." He had a very good opinion of himself, particularly of his mental abilities; but a great respect for the newspapers, although he made sprightly gibes at them. He considered material progress as the test of greatness, and poverty as a punishment following upon grievous sins against the spirit of American civilization. He was a Catholic; he believed all that he remembered of the Little Catechism he had studied in Sunday-school, which he had attended irregularly after he had made his First Communion. As to giving reasons for what he believed, he had literally none to give. He was a Catholic "all through," he said himself; to have heard him talk you would have thought that he had been dyed, religiously speaking, when young, and that the color was warranted to wash. He had assisted at Mass, approached the sacraments once or twice a year, partly out of a vague fear that he might die unexpectedly, and partly because his father and mother would have been struck to the heart by any known omission of his "duty." His brothers and sisters had gone their own ways; they had no influence on his life.

In his heart he had always felt that Providence had not treated him fairly in making him a Catholic—that is, in giving a mind like his into the keeping of Irish Catholic parents. His mother—poor, ignorant old soul!—had always struggled against his going to the public-school.

"Mike," she had said over and over again to his father, "the faith's in us, blood and bone, heart and soul, and nothing could change us. But the children aren't like us. They're among new people, in a land of Protestants; and who's to teach them the true religion, if they don't get it in the schools? Sure, we can't; and, if we could, we haven't the time."

And Cornelius had always rebelled at this. It was an "Irish" way of thinking, and he despised it; he felt grateful that his father had been too enlightened to give way to it. It made him shiver to think that if he had gone to the parochial school, mostly attended by the sons of Irish people not yet Americanized, and taught by Irish Christian Brothers, he might never have gotten rid of the Cork brogue. His mother had had her way in the education of the girls, but the boys all went to the established schools.

"The Sunday-school's enough for them," their father had said. "Religion isn't everything in this country; and if a boy is to earn his living, it's mighty little good craw-thumping will do him."

Cornelius had come out of his succession of schools triumphantly. He knew a great deal of several things. He could "bound" any place in Europe, Asia, or Africa at a moment's notice. He could cipher with amazing rapidity and demonstrate the whole of Loomis' Geometry. He had studied physiology homœopathically. He wrote a good "business" hand. His essay on "Centrifugal and Centripetal Correlation" had taken the first prize on the day of his graduation; and his rendition of "Curfew Shall not Ring To-night" had "marked him," as an observant journalist had said on the day after commencement, "a born orator."

He was "smart," and, though he had come out of school with the conviction that he was literally a master of all arts worth studying, he was by no means more of a fool than nine-tenths of his fellow-citizens. What he did not know—speaking of reading and study—he despised. He felt that he was well equipped for life; he was sure that he was equal to anybody; he resolved to be of importance in the world. He had read a stray volume of *Controversy between Bishop Hughes and Breckenridge* and Smarius' book of *Controversy* just after a "mission," when his mind had been inflamed to a point of unusual devotion. But he had forgotten them easily. His last teacher had recommended him to read Draper's *Conflict of Religion and Science*. He looked on that work as worthy of respect, as, indeed, he had no means of contradicting the falsehoods concerning the church it contains. He had, by dint of reading reviews and editorials in the daily press, acquired a knack of quoting Tyndall and Huxley against his Catholic acquaintances, as if he had read those popular authors. He had worried through *Daniel Deronda* and *Middlemarch*, in order to talk about them. He had never bought a book of any kind. He read newspapers unceasingly and "kept up" with the magazines. Once or twice a year he heard a sermon. But it made him tired to have the preacher tell him what he knew already.

Having hung out his sign with "P. Cornelius Blake" emblazoned on it, he discovered that there were too many lawyers in Philadelphia, and, hearing of a chance to enter a law-firm in Philista, he had emigrated.

He had a kind heart; good impulses constantly arose from it.

He would have died rather than have done anything dishonest or acknowledged that his Christian name was Patrick. He wanted to be good and he wanted to be well thought of. So far the facts that he was a Catholic and had a suspicion of the brogue had not gone much against him. He had felt that he was an "outsider" when some of his friends had made social arrangements in which he had participated; but he was not sure whether this had been only a feeling of his or really a feeling of theirs. Taking him altogether, he was a man of excellent possibilities warped by the atmosphere around him. He had all the best qualities of his Irish parents, tempered and strained a little, the charming facility of the Celtic temperament, the impulsiveness and hopefulness, and a rooted dislike to the saying of unpleasant things. He was said to be "magnetic." He was only Celtic of the Irish.

III.

When the Misses Catherwood had left the parlor Alice untied the cord that kept the window-shutters "bowed" and let in a little more light. The young people showed to better advantage. Alice O'Brien, if not altogether beautiful, was a distinguished and graceful-looking girl. The Grecian knot of her dark hair, and her white gown relieved at the belt by a large bunch of bergamot blossoms, were very becoming to her.

"I never expected to see you again," she said to Cornelius, with a smile. "Let me see, it is three months since I met you at my cousin's."

"I have come here to stay—to improve my prospects. I am a lawyer, you know."

She smiled again.

"I never heard of anybody coming to Philista to improve his prospects before, but I suppose you intend to grow up with the city. Your beanstalk will not grow as rapidly as Jack's in the story. If it keeps pace with Philista in growth it will be ready for you to climb when you're seventy years of age—at least."

Cornelius felt a little piqued by her easy tone. When a young man comes from a large city into a comparatively rural town, with all the tone of progress that residence in a centre of culture gives, he expects the simple country lass to show a sense of his condescension.

"I don't know Philista at all," he said.

"That must have been the reason you came here. After all,

you may find it lively—in comparison with Philadelphia. The canal is most interesting. There's an insane asylum. The churches are always having 'cake love-feasts,' sociables, oyster-suppers, and fairs, and we had a troop of negro minstrels last week. At election time the excitement is intense. On last election day twelve men passed our windows."

"Is there much society?"

"Much! The churches, particularly the Methodist, are circles within circles of gayety. But I'm a Catholic, so I'm barred out of that. Our own people are mostly factory-hands and that sort of thing. Positively there are not ten Catholic young men in Philista that a nice girl could marry. Not that I ever think of that. I'm a school-teacher, you know, and we neither die nor resign."

Cornelius felt more at his ease.

"They are not fond of Catholics here."

"I should think not. The first families are generally Presbyterians, who talk of Catholics as Aunt Tamar Ann talks. Those that have travelled are broader in their religious views, but they consider it socially 'low' to be a Catholic with an Irish name. It took all the influence of all the Catherwoods to get me a place as teacher in one of the schools. And I know there would have been less mourning in the best circles if my mother had married a negro instead of my dear, dear father. With your Irish look and that touch of the brogue you'll have a hard time here."

Cornelius flushed so deeply that his reddish mustache looked yellow by contrast.

"Do you really think that I talk as if I was Irish?" he asked, with an ingenuousness and anxiety that made her eyes twinkle.

"Certainly. No man, except an Irishman, could talk with an echo of the music of the old sod in his voice." She broke off with a slight blush and a little laugh. "I wish I had it. I've the flat, semi-nasal accent of Philista, except when I speak a 'piece' or read poetry."

These young people, who had met only once before, seemed now quite well acquainted with each other. Young folk's friendships often grow as rapidly as Jack's beanstalk.

Cornelius was mortified by her opinion about his "brogue," and, although he tried to conceal it, she said:

"It is a pretty accent, not a vulgar twang. Do you sing? The choir at St. Bridget's is very bad. They want a tenor. I hope you sing."

"Not at all. If I did I don't think I could stand choir-sing-

ing and going to church twice every Sunday. Once is enough. Protestants have a much pleasanter time. They don't go, if they don't want to."

"But they want to here. Church-going, and the social revivals that spring from it, are the excitements of the town. I don't think it makes them much better; I think most of the people here would be as good as they are if there were no churches. But a 'broom-drill,' an oyster-supper, a donation-party, or a new minister sets the place talking for a month. The Catholics have not progressed that far yet. St. Bridget's had a fair; but there was such a mob there! But all the politicians went and spent money. Are you going in for politics?"

"I may," he returned, with an air as if he were undecided between the Presidency or a United States senatorship. She shook her head.

"I don't think you'd have the ghost of a chance. The feeling against Catholics here is very strong, and the Irish vote, though it's worth fishing for, would not carry you through. Besides, unless you are a Land-Leaguer the fact of your being a Catholic wouldn't carry all the Irish voters with you. I hope you'll keep out of politics."

Cornelius had come to say pretty things to this young lady and to patronize her a little. But there she sat, acting the part of monitress. She was a pretty monitress, an interesting monitress, but a man never likes a woman to teach him anything directly. If she teaches him with an appearance of ignorance he will assimilate her wisdom and use it as his own. Alice O'Brien despised tact; she despised the male sex; she would rather have proposed marriage to a man than have let him think she was his inferior.

Cornelius, listening to her, felt as if a cool breeze, laden with moisture, had touched him.

"You seem to have studied the political situation, Miss O'Brien."

"I have. Being a Catholic and half-Irish, with a name that all the Catherwoods dislike, I have been a 'looker-on in Vienna.' Besides, I have always wanted to be a man."

"Why? I assure you, if you were a man, the world would lose a great deal of—"

"Oh! yes, of course. Being a girl, I've no chance of doing anything better than teaching the primary class in a public-school. If I were not a Catholic I might rise to be principal of Hypatia College, for instance, where they would like to have

me, if it wasn't for that. If I were a man I could, I *would*, surmount all the obstacles in the way."

Her lips were tightly shut; but no flush tinged the opaque white of her cheeks.

"But why can't I overcome these obstacles?"

"Oh!" she answered impatiently, "because you *are* a man. They're coming from Vespers at St. Bridget's," she added, pushing the shutters open. "Look at them! Servant-girls and factory-hands! Look at the clothes of the men and the bonnets of the women! And yet *we* are of those people; we can't escape them. I am a Catholic; I have stuck fast to the church in spite of all jeers."

"Why?" he interrupted maliciously.

She turned towards him with a startled look in her deeply-shaded eyes.

"Why?" she echoed. "Why?"

"Don't ask *me*," he returned. "When somebody asked me the other day why I wore a scapular I couldn't tell. It does seem like nonsense. All I know about it is that the priest put it on me one day in church, and I wear it because I've always worn it. I'm a Catholic for the same reason—I've always been one.'

"A Mohammedan might say that," she replied, with a serious look in her eyes and a note of scorn in her voice.

"Or a Methodist, or a Presbyterian—yes. Have you a better reason?"

"Yes. The church is *true*—is truth itself. I believe."

"And your reasons?"

"I don't want reasons. I don't know why I believe. Nobody taught me the reasons. I have had no Catholic friends, and my aunts never liked me to see the priest much. And the Catholic books I have happened to find among the people here have been silly things in awfully bad taste and more Irish than Catholic. But I believe—I sometimes wish I didn't; I should have a better time every way!"

"Well," he said, "you are frank. For myself, I am a Catholic through inheritance and habit. It seems to me that America has outgrown religions—I don't call Protestantism a religion—and I have never, in all my reading" (he said this quite seriously), "found any reason why I shouldn't be abreast of the country. Men are about alike, no matter what religion they profess."

"That's a mistake," Alice O'Brien said. There was a pause. "I wish," she continued, "there were no such things as mixed

marriages in the world. I am the victim of one. You think that's too strong? Ah! but you don't know. I'm separated from the people I love best. I suppose I'll be separated in the next world, too. I don't know whether I ought to pray for the souls of so many dear relatives who on earth hated the church and the Blessed Virgin with all their hearts. And yet I loved them and they loved me. Here I am—a Catholic among Protestants, like a fish out of water."

Cornelius laughed. It was an ill-timed laugh. She showed she thought so by silence. The drone of the reading in the room above broke the quiet.

"Well," he said, with a light air that seemed frivolous to her, "as we can't give reasons for the faith that is in us, what reason have we for sticking to it? Life would be much pleasanter and longer, perhaps, if religion did not demand sacrifices."

"I intend that my life shall be pleasant, and I think it will be long. I can never imagine myself dying."

"I never try to," he answered, with a laugh. At this moment the little servant-maid announced that tea was ready.

Cornelius talked a great deal. The impression he made may be judged from a snatch of dialogue which Alice happened to overhear.

"I must say," Miss Tamar Ann said, "that, for a Romanist, he is very liberal."

"Yes," replied Miss Catherwood, "but just a little—limp. I like to see a man stand up for his principles."

Alice herself was divided between a vague disdain of him and a distinct liking. And he said to himself that if a man wanted a clever wife who would help him to rise in the world, he could not do better than choose Alice O'Brien.

IV.

Next Sunday Cornelius went to Mass as usual. He stood at the door and took a comprehensive look at the interior before kneeling, although the priest was at the Offertory. He did not see Alice. He scanned the silent congregation with an observant eye. His education had trained him to judge a man's pocketbook, and consequently a man's usefulness to him, by his clothes. He shook his head and called to mind the richly-dressed people whom he had passed on their way to the temple of Episcopalianism, the Church of the Survival of the Fittest.

During Mass he thought much of the contrast. If one may

hear Mass by being physically present. Cornelius fulfilled the obligation; but his mind was engaged in speculating as to his future.

He was not really bad; he had no intention of doing anything dishonorable or disreputable. But during childhood and youth —the longest times of our life—he had learned that what we see with our corporeal eyes is the only thing that exists. Religion was well enough on Sundays. With the old people, particularly with old Irish people, who were naturally behind the times, it might mean much. A young man with his way to make in the world had other things to think of. He knew many men, wearing white linen, broadcloth, and diamond studs, who were respected by everybody, and who, without any religion, were good enough for all practical purposes. He said to himself that he did not want to be any better than such successful men.

His religion had been a habit. And as he went out of church and compared the congregation of St. Bridget's with that of the Church of the Survival of the Fittest, he asked himself why he should cling to a habit that might be a fatal bar to his success in Philista.

The Misses Catherwood learned to expect him to tea on Sunday nights regularly. They approved of him. Nobody had anything to say against him, except that he was a "Romanist," but a "liberal one," Miss Tamar Ann always hastened to add. They were getting old, and their income would cease at their death. They were glad to think that this promising young man, when he had gotten established, would preserve Alice from a career of ill-paid school-teaching.

"If she was not a Romanist they would give her the Literature and Elocution at Hypatia, with nearly two thousand a year. Mr. Longwood, the president, has told her so more than once."

"But she *is* a Romanist," tartly answered Miss Tamar Ann. "She can't save anything teaching in that primary school, so she'll have to marry—if she can."

After many walks and talks, some ice-cream-eating in the fashionable saloon in Philista, and a quarrel or two, Cornelius and Alice were "engaged."

Cornelius was not in a position to marry yet. All his funds were invested in the law-firm. Alice had nothing, but she was the more ambitious. They had resolved to wait two years. How in the meantime could she help him to make money? She was entirely wrapped up in him, in his plans, in his future. She thought and thought about the problem of the future, until the

quick, spasmodic beating of her heart reminded her that she was, as Miss Catherwood often said, "Rosalia's child."

Although Cornelius and Alice were much in love with each other, they never lost sight of the material resources they considered necessary to their position in life—which they put, as a matter of course, greatly above that of the Misses Catherwood. The ways and means of those old ladies would be unsuitable for Cornelius Blake, Esq., and his wife. The growth of the law business was slow. Alice said bitterly over and over again that girls were utterly useless, so far as the making of money went.

"Well," Miss Tamar Ann had answered more than once, "the place at Hypatia College is still open."

But Miss Catherwood had always said, "Hush!"

On All Souls' day Alice went to Vespers, which at St. Bridget's were sung after nightfall. Her forehead took a deep, perpendicular wrinkle upon it, and, as the choir began the "Magnificat," she half rose in the pew, as if to go. But something seemed to push her back. When the soprano voice began the "Tantum Ergo," and the kneeling people began to prepare for the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, she hastened down the aisle, and, once in the open air, ran home.

"Præstet fides supplementum
Sensuum defectui!"

It rang in her ears; she could not get rid of it.

She threw herself on her bed, the frown still on her brow. Opposite her was the little crucifix her father had left her. It stood in the centre of the mantel. With a sudden movement, as of irritation, she arose and held it a moment at arm's length and with her head averted. The moonlight fell through the window on her white face and whiter dress, and, if it were not for the color of her hair and the dark circles around her eyes, she would have seemed a statue. With the same sudden movement she put the crucifix into a Japanese box on the mantel, locked it, and, going to the window, threw the tiny key as far as she could fling it. Her lips were white and drawn.

"It is done!" she said. "I shall live and forget."

Then she threw herself upon the bed again and covered her eyes with her arms. There was no sound but a distant whistle, which sounded like a despairing shriek, from a steamboat in the river.

Cornelius Blake came back to Philista after a week's stay in

Philadelphia, and found Alice in a strangely silent mood. When he was about to leave her she said:

"On the 1st of January I shall open the classes of literature and elocution in Hypatia College."

"Good heavens!" he cried, starting, "you haven't—"

"I have. Don't let us say any more about it. You know why I have done it. My aunts seem pleased. Henceforth you will have to meet me at the door of the Baptist church, if you still continue in your—present way."

He was shocked. He was glad, too; he had wanted her to do it, and she had understood his thought, though he had never spoken it to her.

She put her hand on his shoulder.

"I have given up more than *you* can appreciate, being a man," she said bitterly; "but, O Neil!" she added tenderly, "*you* will never forsake me, you will always be mine?"

"Till death," he said.

She shuddered. He laughed and said, "Somebody is walking over your grave."

She pushed him farther from her.

"If you were different, if you were not as you are, Neil, I might not have done it. You would have helped me—"

"Bosh! my dear girl. Keep up, and we'll start in life with a flourish," he said. "Good-by, good-by! You'll read something pleasant in the *Star* to-morrow."

His thoughts were not as light as his words. He had wanted her to do it, and she had done it. Religion was not of much value to him, he thought, as he went home through the quiet streets, but it ought to be a great deal to a woman. Of course Alice must laugh in her heart at the Baptists. She could not believe in their doctrines. But a woman ought to have some religion. He was glad that it had been done, but he wished she had not felt obliged to do it. Alice a Catholic and Alice without any religion—Alice playing at being a Baptist, that they might set up housekeeping in a handsome house in Court Terrace—were two different girls. He did not feel the same towards her. It did not make much difference what a man believed, he said, as he lighted a cigar, since life was to be lived in the pleasantest way; but a woman—but a woman—

And he shook his head; and as he struck another match a charm on his watch-chain, with Masonic emblems on it, glittered in the light. He had made "progress," too.

V.

Cornelius Blake had often been pressed to join the Masons, even by Masons themselves, although this is said to be against the rules of the order. He had always said "no" apologetically, and, when pressed for his reasons, had said that he had reasons of his own; but he had not. He had refused because he believed that the Catholic Church forbade its members to enter a lodge. He had said angrily to himself that Catholics had no cause why they should not join the Masons; it was simply a piece of superstition to handicap themselves so, and absurd to bind themselves to keep out of an association that could be of so much use to them.

When Sherwood Archer, cashier of the National Bank of Philista, who had been delighted with what he called Cornelius' "Irish smartness," had said that the Young Men's Reform Club wanted a candidate for the State legislature who could catch the Irish vote, as an anti-monopolist faction had recently carried off a big slice of it in Philista, Cornelius felt the blood rush to his face with pleasure. He felt that this great man, who was grand tyler and everything else that was grand in Masonic circles, and consequently great socially, meant him.

"I'll pledge the Masons to you and I'll leave you to catch the Irish; but you'll have to join us. What! scrupulous? Why, dear boy, you haven't let go your mother's apron-strings yet. Bless you! you'll lose nothing with the Irish Catholics. They don't care a cent for religion in politics, but they do care an awful sight about 'patriotism.' We'll let you work that racket."

The consequence was that Cornelius Blake followed Mr. Sherwood Archer's advice, borrowed all the money he could, and in the Philista *Star* of the day after his interview with Alice O'Brien the following paragraph occurred:

"The Young Men's Reform Club, of which Mr. Sherwood Archer is the genial president, have at length announced their 'dark horse' who will enter the race for nomination to our legislature. This 'dark horse' is no other than the promising young lawyer, Cornelius Blake. While an enthusiastic American citizen, Mr. Blake is an Irish patriot of the old school that wore 'the collar of gold' won from the proud invader. Three cheers for Con! He is a friend of our glorious institutions and we say emphatically, 'Boom' him!"

The Catherwoods and Alice were pleased with this; but when the Philista *Eagle* was sent to them the next day they were enraged by an editorial article headed, "Was his Front

Name Patrick?" and a long "interview" with a supposed cousin of Cornelius, in which the Blake family history was more or less accurately given, and the nominee of the Young Men's Reform Club denounced as an "apostate" and an "informer."

Cornelius was inclined to rush into print and to declare that he had never missed Mass when he could help it. But the astute Archer held him back. "You've got to expect this. If you talk about Mass you'll shock the respectable element, and they'll begin to say you don't love the public-school system."

"But I do!" cried Cornelius. "I'm a public-school boy myself."

"All right!" returned Archer, with a wink; "we'll work that for all it is worth."

For the six weeks preceding the meeting of the convention at the capital—Philista was not the capital of the State—Cornelius did little but talk and "treat the boys." He was in the hands of his friends, particularly of his friend Archer. He did not pretend to do any business, and the placard on his office-door, "At court—back in ten minutes," became yellow and dusty from long use.

The public-school "racket," as Mr. Sherwood Archer expressed it, "was worked." The *Star* even became so enthusiastic in the matter as to produce a wood-cut of an innocent-looking cherub on his way to a Grecian temple labelled "public-school," while the pope—drawn after the model furnished by the *Pilgrim's Progress*—endeavored to force him back to a hut labelled "superstition." Cornelius did not like this, but he was in the hands of his friends. The "Honorable Cornelius Blake" danced before his eyes like a will-o'-the-wisp. What a magnificent future he with his cleverness, and Alice with her brilliancy and tact, would carve out!

It must be remembered that the *Star* and the *Eagle* were of the same party; for parties in Philista, finding themselves about to fall to pieces from rottenness, had united on a "reform" platform. They represented opposing factions. The *Eagle's* candidate was a Mr. Seth Weldon, remarkable only for having made a large fortune in the lumber trade.

The day of the convention came. Alice was so nervous and anxious that she asked to be excused from her lectures at Hypatia. Cornelius visited her early; but, early as it was, his face was flushed and his eyes sparkled unnaturally. Miss Catherwood detected a strong smell of whiskey about him. He had been out all night with the "boys."

"I have risked everything in the world on this, Alice. If I do not get the nomination I shall be a beggar. Archer promises to advance funds for the election expenses. I've spent all I had, and I'm in debt."

Alice smiled. "You must not fail, and if you do we'll begin over again. I wish I were a man! It's glorious, this excitement! It makes me—forget."

Miss Catherwood had noticed a strange change in Alice of late. She was silent and preoccupied, or talkative and feverishly gay. Since she had given up the practice of her religion she had become a new and changed girl. There seemed to be no peace, no tranquillity about her. Miss Catherwood, seeing the wrinkle that came so often on her brow and the sullen look of her eyes, felt almost afraid of her.

"Don't you think," Miss Catherwood had said to Miss Tamar Ann, "that there may be more in Romanism than we know of? Alice seems to have lost something she can't find with the Baptists."

"Rubbish!" answered Miss Tamar Ann. "She's made herself, and she ought to be perfectly happy."

Miss Catherwood sighed. "I wish she hadn't done it, after all. I've been reading the little catechism she used to study, and I must say I like it more and more. I'm going over to St. Bridget's next Sunday to see what it's all like."

Miss Tamar Ann laughed.

The convention opened. The excitement was intense. Everybody drank with everybody else. There was much buttonholing of the obstinate and knowing whispering by the wire-pullers. After three ballots no progress had been made. The two candidates had an equal number of votes. There was a recess then. The editor of the *Eagle* was seen to approach Mr. Sherwood Archer.

After the recess another name which had been courteously put in nomination and had received only two votes—that of Mr. Sherwood Archer himself—suddenly went to the top. Mr. Sherwood Archer received the nomination. It was known that both parties had sold out to him. But he made a speech so full of intense self-sacrifice on the "altar of his country" that few people, outside the convention or the press, believed this when it was brought up against him at a later day.

Cornelius Blake did not get up to compliment the nominee, as he was expected to do. He had fallen forward in his chair,

unconscious. The excitement, the heat of the summer, and immoderate drinking had made his blood boil until the fumes stifled him. An ambulance was sent for by the considerate Mr. Archer, and he was taken, talking incoherently, to St. Vincent's Hospital.

There he lay for seven weeks. The Misses Catherwood went often to see him. Alice went twice with them, but he did not know her. She wanted to take him home, for she shrank from the Sisters of Charity who nursed him; but the physicians would not allow it.

Her fear of the Sisters or of any suggestion of the church she had abandoned—she could not be said to have abandoned the faith, for she *believed* still—had become morbid; therefore her aunts could not induce her to return to the hospital after the second visit.

Cornelius became conscious at last, and was so near death that he asked eagerly for a priest when the Sister in charge proposed it to him. And, after a long talk, some explanation and persuasion, he humbly received the last sacraments, perhaps for the only time since his First Communion with the proper dispositions.

The crisis of the fever passed and the physician gave Cornelius hope. The Sisters brought him books, which he read during the long days of convalescence. But Alice was constantly in his mind. He sent for her; she would not come, and Miss Catherwood told him the reason.

She would come back to the church, he said to himself, and they would begin life as his father and mother had done, with true hearts and strong hands, and the God they had outraged would forgive them.

At last he was set free. How sweet was the air, how blue the sky, how hopeful everything!

Miss Catherwood met him at the door of the house with a little cry of pleasure.

"Alice has not got home yet from the college—it is near her time, though; and Tamar Ann is out, too. I'll get my shawl, if you like, and we'll go and meet her."

Cornelius agreed willingly. Miss Catherwood was anxious to be present at the meeting of the lovers. She said to herself that "Rosalia's child needed great care in moments of excitement."

Miss Catherwood and Cornelius, a shadow of his former self, went out into the quiet street. Sunset had tinged the white shutters of the uniform houses red, and mothers were calling lingering children to supper.

Very near St. Bridget's Church they met Alice. She looked very pretty and graceful. She wore her favorite white gown, a dainty little hat, and a bunch of scarlet sage in her belt. Cornelius' heart leaped.

"Alice, dear Alice!" he said.

She drew back from him, with a mingling of fear in her face and tenderness in her deeply-shaded eyes.

"We are in the street, remember," she said. "I have heard it all. Is it true? I didn't believe it. Have you gone back? Are we separated for ever?"

She spoke quickly but quietly, walking at her aunt's side.

"It is true," he answered. "You must come to me out of that—that place. We shall be poor, but at peace."

"And this after all I have done," she answered in a low tone, clasping her aunt's arm so tightly that Miss Catherwood started; "after all I have given up for you. I can't go back, Neil; nobody can go out of hell—out of hell!"

Miss Catherwood felt suddenly a heavy weight against her.

"Quick, Cornelius!" she cried.

Alice, her right hand pressed over her heart, had become white and rigid. They carried her into the vestibule of St. Bridget's. It was an August day—the Feast of the Assumption. Borne on the air came the solemn words,

"Præstet fides supplementum,
Sensuum defectui."

Her face was calm, except for the deep wrinkles on her brow. She shivered when Cornelius touched her.

"She wants something, Neil—she wants something. It's the same look I saw in Rosalia's eyes."

"A priest!" cried Cornelius.

The eyes lost their dumb, despairing look—or seemed to lose it—for an instant, and then closed.

"She is dead!" cried Miss Catherwood, and then, turning on Cornelius Blake with a fierceness he never forgot, she cried: "My God! how unworthy are you of what He gives you. It is you and such as you that help to blind us to the Light!"

UNITARIAN BELIEF.

AT last we have a *Manual of Unitarian Belief*, and it has been prepared by one of the ablest and most accomplished Unitarian clergymen of Boston; we mean the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, the popular pastor of the Church of the Disciples in that city. If anybody is capable of producing a representative manual of Unitarian belief, we believe every one acquainted with Mr. Clarke's position in the denomination of which he is a distinguished ornament will be ready to say that he is the very man. In the various stages of development which characterize the leading "liberal thinkers" of the Unitarian denomination Mr. Clarke occupies a conservative position, and is, perhaps, the least removed from orthodoxy in doctrine and sentiment. Indeed, some of his writings are quite Catholic in their tone, and he has often been known to speak and write complimentary things of the Catholic Church. Experience abundantly proves that there are men of conservative temperament and devout aspirations who will occupy an illogical position all their lives and refuse to develop their principles to their legitimate consequences, though they may actually, in some things, hold the extremest views of radicalism. Though belonging to the same denomination, and in some respects holding similar radical views, we can hardly conceive Mr. Clarke's being in perfect sympathy with such a man as the Rev. Minot J. Savage, for instance, pastor of the Church of the Unity, who, though perhaps equally honest, is thoroughly pagan, and even infidel, in sentiment, denying all the characteristic doctrines of Christianity, even ridiculing some of its most sacred verities, and advocating generally the most minimizing sentiments of rationalistic naturalism. It has, no doubt, been recognized as a very hazardous experiment, by all leading Unitarians, to essay anything in the shape of a denominational symbol; but we believe the feeling has become quite prevalent among the denomination lately that they ought to have some settled and fixed principles in which all could agree, and which might pass current as an exponent of the denominational belief. We have noticed with interest several recent public though rather informal attempts at exposition of Unitarian doctrine, among which that of the Rev. Brooke Herford, pastor of the Arlington Street Church, Boston—a very

popular clergyman, who came from Chicago something more than a year ago, and is now spoken of as a rival, with other leading clergymen, in the race for precedence in the denomination in Boston—is a somewhat noteworthy instance. But Mr. Clarke's *Manual* is, so far as we know, the first effort to produce a formal, systematized statement of Unitarian doctrinal belief with the express design of its being used as a text-book; and as such, if not for any distinguished intrinsic merit, it deserves at least a passing notice. Whether it may be looked upon as a truly representative manual of the thousand-sided system called Unitarianism may possibly admit of a doubt; but that it may be taken as a perfect picture of that which constitutes the leading characteristic feature of Unitarianism—we mean the utterly confused and illogical state of mind on the great and all-important questions of religion which prevails even among the most accomplished leaders of Unitarian thought—there can be no question. We hope we shall be pardoned if we express frankly our opinion that this brochure should properly be classed as a religio-literary hodge-podge, such as none but a "cultured," literary, conservative-liberal Unitarian could produce.

What strikes one at the very outset, in reading this singular production, is that it is called a Manual of Unitarian belief, yet the very first declaration of the author in the preface is that "Unitarians have no creed." Now, how in the world there can be a manual of belief without a creed it is impossible for us to conceive. What is a creed but something to be believed? The very word itself indicates that, creed being from the Latin *credo*, I believe. Perhaps the learned theologian desires to convey the impression that their *credo* is *Non credo;* that a real creed is impossible, because it is impossible to ascertain definitely what we ought to believe. This, in fact, is what it amounts to. The *Manual* is purely a negative discussion. Unitarianism is a revulsion from Calvinistic Puritanism. It is simply an additional step in the downward progress of Protestantism, which, having severed itself from the centre of unity in the Catholic Church and the authoritative traditions and infallible teachings upon which alone Christianity is founded, has for three hundred years been doing its work of disintegration and destruction. Ignoring the old church; taking for granted without examination that the old faith is false, corrupt, and superstitious, and that it is entirely unworthy the attention of reasonable beings; knowing no other Christianity than that of their Calvinistic Puritan forefathers, these intelligent and cultivated free-thinkers claim the same privilege in

separating from the Puritan Congregational body that their forefathers did in separating from the body which separated from the original church. Hence their work is principally a negative one—a protest against a protest; and destruction, not construction, is their principal aim and effort. As might be expected, Mr. Clarke's *Manual* is, as we have said, purely a negative discussion. It is occupied principally with telling what Unitarians do *not* believe. It is thoroughly Protestant. So far as there is anything positive about it, it is a positive protest against something positive to which it is opposed—a protest against Protestant orthodoxy; the rest is vague, personal discussion *about* important principles. "Every proposition contained in it," writes the author, "is liable to discussion, to correction and revision. No one is bound by it, and it does not attempt to limit thought, but rather to stimulate and rouse inquiry." Nothing definite, it will be observed, nothing settled, fixed, and reliable. Yet, strange to say, this *Manual* was prepared principally for the benefit of Sunday-schools. It discusses twenty-one different topics under the head of "lessons," and each lesson is followed by a series of questions which have been prepared by Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, a literary lady of Boston; and the book was published by the Unitarian Sunday-school Society. "It is intended," says the author, "to be made the theme of discussion and to help the teacher in the Sunday-school." How? Not by seeking to store the youthful mind with the positive truths of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, or even of natural religion; but "to furnish for the teacher and his pupils topics for examination." Good heavens! we cannot help exclaiming. What is the learned theologian talking about? Topics for examination by the children of the Sunday-school? Why, we thought the order, both of nature and of Providence, was that children should take the law from their parents' and teachers' mouths; that their young minds should be stored with positive religious truth; that they should be taught what they ought to believe and what to do in order that they may attain the great end of their existence. We have often wondered what our Unitarian friends did or could teach their children in their Sunday-schools. As they have no creed, no catechism, no formal exposition or fixed symbol of belief, we could not conceive how their children could be educated with any kind of definite notions on the subject of faith and morals. And we must confess that, so far as our experience has gone, the practical result has been what might reasonably have been expected. We would not, of course, be understood as even

intimating that our Unitarian friends are below the common level in point of morality and general culture. On the contrary, we take pleasure in bearing witness to the high character of the denomination generally, in point of intelligence and respectability, especially in Boston and New England; and they are by no means behind their orthodox contemporaries in matters of practical benevolence. But we believe, so far as our acquaintance has extended—and we have known a good many Unitarians in our day—that we have never yet met with one, however intelligent and cultivated, who was not all at sea on the great questions of Christian doctrine. And it is a serious question, well worthy their careful attention, how far they are indebted to the current Christian traditions and the all-pervading Christian atmosphere in which they live for what of true Christian sentiment and practical beneficence may still exist among them. Natural religion, no doubt, is very good when supplemented and reaffirmed by the supernatural revelation of divine truth; but natural religion alone, though advocated by *soi-disant* Christians, and with all the advantages of the surrounding light of supernaturalism, is but a refined paganism at best, groping in darkness and doubt; reasoning, speculating, examining, discussing, "ever learning, but never able to come to a knowledge of the truth," and tending continually to social degeneracy, corruption of morals, and final atheism and despair.

We have tried to imagine how a teacher in the Sunday-school, with Mr. Clark's "lessons" in his hands and acting upon the "examination" theory, would proceed. Let us see. Here is a class, say, of seven to ten year-olds. We suppose the teacher would address his youthful "responsibilities" something after this fashion: "Now, my dear children, the first and most important topic suggested for our examination this morning is the doctrine about that Great Being they call God. Now, you must understand that there is really nothing settled and fixed about God. On the contrary, there are a great many conflicting opinions about his existence, his nature, and his attributes. Indeed, the latest and most popular opinion is that of the scientific agnostics who say that we do not and cannot understand or know anything about God, because he is beyond the cognizance of our senses, and therefore unknowable. It is also contended that matter 'contains the promise and potency of all terrestrial life.' Of course, my dear children, I do not wish to forestall your youthful judgments on this most important of all questions, therefore we will leave it open for further examination and dis-

cussion. True, some Unitarians, Mr. Clarke among the rest, profess to believe in 'one God, who is infinitely wise, holy, and good,' with a good deal more of apparently positive teaching; but I have really no right to impose this belief on you. In fact, my dear children, the great business of life, according to Unitarian belief, is not to believe anything as certain, but only to examine, and discuss, and speculate, and seek after truth. When you shall have come to years of discretion you will be better able to appreciate the arguments on these all-important, vital questions. But I warn you beforehand not to indulge any fond dreams of ever being able to solve the problems of human life and human destiny, or to have them solved for you. Nobody has any right to think for you, and you have no right to think for anybody else. The constitution of the human mind is such that men will differ on the most important subjects. Even the union of Unitarians in 'societies' is not a union of 'formularies or creeds,' as Mr. Clarke very properly says, but 'a union of sympathy and co-operation.' In progress of time, my dear children, you will hear a great deal about the Bible, the Trinity, Jesus Christ, the Holy Ghost, the Atonement, future life, heaven and hell. Now, what I have to say about all these questions, which certainly are all of paramount importance, is, don't believe as the orthodox do. You may settle that definitely in your minds. Orthodoxy is heterodoxy, and no mistake; but further than that I can only say, examine for yourselves and live according to the light you have."

Now, we insist that this fairly represents the spirit and general tenor of this remarkable *Manual*. It is a perfect jumble of inconsistencies, and is a striking illustration of the thoroughly loose way of writing on religious subjects that prevails among a class really distinguished for what, in modern parlance, is called culture. It is not our purpose now to notice and expose all the inconsistencies and false teachings of this new Unitarian catechism, if we may so designate it; to do that would require a volume rather than the narrow limits of a magazine article. But some of the most salient points we think it quite worth while to notice briefly.

In Lesson i., on "Religion Necessary to Man," the author distinguishes between natural and revealed religion. After explaining what he understands by natural religion he goes on to say: "Revealed religion consists of the revelation of divine truth made to the souls of inspired men, thus producing lawgivers, prophets, and spiritual leaders of the human race." That

sounds orthodox, certainly; but be not hasty in concluding that the reverend theologian really believes in the supernatural character of Christianity. In the very next chapter, Lesson ii., on "Christianity," he is very careful to dispel any illusion of that kind you may have been laboring under. "When we are able," he writes, "to compare the character and teaching of Jesus with those of other teachers and masters—as Moses, Confucius, Buddha, Mohammed, Socrates—if we find in him a greater depth and fulness of spiritual life than in any other, we shall believe intellectually in him as the best of teachers and masters." On the same principle, of course, if we find in any of the other "teachers and masters"—Confucius or Buddha, for instance—"a greater depth and fulness of spiritual life" as we understand it, we shall "believe intellectually in him as the best of teachers and masters." It is purely a matter of intellectual examination and experience. One is as truly inspired as the others. As to which is most inspired, and therefore the most worthy of intellectual belief, each one must judge for himself and according to the light he has. If that is not making every man his own pope and his own divine teacher, we know not what is. What is the use of having inspired writings, or writings claiming to be inspired, unless you have some rule for determining what are inspired and what are not? One thing is certain: the author nowhere gives, or attempts to give, any such rule. In Lesson iv., on "The Bible," he says: "Unitarians regard the Bible as a sacred book because full of the utterances of inspired souls." "It is full of thoughts which come to men by inspiration." "But, though considering it an inspired book, Unitarians also regard the Bible as coming not only from God but also from man." "It is human, therefore fallible. Written by many men and at different times, it is of very various application and value." "Unitarians do not believe in the infallibility of the Bible." But is not divine inspiration infallible? Certainly, if only a part of the Bible be inspired, that part must be infallible. The thing is to ascertain the part that is inspired. "Inspiration," continues our non-inspired author, "leads to the sight of truth and reality, but not necessarily to a perfectly accurate description of what is seen." Well, then, the question returns with accumulated force, How are you going to ascertain what is "seen"? If your inspired documents do not explain themselves, if they are not a perfectly accurate description of revealed truth, and if a knowledge of that truth is essential to our highest well-being in this world and the world to come, does it not seem absolutely necessary

that we should have some safe and reliable guide, some authoritative interpreter, some inerrable tribunal of final decision as to what the divine revelation really is? However, there is one thing that does seem quite certain to our profound theologian, and that is that the doctrine of the Trinity is *not* one of the inspired truths. Lesson vi. is devoted to this subject, and he very properly remarks: "The orthodox doctrines constitute a logical system of which the doctrine of the Trinity is the keystone; when that is removed the arch falls." So he proceeds to remove the keystone by quoting the principal passages of the Bible which seem to favor their views, but carefully omitting any reference to the most salient passages and the most convincing arguments in favor of it. But his principal argument is that which is always in the mouth of every Unitarian when conversing on this subject—we mean the mysteriousness of the doctrine. "Unitarians," he says, "reject the church doctrine of the Trinity *because it is unintelligible.* Although many attempts have been made to explain it, none have proved satisfactory. It therefore remains, even by the admission of its advocates, a mystery; and a mystery is something unintelligible and therefore cannot be an object of belief." It would scarcely be believed that so intelligent a man as Mr. Clarke would hazard his reputation, we will not say as a theologian, but even as a "thinker" or a man of common sense, by giving utterance to such an absurd declaration as that. The Trinity a mystery? Yes. A mystery unintelligible? Yes, so far as it has not been revealed. "Therefore cannot be an object of belief?" Not so. Mr. Clarke himself knows very well that we believe a thousand things which we cannot understand. *Omnia exeunt mysteria*—all things go out in mystery—and if we undertake to restrict belief to that only which involves no mystery, our creed will be contracted indeed. Is not the Unitarian belief in God a mystery? Do they or can they understand all about the "one" God in whom they profess to believe? Is there not an infinite depth of mystery in his being and his attributes? And do not the atheists and agnostics make the same objection, and with equal force, against the idea of a personal God—that he is unknowable, incomprehensible? Mr. Clarke believes in divine inspiration; but can he tell how the Spirit of God acts upon the soul of man so as to "lead to the sight of truth and reality, but not necessarily to a perfectly accurate description of what is seen"? With all due deference to the gentleman's superior penetration, we do not hesitate to affirm that, in our view, his definition of inspiration involves a

much more incomprehensible mystery than the church doctrine of the Trinity.

Cognate with the doctrine of the Trinity is that of the character and work of Christ. Lessons vii., viii., and ix. are devoted to "Jesus Christ," "Faith and Belief in regard to Christ," and "The Work of Christ." What is the upshot of the whole matter? Christ is *not* God; that is settled. "He is a created being, finite, not infinite." Beyond that all is vague and uncertain, a mere matter of opinion. The author states briefly some of those opinions: "Some say he was an exceptional man," "a leader of the race, and even endowed with supernatural gifts by which he was distinguished from other men." That is very remarkable, certainly, that any Unitarians should believe in the supernatural character of Christ when they do not believe in the supernatural character of his religion. Some believe that he was "a representative man, such a man as all are intended to be. In this sense he was an ideal man." That is, we suppose, as all men are "intended" to be like Christ, their representative, the ideal man, and experience proves that they are not all like him actually, they must be ideally like him; that is, ideally perfect while actually extremely imperfect. That, we presume, is an "ideal" theology. Then there is a class who, "though they do not believe it right to call Jesus God, yet see no objection to the epithet 'divine.'" This class, we believe, are called "divine" Unitarians. They certainly are "divinely" liberal if not divinely consistent. Again, "Unitarians generally believe that Jesus wrought wonderful works of healing, but that it is possible that some of the accounts in the gospels have been imperfectly reported." That is, as we understand it, the miracles of the Bible are hard for the "natural" man to swallow. True, the accounts are very plain and simple, and wear the appearance of verisimilitude. But if they are strictly true it would seem that Christ must have been something more than man. But we have decided that he was not and is not more than man; therefore it is most probable that the accounts of these extraordinary miracles were "imperfectly reported"!. An easy way indeed of disposing of a hard argument, *if* one can only convince one's self that it is rational and conclusive. Again, "Unitarians believe it the chief work of Christ to save men from sin and evil here. They do not believe it his chief work to save them from the consequences of sin hereafter. He comes to take them out of a present hell and lead them into a present heaven." Now, we have seen a good deal of the world, but we have never yet discovered

a heaven upon earth; nor have we found that men, very generally, have been delivered from the hells which so much abound even in the best-regulated communities. In fact, we thought that if there was any one thing clearly and unmistakably taught by Christ it was that we should not seek our happiness in this world, but look for it in the world to come. "My kingdom is not of this world." "Labor not for the meat that perisheth, but for that which endureth unto life everlasting." "In the world ye shall have tribulation." "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven." "These shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal." What could be plainer or more emphatic than such language as that? You may say you do not believe it; that Christ was mistaken in his views and teaching on this subject; but we respectfully submit that you cannot consistently deny this plain, positive teaching and yet claim to be true disciples of Christ. We have often felt, and even insisted when occasion offered, that our Unitarian friends really ought not to call themselves Christians. Mr. Clarke evidently realized the difficulties of his position in drawing up his *Manual.* They must have some test of discipleship, some distinctive principle which shall indicate their title to the venerable name of Christian. We beg our readers not to laugh at the—simplicity, shall we call it? or the ingenuity of our "liberal" theologian in constructing his platform of discipleship. "All those," he says, "born in Christian lands are Christians, just as all born and educated in England are Englishmen and all in America are Americans. Without our own choice we receive an influence from the circumstances by which we are surrounded in childhood and youth. We are unconsciously educated by Christian institutions into certain habits of Christian thought and feeling." We call that "Broad Church" with a vengeance. But now, if nationality is to determine the important question of Christianity, we are met *in limine* with the important question, What nations are to be deemed Christian? How or by what rule shall we determine what constitutes a Christian nation? If it be a matter of majorities, who shall be admitted to vote? Shall it be merely nominal Christians or those only who belong to the church? If you take only church-members, as the churches themselves do not all recognize each other as true churches what rule shall we adopt to determine which is true and which false? This brings us to the very question we are trying to solve. It looks to us like reasoning in a circle. The Christian nation de-

termines who are Christians, and Christians determine what nation is Christian. The nation proves the Christians, and Christians prove the nation. The test of discipleship proposed by the great Head of the church was much narrower and more explicit and logical than that: "Go ye into all the world, and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be condemned"—or, as the Protestant version has it, "he that believeth not shall be damned." That may not be esteemed popular language in these days of progress, of "sweetness and light," but it certainly cannot be charged with ambiguity. We may think to parry the force of it by ruling it out of the inspired portion of the Scriptures by the "superior authority" of reason and private judgment. But, even so, admitting that Christ was only a man and that the Bible is all uninspired, he was, at least, the author of Christianity, and we insist that no man has any right to alter the test of discipleship which he has given. No man has any right to call himself a Christian who does not accept the conditions which Christ himself prescribes; much less has he a right to set himself up for a teacher of Christianity and an authorized minister of Christ's church.

But, finally, not to mention other topics of equal force and consistency, our author seems to feel the necessity of some apology for, or explanation of, the fact of such a great variety of opinions among his co-religionists. This he attempts in the following remarkable passage: "It is objected to Unitarians that they differ from each other so widely in opinion as to have no common creed. Roman Catholics make the same objection against the whole Protestant Church. But God has so made the human mind that as soon as men really begin to think they begin to differ." That is, it is the order of Providence that men should differ; you cannot expect them to agree in opinion. "If, therefore, there is no difference of opinion in a church, it shows there is no individual thought in that church. Men think alike only by not thinking at all. This is assent, not conviction. Such belief is, in reality, no belief, and has no value." But are not men to assent to anything that they have not thought out for themselves and proved to their own satisfaction? Does authority go for nothing in this world? Are we never to rely upon the testimony of others, however unimpeachable the witnesses? Does the reverend author himself take nothing on authority, either in the natural or the spiritual order of the universe? And

how about the uneducated masses, the great majority of mankind, who have neither the learning, the leisure, nor the ability to make profound investigations—is their assent to the well-settled truths of science, of philosophy, and of common life unreasonable and absurd? Is their belief in these truths "no belief and of no value"? But if it be right and proper, and according to the order of nature and of Providence, that men should assent to the truths of common life in the natural order upon the authority of others, why should it be considered absurd and of no value for them to assent to the truths of the supernatural life in the spiritual order upon the authority of others? But listen, now. We must not misrepresent our astute theologian. There is, after all, a possibility of agreement in opinion. "The only agreement in opinion which is worth anything is that harmony which comes after full and free inquiry about subjects on which men differ. Only thus can questions be really settled. Without such free discussion differences are only covered up." Now, will some kind gentleman who can see farther into a millstone than we can please tell us how it is possible "for men to think alike only by not thinking at all," and yet that "questions about which men differ can only be really settled and harmony produced by full and free discussion"? And if harmony of opinion is to be the result of full and free discussion, when are we to look for the happy consummation? American Unitarianism is a hundred years old; yet, by their own confession, there is really no agreement among them, no common belief, and, in fact, no better prospect of their ever being likely to come to an understanding as to the great verities of the Christian code than they were at the beginning. Not only is there no creed and no substantial agreement among them, but each man claims the right of being independent of all the rest and of differing from anybody and everybody. At the very time that they profess to be aiming at agreement—in some future time—they insist upon the privilege and duty, here and now, of free thought upon all questions whatsoever. Our author finishes his brief but significant apology by saying boastfully that "the variety of opinions among Unitarians is, therefore, an evidence of free thought"—as if free thought were the great boon of Heaven to man! If there was agreement among them, that would prove that there was no free thought, for "men think alike only by not thinking at all." If there is no free thought there is no belief, at least none of any value. Free thought produces differences of opinion, yet, strange to say, it is only by free thought that agreement in opinion can

be brought about! Of all the cheerfully hopeful beings in the world our Unitarian friends take the lead. To them there is always a "good time coming," though it never comes, and they are always ready to "wait a little longer." It seems to make no difference to them that they have, for a hundred years, been laboring in the same barren field, always with the same unsatisfactory result; they have the same buoyant hope, the same exultant anticipation of a favorable harvest at some remote and indefinite period in the future. They have actually put it out of their power to agree, yet they never despair; the very instrument of their divisions is, by some mysterious metamorphosis, to be transformed into an organ of agreement, and they shall then see eye to eye, and the whole world shall be united in the glorious bonds of a common faith and a universal brotherhood. Alas! that men should be so blind—shall we say wilfully blind?—to the plainest principles of reason and common sense. What our Unitarian friends need to learn, and what they could easily learn from the teachings of holy church but for their persistent adherence to the prejudices of early education, is that we must have ruled cases in the spiritual as well as in the natural order. There must be a fundamental law for the government of the whole body of believers. Absolute agreement in all matters of opinion is not to be expected—is not required; but in matters of *faith*, that which constitutes the fundamental law of the Christian organization, there must be perfect agreement, cordial assent, the most absolute submission. This is not less necessary in the church than in the state. And for this purpose there must be a central authority, an organ of unity, a final court of appeal to decide disputes and settle the principles of fundamental law whenever called in question. God hath made all things in unity, and all things in the universe tend to unity. As he is One not by a simple unicity, but by a mysterious, divine unity of the three Persons of the Godhead, so has he constituted his church, which is the representative and embodiment of the spiritual order on earth, in unity. "There is one body and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all." What a wonderful description of the spiritual brotherhood of man! What a magnificent idea of the unity with which God designs to unite the race in one grand spiritual fraternity! This idea of the apostle is but the carrying out and embodiment of the spirit of that last solemn, touching, and mysterious prayer

of our Lord: "That they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me and I in thee, that they also may be one in us." Why? "That the world may know that thou hast sent me." The unity of the Church contains the "promise and potency" of all spiritual life for the healing of the nations. It is the divinely-constituted organ for the propagation of the faith and the conversion of the world. The world will never learn that God has sent his Son Jesus Christ to be its Saviour until it is convinced by the unity of his true disciples. But how can Christians be one when divided into a thousand differing and contending sects, each having its own "shibboleth," and every man claiming the right of free thought and independent action? Of all the flimsy and absurd inventions of Protestantism, that of a spiritual union without unity of faith and communion is the flimsiest and the most absurd. The language of inspiration is plain, simple, and direct. There is one *body* as well as one Spirit, one *faith*, one baptism; and the whole of the New Testament teems with exhortations to unity and warnings against divisions. "Mark them that cause divisions and offences contrary to the doctrine which you have learned, and avoid them." "Now, I beseech you, brethren, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that you all speak the same thing, and that there be no schisms among you, but that you be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment." You cannot mistake that language. But, unfortunately, schism has occurred and is rampant throughout the world. It exists in high places. It pervades society. It controls governments. It rules among the nations. It has dominated literature and art. It has practically dethroned God and enthroned itself in his place in the hearts of the people. For three hundred years it has held next to omnipotent sway, and now it is not to be so easily discredited, cast out, and abandoned. On the contrary, it must be justified and defended and apologized for. Rather than entertain for a moment the possibility of their being in error, and returning to their allegiance to the old "enemy" whom from infancy they have been taught to hate and despise, these proud schismatics will deliberately shut their eyes to the truth; they will falsify history; they will parry the force of the plain language of Scripture by specious glosses and fanciful theories of man's invention; and they will throw all things relating to man's duty and destiny into doubt and confusion by endless speculations, vain subterfuges, and plausible but assumed deductions of "philosophy falsely so-called." "Oh! would that there were such an heart in them";

that their eyes might be opened to see the wondrous beauty of God's law as it is embodied in his own holy church, where alone sure faith, solid unity, perfect fraternity, and true and lasting peace and perennial joy can be found.

SOLITARY ISLAND.

CHAPTER V.

A SOLITARY AND HIS SOLITUDE.

WHEN Ruth and Florian had landed and the boat was safely anchored the hunter led them into a double-roomed cabin standing on the summit of a huge boulder. It was such a hut as lonely men of his class are accustomed to build—stout and serviceable, with a table and stools, a single window, a great fireplace heaped with logs—for the nights are chilly so near the water—fire-arms and fishing-tackle in picturesque profusion, a print or two, and a few well-thumbed books. There was nothing noticeable in the hut save its cleanliness, neatness, and wholesome smell, as if no more offensive intruders than sun, air, and appetizing cookery ever found entrance.

"Make yourself quite at home," said the hermit, placing the single candle where it would afford the most light. "Your paw is not here, miss, but he'll be here right off as soon as I kin git to him. You, youngster, kin see to miss while I git her paw. He's not a thousand miles off, and if you want anything to eat thar's the door to the pantry."

This was quietly, though roughly and perhaps seriously, said, while Florian kept his keen eyes fastened on the speaker, studying every look and movement. For to him this hunter had always been a mystery because of his retired manner of life and his taciturn disposition, and yet all his fanciful theories concerning him found no support in the closest observation he could make of the man. When he went out Florian began a minute examination of the whole place.

"Why are you so inquisitive?" said Ruth. "Have you another theory concerning this poor fellow?"

"No; but I wish to find one. He is an odd character and ought to have a history, a romance—something that will give the key to his present position. Whence came he?"

"'From Ottawa's sounding shore.'"

"So *he* says, but *I* think otherwise. Was he born there? Was he brought there from some other part of the world? Was he crossed in love? Did he commit a never-to-be-forgotten crime? Had he friends?"

"'Had he a father, had he a mother?'" said Ruth, repeating all of the delightful poem, while Florian examined and talked, and finally sat down disappointed.

"Not even a pencil-mark in these old works," he exclaimed, "nor a bit of writing anywhere, nor any indication of better days. Books on fishing and hunting; a cabin like all of its class; a man of fishy smell and look and speech—poor material to collect a romance from."

"Now, as to the look," said Ruth, "I fancy there is something poetic about him. His eyes are clear, blue as the sky, well shaped, large but for bushy eyebrows. He has a fine head and beautiful hair, but that cap spoils or hides all."

"You are thinking of his magnificent surroundings," said Florian. "He looks well, because the image of him always carries this setting of nature. But matter, obese, inert, filthy, rules this temple. There is no mind here."

"That is, you have never seen any; and I notice you are positive about the non-existence of what doesn't fall under your senses. I would like to see you disappointed in this case."

"That's my prayer also; and as to my positiveness, I got it from my mother, seemingly. It's common to females.

> "'When she will, she will, you may depend on it;
> When she won't, she won't; and there's an end on't.'

You see the argument, and its point is *she*."

"Father," murmured Ruth, slipping into her father's outstretched arms as that gentleman entered, followed by Scott. The hermit smiled approvingly on the scene till, looking at Florian, he seemed suddenly and strangely overcome, and shuffled awkwardly into a corner with his hands trembling and his teeth chattering.

"I have it," thought Florian: "he had a daughter, and this scene recalls many a painful one."

"Florian, a thousand thanks," said the squire, shaking hands violently with the youth, his face purple with emotion, restrained because the hermit had forbidden him to roar. "She is yours, and you will guard her when I'm far away on the billows."

"On your pillow?" cried Florian. "Why—"

"On the billows, sir!" stormed the squire. "No tricks, sir; I can't stand 'em now. I mean, when I am sailing for sunny France take care of her."

"I'll go with you," whimpered Ruth, beginning to cry and patting his white head.

"Ay, that's right," said the squire. "Pat away. You may not know, my dear, how costly a piece of furniture that head of mine is now with two governments after it. You'll come with me? Not at all. You'll stay here with Florian and go to France on your bridal tower. I'll have a place for you. I'll be the thorn of those two rascally governments. I'll be lonely, I know, but I'll make up for it by fight. I will, sir—by thunder and the constitution I will! There, there, little girl, just sit down and get sensible again. You don't happen to have a pipe, Florian? This man here don't smoke—not enough fire in him for that."

"Here you are," said Florian, producing the article. "Not smoke!" he thought. "Why, I did not notice the absence of tobacco. Two points acquired."

Ruth made strenuous efforts to recover from a fit of sobbing, and her father lighted his pipe. Under its soothing influence he grew melancholy.

"When I'm in France, Florian—"

"But you're not there yet, sir, and we don't intend you shall go."

"Nonsense! You don't know the malice, the devilish what-d'ye-call-it, of those two governments. 'If we fail,' says Mackenzie to me, 'we're damned'—politically I mean. What's the use? I must go. I'm cut out for an exile; I feel it all over me, along with rheumatism, since I began jigging around these confounded islands. Hear that sigh? It attacks me regularly night and day."

The gigantic effort of the old gentleman produced a secret laugh among the company, which outwardly was all sympathy. Even Ruth smiled.

"That's right, dear," said he. "I know what you're thinking of—that it will take many sighs to make the old man give up the last one. You're right, by thunder! They may search and persecute, but I won't lose a pound of flesh for 'em. No, sir!"

"What do you think, Scott?" said Florian to the hermit. "Isn't there some way to get the squire out of this muddle?"

"Muddle, sir!" thundered the squire in a crescendo which sank to a whisper at the warning gesture of Scott. "You mean revolution."

"I beg your pardon," said Florian—"revolution."

"There is but one way that I kin see," replied Scott modestly.

"You! What do you know about it?" said the squire roughly. "Why, Florian, what can any one think of a man who says that it takes as much power in Almighty God to knock a thing into nothing as it did to take it out of nothing? He says that and swears by it. Don't you, sir—don't you?"

"Third point," muttered Florian: "he studies philosophy."

"What I was thinkin'," said Scott, heedless of the squire, "this young man might go down to the governor of the State and jist settle the matter in a quiet way without much talk—"

"Certainly! That ends it—a boy settles a revolution."

"No, no, papa," said Ruth. "He means that Florian shall bear your submission—"

"I'll never submit! Well, go on."

"To the governor, and may be he will accept it, and you will not have to go so far away and leave me alone."

"That's the hardest part of it—leaving you, dear; but what can I do—what can I do?"

Scott beckoned Florian, and the two went outside.

"You see," said the hermit, "as far as I kin learn, this country an't so much against the squire as he thinks. It's my opinion that if some friend went to the governor and said, 'Here, thar an't no earthly use in drivin' an old man out of his senses because the British lion is roarin'; s'posin' he gives hisself up, wouldn't the government kind-a parole him and let him stay at home while he keeps quiet?'—that would settle the hull business, I *think*."

"I think the same," said Florian. "We'll persuade him to give me the authority to treat for him, and you will be kind enough to keep him for a few days until I return."

"In course, in course; he's welcome as long as he stays."

"You have a nice place about here," said Florian, desiring to draw him out. "A little lonely, perhaps."

"Somewhat, but I like it," answered the man simply. "I couldn't stay in your towns now, and there isn't another place in the world I'd exchange with jist at this moment."

"You have not had much experience in towns?"

"A good deal," said Scott reflectively; "but not for a long spell. I crammed a pile of fact into a short spell and got tired mighty soon. It's always the way, even here, I notice, though you don't get tired so quick nor you don't stay that way long. When I get all out of sorts, be it night or day, I jist walk out on

this island, and that's enough for me: I'm quieted right off, and me and everything in the world seems jist suited one to t'other. I look at them stars a-shinin' an' a-twinklin' so easy and careless up thar, and then I see them looking jist the same in the water, with a little tremble all through the purty things, and I say: 'If you, who are so beautiful and so big, can be so cool, why mayn't I be cooler, when I'm bigger and twice as beautiful?' Oh! I wouldn't give up this place for all the rest of the world; and I know something about the rest, too."

Florian had waked the hermit into a quiet enthusiasm, which showed itself only in the quantity of his words; for as to extravagance of gesture or look, there was none. He thought it a fair opportunity to put a few leading questions. "I do not wonder at such feelings," he said; "for I have often thought that such a life would be a second paradise."

"It is, it is," interrupted Scott earnestly. "I declare to you I never knew what happiness really was till I lit on this place. I know it now, and I know in part what it must be in heaven."

"But its disadvantages are so many," continued the youth, "and loneliness is the first. Then when sickness overtakes you, or feebleness, the comforts of companionship, and particularly of religion, are wanting."

"Well, about religion I can't say much," taking the youth by the arm and beginning to walk up and down, "for I don't s'pose I've got a good pile of it. I don't care for the comforts of companionship. I have never suffered half as much from lonesome feelin's here as in the world. There's nothin' stands between me and God but this, boy"—and he beat his body. "And God is here," he added reverently, taking off his cap and bowing his head; "and who can say that he is lonely with such a bein' round? I can't. I found out when I was like you that you've got to be alone most of the time. Those you think most of are very near, but they only show you that you can't git any mortal man or woman as near your heart as you want. God only can fold you right up and satisfy you; and he's all I want or expect."

"Then he has no particular religion," thought Florian; "now to see if he has any relations. You are right in what you have said," he remarked aloud, "and I feel the force of every word. But a man must suffer to be educated to the practice of such ideas."

"A little—not much." And Scott was silent.

"I have often thought of trying it for a time," said Florian—"this life. I love these scenes so. I love the beautiful solitude

of such a night as this—a solitude so full of voices that but for their harmony you might think yourself among men. But old ties are hard to break. Father, mother, sister, friend, long-spun ambitions, are all against it. You, perhaps, had no such ties to hold you to the world."

"I had my ambitions," said Scott, "but a breath blasts those foolish things. I had a few hearts bound to mine kind-a strong, but death makes short work of sich. No, of course I mightn't have had as many as you, but I had enough, I reckon; but still I got over 'em, and they never trouble me now."

"No relations, probably," thought Florian; "no religion. How did he come here? is the next question, and what are his expectations? How did you happen to get a liking for this kind of a life, Scott? Was it very hard at first?"

"No, it was never hard. I was kind of broken up and took to it for health's sake; then I stayed in it, and I'm goin' to stay in it till the end, if I can. Some morning they'll be lookin' for me and they'll find me dead. I'll be buried thar, I trust, whar the old house stands—unless," he added playfully, "the angels of the island bury me quietly themselves, for I love 'em well, as they know."

"You are deserving of such a burial," said Florian; "no man has ever paid such honor to nature as you have in this section. I would like to be present when they bury you."

"The world doesn't come in to such funerals," Scott answered, laughing; "so you needn't expect to. Hadn't we better go in now and try to win over the old man?"

"One moment, Scott. I am going to ask a favor of you which you must grant me. I like this solitude and I like you. Will you permit me to come here sometimes and stay a week with you, and fish and hunt and talk with you? It will be only for a short time, as I will soon be going off from this place."

The hermit listened with patience to this bold request. "I don't invite any one here," he said reservedly; "but if you want to you kin come on conditions. You're not to talk about me to any one as long's you live; and as to your comin', remember I don't invite any one, and they can't come too seldom."

Without waiting to receive Florian's thanks for so concise and negative an invitation, he went hastily into the cabin. Ruth had reconciled her father to the proposition of an embassy of peace to the governor, and from considering the woes of exile the hearty squire had passed to the contemplation of a homely

yet safe future, while he was ready with all sorts of advice for his young ambassador.

"Don't stoop, Florian—don't yield an inch. They'll be glad enough to listen to you when they hear your message. I'd rather an older man should go; but you have the ability, and 'twill be an opening for you. You'll get acquainted with the nobs, and a slight hint that you're related to me won't do any harm. A good deal may come of it. Revolutionists are the style of this age, and you reflect some of their glory. Mackenzie won't like it. He'll be in jail, and I'll be out; but, pshaw! why didn't he have gumption enough to hoe his own row in Canada? I did my share on this side. I'll be blest if I'll do any more."

"That's the way I look at it," Scott began.

"I don't want you to look at it," snapped the squire. "What do you know about the matter? Get correct ideas of Almighty God before you dabble in politics."

"Good advice," said Florian, "if politicians themselves will follow it."

"Now, see here, Pen'l'ton," said the hermit bluntly, "don't you know you've made a fool of yourself in this matter?"

"Yes, of course I do. I admit it. Go on, confound you! A fool who wouldn't make a fool of himself talking with you! It makes me foolish just to look at you."

"Sh!" cried Florian, with sudden and tragic emphasis. A death-like silence fell on the place. Ruth threw her arms about her father, and the hunter blew out the candle.

"I'll reconnoitre," said he, and stole away. Not a word was spoken until he returned.

"I think all's squar," he said, re-lighting the candle, "but the best thing to do is to git to bed, or the next warning might have some meanin' in it. You, miss, can have this room here, and take the candle along. Your paw an' the youngster kin take the floor with a blanket."

Ruth took the candle and kissed the squire good-night with an anxious face. As she was passing into the room Florian whispered:

"Don't be frightened. I only did it to stop the argument."

She laughed and went in.

"There's your blankets," said Scott, throwing them on the floor. "Good-night."

And without paying any attention to their protestations, he opened the door and was gone.

"A nice fellow, but glum," were the squire's last words as he

glided into the bass of an all-night snore. Florian himself was already asleep, and a real stillness, for the first time that evening, dove-like settled on the little island. Florian's dreams were very beautiful when the moon, extricating itself from the clouds, looked in through the little window of the cabin and shone on his upturned face. It seemed to him that he never slept, but, passing from the cabin when all had retired, floated like a spirit on the moonbeams that surrounded the island. He was pleased with his new quality of buoyancy, and sported like a wild bird: dived into the shining water, bounded into higher regions of the glorious element, and seemed to glow like the moon itself when he trod the earth again.

While he was resting a sublime figure stood beside him. It was an angel, before whose radiance the moon grew dim, and his broad wings stretched from horizon to horizon, long spears of brilliancy. On his face rested a smile so heavenly that Florian stretched out his hands to invite his embrace. The angel stooped and kissed him; he felt the cold lips and the cold cheek on his own, and at once felt all his glory departing. With a cry of sorrow he awoke. All was stillness around him, and the moon was smiling through the window.

"A dream worthy of the place," said Florian. "I'm going to see the island at two o'clock of the morning."

He jumped up and was preparing to go out when a low moan met his ear. It was smothered and distant, yet the agony was so exquisite that a sudden tremor of fear seized him. He tried to locate it, but in vain, and hurried out into the open air. The moaning never ceased for a moment, and the anguish was so keen that Florian ran hither and thither in great trepidation, but no trace of the cause could be found. The huge boulder on which the cabin stood was searched on all sides. Away from it the moans grew fainter, yet around it they seemed far off and smothered, and, although he continued the search until they died away entirely, Florian could discover no one.

Somewhat relieved, he got out his boat, trimmed the sail, and started down the river. The violence of the wind had abated, and the charm of the night was far beyond the praise of words, so weird, so unreal, so supernatural was every tint that the moon's delicate brush laid on the canvas. After an hour or two he returned and sat down on a bench that overlooked the river. The aurora had already announced the day, and the witchery of night had vanished into dull gray shadows. He heard a noise below him at the river's edge directly under the boulder. Tak-

ing the shelter of a bush that grew there, he looked down to see the hermit quietly standing there with his eyes turned to the sky. He was weeping, and his face was very pale. Florian drew back and fled softly to the house. He had no wish to play the spy, however great his curiosity, and as he lay down his heart was full of a great pity for this lonely man whose heart responded so quickly to emotions of sorrow.

CHAPTER VI.

REV. MR. BUCK.

Two days after the events related in the last chapter Florian was in New York on business with the governor, and affairs at home had taken up the usual routine. Sara was making the most of her liberty while her stern brother was absent, and carried on a desperate siege against Mr. Buck's affections, which heretofore had secretly shown homage to Belinda.

"I know you'll tell," sneered the shallow girl, "but I don't care one cent, Miss Belinda. I'm going with whom I please; and certainly I've cut you out with Mr. Buck."

"You probably told him your name was Pearl," Linda retorted. "There is no need of me telling Florian. The town is talking of your shamelessness, and a hundred tongues will trumpet it to your brother the moment he gets off the train."

"Let them," said Sara, with a defiant gesture. "I don't care. I'm going yachting with him this afternoon." And she went, and Linda sat moodily on the veranda thinking of many sad possibilities of the future. When Ruth Pendleton joined her shortly afterwards her first remark was:

"If I thought there was any danger of me falling into such complete indifference to religion for any man I would pray to die now or I would join an order."

"Yet it is just what you and Florian are determined I shall do," said Ruth—"turn my back on the religion of my fathers."

"You misunderstand me, Ruth. Sara would marry Mr. Buck if he were a Mormon or a Mohammedan. You will change your convictions. You will become a sincere Catholic, and you and the world will be better for it. But Sara is dead to real religion, and always was. You will be so good a Catholic, Ruth, that I often wish I were you when you change."

Ruth shook her head, and a sad shadow fell on her face.

"I am despairing," she said. "I read and think until I am tired. I admire so much your church, and yet I am quite far off, and I do so love my own."

"Well, we must not talk of it now," Linda gently interposed, "if it wearies you so. Florian is a better teacher than I, any way, and a look from him is an argument. Do you know, I am uneasy about this New York visit."

"We are thinking of the same thing," said Ruth, turning her thoughtful eyes on Linda. "His ambitions will be fired by the first glimpse of the world. We shall lose him, Linda, before the winter is over."

"How calmly you say it!" murmured Linda with tremulous lips.

"How long I have thought of it!" said Ruth; "and, besides, I was looking at a final separation, so that the first thought was made easy."

For a few minutes nothing was said by the two girls. Ruth was not demonstrative and had accustomed herself to look calmly at possibilities, even while the thrust of a knife would have been less painful; and delicate Linda grew sick as with death from apprehension of changes.

"Well, we must grow old some time, Ruth, and death will take us by the nose, if other changes do not. He will get a firm hold here," she added, laughing and smoothing the Roman prominence on her handsome face.

"For one with so firm a face," said Ruth, "you are very childish. When you are forty you will look like old Virginia or the mother of the Gracchi."

"Or the mother of a Jew pedlar, Ruth. But what can you expect? Am I to play lion because I have the lion's skin? If Florian goes I'll cry my eyes out and get married. What will you do?"

"What a question! I will join him some time, if I can become a convert to your faith. If not—" she hesitated.

"If not," said Linda, "favor the family in the next best way. Marry Mr. Buck."

"O Linda!"

"I'm in earnest, and you will thus show yourself determined to stick! No regrets, no remorse, no returning then. Hey, Mrs. Buck!"

"You are bound to be gay, Linda! Well, I have no decided objections, but your sister is somewhat ahead of me. Could anything be more cavalier than that?"

She pointed to the bay, where a boat had just anchored and Mr. Buck was assisting Sara ashore.

Linda's eyes filled with tears.

"I get desperate sometimes looking at her actions," she said, while her face flushed and her throat swelled with anger.

"There is a way, but I cannot stoop to that. Let her go. Still, she is my sister and has a soul. All means are fair in war. Why not?"

"You are dipping in pitch, dear, or why do you hesitate?" said Ruth.

"She *will* marry him," said Linda; "but there is a way to prevent it. Mr. Buck—oh! I am ashamed to name it."

"I know it already, dear. Mr. Buck prefers a Roman nose to a pug, and yet must get one of them. Why should not the Roman allure him from the pug? I have thought of it many a time."

"And what would you think?" said Linda eagerly.

"I can see no harm in Sara becoming Mrs. Buck, and so can give no opinion; but I know just what Florian would say."

"Desperate straits require desperate remedies," murmured Linda, leaning over the veranda, with her eyes fixed on the forms approaching. "I'll do it," she added with determination, "and Florian will never know."

When Mr. Buck arrived with Sara at the gate Linda sweetly invited him to enter, and, as Mr. Buck had many times yielded to the enchantress, he yielded again. Sara ran off to change her clothes, and the clerical gentleman sat down delighted between two very pretty women. Ruth could not but look reproachfully at her friend for her wilful boldness in laying the snare so quickly and so temptingly; but Linda had no looks or words or smiles for other than Mr. Buck. That ritualist was rather vapid. No man could be gotten up more carefully or expensively. He was as neat as a bandboxed hat on a holiday; shaved so that no hair wandered apart from the flowing side-whiskers, and his face was white and expressionless. Spectacles, round and gilded, sat astride of his lean, long nose with the correct sanctity of an old-style deacon on his antique filly bound for the meeting-house. Ordinary men feared to contrast with Mr. Buck, he was so painfully clean and perfect, while all ladies found a real pleasure in looking at him.

The news of his presence brought Mrs. Wallace in a flutter to the parlor.

"Seemingly, Mr. Buck, you are quite a stranger here. And

there isn't any excuse, as I told the little bu—Mr. Wallace; we live so near, and he taking such delight in argument, seemingly."

Mr. Buck emitted a cloud of vaporous language, gotten up, like himself, profusely, in reply to this welcome; but before it was ended Billy's boisterous shouting at Lady Gwandoline Far-an-near in the hall made it necessary for Mrs. Winifred to go out and announce the presence of a visitor, with a whispered entreaty for silence.

"Keep still!" roared Billy. "What do I care for Buck? He got over that last beating, did he, the divil? I'll be there soon; I'll collar him. I've got a text for him," and so on, until Mrs. Winifred returned hastily with a flushed face and sat down in the darkest corner of the room.

The ladies, as far as possible, drowned these threats by their chatter and polite attention, but it was impossible for Mr. Buck to avoid showing some uneasiness over the mention of the text; only the dark eyes of Linda blazing their fullest were capable of dispelling the cloud that enwrapped him. Sara came in presently, and was at once taken up by Ruth and carried so far away that she could only see and not hear her adored one, who was given up by Linda shortly after to the argumentative ferocity of Billy. So two groups by degrees came to be formed, the three girls at one side and the rest of the company at the other. Billy was dreadfully vulgar, every one must admit, in the sequel.

"Did you look up that question?" said he, with a malevolent grin in every one of the thousand wrinkles on his face. "Did you? You know you didn't. There an't a book on the continent speaks about it. All my own—every word—worked it all out like a sum. Did you, I say—did you?"

"I examined," began Mr. Buck, with a despairing glance at the girls that made Sara's heart ache to go to the rescue—"I examined several documents, but not all—"

"No, of course not," chirruped Billy, with many chuckles. "Keep right on examining—it'll do you good, you divil! You need it. I've got another nut for you."

"The labors of your church," interposed Mrs. Winifred, "must take up considerable time. Seemingly, Mr. Wallace doesn't keep that in mind. He has nothing to do but attend his garden and hunt up grubs and texts. It would be strange if he did not find a new one occasionally."

"Exactly," said the minister, taking refuge behind this good and irritating shot.

"Bah!" snapped Billy. "Nothing to do, hey? Why, a hand-

ful of people, silly ones too, make up his church. You don't do anything but dress, Mr. Buck. You don't have time to—you know you don't. Do you, now? Come, confess! Then you take Lady Far-an-near sailing. She's a text—ha! ha!—a text of good manners—ho! ho!—preach on her for a week; a mighty spread to that text—but shallow, shallow. I have you there—fine text. No, you don't have time to do anything but dress—same way with the text—isn't it, Linda?—same way with Lady Far-an-near. Ha! ha! ha!"

Billy's laugh was like his face, excessively wrinkled and annoying. There was no music in it and no mirth, so that he against whom it was directed was like a man fighting with smoke. Mr. Buck looked more vapid than ever under it, and tried to think of some telling expression that would cover himself with glory and his tormentor with ridicule. But it was in vain, and the end was not yet come. Billy turned on Mrs. Winifred. "Grubs, hey! nothing more?" he cried with a ferocity that quite paralyzed the lady. "I've been hunting them always, and I find them to kill them, but some will stick and turn out butterflies. You were a grub, Mr. Buck—"

"Father," interrupted Linda, troubled at this personality, "you have been talking so much about the text that I am quite anxious to hear it."

"We all are, seemingly," said Mrs. Winifred.

"You!" laughed Billy, "you, *seemingly!* Oh! ho! what do you know about texts? You don't care to hear it. Do you, I say—do you? Speak out, woman—do you?"

"Well, not very much."

"Of course not—I knew it; and Mr. Buck doesn't care, either. It floors him every time; doesn't it, me boy—doesn't it, hey?"

"Every text is capable of many interpretations—" began the reverend gentleman.

"Not mine, not mine, sir; only one, and that's the meanin' I give it. But you can make meanin's; that's your business. How would you live, if you didn't? Rascals all of you—no conscience."

"I think it's only fair," said Mrs. Winifred adroitly, "that there should be many meanings to a thing, so that all people can enjoy it. Look at Mr. Wallace's grapes there. Some are red, some are purple, and some, in the hot-house, green; and yet they're all grapes. You didn't see Mr. Wallace's grapes? The loveliest—oh!" And Mrs. Winifred rolled her eyes.

"The finest in the town," said Billy, with enthusiasm.

"Your grapes aren't a circumstance to mine, are they? Come, admit the truth now."

"I have not yet seen your grapes," said Mr. Buck, with the deepest apparent interest.

"Not seen 'em? Sho! now, sho! they're town-talk"—Linda looked at her sister. "Come right along and I'll show 'em to you. Lady Far-an-near eats 'em, though, all she can get—no mind, all stomach; her mind's in her stomach. She'd eat your boat, too, if it was grapes; wouldn't you? You know you would, you —— Ha!"

Mr. Buck made his excuses and dragged the little man away.

"I'll go, too," said Linda sweetly, following them.

"Such vulgarity!" said Sara in a passion, when they had gone. "O mamma! if we could only do something with that horrid old fool, insulting every one who comes here. And he is my father. Oh! I could tear him to pieces."

Mrs. Winifred saw by Ruth's shocked face that she was not prepared for such an outburst.

"Seemingly, dear—"

"There it is!" snapped Sara; "your intolerable 'seemingly' is all you ever do or say, and you only make matters worse. I'll not stay here to endure this, and Mr. Buck to be put to such shame."

"I don't think it injures him in any way," said Ruth, by way of letting her know that she was present; "and I notice your father is never vulgar except with people who can understand nothing else."

Sara winced at the innocent directness of this arrow.

"Well, some people can swallow such medicine," she said, with a toss of the head, "but I can't and I won't."

"You get enough of it," said Linda's quiet voice at the window. "But the dose has lost its good effect, mother. Ruth, Mr. Buck is gone, and father is standing on the garden-wall shouting the text after him. Just listen."

"We shall not all be changed," came in faintly to their ears, the last echo of Billy's theological gun.

"Mr. Buck was twice vanquished this morning," said the bold girl, with a comprehensive smile. "Sara, here are your pet delicacies." And she handed in some grapes as a peace-offering. It was characteristic of Sara that she ate them with much satisfaction, and was at once as cheerful as her nature permitted.

CHAPTER VII.

AN ACCIDENT.

FLORIAN returned from New York one week later and bore on his smiling face the triumph of diplomatic success.

The girls met him at the depot, delighted.

"It's all settled," said he. "All your father has to do, Ruth, is to deliver himself up to the marshal, when he will be released on parole and no further trouble given him."

"How can we ever thank you?" said Ruth tearfully; for her anxiety had been very severe.

"Oh, nonsense!" said Florian. "It was none of my doing. The governor was only too glad to hear my proposition, and there was no diplomacy required. I had dinner with him afterwards, and found out the true inwardness of the whole matter."

"I should have been there," said Linda. "I do so want to dine with a governor! What a place this is—not a distinguished man in it!"

"It's the next best thing to dine with one who dined with a governor," Florian replied. "But I met one who goes ahead of governors; one whose hand-shake and very polite attentions and compliments I shall never forget—no less a person than Andrew Jackson."

"Oh!" cried both girls, drawing their breath with delight and taking another look at the hero, to catch some expiring rays of the glory that had lately shone upon him.

"And what did he say to you?" asked Linda.

"So many things that it will take some time to relate them. When we have had dinner and I am a little rested you shall hear every word."

They proceeded to the house, laughing and talking, and were unfortunate enough to meet Sara and Mr. Buck just setting out for a morning walk. The situation was painful for some of the parties. Sara flushed and paled until her natural obstinacy floated cork-like to the surface and gave a defiant twist to her nose. Mr. Buck was unconscious of any guilt and greeted Florian politely. Florian himself showed no feeling in the matter.

"If you will be so kind as to excuse Sara," he said to the gentleman, "I shall be much obliged to you."

"Certainly, certainly, Mr. Wallace. I hope you enjoyed your visit to New York. Good-morning!"

And lifting his hat elaborately, he went on his way, comforted

by a glance of Linda's dark eyes. Sara bounced indignantly into the house without paying further attention to the party.

The news of Florian's brushing against greatness drove Billy almost to distraction, so overpowering was his delight. His wrinkled face was illumined.

"You'd show well beside the best of 'em," said he—"you would, you divil! Ha! ha! the old buck himself shook hands with you, hey? Old Hickory—smart—smartest President we ever had. You'll match him, Flory; you'll lead him some day, you divil you!"

"Seemingly," said Mrs. Winifred, "you look tired."

Billy snorted and swept all the books from the centre-table with a gesture.

"Tired, woman? Bah! what d'ye think the boy's made of? When I was his age I'd have walked to New York and back and danced a jig afterwards. Tired? After seein' Old Hickory—a smart man, the smartest man in the country—to be tired! Seemingly," with a second snort, "you might say something sensible when you do open your mouth."

Mrs. Winifred hastened away to prepare an early dinner, and Florian began a graphic description of the metropolis, choosing his words carefully, showing none of the enthusiasm he really felt, for he was well aware that the girls were looking for an exhibition of that kind. They left him when the recital was ended, and on the veranda compared notes.

"He doesn't seem to be much taken up with the city," said Linda.

"But you can't be sure of him," said Ruth. "Perhaps he knows we looked for some sign, and was careful to conceal it. In a few days, when our anxiety is gone, he will rave of New York, and then—"

"Then we shall lose him directly, you dismal croaker of future sorrows," said Linda. "I'm beginning not to care. There is one thing almost certain: while you waver, and Sara is attached to Mr. Buck, he will not go. So his feet will press this winter's snow, and by the time spring comes who knows what will happen?"

"Who knows what will happen?" repeated Ruth. "You are right. Who knows?" And she rose to go.

"You will stay for dinner, Ruth?"

"No; I must get ready for our visit to the islands this afternoon. My father must be at home to-night. Very likely Florian will accompany me, and you might—"

"Two's company," said Linda, "but I'll go nevertheless. Look there," she added suddenly, pointing through the vines in the direction of the garden. Ruth, looking, saw Florian pacing the gravelled walk abstractedly, his head bowed, his hands clasped behind him.

"He hasn't done that in an age," she said. "He is troubled, and New York is the trouble. O Ruth!"

"I thought you were beginning not to care," said Ruth, as the tears glistened in Linda's eyes.

"Only beginning," answered Linda; "and really I don't care." So she laughed the next minute.

Florian, still pacing, was called into the sitting-room by his mother. Mrs. Winifred was full of anxiety with regard to many things, but never found it necessary to make any parade of her feelings before her family. She fought in a seeming way with the shadows of coming events and was always worsted naturally; never suffering from defeat, however, but merely from the annoyance of knowing beforehand that she was to be defeated.

"Seemingly, dear," she said to Florian, who was most patient with her, "we're going to have trouble in various ways, and I was wondering if you noticed anything."

"Did *you* notice anything, mother?" said Florian.

"Well, I can't say that I did, but it's hard sometimes to decide. Now, there's Linda—"

"Linda?" said Florian, smiling. "I wasn't aware there was anything the matter with her."

"No, to be sure not," said she, astounded and abashed that no other had found anything amiss with Linda; "but seemingly, Florian, she doesn't eat much, and she grows thin and white with every day; but of course I'm wrong."

"No, you're not, mother," said Florian, jumping up. "I did take notice, not so very long ago, either. What a fool I am, always thinking more of myself than others!"

"Then Sara," began Mrs. Winifred with more hesitation—"I don't know. I'm not sure, but seemingly she's quite indifferent to her religion lately. I may be wrong—"

"No, no," said Florian; "but that's a gentle way of saying a very serious thing, mother. Go on; you're not wrong."

"She has a great liking for Mr. Buck, seemingly; of course I wouldn't say that she had, but her actions— And then if the little bull—your father, I mean—saw anything wrong he would be put out."

"I should think so," said Florian; "and Sara would be

locked up, as she must be, I fear, before this unhappy affair is ended. Poor Lady Far-and-near! she hasn't enough mind to know what religion is, and I fear—I fear—"

He passed into a moody meditation without finishing the sentence, and tapped the table with his fingers. A sob aroused him. Mrs. Winifred was weeping and was plainly ashamed of herself for the action.

"Well, I don't think the matter requires—"

"I know it," said she; "but then I couldn't help thinking of her being a minister's wife, seemingly."

"Time, time," said Florian—"give me time and I'll move Mr. Buck in another direction. He is afflicted with the desire of converting us all, Père Rougevin included. Was the père here to see us? Does he know of the matter?"

"No," said Mrs. Winifred.

"I must tell him, then. He is good at devising sharp manœuvres. Perhaps he will think of something. But now Linda must be looked after. If we lost that flower—"

He went out to hunt her up, without finishing a sentence whose import he did not realize while he thought of it. Linda was eating grapes in the garden.

"That looks well," thought Florian, and called her to the veranda. "You are to come with me this afternoon," said he, "and make one of the squire's triumphal procession homeward. Here, what's this? You are too pale. And why does your dress fit so loosely, miss? I noticed it a week ago, and to-day I notice it still more."

"I never fatten till winter," said she soberly; "and then I am thinking a good deal lately."

"Sleeping, you mean. What about?"

"About your visit to New York, Florian," she said, holding up some grape-leaves to shade her face. "You needn't hide it. I know you're more than ever determined on going there, and I was thinking how I should amuse myself when you were gone."

"I won't deny your assertion, Linda, but my going is far off. There are too many obstacles in the way."

"I know them, and I feel wicked enough to wish they would stay in your way a long time. What nonsense," she added, "to borrow trouble! While Ruth wavers and Sara is under Mr. Buck's spells we shall not lose you."

"You remind me of my chains," he said smilingly to hide his real annoyance. "And there is another more binding than they."

She looked at him inquiringly.

"I won't tell you. Be content that while Ruth wavers and Sara affects Mr. Buck I shall remain—and then longer, perhaps," he said, sighing, and went into the house.

Linda remained, looking and thinking at random, and questioning why these things should be. In a few months the most perfect object of the perfect scene would make part of it no longer. That sun and sky above her; those marvellous islands, whose perfumes the fresh winds fanned to the shore; that sparkling, shimmering water, whose beauty was beyond that of jewels; the quaint town, so old and so clean and so loved, its white-headed and dark-headed people, its green foliage and autumn fruits, its bells and sweet and harsh noises; the stars that besprinkled the river firmament as well as that of heaven; the ghostly moon, the white-winged boats, and a thousand other loved, familiar things, would all be just as they were to-day and last night, but her brother would be gone. Nay, there was a time when she herself would make no part of the scene, and yet the glories of it would remain; newer eyes would gaze upon it and see, perhaps, all that remained of her—a white stone in the graveyard, and a name. How could that little world of which she was the centre ever get along without her? Would it not be strange to feel that Linda Wallace lay out of sight in the earth, and children played thoughtlessly on her grave, and no one spoke of her more? She began almost unconsciously to weep.

"This is all there is of earth," said she, "and one might as well live in a desert. Heaven is the only thing worth striving for; and as for our memory, even a stone is too much, and a name and a grave—I shall have no grave or stone. Flatten it to the ground. Only heaven and a place in God's memory for me."

"A correct sentiment," said Florian. "Dry your tears and come in to dinner. Your liver is plainly out of order when *you* become so lugubriously religious."

She laughed and went in with him, and was gay enough for the rest of the day until the boat was fitted out and the three were sailing to Solitary Island. The wind was quite fresh at three o'clock in the afternoon, but not too much so until they entered Eel Bay. There some caution was required up to the very landing-place in front of the hermit's dwelling, for the wind blew straight down the channel. It was very awkward of Florian that he should have thrown his hat into the air as the hermit and the squire both came to the door together. He was so vain of his good news!

"Look out, boy!" said Scott and the squire with a yell.

But it was too late. The boat capsized and threw the crew into the rough water. There being no danger, the squire raged and became profane. The girls both swam into shallow water and were helped ashore, laughing and yet a little frightened, by Florian and the hermit. Florian was cast down with shame.

"The house is open to ye," said Scott, "and you young ladies had better light a good fire and dry your clothes or you'll ketch an almighty tall cold. And when you go a-sailin' agin jes' look out who runs the boat."

"It never happened before," muttered Florian, "and I'd give my right hand if it had never happened."

"There it is," said Scott; "mighty big pay for so little value. 'Twon't hurt the girls, *I'm* sure."

"I'm not," said the youth briefly, as he looked apprehensively at Linda climbing the rock in her wet clothes. However, they appeared at sundown with clothes dried comfortably, and none the worse, apparently, for their ducking. Florian had also put himself in proper shape and was entertaining the admiring squire with his account of New York and its notables.

"Ah! Florian," said he, "there's where you should be, among kindred spirits, among the high-fliers, among the birds that would teach you to wear a steadier wing and carry your flights into the chambers of the sun."

"If I were a young man—" Scott said.

"But you aren't—you never will be. When you were you didn't follow your own opinions; so what use to inflict them on the young fellow, who doesn't care a button for your solitary way of living?" said the squire.

"I don't want the lad to live solitary, Pen'l'ton," said Scott; "let him double up, if he wants to, but let him stick to Clayburg and happiness. He'll go wrong sure, if he gets out into these dizzy conventions. He hasn't got the right—well, I don't know what to name it, but here's the place for him to thrive."

"Theory, theory!" shouted the squire. "Scott, I'm obliged to you for what you've done, and if I could make you a sensible man I'd do it; but I can't, so call and see me and Ruth—she's sweet on you—when you feel like it. Come, girls—home, home to that confounded government." He ran down the shore to the boat after a hearty hand-shake with the hermit, while Ruth poured her gratitude upon the solitary.

"It's all right, miss," said he. "I'm content, and I hope you'll

pray for me that I may never be more unhappy than I am now. Go ahead. I'll call to see ye some time."

He stood on the rock in front of his house long after they started.

"It makes me lonely to look at him," said Linda—"we going to our cheerful homes, he to his solitude."

"He is like a man dead," said Florian; "the world leaves him, but what kind of loneliness is it to be face to face with God?"

CHAPTER VIII.

LINDA.

THE next morning Linda awoke with a high fever and a slight cough as the effects of her wetting the day before, and Florian felt a severe twinge of grief as he saw the extreme pallor of her countenance and its faulty bloom. She had taken a chill during the night, but a little addition to the bed-clothing had banished it. No alarm was felt. In healthy people these little irregularities occur and pass away, and so it would be with Linda. Mrs. Winifred, however, was anxious. The girl was not strong, she said; a doctor could be easily summoned; and then no one knows what might happen.

Youth laughed at these anxieties until pain came to add its warning—pain in the lungs, sharp and distressful—and the cough grew mightier and more racking with every hour. Towards night it grew serious. They tried their old house-remedies and wished to treat her illness as a cold, a mere cold, which youth and health throw off so easily. But in vain. Linda grew more feverish and caught her breath more frequently as the dagger-thrusts pierced her breast. She was banished at last to bed and the doctor called in.

There is his knock at the door. Every one looks cheerful on hearing it, and the physician, smiling as he enters, gruffly desires to know what people have been doing to get sick this fine weather. Why, even the old are full of silly thoughts of escaping this year's rheumatism! And Linda there with her brows contracted with pain! Pshaw! nonsense! Pain in the lungs? How do you know it's the lungs, you—you female? What do women know about the lungs? Lungs, indeed! Pains when you breathe, hey? Ah! where have you caught cold? Ducked in this weather? Yacht upset? Who upset it? Never mind who?

But I will mind, and I'll call him a donkey, an ass, a mule, to upset a yacht with a woman in it! Why not have drowned at once instead of coming home to take a pain in the lungs, and get a fever and a pulse at one hundred and ten? Why go out on the water in stormy weather?

"Why do anything naughty and nice?" says Linda between two frowns of pain.

"There's Eve over again," says the doctor, writing out prescriptions with a laugh.

Mrs. Winifred is laughing, and Billy also, and even Florian tries to persuade himself that the laugh is unprofessional. Directions are given; medicines are bought and administered; there is running and coursing through the house for a long time; the night-lamp is brought to Linda's room and arrangements are made for watchers.

"I'll call at two o'clock in the morning," says the physician. "I'm going out ten miles in the country, and I'll call coming back; have the door open for me. Good-night, Miss Linda. You had the 'nice' yesterday; you are having the 'naughty' to-day."

Outside he looked significantly at Florian.

"Pneumonia," said he—"not necessarily fatal, but apt to be. Follow my directions to the letter until I return. We may bring her through, and if we do it will be to see her die of consumption later on. Linda is booked for heaven."

Florian stood holding the door and looking out into the glowing autumn night. The cheery voices of sailors came up from the river, and the lights at the mastheads shone like colored stars. He was hot and disturbed. Linda's days were over, and that one dear obstacle to his ambitions was to be removed by death. He went in again with a smiling face, and ran against Mrs. Winifred crying silently. What could he say? Death was bitter enough, but she was to suffer death so often that he hastened on into the sick-room and left her unconsoled.

"Shall I stay with you," he asked, "or do you prefer to sleep, Linda?"

"I can't sleep," she answered with a hushed voice; "and if I doze it is better to have some one near and the lamp burning. I am very ill, Flory, and I am afraid."

"Afraid, dear?" trying successfully to steady his voice. "Afraid of what?" though he knew right well the cause of her fear, and trembled because of its truth. How sad he would feel if death stole on him so suddenly, and he so young!

"Of death," she answered. "We talked of many things, Florian, but never of that, never of that! And it is so hard to die. Tell me something of it, Florian; you have read of it many times."

"If you are near to it," said he, "your own feelings can tell you more than books or men. Mostly the dying are indifferent to the agony, particularly where they have led good lives or innocent lives like yours, Linda."

"Yes, yes, I led an innocent life," she said simply. "Thank God for that! Innocence is something."

"It is all," said Florian; "it has never known sin, and does not know suffering. But what a subject for a patient who is to get well! It would be better to go to sleep; or shall I read to you?"

"Read to me, Flory, and talk as you read."

He went down to his study to select a volume. There were many books in his possession for so young a man, and he knew them all by heart; dangerous books none of them, only the best and purest grain of the world's harvest.

What should he select?

"Nothing too pious, for that would frighten the poor child; nothing too frivolous, for that would not suit the condition of one so near death." He walked suddenly to the window, choking. "I am very cool; I use correct language, and she so low! Do I realize it, Linda, that I shall lose you?"

He took out Bonaventure's *Life of our Lord*, and when he had gone back to the sick-room, and had announced the story of the Passion, she was not surprised at the subject.

"It is so appropriate," she murmured: "I am having my passion."

He read to her until her eyes closed in uneasy slumber, and then sat watching the flushed face and thinking. Mrs. Winifred was the only other person who came near the sick-room, and she was unable to control her tears even under Florian's sharp reproof. She remained a great part of the time in self-banishment, and he dwelt alone in the sacred silence of a sick-room. Linda was fond of white and light colors, and her chamber was fitted up accordingly. In the dim light it looked like a dream. Her pale forehead and flushed cheeks on the pillow were more an outline than reality. It scared him when he thought how short the time until they would lay on another pillow in the grave-yard.

"Linda!" he called suddenly in an overflow of anguish. She

awoke with a start, and at the same instant he heard a carriage at the door.

"The doctor has come again, dear," he said. "Did I frighten you?"

"No," looking around in amazement, and then, with a sigh, realizing her sad position. Mrs. Winifred brought in the doctor, who was tired and grumbled very much, with a healthy sense of slight discomforts, which brought a new atmosphere into the sick-room and certainly banished the presence of death. He was busy for a long time with remedies, quite exhausting Linda's patience, and even Mrs. Winifred's tears, but he looked so hopeful while he announced his intention of calling in the morning that all were reassured. The remarks outside the door were: "I can tell better later on whether she will recover or not. Anyhow, she will die within a few months—you may be sure of that, and get ready for it."

When the news went out of her dangerous illness a number of friends called, but very few got farther than the parlor and Billy, whom Florian had established there as guard. Ruth and Père Rougevin alone were admitted along with the doctor, and, seeing them, Linda began to fear because of all the trouble in her behalf. Three visits from a doctor in so short a time, one from the priest, and the distant sound of doors closing frequently, with many little circumstances to which she had hitherto paid no attention, were at the least ominous; and even while they stood about her smiling cheerfully she closed her eyes to keep back the bitter tears that would fall in spite of her determination to be brave and hopeful. They understood the reason of the grief, and could say nothing. Even the doctor felt it beyond him to be gruffly hopeful and quarrelsome; for if she was to die, then better that the knowledge should come to her in this manner than to have a formal pronouncement of her doom. He had promised to tell that morning if there were chances for her recovery. The promise was premature. There were no graver tokens, no nearer approach of the dread angel, and he could but vaguely say "to-morrow" as he went away.

Sara, coming in as her sister's tears were falling, was impressed, as only her shallow soul could be impressed, with a wild fright that prompted her to scream. Fortunately she restrained the inclination, since it was purely personal, and a little thought convinced her that it was another's, not her own, death-bed she was attending. Père Rougevin prevented a scene by banishing

the whole company, himself included, from the room, leaving Ruth to attend the patient.

"Wait," said Linda feebly. "If I am going to die I must get the sacraments."

"I can do nothing more than hear your confession," said the priest; "you are not in sufficient danger for the reception of the others."

The look in Linda's eyes was a very pleasant one at this precise, official declaration, and it said clearly that she regarded Père Rougevin, stout, flushed, and short though he was, as an angel.

"I thought I was dying," she stammered.

"Nonsense, child! But you may die, and it's well to be prepared," he said. "You must be ready to live or die, as God wills."

"Alas!" murmured Linda, with a fresh flood of tears, "I am only too willing to live."

"There's no sin in that," was the sententious remark, and she proceeded with her confession.

"I must be very bad," she said to Ruth afterwards when they were alone. "I am terribly afraid of dying."

"Who is not?" said Ruth. "And then it is so near us always. I have tried to get used to the thought of it, but I can't. I suppose it does indicate a lack of some good religious feeling that we all ought to have."

"I must ask Florian when he wakes, Ruth. He knows everything. I wonder would he be afraid if he was called on suddenly to die?"

"Perhaps not so much afraid as grieved to leave his dear ambitions," Ruth replied, with a tone of gentle irony that escaped Linda. "But no more talking, if you please. You have every chance to live, but there is no use in being prodigal. I shall read to you."

She read until Florian had slept off the night's weariness and came again to his sister's bedside.

"There is one thing I should like to be sure of before I die," murmured the sick girl.

"What!" cried Ruth, "already so reconciled to death?"

She smiled and said: "No, no; but lying here so weak makes me feel that way, I suppose. I should like to feel in dying that your doubts were all settled, Ruth, and that Florian and you would soon be married, if it could be."

"That must be as God wills," answered he with a sigh, as Ruth turned away her head.

"Still," said Linda hopefully, closing her eyes in sleep, "you will not leave us while Ruth wavers, or Sara and myself too."

"Be sure not," answered Florian; and he was not at all hopeful that any of these chances would turn out as he wished. When she was asleep he drew Ruth to a distant part of the room. "This disease is to end fatally," he said; "if not this week, then next month or the month after."

"Linda to die?" gasped Ruth, paling. "And you can speak of it so coolly, Florian?"

He was silent before her reproach, and fidgeted nervously before he spoke again, while Ruth turned her weeping eyes towards the pale form on the bed and sobbed quietly.

"It is a man's way, I suppose," he ventured to say; "but you have no right to think me callous."

"No, no," protested Ruth. "I beg your pardon. I know you love her dearly."

"Ah! how dearly," he said, with a sigh. "But see how little the death of our dearest and best interferes with the business of our lives. When she is dead, alas! we must eat, and drink, and labor, and laugh with the world as before. We look to one another then more hopefully, expecting that the living will make up by increased affection for the loss of such as poor Linda."

"Yes," she said, starting a little as she began to see the drift of his talk.

"Ruth"—and he took her hand and pressed it—"you heard what the dear girl said just now. May I not look to you for comfort when Linda is gone? Do not think me selfish or indifferent, but this indecision cannot endure longer without injury to both of us. What a happiness and a real help to Linda if you could give a favorable answer very soon! Let me urge you, Ruth, to hasten."

"Pray do not speak of this now," she replied coldly, and much hurt. "It is poor taste, but I can decide, I think, very soon."

He thanked her, and they continued to converse until Linda awoke. Mrs. Winifred, in the meantime, had entered in a surreptitious way, and was allowed to remain, being in a more hopeful, less tearful mood than on the previous day. It was characteristic of the position she held in her own household that Linda very rarely inquired for her. As for Billy, he was so overwhelmed with grief that he remained among his grapes and vegetables in a state of interjectional grief, hoeing and apostrophizing by turns with unusual ardor.

The next day was a very pleasant one for the whole family. At ten o'clock the doctor announced that Linda would recover from the present attack, and thereupon the timid ventured to approach the sick-room with smiling faces. Billy himself came up in advance of a distinguished and unexpected visitor, the hermit. In his solitude Scott looked picturesque, with his rough ways and dress, and curly red hair; but in the dainty sick-room he was as much out of place as an Indian would be in full war-paint. All were startled, and Mrs. Winifred so much so as to lose her senses. Old habits are strong, however, and she offered him a foot-stool instead of a chair, vainly feeling for its absent back while her eyes stared rudely but helplessly on the apparition.

"No, thank ye. I'll not come in," said the hermit, with his eyes fixed on Linda. "I jest heard the little girl was sick, and I thought it might have been the duckin'. I'm glad you're better, miss. Take care of yourself. Good-morning."

He was off in an instant, but Florian seized him almost rudely and pushed him into his study.

"You are very kind," said he, "and you must not go until you are thanked and hear all about Linda."

"She's gettin' well," said the hermit. "I reckoned so from her eyes."

"She had pneumonia; she's getting over it, but she will never recover from the shock. The doctor gives her but two months to live," answered Florian.

"Poor little thing! poor little thing!" said Scott, with the simple pity of a child. "Yet it's better for such as her. She knows it, I s'pose?"

"No, but she will learn it soon enough, and for her the knowledge will not be hard or bitter, as it would be for me or you."

The look which the hermit bestowed on Florian made the young gentleman feel that he had blundered in his last expression. It might mean that it would not be hard or bitter for the hermit to die; or, on the contrary, a reproach that Florian himself should find it hard or bitter in his own case. Neither, however, said anything. Scott began to examine the books in the room with interest.

"All of 'em good, sound ones," he said, "if their names mean anything."

"Would you like to borrow some?" said Florian.

"No, thank ye; I han't no need of 'em, but I'm right glad to see you with sich books. I guess I'll be goin'; I'm kind of hasty in my calls, but usually I don't make any."

"We're so obliged to you," Florian replied, "and would be very glad to see you again."

The hermit made no remark as he left the room and ran against Mrs. Winifred outside in the hall. The lady evidently wished to say something, but was disconcerted at the right moment. Florian felt like laughing.

"What is it, mother?"

"Linda!" gasped Mrs. Winifred—"the gentleman—seemingly—"

"Oh! Linda would like to see you before you go, Scott."

"Anything to oblige the young miss," said the hermit, and he followed Florian into the sick-room.

"I wanted to thank you," whispered Linda; "you are very kind. Send me some wild flowers—the very latest."

"You'll have 'em to-night, miss," said the hermit. "Good-day, ma'am—good-day."

And he hurried awkwardly from the room, ran once more against Mrs. Winifred, and examined and pronounced judgment on Billy's grapes to the old gentleman's satisfaction.

"I shall call on you soon," said Florian as they parted.

He merely bowed gravely and walked away.

"Evidently," said Ruth, "your visits will not be the most welcome."

TO BE CONTINUED.

WITH THE CARLISTS.

IN the fall of 1873 I was instructed to proceed to northern Spain, and, if possible, to push my way to the headquarters of the partisans of Don Carlos, who were then striving desperately to push their way to Madrid. On leaving London I obtained recommendations from the Carlist committee in permanent session there to the Carlist Junta in permanent session at Bayonne, and, what turned out to be of infinitely greater practical advantage, letters of credit on a banker and letters of introduction to a few British adherents of the royal cause.

The Junta revealed itself as a grave body of elders, who held perpetual pow-wows, and whose chief aid to the arms of His Most Catholic Majesty appeared to consist in mumbling gossip, manufacturing *canards*, rolling cigarettes, and sipping chocolate. They gave me certain credentials, and told me that I would probably come across the gentlemen to whom I had my letters of introduction at the Fonda de la Playa in St. Jean de Luz.

At the "Inn on the Beach" I was not surprised to hear that my compatriots were at Biarritz, but might be expected back at any moment. St. Jean de Luz, though nominally French, is thoroughly Basque, and takes more interest in Spanish politics than in French. The landlord was a Frenchman and a cook, and fortunately paid more attention to his kitchen than to affairs of state—an excellent thing in a landlord; his wife was a Madrilene and worshipped the ex-Queen Isabella, whom she resembled in dowdy obesity; but their daughter, a plump, homely, black-eyed lassie of sixteen, Maria del Pilar, was a sworn Carlist. She had been born in St. Jean de Luz, and had inhaled its attachments with its atmosphere. I roamed round the place, with its massive, ancient houses with sculptured lozenge-shields over their entrances, its dusty promenade shaded with trees, its quaint, heavy gray church, its background of green slopes, and the crescent-shaped inlet which it edged—the inlet into which the billows of the Bay of Biscay, soothed to well-tempered waves, came tumbling over each other on the sands in tousled, white-haired frolic.

As I re-entered the common room of the inn I observed two gentlemen, one the antithesis of the other in appearance—one

sickly, sandy, and small-nosed; the other robust, brown-haired, but with a respectable proportion of nose—seated at table.

"I tell you it is true," said the former; "Christobal saw him."

His companion burst into a loud laugh.

"Well, of all born idiots, you are the boss, Charles. You are as bad as the old fools themselves. The idea of a big London paper taking up our cause! Why, they all hate us, man." And he laughed again.

These, I felt, must be the countrymen to whom I had the letters of introduction; and so they proved to be. Both had been officers in the British army. He of the small nose, M——, was Scotch, and was a Carlist because his forebears had been Jacobites; but he was hindered from being more than a theoretic Carlist by a physical ailment contracted in India. The other—could I mistake his accent?—was a native of Cork, full of fire and ambition. He was a Carlist, I verily believe, because he needed a safety-valve for his exuberant energies. Poor Willie Leader! Light lie the soil on your remains in that thickly-peopled cemetery of Philippopolis where so many thousand victims to typhus in the Russo-Turkish war are indecently huddled. This gallant Irishman was a veritable soldier of fortune. He had thrown up his commission in the British service to join the French shortly after the outbreak of the great war, and had gained the red ribbon by his reckless valor with Bourbaki. When the Carlist rising seemed to open up a new scope for martial enterprise he hurried to the Spanish frontier and joined the first *partida* he encountered. He managed to convey to them that his sympathies were with them, although in what tongue I could never find out. He did not speak Spanish at that time; and as to conversing in Basque, it was out of the question. The legend is that the devil once tried to learn Basque, but broke his jawbone in the process. In any case, the zealous foreigner, who could not speak Spanish (or Castilian rather, to use the orthodox word), succeeded in getting his ankle lacerated by a Spanish bullet. It was his maiden skirmish in those regions, and the wild Irishman, to give courage to his companions, ran ahead, leaped upon a bank, and hurled defiance at the foe. The grotesque part of it was that he was shouting *Vive la République!* when he was picked off. He was the only man wounded in that affair. When I met the buoyant young fellow he was still pale, but had long been able to move about without crutches.

"I lost a great deal of blood," he said; "but, thank God! I did not lose my leg, though it looked like it for a while. These

Carlists are noble, faithful lads. They hid me in their cabins and carried me by night across the border, so that I might have repose and good surgical advice in safety. The agony of my dangling limb at every jolt, as we trudged over the mountains, was almost insupportable. But you'll crack a bottle of Bordeaux with us? 'Tis the best tipple here."

From Leader I ascertained that a rumor had originated at Bayonne that day, had sped to Biarritz—'twould be in St. Jean de Luz presently, and in the heart of Navarre to-morrow or next day—that the Royalists of England had at last ardently taken up the kindred principle in Spain in one of their leading papers, and that an emissary of theirs, with secret orders and bursting money-bags, had specially arrived from London and was on his way to the headquarters of His Majesty.

I was the emissary! Those doddering elders of the Bayonne Junta had manufactured another *canard.*

When I explained to him that I was anxious to penetrate to headquarters he smiled as he answered that it would be indispensable, in the first instance, to discover where they were: the Carlists, like the cab-drivers on a rank, were presided over by the genius of the unforeseen; they could not always go where they listed; their movements were erratic and were as often regulated by those of their opponents as by their own wishes.

"However," he added, "I think I can put you on the right track for the field of honor."

"The field of honor?" I repeated.

"Yes, *el campo de honor* is the date of their location always. Look here." And he showed me a diminutive sheet of a coarse, yellowish paper crudely printed over with the type common in rudimentary school-books and known as long primer. "This is our court circular and official organ, *El Cuartel Real.* It is brought out on the summit of that snowy peak yonder, the Peña de la Plata."

The *Cuartel Real* was a unique journal. At the head of the opening column of the front page was the announcement that His Most Catholic Majesty Charles VII. was in the enjoyment of admirable health and spirits, for the which God be praised; and that his august spouse, Queen Margaret, with the royal children, were in similar condition, for the which God be praised likewise. This was a stereotyped paragraph. Then there was the gazette of sundry appointments and promotions, a proclamation by General Lizarraga, scraps relating to the formation of troops of volunteers, and an account of the monarch

having taken the oath to respect the *fueros*, or privileges and immunities, of the Basque provinces, under the oak-tree of Guernica, in presence of a distinguished company, amongst whom figured "Don Guillérmo Leader, Irlandese."

"Oh!" said the young Irishman in answer to my amazed interrogatory glance, "we have not only our organ at the press, but our bands, our ambulance corps, our artillery—it is a treat to hear Lizarraga yelling '*Artilleria al frente*,' when up trot two mules dragging a pair of mountain-guns; no matter, we took them from the enemy—and even our cuirassiers." And here Leader laughed. "The bare thought of those cuirassiers tickles me. We captured four of a crack corps of those nondescript Republicans of the south, and forthwith some of our fellows donned their shirts of steel. They were half a size too large for them, but that only added to the effect as the *chicos* clattered and jingled along the rough stones of a village street. But it was too much for me to see cuirassiers with *alpargatas** on instead of jack-boots."

At this moment the landlord, in the white cap and apron which are the livery of the culinary department, rushed in and said Monsieur Sheehan was coming up the street.

Another Irishman, and from Cork too—a tanned and freckled stripling, slender and wiry, with an alert step and erect bearing. He was covered with dust and perspiration, and was evidently off a tiresome tramp, although he bore himself with an affectation of freshness as he neared the end of his journey.

"Mr. Smith Sheehan," said Leader, "formerly of the Pontifical Army. A countryman of ours, Sheehan. How comes it that you are back so soon? What news?"

"Good and bad."

"How! Dissensions between the provinces? Santa Cruz on the hills again? Are we beaten?"

"No, not that. The cause is going ahead. There is no doubt that we have taken Estella, and Dorregaray is carrying all before him in Catalonia."

"Hooray!" shouted Leader, and the Scotchman feebly joined in. "How is Walton?"

"Better than we, I trust," sighed Sheehan as he dropped into a chair. "Walton is dead. I shall never forgive myself."

"Dead! *Dios mios!* But what had you to do with it?"

"It was my fault," said Sheehan. "One of us had to come back. Why did I not force him? When he won the toss I was sure he would have chosen to return, he was so anxious to hear

* The sandals of twisted rope worn by the Basque mountaineers.

from his mother; but he insisted on remaining with the *chicos*, and I had to do duty as letter-carrier. He was shot the following night, leading an attack on a post held by the Guardia Civil, and his body remained for three hours in the open between assailants and defenders while they exchanged fire. He had none to close his eyes; his litany for the dying was the ping of rifles; and I had not even the melancholy satisfaction of seeing his corpse or cutting off a lock of his hair to send to his mother. How shall I break the news to her?"

"He died a brave man's death," said Leader, "and I do not see that you are to blame. It would have been your lot if the other side of the coin had turned up."

"The fortune of war," remarked the Scotchman sententiously, and we emptied our wine-glasses to the sentiment, "Peace to his soul!"

Episodes such as this were not infrequent in that civil war, which campaigners of the fireside were wont to sneer at. If there were seldom engagements on a large scale, guerrilla-fighting was continuously going on, and the list of casualties was quietly swelling to an aggregate which ought to have satisfied the amateur blood-drinkers in their most feverish spasm of thirst. It was the usage in England to talk of a Carlist conflict slightingly as "another case of a mule killed," as if the importance of a struggle were to be estimated by loss of lives alone. If the march to Magdala were to be appraised by the butcher's bill, where would its prestige be?

The following day, which was a Saturday, Leader proposed that we should cross the mountain on foot to the hamlet of Vera, which nestled in a valley on the Spanish side through which the Bidassoa flowed; and the proposal precisely ran in the groove of my desires. I was anxious to have a preliminary look at these Carlists, of whom we had been hearing so much, and to acquire some knowledge of the lie of the land. We started in the cool of the morning, our courier-bags well supplied with provand by the care of Maria del Pilar. After a trudge of some five hours, by craggy by-roads, through a plantation, and thence upward by a zigzag bridle-path to a lonely, undulating plateau on a spur of the Pyrenees—a plateau where the grass was green and succulent if short, and beautiful ferns relieved the harshness of odd, moss-covered boulders lying about irregularly, as if they had been cast by Titans at play—we came to a dense thicket. From this yet another craggy by-path led by an almost sheer descent to Vera. It was a straggling hamlet, the most imposing

building in which was the white-washed, barn-like church. Don Guillérmo was cordially welcomed by the pastor, who gave us beds for the night, was grateful for the French newspapers which we had brought him, and imparted with glistening eye the tidings that a cargo of arms had been adroitly landed near Pasages, in spite of the cruisers of the Madrid usurpers, and that they would be distributed after Mass next day in the churchyard to the volunteers of the Marquis de Valdespina.

"You will see a character in Valdespina," whispered Leader. "He is the very image of Doré's Don Quixote—a gaunt, vellum-faced, lantern-jawed giant. He has an illustrious reputation for bravery—stands unconcerned 'mid a hail of bullets. But, 'pon my conscience, I think the secret of it is, he never hears them whizzing by his ears. He is as deaf as a tortoise."

The redoubtable marquis answered to my friend's description. His dress was like that of his men—a loose, dark woollen jacket and light linen trousers; indeed, in garb and accoutrements there was nothing to distinguish him from them, except that his *boina*—the flat, peakless Carlist cap, somewhat like a Scottish scone—was adorned with a gold tassel, and that his trousers were stuffed into boots, and that he carried a sword by his side and a revolver in his girdle. But there was that in his mien which bespoke the patrician, even although he were disguised in rags. The volunteers were of every possible arms-bearing age, from the boy of fifteen to the veteran of seventy, but all were strong, hardy, deep-chested, bow-legged as mountaineers will be, broad-shouldered, if under-sized, and all had their weather-beaten faces glorified by the blaze of enthusiasm. They were gleesome as children at the gift of a new toy at receiving their weapons. Uniform they had none—this was but an inchoate regiment; their only distinctive badge was the scarlet *boina*, but it was easy to perceive that here was the raw material of effective troops.

We returned to St. Jean de Luz the next evening, and were informed that a strange craft was lying off Socoa, a fishing-village to the left of the inlet. As the sun rose on Tuesday Leader took a survey of the vessel from a telescope, shut it up, and, turning to me, said, with a shrewd twinkle of intelligence: "Some mysteries are clear to me now. I think I know where the arms we saw handed over to Valdespina's *chicos* came from. Be ready for a walk after breakfast."

The walk brought us, by a goat-path on a ledge of the cliffs, to Socoa, where we hailed a boat to take us to the strange craft.

She was a shapely screw-yacht, and we could read *Reina Margarita* on her stern.

"That used to be the *Deerhound*," said Leader. "That is the identical yacht that picked up the survivors of the *Alabama* after her duel with the *Kearsarge* off Cherbourg. She is now in the service of Charles VII., although, for reasons, she does not show his flag, and her mission is to smuggle arms and ammunition to the ever-faithful forces of Legitimacy."

It was even so. The yacht had been purchased by some wealthy supporters of Carlism in England and France, was manned with a picked crew of British tars (all Catholics), and was commanded by Captain Travers, an ex-officer of the East Indian navy. He, too, was a native of Cork. These Corkonians have a knack of turning up everywhere. But the real head of the expedition, the directing spirit and medium of intercommunication with the Carlist leaders, was Charles Edward Stuart, Count of Albany, who boasted that he was the last lineal descendant of the luckless house. His face did not belie the boast. The Stuart pedigree was to be traced in every lineament. He was a perfervid Legitimist, one of the Cathelineau and Charette stamp, and had held the rank of major in the Austrian cavalry.

The captain and the count were not on the best of terms. The enforced fellowship of a cramped cabin had developed little antagonisms, and thus it came to pass that when the captain was below the count was generally on deck, and *vice versâ;* and when both happened to be on deck together the one paced backward and forward on the port side, while the other made his brief promenade to starboard. By tacit consent there was a truce as we clambered up the sides, and both extended us hearty greeting. Leader was personally known to the count, and my name and mission were accepted as passports to confidence. The *Reina Margarita*—so called in honor of the wife of Don Carlos—was, indeed, engaged in the hazardous venture of blockade-running, and her log had been fairly prosperous so far. She was a fast boat, Travers was a neck-or-nothing skipper, and she had with her the most wary pilot on that seaboard. The best ships of the Spanish navy had been seized by the Intransigentes at Carthagena or were employed watching them, so that it is no great matter for astonishment that the swift and tricky *Reina Margarita*, run by men with their heart in the work, could outdistance and mystify the clumsy coast-guard craft from San Sebastian and Santander.

"We are the Artful Dodger of the seas," said the count. "We have dodged them over and over, and will again, with God's help."

To my inquiry as to how the yacht could manage to return so speedily with a second cargo after she had discharged a first, the count replied that it might be just possible that a large vessel was loitering about outside, and that this was capital weather for transshipment of surplus stores. The bay was smooth as a mill-pond. As we bade him farewell he pressed us to take a cruise with him, and I made a half-promise that I would after my return from the "field of honor," when, perhaps, I might have some anecdotes to tell that might enliven the trip.

"By-by, gentlemen!" he cried as he leaned over the bulwarks. "Look out for squalls shortly." Travers lifted his gold-banded cap in salute, and then the two devoted adherents of the royal cause resumed hostilities and paced opposite sides of the deck with haughty taciturnity.

The Scotchman, M——, suggested that, as I had seen the Carlists, it would be as well if I would accompany him on a jaunt to Irun to have a glimpse at their opponents. Next day we hired a vehicle at a frontier village, and drove by a long detour, rendered necessary by the destruction of a bridge over the Bidassoa, to Irun, the first Spanish town on the railway from Paris to Madrid.

Our credentials were demanded at the gates. A document emblazoned with a couple of engraved escutcheons and covered with numerous *visa* stamps and signatures procured me much respect, albeit not a line of it was understood. But M—— was viewed askance. He was known to be on familiar terms with prominent Carlists in St. Jean de Luz, and had no right to thrust himself into the enemy's camp. A *miguelete* (local name for the militia) jumped into the carriage and accompanied us into the town. A French nobleman from Hendaya who knew M—— intervened in his favor, and he was set free on his solemn promise that he would return to France as soon as the horses were baited and had a rest; but he was "shadowed" all the time he was in Irun. The town was virtually in a state of siege; everybody was in uniform, the walls had been pierced with loopholes, the windows of the municipality were piled with sand-bags, rifle-pits had been dug outside the gates, and there had been a rude attempt to throw up a redoubt. While we were moving about a bugle sounded the alarm, the organized civilians snatched up their arms, and a company of *cazadores*, or sharpshooters of the regular

army, came doubling up the street. We followed them outside the further gate, and hardly had the soldiers, in their bluish coats, formed upon the side of an eminence when a few puffs of smoke rose from behind a hedge far in the valley below. The town gates were forthwith shut behind us! This was awkward. The Carlists might be meditating an attack in force. I had no particular bias on either side; but M——, who was a strong sympathizer with the Carlist cause—would it not be an embarrassing irony of fate if he were to be knocked over by a stray bullet from his friends? The *migueletes* looked at him angrily, and it was plain that if there were any gaps made in their ranks he stood a chance of being maltreated, unless he took up a rifle and made a pretence of potting a few Carlists. He calmly stood his ground and awaited events. The *migueletes*, with the customary zeal of the amateur soldier, began banging away from the cover of a wall at the position where they calculated the enemy to be. But they saw nothing. I could see nothing through a pair of powerful field-glasses. While the *migueletes* were wasting powder the *cazadores* quietly stood at ease on the hillside. All at once a corporal detached himself from their body and approached me. I was somewhat nervous until he presented me his officer's compliments with a request that I would lend him my glasses.

"With pleasure. I shall take them to him myself, in order to explain how they are arranged for distances."

Was this a violation of my position as a benevolent neutral? Strictly, it may have been; but I had no alternative. If I declined I subjected myself to suspicion and the imputation of churlishness; and, besides, I knew that if the officer waxed Prussian he could requisition the glasses and I had no remedy.

As I handed them to him he bowed courteously, and I lay down on the turf a few yards in advance of his men. There were more puffs of smoke from behind a hedge distant from that from the screen of which they had fired before, and the *migueletes* again answered with a hap-hazard volley, which brought a return in a spatter of shots from yet another direction. A few chips were knocked off the wall behind which the *migueletes* stood, a branch was cut from a tree, and the quick whirr of hurtling lead could be heard overhead.

"Stand to attention," said the officer of *cazadores* coolly; "they are getting our range, *señor*. Bah! They should have done that before."

The latter exclamation was aroused by the sight of some half-

dozen of the bolder of the *migueletes* creeping stealthily as scouts along the gripe of the road which led to the valley. The act was daring, and, like many daring acts, was unattended with loss. But from the moment they had caught our range the Carlists did not fire another shot. When the scouts came back the gates were reopened, and as the officer politely returned me my glasses he remarked that the attack was a feint of some kind, and that I must not be surprised if he had kept his men in reserve; for really he had to be considerate with them, they were so harassed with heavy duty and frequent alarms.

M—— and I hastened from the place as soon as we had the horses put to, and did not exchange a congratulation until we were well within the French borders.

As we sat on a bench that night in front of the hotel, indolently listening to the drowsy plash of the wavelets, Maria del Pilar slipped a note into Leader's hand, which he read by the light of a wax vesta. "The Artful Dodger has been at it again," he cried exultingly.

The pretended attack on Irun had been made in order to divert the attention of the enemy from the spot where pack-mules and bullock-wagons had been massed to receive the long-expected cases of Remingtons and boxes of ammunition consigned to Charles VII. by favor of the Count of Albany. The tricky little *Reina Margarita* had successfully run another cargo, contraband of war!

But long as the pitcher goes to the well, it is sure to be broken at last. The yacht was boarded by the captain of a Spanish gunboat at the mouth of the Adour, off Bayonne, and taken in tow to San Sebastian, where it remained a trophy for months under the guns of the historic citadel, from one of whose casemates the count and the captain had a pathetic view of their bonnie skimmer of the seas. It transpired that they anchored, as they thought, in French waters; but somehow or other they erred and were out of the *mare clausum* by half a cable's length, and the Spaniard, interpreting international law to suit himself, seized on them and escorted them off. I visited them in captivity; they were well treated and had both been originally committed to the same cell, but, at their own request, had been assigned separate ones. The feud was still hot; communion in suffering was as powerless to quench it as partnership in danger.

Having had a foretaste of what was to be experienced in the Carlist country, and having gathered information as to what was most needful there, I resolved to make an essay to reach

headquarters, then, I learned, at Estella, in Navarre. To that end I bought a horse at Bayonne, which necessitated, I afterwards discovered, the purchase of two other beasts of burden, one for my servant, the other for sumpter purposes. Crossing the Pyrenees again to Vera, we proceeded by the valley of Elizondo to a ford which brought us to Echalar, and there I was directed by the pastor to go towards Tolosa, as the main body of the Royalists were investing that town. Broadly speaking, the majority of the natives of the larger towns (save Estella) were partisans of the Madrid government, and the population of the villages and rural districts were to a unit enthusiastically Carlist. As a consequence the forces of the Pretender were posted on every movement of the enemy with magnetic quickness by self-appointed spies; the women and children constituted themselves into an intelligence department. The instant tidings came that a government column was approaching, cattle and provisions were spirited away to the mountains; but when the Carlists were at hand the beggared village brimmed with plenteousness, larders were full, and nothing was too good for the boys. In the circuit of hills around Tolosa I came across the bulk of the Carlist forces. As I am penning, not a history of the campaign, but some desultory reminiscences, I am impelled to give a short account of some of the Carlist chieftains I met at this siege in miniature.

Ollo, the most capable of these, was in command of the contingent from Navarre, the flower of the flock. He was a full-bodied, gray-haired veteran with a fighting skull. He had served in the regular army under Isabella, as also had Lizarraga, and wore the uniform of a general, the only difference from those of the same grade in the army of the motley Madrid government being that his headgear was the tasselled *boina* instead of the *kepi*. The *boina* was universal, red being the prevailing color for the foot and white for the cavalry. Ollo had been in banishment in Paris when the message came to him from Bayonne to hie him at once to the frontier, for that the harvest was ripening and the king was sure to have his own again. The proud old exile had not the wherewithal to defray the railway expenses to the south, and asked his nephew, Joaquin Zubirri, to write a letter of excuse, saying he was ill, or absent, or was tied to Paris by engagements which it was impossible honorably to break. Zubirri, taking his own counsel, wrote to the Junta, saying his uncle's sword was at the king's service, but he lacked the money for the journey to Spain. The Junta sent a check, and

the gruff soldier nearly cried when he received it, so regretful was he that the former letter had been mailed. Zubirri, with simulated surprise, suddenly exclaimed that it was in his pocket still; he had forgotten to post it. "How providential!" said Ollo; "then I can go where my heart guides me." The splendid old paladin died in less than a year after I met him, of a shell-wound received on the "field of honor," but his last moments were not embittered by the thought that the flag he rode under was to be beaten to the mire. The horizon was rosy with hopeful promise over the avenue to Madrid then.

Lizarraga, who was the general of the Guipuzcoans, was a dapper individual, sprightly and talkative, yet almost puritanically pious, and imbued with a profound respect for the observances of religion and an austere resolve to make others respect them, too. A proclamation of his was to be read on the church-door of St. Esteban, menacing with a flogging those who absented themselves from Mass without a proper excuse. He was constantly pitted against Loma, an old companion-in-arms, and it was no uncommon thing for Lizarraga to occupy one night the bed which his rival had occupied the night previous. They were wont to leave bantering messages for each other with their host. "Ha! ha! my dear Señor Loma, we will give you your chocolate to-morrow morning," said Lizarraga gaily to me as he stood on a point commanding Tolosa. This was his waggish manner of announcing that he was about to bombard the place with that famous artillery of his—after due warning, of course. But the bombardment did not come off. Moriones was speeding to the relief of his beleaguered comrade, and the Carlists had to beat a retreat at chocolate hour. This is one of the charms of guerrilla-fighting: it is not safe to unsaddle your horse, for an attack may be made at any moment, and the mess-tin, out of which you were already in imagination ladling the *olla podrida*, may be a football for a satirical intruder who is restrained by no sense of courtesy from interfering with your comfort. Lizarraga is now, I understand, an inmate of a monastery at Rome, and can eat his frugal repasts in peace.

The cavalry was rather a scratch pack, and was principally mounted on chargers taken from the enemy. There was not more than a squadron, but the want was not felt, as the terrain is unsuited for horse tactics, and there was little need to reconnoitre and less to go on foraging expeditions. The cavalry commander was one Perula, formerly an advocate—a dandy who invented an elaborate hussar-jacket for himself. He may have known no-

thing of the true use of the eyes of an army, but he had go in him and made a capital partisan leader. He was a strong, strapping type of humanity, the sort of parlor-hero who delights in bending a poker on his fore-arm, and was invaluable when we were trying to prize open our tins of preserved dainties. There were quite a number of gunners, more than there were guns; but these, if few, were admirably handled, the servants being all ex-officers of artillery. Every gentleman in the corps had resigned when General Hidalgo was appointed master of the ordnance by Amadeo; and their resignation was accepted in block. Many of them came north in disgust. It may be well to explain that the artillery regiment is the one organization in Spain where *esprit de corps* is strong, and that the wholesale secession was to be attributed less to political motives than to an uneasy feeling that Hidalgo had been privy to a plot to massacre brother-officers on the occasion of the mutiny at the St. Gil barracks at Madrid.

The rank and file of the Carlists was composed mainly of peasants; the regiments were territorially raised, and some were better uniformed and more efficient than others, but on the whole the drill was simple but effective, and discipline was well maintained. There was a sprinkling of ex-Papal Zouaves and some deserters from the French army amongst them.

On quitting the outskirts of Tolosa, Ollo's division took up the route by forced marches for Estella. There I saw Don Carlos, a tall, dark, grave personage with the Bourbon face and lips. He bore himself with dignity, and struck the observer as if he were some imposing portrait by Velasquez which had been vivified and had stepped from its frame. His putative majesty kept up as near an approach to regal state as he could: held receptions, had his personal staff and a bodyguard of nobles, Spanish, French, Belgian, and Austrian, who equipped themselves, were magnificently mounted, and fought and revelled—soberly revelled—like their crusading sires. They had one weakness: when there was a lull in the fighting, and they could obtain furlough, they could not resist the temptation of scampering to Biarritz to test their luck at the gaming-tables. I spent some of the happiest, most animated months of my life in the society of these gladsome and courtly chevaliers. They were no degenerate samples of the modernized chivalry, as the stout legions they cheered on in many an onset were no false types of an old-fashioned and right genuine democracy. I moved amongst them, on the march and in their billets, at work and at play, and made it my business to

study them; and the result is that I can aver that these Spanish republicans (for such in effect they were) who had taken to the field in vindication of royalty were sociable, cheerful, frank, and hospitable. Politics they had none, from the ward-meeting coign of judgment; they were the sons of those who had fought when Ramon Cabrera flourished, and to them the sons of the Christinos were "vermin." To discharge a cartridge for "Charlie over the water," or in Spain itself, was a heritage of family, a sacred duty. They had the Celtic personal affection for their sovereign, but on one point were they determined: not even to replace him on the throne of his ancestors would they submit to have a single plank torn from the beloved platform of their *fueros*. The confederate Irish of Kilkenny took as their motto: *Hiberni unanimes pro Deo, Rege et Grege*. The Carlists, with a nicer sense of the fitness of things, put country before king. The inscription on their battle-banners was *Dios, Patria y Rey*.

These Spaniards of the north are a sturdy race, with grit and grand qualities—sober, virtuous, contented with little, honest to scrupulousness, passionately fond of native land, and loyal as dogs to those whom they esteem. They have their faults, but they are the faults of brave men, not slaves. As soldiers they do not get in Europe half the credit they deserve. They are inured to hardships and fatigue, and will cover the most extraordinary distances without a murmur—are, in short, the *beau idéal* of light infantry. A lump of bread and an onion, with a drink of water, or a pull at the *bota* of Val de Peñas if they are in luck, will be to them a full ration of beef and beer, and more. At the close of a blistering march, as they loll on the sward, the thrum of a guitar will set them singing in chorus or galvanize the most jaded amongst them into activity and send him spinning merrily round in the national *jota*. There is no lassitude in the Spaniard of the north. He may be ignorant, but he does not seek to pass bad money; he may be superstitious, but he is no atheist; he may not be particular to have his tub every morning, but his soul is clean; he may be vengeful, but he is no hypocrite; and touching these charges of dirtiness and vengefulness, I am bound to say, in all conscience, I was never ushered into a bed in the Carlist country that spotless sheets were not spread thereon, and I never saw a *navaja* unsheathed except at meals. This in justice to the beslandered men of Alava, Guipuzcoa, Viscaya, and Navarre, especially heroic Navarre. That they can fight it is almost insulting to affirm. The French know it, and the Spaniards of the languid, intriguing south,

whom they held at bay for years, know it. With the blithe audacity of fanaticism—for there are white fanatics, as there are olive and black Carlists, as there are Pathans and Soudanese—they can plunge on naked bayonets, and, with the grim fortitude of the same fanaticism, they can die with set teeth.

THE ORATORY IN LONDON.

THE solemn opening of the new church, or basilica, of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri at South Kensington, on the Feast of St. Mark, 1884, has been recognized as an event of especial importance even by the Protestant world in England. It may, indeed, be regarded as one of those "great facts" which become landmarks in history and serve more forcibly than any written record to chronicle the progress of events. What English Catholic fifty years ago could, in the boldest vagaries of a sanguine imagination, have pictured the scene which has just been witnessed? In broad day, in the metropolis of Protestant England, a Catholic church of magnificent aspect and proportions has been publicly opened, under the reverential and admiring gaze of eager crowds of non-Catholic spectators, who vied with each other for the privilege of gaining admittance to the ceremony among the serried ranks of once abhorred "papists" and "idolaters." Fifty years ago the Catholic Church in England was "but just emerging from the catacombs," as Cardinal Manning (who fifty years ago had not joined the church) truly observed in his admirable discourse at the inauguration of the new Oratory. Fifty years ago the highest functions were celebrated under the humblest roofs, and the august ceremonials of religion were, for the most part, only surrounded by aspects of poverty and meagreness, like the shrouded Godhead in the lowly obscurity of Nazareth. Then the priests of holy church were objects of indignant scorn or insolent contempt. Then the vestments of the prelate and the habit of the religious were prohibited by law; and if by chance one of the holy sisterhoods who devoted themselves to charity ventured beyond the threshold of her domicile, her appearance was hailed with brutal insults or heartless mockery. To be a "Roman Catholic" was then regarded as a matter of opprobrium, and it required no small amount of courage, in a mixed society, to avow one's self as such, or to ven-

ture upon making the sign of the cross, or to persist in refusing meat on Friday. Amid such painful and trying surroundings the present and the passing generations grew up—grew up to appreciate with intenser zeal the hidden glory of their holy creed. Each one individually felt (as was happily said by a worthy son of holy church), when mingling unnoticed among the crowd of unbelievers, "like a prince in disguise." But the time of probation and misconception has now, God be thanked! passed away—passed away, as we may fain believe, utterly and for ever. The stanch descendants of the Catholics of old, who, through good report and ill report, have persevered and been faithful, have, during this last half-century, had their ranks swelled and quadrupled by the zealous band of enthusiastic converts who have flocked to the standard of Christ from among all classes and conditions of the English people. As it was of old with the blood of martyrs, the spirit of persecution is ever fertile in bringing forth a fruitful harvest in the vineyard of the Lord. The Catholic Church has now become a power in the land—a power whose influence it is impossible to ignore; and that salutary and life-giving influence, in these days of infidelity, has not failed to obtain its recognition in the best and holiest sympathies of Christian England, once "the island of saints" and "the dower of Mary."

Such thoughts of exultant and grateful emotion must have thrilled the hearts of the majority of those who took part in the gorgeous ceremonial on St. Mark's day, 1884. It was no small privilege to kneel, on that occasion, under the dome of the gorgeous basilica; to observe its magnificent altars, richly decorated with the triumphs of art at home and abroad; its polished columns of marbles of rare beauty; its side-chapels, full of devotional charm (each a study in itself); its goodly space and noble architecture, which recall the glorious achievements of the Roman basilicas. It was no mean privilege to behold in these later days that grand procession of ecclesiastics—a procession unwitnessed in England since the days of the "Reformation." Sixteen mitred bishops and abbots, with two hundred priests and religious (each in the habit of his particular order), followed by the officiating bishop—the Bishop of Nottingham—moved in solemn procession from the sacristy down the side-aisle and up the centre of the church, to take their places at the high altar, and when the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, in full pontificals, had been conducted to the throne reserved for him, no fewer than eighteen mitred prelates were assembled within the sanctuary, which

proved sufficiently spacious for even this exceptional occasion. Meanwhile a choir of rare excellence poured forth the heart-stirring strains of the "Cœlestis Urbs Jerusalem." But while rejoicing with grateful exultation (and what Catholic heart could do otherwise?) in the jubilant triumph of what the cardinal truly called "this unequalled work," fond memory was fain to turn to that humble roof (to which also Cardinal Manning, who knew it well, made touching allusion) where five-and-thirty years ago a privileged band of happy converts worshipped together in the first London Oratory of St. Philip Neri. This was in King William Street, Strand; not the more pretentious thoroughfare of the same name in the City, well known to passengers by the foreign boats, but an obscure by-street close to Charing Cross, where in olden days, in the ages of faith, King Edward I. erected, in the village of Charing, a cross to the memory of his wife, Eleanora of Aquitaine (who sucked the poison from his wound in the Holy Land). A fac-simile of this antique sculpture has been recently placed in front of the Charing Cross railway station, which, like so many other achievements of modern science and civilization, is compelled, even in its very name, to bear witness to the faith of other times, and to commemorate, in an age of unbelief, the sacred emblem of the Redemption.

In King William Street, Strand, in 1849, the London oratory of St. Philip Neri was first established. A long passage and a few broad wooden stairs led the way to a large room, composed of two or three rooms thrown into one, adapted for a chapel of goodly size, but of poorest materials and most ordinary construction. The walls were whitewashed, and the fittings, for the most part, were of painted deal; but, like the heavenly Jerusalem celebrated in the consecration hymn, that humble church was built with "living stones" (*viventibus saxis*) of priceless excellence. Those plaster walls and that lowly roof re-echoed, time and again, the soul-stirring eloquence, so full of devotional sweetness and persuasive earnestness, that lingered for evermore in the grateful memory of those who listened to Father Wilfrid Faber, who, while he spoke of the impassioned fervor which characterized St. Philip Neri, seemed, in the loving unction of his words and the ineffable tenderness of his compassion, to emulate in his own person the "sweet-faced" saint whom he described.

There also it was that an admiring audience, composed of the learned of the land, would listen spell-bound to the clear argumentation and convincing logic of him who had been the pride of Oxford's intellect, the erstwhile scholar of Oriel Col-

lege—that Oriel window through which a flood of heaven's own light had illumined the spiritual darkness of the university! It was in King William Street that Father John Henry Newman delivered the celebrated discourses which so cogently explained away the *Difficulties of Anglicanism* "in the clear Saxon of his silver style"; and there, occasionally, the worshipper at early Mass might recognize, perhaps with some surprise, the spare figure of the future cardinal reverently serving the Mass of one of his brother Oratorians. Daily, and hourly it may be said, the boarded floor of the old Oratory—that oasis of devotion in the desert of worldly traffic—was thronged with faithful worshippers, ranging from the family of the premier duke to the little barefooted exiles of Erin, together with the ever-increasing troop of countless converts. A more than ordinary bond of spiritual brotherhood seemed to unite the members of that devout congregation, as the tones of the "Oratory Hymns," by the poet of modern Catholicism, floated in the air—glorious hymns, the very heart-utterances of loving devotion, touching in their childlike simplicity, yet glowing with seraphic fire; hymns which are now familiar on all lips and in all hearts, and which have reverberated throughout the length and breadth of the Catholic world. How fervently, how gratefully did the crowd of new believers re-echo that tender, plaintive chorus of "St. Philip's Penitents," which bears the impress, in every line, of the poet, the Catholic, and the convert!

"Sweet St. Philip! old friends want us
To be with them as before:
And old times, old habits haunt us,
Old temptations press us sore.
Help in Mary! Joy in Jesus!
Sin and self no more shall please us;
We are Philip's gift to God."

Conspicuous among the fathers of the old Oratory who have since gone to their reward may be recalled the calmly earnest, free, and energetic, almost ubiquitous, form of Father Dalgairns (father superior in succession to Father Faber) and the genial, benignant features of the youthful Father Hutchison (the "dear Father Antony" to whom Faber dedicates one of his books), so full of ardent religious zeal and practical philanthropy—so full of good works and so early called away. It was under Father Hutchison's direction that the ragged schools were opened in Dunn's Passage, Holborn, at a late hour in the evening, for the benefit of the little orange-girls and flower-sellers who were

busied all day with their perambulating trade in the streets of the metropolis. At that time board schools and compulsory education were unknown, and these city Arabs willingly flocked together to the crowded night-school, where, under the guidance of some good nuns from the convent in Queen Square, assisted by the voluntary services of members of the congregation of the Oratory, they were enabled to acquire the first rudiments of knowledge. Sweet it was and sadly touching to watch the little group, with their ragged attire and worn and dust-begrimed faces, and to listen to the heartfelt fervor with which those childish voices swelled the chorus of some favorite hymn.

"I was wandering and weary
When my Saviour came unto me;
For the ways of sin grew dreary,
And the world had ceased to woo me;
And I thought I heard him say
As he came along his way:
O silly souls! come near me;
My sheep should never fear me:
I am the Shepherd true."

Little they thought, poor children, as their untutored voices lent a plaintiveness to the air, how full of tender meaning were the words their perhaps unconscious lips repeated. Poor, wandering lambs gathered together from the very brink of destruction to that haven of rescue! Where are they now? Scattered here and there many of them, no doubt, driven by the pressure of hard times across the Atlantic, where they have found, God be praised! the old religion giving life and strength to the New World. But wheresoever their footsteps may have led them, very surely their kindliest memories will turn gratefully to the old school-room provided for them by the sons of St. Philip, the "saint of the overworked and poor," as St. Philip's own poet laureate has justly called him.

"If ever there were poor man's saint,
That very saint art thou;
If ever time were fit for thee,
Dear saint! that time is now."

In one of Father Faber's spiritual books (those wonderfully practical guides to heaven through the tortuous labyrinth of every-day life—books wherein, by some providential forethought, the wisdom of the serpent serves to protect the innocence of the dove)—in the eighth chapter of *Growth in Holiness*—occurs the

following passage, which gives a forcible proof of the yearning, compassionate love with which the first superior of the London Oratory regarded the great city wherein his lot was cast:

"How one comes to love this huge London when God has thrown us into it as our vineyard! The monster! it looks so unmanageable, and it is positively so desperately wicked, so hopelessly magnificent, so heretically wise and proud after its own fashion. Yet after a fashion it is good also. Such a multitudinous remnant who have never bowed the knee to Baal, such numbers seeking their way to the light, such hearts grace-touched, so much secret holiness, such supernatural lives, such loyalty, mercy, sacrifice, sweetness, greatness! St. Vincent Ferrer preached in its streets, and Father Colombière in its mews. Do not keep down what is good in it, only because it is trying to be higher. Help people to be saints. Not all who ask for help really wish it when it comes to be painful. But some do. Raise ten souls to detachment from creatures and to close union with God, and what will happen to this monster city? Who can tell? Monster as it is, it is not altogether unamiable. It means well often, even when it is cruel. Well-meaning persons are unavoidably cruel. Yet it is often as helpless and as deserving of compassion as it is of wrath and malediction. Poor Babylon! would she might have a blessing from her unknown God, and that grace might find its way even into her Areopagus!"

Not mere words these; not mere empty aspirations! Zealously indeed have the sons of St. Philip done their part in laboring to achieve this beneficent result. London has been the chosen field of their work, and "poor Babylon" has not proved ungrateful. For five years the community carried on their missionary toils in the restricted chapel-house in King William Street. Then in 1854 the Oratory was removed to Brompton, or South Kensington, as that populous portion of outer London is now designated.

The removal from the dear old tenement was a wrench to the heart-strings of many, but in the large new church there could again be recognized the venerated and much-beloved Calvary, with its figures of painted wood, embalmed by the tears and prayers and kisses of thousands upon thousands of devout and sorrowing worshippers; the well-known pictures of "sweet-faced" St. Philip and other familiar favorites adorned the side-chapels, and the same confessionals invited the same penitents to lay down the heavy burden of care. The emigrants from King William Street still found themselves at "home," and "the Brompton Oratory" in its turn was crowded with a devoted congregation, while its beneficent influences extended all around, like the wide-spreading shelter of the foliage from the mustard-seed. The church, which from the first was regarded as tem-

porary, was of goodly size, but long and narrow, and possessed few architectural attractions. It held its own, however, as one of the most popular of the Catholic churches of the metropolis. Schools and convents, hospitals and charities, grew up around it under its fostering auspices, and the brothers of the Little Oratory drew together for zealous work and Christian companionship a noble body of Catholic youth from all ranks and classes.

Twenty years passed away—twenty years of fruitful labor—and once more the harvest was overflowing, "heaped up, pressed down, and running over." In the June of 1874, ten years ago, the project of a new Oratory, to be erected upon the site of the then existing church, began to be seriously entertained. An iron building of large dimensions and elegant appearance was accordingly provided for the religious worship of the congregation. Architects vied with each other in furnishing designs for the new building, and in 1878 the plan of Mr. Herbert Gribble was selected from forty others. On the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul in 1880 the first stone of the present edifice was laid by the Right Rev. Dr. Bagshawe, Bishop of Nottingham, himself an Oratorian, who now, four years later, has had the happiness of consecrating the completed work. The church was consecrated on the 16th of April, and solemnly opened for public worship on the Feast of St. Mark, 25th of April, 1884. This magnificent edifice, the largest Catholic church at present (1884) in London, is two hundred and seventy feet in length and one hundred and thirty feet wide; it contains no fewer than nine side-chapels; the nave is fifty-one feet in width and seventy-three in height, and the capacious dome is one hundred and sixty feet above the ground. The cost of the building has amounted to eighty thousand pounds, which has been defrayed by the fathers themselves and by general subscriptions. Conspicuous among the altars is that of the Lady Chapel, which has been styled the gem of the church. It comes from a Dominican church at Brescia, and was demolished to enlarge a hospital. It is composed of the most beautiful Italian marbles, exquisitely inlaid with variegated marbles and precious stones, rock crystal, lapis-lazuli, mother-of-pearl, agate, onyx, cornelian, and Val d'Arno green, representing cornucopiæ, scroll-work, flowers, and birds. It is bordered with panels of vases of flowers. It has four columns of the Corinthian order in statuary marble, with recumbent figures of Isaias and Jeremias, and emblematic statues of Faith and Charity. The whole is crowned by an angel descending with golden crown and palm-

branch. Among the side-chapels is one which measures sixty feet by thirty, and can be used as a chapel of ease. It is happily dedicated to St. Wilfrid, the patron saint of the revered Wilfrid Faber. The altar of St. Philip's Chapel, composed of Italian marbles of great beauty, is the generous gift of the first of Catholic laymen, the Duke of Norfolk. The rising generation of Englishmen will, we may piously trust, see many other and more magnificent churches rise to emulate the glorious Catholic cathedrals of their forefathers; but, conspicuous as the first basilica of the Catholic revival in England in the nineteenth century, a place in history will be reserved for the Oratory of St. Philip Neri inaugurated on St. Mark's day in 1884.

KATHARINE.

CHAPTER X.

"A LETTER?" said Kitty, seeing that unfamiliar object leaning against a vase on the dining-room chimney-piece as she entered, and walking quickly towards it.

"There!" said Mrs. Danforth, "that came when I was settling with the vegetable man about the tomatoes. I just looked at the postmark and saw it was from Anna Germain, and afterwards I forgot all about it. What does she say?"

Kitty had torn open the envelope and was glancing rapidly down the page while her mother was speaking. She looked up now with bright eyes and flushing cheeks.

"O mother!" she cried, "they want us all to come down and spend this last fortnight before school begins, and fetch back Anna with us. Shouldn't you like to go? Don't you think we might? Could father spare the time?"

"I couldn't, for one," said Mrs. Danforth, with the little jerk forward of the head she gave whenever she was minded to be emphatic. "I've just been putting the cucumbers into brine this morning, and Jones is going to bring both green and ripe tomatoes to-morrow or next day. And there's the peaches and plums —they can't possibly be put off much longer. Hannah and I will have our hands full for two weeks to come. I don't know about father, but I don't believe he could get off either. Since

Deyo married this new wife he has been slacker and more unaccountable than ever."

"Then I can't go, I suppose," said Kitty, with a fall in her eager voice; "father never likes to have me away from home."

"Perhaps he wouldn't mind it so much just now. He was saying, after you went out this morning, that you looked as if you needed more fresh air than you had been getting lately. I should be well pleased to have you see the old place, for my part. I was just about your age when I went for the first time, and grandfather was an old, old man, upwards of ninety. Straight as an arrow he was, too, and could read without glasses. That was in the winter, but Tony and Becky had been down in the July before. He was thirteen then and she was nearly fifteen."

"I know," said Kitty. "Uncle Tony went out in the hayfield, and Grandfather Germain was there with his scythe, like Time in the primer. 'Do you know me, grandfather?' says Tony; and 'Do you know yourself, young man?' says grandfather, straightening up. Oh! what a pity that people ever die. Why can't they go on living and living until everybody that wants to has seen them?"

"He lived long enough," said her mother. "A hundred and one years is all one would care to spend in this world, even if they were as well and hearty as he was. He was built for long life—short, and square, and sturdy."

"Why, that is like my father," said Kitty.

"No, it isn't; grandfather hadn't a short neck like his. Here he comes now; you can ask him about it."

Mr. Danforth, if not equally cheerful and reminiscent, was at least equally amenable to his daughter's wishes. Katharine remembered later on, with a keen pang, the sort of wistful anxiety to promote her pleasures which her father had shown of late, and his haste now to expedite and so prolong her visit.

"If you can get her packed up this afternoon, mother," he said, "I will take her with me to-morrow morning. One of us has to be in New York by Wednesday at furthest, and this is Monday. I meant Deyo to go, for I don't much like travelling about alone this hot weather, but this will be the better plan. I can spend to-morrow night at John's, see my man next day, and take the boat home in the evening."

"Oh!" said Kitty, her face all smiles, "that would be delightful. That is the way I would always like to do things—

never dread troubles nor anticipate pleasures, but have them all come on me of a sudden."

"Yes, you are your father's child all over," said Mrs. Danforth. "You must have whatever you want right on the minute or half the good of it is gone. Now, I like to think over things, and plan them out, and get myself in shape for what is coming."

"But they never come the way you planned it, and then you are disappointed."

"Kitty is like a young bear, with all her troubles before her," said her father, looking fondly at the young face, all bright with joyous expectation; "she will learn some of these days that it is only pleasant things that are all the pleasanter for coming unexpected. What do you say about it, mother? Can you get her ready?"

"There'd be no trouble so far as packing goes, for it is only taking her clothes out of the drawers and closets and laying them in a trunk. But it seems too sudden. Couldn't you go next day just as well?"

"I shouldn't go at all but for Kitty, but my business cannot be put off. Either one or other of us must attend to that without delay. I think I'll telegraph to Germain as I go back to the mill after dinner, so that they may be on the lookout for us at the station to-morrow afternoon."

"You are an awfully nice father," said Kitty, getting up to give him a little hug and a kiss. "Whom do you think I saw at the falls this morning? Richard Norton. He is as tall as his father and twice as broad, and he struck my mother with such surprise that she immediately threatened to let down all my frocks. *I* think she might buy me some new ones instead."

"I think we can afford to wait awhile yet before making a woman of you," he answered. "I met the old man not long ago, all bent and feeble, and looking as old again as he ought to at his age. He told me the boy was coming soon. Make haste now, this afternoon, and get everything done before I come home. We must not have this last evening spoiled."

How long Katharine remembered that summer evening, when for the last time she slipped wholly back into childish ways and caressing confidences, and felt that sense of perfect ease and security which belongs to the unbroken home-nest, warmed by love and guarded by jealous probity! They sat out on the back piazza through the long twilight, the stars passing westward overhead and growing bright as the clear darkness deepened, and then paling again in the silver radiance of the

late-rising moon. Her mother, launched into the swift current of memory by the associations connected with the approaching visit, lingered over her recollections, and renewed in Katharine's mind an old fancy which she expressed by saying that she felt the roots of her own life striking deep into the past.

"I know all those things so well," she said, "that it seems as if it were I who had lived through them all. But I can never think of father as a little boy, even though I knew Grandmother Danforth. Why have you always talked to me of things and books, father, and never of people and of places? You take me on into the future, but mother always makes me feel as if I had lived two or three lives already."

"Perhaps," he answered, "because I was living more in the future than in the present when I was a lad, while your mother has always taken each day as it came, on its own merits. But it grows very late. Come in, now, daughter, and get the Book."

Katharine went back that night to the custom of her infancy, kneeling beside her father's arm-chair while he prayed, and feeling the weight of his tender hand upon her head as he commended her to the Divine Goodness. And when they had finished reciting the "Our Father," which always ended family prayers, he took her in his arms and looked long into her eyes while he bade God bless her and gave her what she remembered thereafter as their last farewell. For although they spent the next day together, they talked of indifferent things, and when they parted it was in the company of strangers.

CHAPTER XI.

"No," said Anna; "this is not the same house, of course. You could hardly expect it, could you, considering that there have been five generations of us Germains born on this farm? The old grandfather of all, as my mother used to say, came here as soon as he could after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The great chimney and fireplace are all that is left of the first house; they form the end wall of the kitchen where the farm-hands have their meals."

"I should have wanted to build them into my best room," said Katharine; "I love old things so."

"Everything is old here," returned her cousin, "even when it is new. My father's father built this house upwards of sixty years ago, but it has been altered and added on to since. But if you are fond of old things I will take you down into the woods

back of the mill. There are first-growth pines there, and oaks and beeches of unknown age. Our Huguenot ancestor came from Normandy; he had been steward or something of the sort on a great estate near the mouth of the Seine, and his people had belonged to the reformed religion for nearly a hundred years. One of them was saved by the bishop of Lisieux in his own house at the time of the St. Bartholomew massacre. You know the Calvinists did not suffer quite so badly in Normandy as they did in some other places. He preferred his religion to his country and came away with the other exiles. I suppose he must have feathered his nest pretty well beforehand, for he certainly did not come here with his pockets empty. And it seems he took a fancy that this piece of woods, with the mill-stream running through it—of course it wasn't a mill-stream then, for this was 'the forest primeval'—was something like that around the château at home, where he had been manager, and he kept two or three acres of it uncut. We have made paths and cleared away the underbrush, and it is really a very pretty place. We will go there after dinner."

The two girls were returning in a pony-carriage from the station, whither they had driven Mr. Danforth. It was still early, and the pony was taking her ease along the road, not only for the sake of Katharine's overflowing pleasure in the unfamiliar country sights and sounds, but also to prolong the conversation in which the cousins, so soon to be thrown into intimate companionship, were making their preliminary essays at acquaintance.

"There are so many of us at home," Anna had said as she turned Molly's head in that direction; "and everybody will want a share of you as soon as we get back. We will take the long road, which will have the double advantage of giving you a good view of the river and securing a moderate amount of time to ourselves. That is the worst thing about such a large family as ours—twelve of us there were originally, but two are married now and two are dead. I was away a good deal before my mother's death, with her folks. I went to school with my cousin Lizzie. But I had to come home three years ago and help Mary with the younger children. There was a baby then, but it died the summer after mother. Now Mary is going to be married next June to Jonas Asbell, who has the farm adjoining ours. They have been engaged this long time. I must say I am sorry, for her marriage means that I shall have to give up all my own plans and devote myself to elder sisterhood for an indefinite

time—unless my father should take it into his head to marry again. And that wouldn't be pleasant on some grounds, although it would be convenient enough on others. So I am taking advantage of this last year, and of a thousand dollars that Aunt Anna left me some time ago, to go on as far as possible with my studies. I began Latin with Lizzie, and I want to take up French. There is no chance of anything of that sort here."

"Do you like to study?" asked Katharine. "I don't. I like the results of it, but I should be very well pleased if there were some way of absorbing knowledge through one's pores."

"I like it for itself," said Anna. "It gives me a sense of being very virtuous to work hard at something really important—not like this endless looking after dairies and milk-pans and cheese-presses, and keeping the little ones out of mischief, which all has to be done over again with every new day, and nothing to show for it. I should have liked such a life as Lizzie Carew is going to lead; but here I am, tied hand and foot to the same old treadmill of women's work in which my mother died."

"What is Lizzie going to do?"

"She is preparing for the ministry."

"What?" exclaimed Katharine in a surprise which was half-amusement.

"Yes; Cousin Aaron, her eldest brother, was a Unitarian minister. You know that mother's relatives are not orthodox Friends any more; they became Hicksites."

"No," said Kitty, "I don't know what a Hicksite is, nor even what the original Quakers were."

"Well, they believed in private inspiration and the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and worshipped without external forms, but otherwise were orthodox. The Hicksites are just like them, except that they do not believe in the divinity of Christ. Mother was a Hicksite, as far as she was anything. I can remember as a child the disputes that used to go on between her and father and his folks. They were Presbyterians, you know, and my father used to be very set in his ways at first, and there was constant trouble. But when my Aunt Sally went mad about predestination, and hanged herself over the balusters, it gave him such a shock that I think he must have forced himself to stop thinking about such things. They agreed to disagree, I suppose, and the younger ones have come up without any particular views being taught them."

"Was that the Aunt Sally who ran out of the barn where

they were all hidden away from the Indians, to snatch her bonnet from one of the young braves?"

"And cried out, when they called her to come back and not run the risk of being tomahawked, 'I'd rather lose my life than my bonnet'? No, it was her daughter, father's sister."

"And she hanged herself over the balusters?" said Kitty. "I never heard that. Was it in this house?"

"Yes; but that part was altered afterward and the new wing built."

"What trouble religion makes!" said Katharine. "It is a great pity, I think, that our forefathers did not stay in the old church and the old country. Fancy how delightful it would be to be French girls and have all our thinking done for us on that score, and be free to devote our minds to something else! Now we all have to puzzle it out for ourselves or else remain in the maze all our lives."

"I don't agree with you at all," said Anna. "I am very proud of my Huguenot descent, and I like, besides, the constant struggle of independent thought on that and all other matters. The result one arrives at doesn't matter so much; it is the work and play of one's mind that is of consequence."

"Is Lizzie Carew of the same opinion?" asked Katharine. "If she is I don't quite see the object of preparing for the ministry. What is she going to teach and preach about? And what could have put such a notion in a girl's head, any way?"

"I began to tell you, and then we switched off on to another track. Cousin Aaron preached for a while, but then he thought he would have a larger field by going about lecturing on slavery and women's rights. And he thought, and so did some of the great women who are connected with that last movement, that the cause is best served by example. Lizzie writes and talks very well; she is twenty-one now—we were both born in the same month—and she read two or three essays before her brother's congregation, and they gave her a call. She will settle down over the church next fall, I think. Yes, she has just the same opinions that I have. There are a thousand things to preach about—slavery, and the freedom of the mind, and general culture, and philanthropy, and the liquor-traffic—and then there is the popular theology to be ridiculed off the field. One of my far-away cousins is settled now at that very work in your city. That is one of my reasons for wanting to go there."

"In Albany?" said Katharine. "Who is he—or she?"

"Arthur White. He has quite a society of Unitarians there now. I don't think they had any church before his time."

"Oh! yes, I know. They have a little church that used to be a theatre."

"He is an immensely clever man—he has written a book."

"Has he?" said Katharine, much interested. "I should like to know an author. What is his book about? Is it good?"

"Splendid! The *Almighty Dollar* he calls it; it is against materialism and worldliness. We will go and see him when I come up; I met him five years ago at Uncle Carew's. He was there with a great friend of his. They had not been long out of college then—they were Harvard men. Lizzie and I used to regard him and Mr. Giddings with great awe on account of their cleverness. Mr. Giddings was a poet, I believe; at least he had the class poem the year he was graduated. And then he was very moody and melancholy; we used to think he was the very ideal of a poet on that account. We heard afterwards that he had had some serious trouble. I never knew exactly what, but I think it was a love-affair. Whether he married while he was still in college and was repenting it, or whether he only wanted to and was disappointed, I don't know."

"The name sounds familiar," said Katharine. "I wonder if it is the same person that a friend of mine from Boston mentioned to me this week? He said I was like him."

"Then it surely isn't," said Anna, looking at her cousin, "for you are not the least in the world like Louis Giddings. He was a French-Canadian on his mother's side, I believe, but his father was a Massachusetts Yankee. I don't know where he lives now, nor what profession he adopted. Arthur White was the really great man of the two. He is a sort of Luther, engaged in the reformation of Protestant orthodoxy. We will go and hear him."

"Perhaps we will," said Katharine, smiling. "My people belong to the class he is trying to reform, and it is just possible that they may not see the utility of a new Luther, with his hand raised against them instead of the old enemy."

"But you?" said Anna. "They would surely not prevent you from going to see and hear him, if he should happen to please you?"

"Wouldn't they? You see it isn't the same thing with us and with you. My father and mother have always been of one mind. There have been no such disputes as you speak of here, and they take their religion very seriously."

"Yes, I know," said Anna. "There wouldn't be much oc-

casion for Arthur's special kind of warfare, if the old people were not all in a tolerably solid line before him. But the future belongs to him, and to us who think like him; and you are young, and you belong to the future."

"Ah!" said Katharine, "I belong to the past, too, or to the passing. And I doubt if your Cousin Arthur could tell me much that I want to know, if ridiculing Protestant orthodoxy is his special function. I hardly remember the time when I have not been able to do that for myself. I am not of your mind about the pleasures of warfare. I don't see that there is room for any real struggle. Either there is something positively true in revealed religion—and then what one has to do is to go back along the road and look for the original starting-place—or there isn't, and in that case there is no use in disputing about it. Let every one please himself. What my mind wants is rest. There are, as you say, a thousand things to think about, though I would hardly choose to stop long over those you mentioned. But there is the world itself to see and know. I should like to travel, and look at what men have done and know what they have thought. I could feel myself perfectly free, I think, in either one of two cases. If I knew that God had spoken, revealed himself and his will, I should ask nothing better than to obey. But I want to be sure. And if he has not, then I could be at ease too, I fancy, if once I felt assured of that. If I conclude in the end that I am no better off than a cow or a sheep, it will go hard with me if I don't at least try to be as peaceable about it. I don't see the good of disputing when you never can arrive at any conclusion, and I should be very sorry to unsettle any one who was contented in his belief, so long as I had nothing better to offer him."

They were driving in at the front gate as she spoke, and little Lucy, whose lisping speech and coquettish baby ways had enchanted Katharine the night before, came running out to meet them.

"I should prefer your task to Lizzie's," she went on, as Lucy climbed into the carriage and her lap. "To be elder sister to little tots like this must be delightful. If only they would never grow up and never learn to talk straight!"

"Ah! yes," said Anna, "it is easy to see you have none at home. Wait until you have three or four bothering around under your heels, wanting their faces washed and their shoes tied, and leaving you not a minute for your own pursuits, and see how you will like it."

"'Oo don't wath my fathe," lisped Lucy, "and thithter Mary tithe my thooth."

"But I have to think about not having done it," said Anna, drawing rein in front of the porch. "And do you remember, little thick-tongue, that small girls should be seen and not heard. They shouldn't even be seen with their curls rumpled to that extent."

CHAPTER XII.

THERE are many ways of enjoying external nature. Later on in life, when Katharine's soul, after many struggles, had attained its peace and felt released from the chain of subjectivity which had hampered it in earlier years, she felt herself no longer a stranger in the visible world around her, and took a frank pleasure in its beauty and a hearty interest in the study of its laws. She was then in the midst of kindred whose silence was eloquent, and whose myriad eyes mirrored in their depths the image of the First and Only Fair. But now, when the novelty of exchanging dusty streets and stiff rows of brick and mortar for green fields and waving trees was over, she found that nature turned to her the same sphinx-like face that books and men had done, and found herself still hoping to come at some unexpected turn upon the solution of its mystery. The "riddle of the painful earth" had weighed upon her long before she understood the nature of her burden or suspected the existence of an enigma. A few days before she had put into words a conclusion which had been steadily gaining ground upon her, when she said that it seemed to her to have no clue. She had not read Lowell yet, but the sentiment of his lines was nascent in her:

> "Once tried, the path would lead to Rome,
> But now it leads me everywhere."

Life seems to have endless possibilities at seventeen, and as this young girl, thoughtful, indeed, beyond her years, but eager and ardent in accordance with them, stood at what she had believed to be the parting of the ways and saw all paths lose themselves in misty indistinctness, she had consoled herself for a moment with the thought that instead of being a wilderness, beyond which lay the celestial city, this world was itself the goal, the true pleasure-ground of the soul. But now the daylight beauty of the wide-arching sky seemed to drive her back upon an interior darkness, and the murmurous noises of the little wood

where she sometimes wandered by herself with a book in her pocket soon lost themselves in a profound silence where she heard nothing but the troubled voice of her own heart. If she had lost a great hope, as she had said lately, she found more than ever, in the rare solitude left her by the eager hospitality of a houseful of young cousins, that the void within her could not be filled so readily as she had hoped. The play of light on distant hills, the trees bending and swaying in the summer air, the clouds drifting across the spaces of the upper blue, were like so many voices suggesting the infinite mystery and change of which they were the fleeting symbols, and deepening her longing for the steadfast and unchangeable. Her childish fancy of seeing in all other natural forms an approximation to humanity came back to her. "Everything seems trying to become man," she said to herself; "and to what end, when man himself cannot utter the word which would explain it all?"

Some thought like this she expressed one day to Anna when the latter, her morning tasks disposed of, came out to join her. They were walking up and down a broad woodland path, thick carpeted with pine-needles, flecked with sunlight, musical with bird and insect and the silvery ripple of the brook, hidden from sight just here by the depth of the ravine through which it flowed.

"The incompleteness is in ourselves," Anna answered. "Nature is perfect; everything answers the end for which it is fitted, and if we do not it is solely our own fault. The trouble is less in our ignorance than in our will. I have been greatly pleased with what James Martineau says on that subject. Lizzie sent me a volume of his essays some time ago, and I was just finishing them when you came."

"What does he say?"

"I can't quote exactly; I will show it to you when we go in. What it amounts to is that the old fable of the fall, of man's depravity and weakness, does not represent any real fact of human nature except that of voluntary and self-remediable weakness of the will. He says every one of us might, if he so willed it, rise every morning, like Adam, untempted yet, and live an absolutely perfect life thereafter. And then he adds: 'I know, indeed, that you will not, that no man ever will, but the hindrance is with yourself alone.' I was so much struck with those two sentences that I copied them out and framed them to hang in my bed-room. I have taken them for my motto."

"Which of them?" said Katharine. "One of them sounds

like an inspiration, and the other like a consolation in case you find it won't work. Have you tried practising on them yet?"

"Oh! there's no use of trying it here; there are too many things to be done and too many children. I did try, but I concluded to postpone it until I go home with you, where I shall have fewer outside claims on my attention. Don't laugh! I know that sounds absurd, but it isn't really as much so as it seems. I shall practise with a light weight at first, like Milo with his calf."

"Ah! yes," said Katharine. "I found out some time ago that it is easier to be good in a vacuum, where there is no resisting medium. But there has never been enough of one at home even for me. I have always been making good resolutions and breaking them. Perhaps I didn't begin on the right understanding. I have always been saying, 'I can't help it,' with a perfect faith that it was true which seemed based on my experience. I must read Martineau. The trouble is that I am not at all sure that I should feel any better for being good."

"What do you mean by that?" said her cousin.

"Good and better—they are only terms of comparison, after all. I don't want to be good. I want to know and to possess. And nothing seems absolutely true, and nothing very well worth having."

"It is absolutely true," said Anna, "that we owe ourselves to the welfare of our fellow-creatures, and that we shall find our happiness in paying the debt. I heard Cousin Aaron preach a magnificent sermon on that subject once."

"I don't believe it," said Katharine. "If I did my full duty to all the world, and all the world did theirs to me, I don't see how that would make me any happier than I am at present. And yet I know very well that that is the only working rule. I have been hunting for these months past for some reason and some law of right and wrong, and I can find no other. I suppose I shall always keep on trying more or less hard to observe it, but unless some of my fellow-creatures develop very unexpected resources I don't expect to find life particularly hilarious. What real pleasure is there in giving up your own way, which seems to you good, in order to take that of your neighbor, which strikes you as difficult or painful, or at least absurd?"

"I never would," said Anna. "My neighbor must be contented to be loved as well as I love myself. I never propose to love him better."

There Katharine laid her finger on the weak place in her

armor. There are natures so fortunately constituted that the ties which bind them to their fellows are their instinctive law of action; who ask not of Duty "if her eye be upon them"; who take a placid content in little joys, and bend their heads without undue repining under the load of ordinary sorrows. Katharine belonged in so far to this exceptional order that it might safely be predicted of her that she would not only never violate her own sense of right and wrong, but that she would be keenly susceptible to the claims of justice and compassion. The second commandment of the divine law was graven so deeply on her heart that she would never be able to ignore its promptings, and might, in so far, count upon its legitimate rewards. But they were not what she wanted. She felt herself capable of sacrifice and self-suppression, but she had begun to suspect that she would never find an adequate compensation for self-effacement. The laws that must govern her troubled her not at all, but the fear that to break them, should they ever appear to her unreasonable or too heavy, would not mend the matter, lay on her like a shadow. Free or bound, she dreaded, with an instinct that ran before knowledge, that she would always remain unsatisfied. Centuries before her day a great saint, with a heart not unlike her own, had cried out, in the midst of a life devoted to what it is now the fashion to call the service of humanity, "Lord, thou hast commanded me to love my neighbor, and I am not able to love any one but thee, nor to admit any partner with thee." In souls like that, craving passionately the Supreme Felicity for which they were created, but failing it through ignorance or wilful blindness, self-immolation may possibly become, in the end, the law of life. But it will be a law whose sanctions will be apt to disappear under the stress of strong temptation, as well as one to which the most entire obedience will yield, at best, a bitter sweetness. Even that will be gained, most often, only after a disheartening acquaintance with Dead Sea fruit of undisguisedly nauseating flavor. As for Katharine, the hunger of her heart was great and her experience very narrow. She would be sure to enlarge the one in seeking to satisfy the other.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE LIQUEFACTION OF THE BLOOD OF ST. JANUARIUS.

NARRATIVES OF SIX DISTINGUISHED EYE-WITNESSES.

The late Bishop of Charleston was eminent for his knowledge of the physical sciences, and was considered to be, in this particular attainment, unsurpassed, if indeed equalled, by any of his contempories in the hierarchy. In the five articles written by him on the "Liquefaction of the Blood of St. Januarius," and which appeared in the numbers of this magazine for September, October, November, and December, 1871, and January, 1872, he has covered the whole ground of fact and argument. He has shown conclusively that this phenomenon, which, during the last two hundred and fifty years, has taken place at Naples *at least four thousand times* (the phenomena of each exposition having been then and there officially and minutely recorded), cannot be accounted for by any natural cause, and must, therefore, be miraculous. It may well be doubted if any treatise on the subject so full and complete has ever been written in the English or any other language. Having been republished in book-form, it is a most valuable work of reference for Catholics, and is deserving of a place in every library, but especially in every Catholic one. It is a pity that the work seems so little known to Protestant readers.

This article has not, consequently, for its object to make any addition to the exhaustive investigation and arguments by which the learned prelate has demonstrated the genuineness of the miracle. It seeks only to call fresh attention to the subject, and to revive interest in it by collecting together and publishing the interesting narratives of six distinguished eye-witnesses, from other countries than Italy. In this view it may be considered a not undesirable appendix to the work of Bishop Lynch, and it is hoped that it will be read with interest. The narrators in question are the following:

The Earl of Perth, Lord Chancellor of Scotland at the fall of the Stuarts, whose letters, written to his sister, the Countess of Errol, are preserved at Drummond Castle, and have been published by the Camden Society.

The distinguished historian Frederick Hurter, born in Swit-

zerland, a convert to the Catholic faith from Calvinism, for several years President of the Consistory of the Calvinist Church in the canton of Schaffhausen; the author, before his conversion, of an account of the captivity and sufferings of Pope Pius VII., and of a historical work of great celebrity, *The History of Pope Innocent III. and His Contemporaries.* He afterwards wrote the *History of the Emperor Ferdinand II.*, the defender of the Catholic faith and the German constitution and liberties in the Thirty Years' War. In the second volume of a beautiful work, the first-fruits of his conversion, entitled *Geburt und Wiedergeburt* (Birth and Regeneration), he gives an account of his sight of the liquefaction. His narrative contains also the testimony of history and physics in favor of the miracle, and, consequently, goes over much of the same ground as in the treatise of the late Bishop of Charleston; but as part of the matter is new and is presented in an agreeable form, and, moreover, in view of his celebrity as a writer, and because some present readers of the magazine may be unacquainted with Bishop Lynch's work and have no facilities for getting it, it has been thought best to insert it in full.

The Rev. George Townsend, D.D., canon and prebendary of Durham, who saw the miracle on the 7th of May, 1850, and gave his account of it in a book entitled *Journal of a Tour in Italy in* 1850, *with an Account of an Interview with the Pope at the Vatican*, published at London in 1850 by Francis and John Rivington. The canon had conceived the plan of persuading the pope to call a general council for the purpose of bringing about a union of the several Christian churches. In his account of his interview with the late pontiff he says (page 162): "No Quaker could have received us with more simplicity than Pio Nono, no sovereign with more dignified courtesy, no Presbyterian with more plainness." The canon is the author of *Contributions to a New Edition of Fox's Martyrology*, published many years ago, and very severely and learnedly criticised by the well-known Rev. S. R. Maitland.

Henri Cauvain, one of the editors of the *Constitutionnel*, who saw the miracle on the 19th of September, 1856, and whose account, taken from a Paris paper, appeared in New York on the 15th of October following in the columns of the *Courrier des États-Unis.* The Paris correspondence of the *Courrier* of October 2, 1856, published in the above-mentioned number of that paper, alludes to the matter, and quotes from the *Journal des Débats:* "Voilà un miracle qui ferait croire à tous les autres"—meaning that, from Cauvain's well-known sceptical turn of mind, the conviction operated in his case was itself so miraculous as to

make it easy for those who knew him to believe all other miracles.

Rev. J. Spencer Northcote, M.A., of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, a distinguished convert from Anglicanism, whose narrative, written by special request of the editor of the *Rambler*, appeared in the number of that monthly for February, 1851.

Rev. John Virtue, also a convert from Anglicanism, secretary to Monsignor Cajetano Bedini, who was sent by Pius IX. as nuncio to the government of the United States in June, 1853. Mr. Virtue saw the liquefaction in September, 1849, and, at the earnest request of a gentleman in New York, wrote an account of it, which was published in 1853, for the first time, in the New York *Freeman's Journal.*

NARRATIVE OF THE EARL OF PERTH,

In his Letter dated from Rome, 1st of February, 1696.

The 20th of January we were invited to goe see Saint Gennaro's ch., and the reliques were to be shown me, a favour none under sovereign princes has had these many years. They are kept in a large place in the wall with an iron door to it plated over with silver; it has two strong locks: one key is kept by the Cardinal-Archbishop, and the other by the Senate (which is composed of six seggie, or seats, for so they call the Councells), five of nobility, and one of the Commons, who chuse two elects. . . . Every one of the six ruleing governors of the Senate (or the deputies of the seggie) has a key to the great iron chest where the key of the armoire of the relicks lyes; so that all the six must agree to let them be seen, except the two ordinary times in the year when they stand exposed eight days, and the Senate and bishop must both agree, for without both concurr only one lock can be opened. They had got the bishop's consent for me, but how to gett all the deputies of the nobility and the elect of the people to concurr was the difficulty; however, my friends gott the deputies to resolve to meet; three mett, but one said, "I have a friend a-dying upon whom depends my fortune; he has called me at such an hour; it is now so near approaching that I hope the stranger prince (for so they call all the peers of Brittain) will forgive me if I go away." They who were there begged him to stay but a moment (for they must be all together), but he could not delay. So going down he mett the other three deputies below, and said that he saw God and his saint had a mind I should see the miracle, and so he returned, and I gott an invitation to go to ch. The relicks are exposed in a noble chapell upon the Epistle side of the ch., lyned with marble, the cupola richly painted, as is all that is not marble of the walls. Ten curious statues of saints, patrons of the town, done at full length bigger than the naturall, of coppar, stand round the chappell high from the floors, and

statues, to the knees of silver, just as big, of the same saints, stand below them. The face of the altar is of massy silver cutt in statues of mezzo-relievo, or rising quite out of the front, with the history of Cardinal Caraffa's bringing back the Saint's head to Naples. The musick was excellent, and all the dukes and princes who were deputies must be present. They placed me in the first place, gave me that title they gave the Vice-Roy (Excellenza), and used me with all possible respect. The first thing was done was, the archbishop-Cardinal, his viccar-general, in presence of a nottary and witnesses, opened his lock; then the Duca de Fiumaria, in name of all the princes present, opened the city's lock, and the old thesaurer of the ch. (a man past eighty) stept up upon a ladder covered with crimson velvet and made like a staire, and first took out the Saint's head, put a rich mitre upon it, an archbishop's mantle about the shoulders of the statue (for the head is in the statue of the Saint), and a rich collar of diamonds with a large cross about its neck. Then he went back and took out the blood, after haveing placed the head upon the Gospele side of the altar. It is in a glass, flatt and round like the old-fashioned vinegar-glasses that were double, but it is but single. The blood was just like a piece of pitch clotted and hard in the glass. They brought us the glass to look upon, to kiss, and to consider before it was brought near unto the head. They then placed it upon the other end of the altar, called the Epistle side, and placed it in a rich chasse of silver gilt, putting the glass so in the middle as that we could see through it, and then begun the first mass. At the end the old thesaurer came, took out the glass, moved it to and fro, but no liquefaction; thus we past the second likeways, only the thesaurer sent the Abbat Pignatelli, the Pope's nearest cousin, to bid me take courage, for he saw I begun to be somewhat troubled, not so much for my own disappointment, but because the miracle never faills but some grievous affliction comes upon the city and kingdom, and I began to reflect that I having procured the favour of seeing the relicks, and the miracle failling, they might be offended at me, though very unjustly. After the third mass no change appeared but that which had made the thesaurer send me word to take courage—viz., the blood begune to grow of a true sanguine collour. But when the nobles and all the people saw the fourth mass past the Gospell and no change, you would have heard nothing but weeping and lamenting, and all crying: "Mercy, good Lord! pitty your poor supplicants! Holy Saint Gennaro, our glorious patron! pray for us that our blessed Saviour would not be angry with us!" It would have moved a heart of stone to have seen the countenances of all, both clergy and people; such a consternation appeared as if they had all been already undone. For my part, at sea, at receiving the Blessed Sacrament in my sickness, when I thought to expire, I never prayed with more fervency than I did to obtain of our Lord the favour of the blood's liquefaction, and God is witness that I prayed that our Lord would give me this argument towards the conversion of my poor sister, that I might say I had seen a miracle, which her

teachers say are ceased. The fourth mass ended without our haveing the consolation we were praying for, and then all begun to be in despair of succeeding, except a very few, who still continued praying with all imaginary fervour. You may judge that sitting three and a half hours on the cold marble had made my knees pretty sore; but I declare I felt no exterior pain, so fixed were my thoughts upon the desire of being heard in my prayers. About the elevation in time of the fifth mass, the old thesaurer, who was at some distance looking upon the glass, cry'd out, "Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto," and run to the glass, and brought it to me. The blood had liquefied so naturally as to the colour and consistency that no blood from a vein could appear more lively. I took the relick in my arms, and with tears of joy kissed it a thousand times and gave God thanks for the favour with all the fervour that a heart longing with expectation, and full of pleasure for being heard, could offer up; and, indeed, if I could as clearly describe to you what I felt, as that I am sure that it was something more than ordinary, I needed no other argument to make you fly into the bosome of our dearest mother, the Church, which teaches us (what I saw) that God is wonderfull in his Saints. The whole people called out to heaven with acclamations of praise to God, who had taken pitty of them; and they were so pleased with me for having said betwixt the masses that I was only grieved for the city, and not troubled at my not being so privileged as to see the miracle, that the very commonest sort of the people smiled to me as I passed along the streets. I heard the sixth mass in thanksgiving. And now I have described to you one of the hapiest forenoons of my life, the reflection of the which I hope shall never leave me, and I hope it may one day be a morning of benediction to you too; but this must be God's work. The Principe Palo, a man of principal quality, came to me at the end of the sixth mass, and, in name of all the nobility, gave me the Saint's picture, stamp'd on satine, and a silver lace about it. It is an admirable thing to see blood, shed upwards of one thousand three hundred years ago, liquefy at the approach to the head. The Roman lady who had gathered it from off the ground with a sponge had, in squeezing of it into the glass, lett a bitt of straw fall in too, which one sees in the blood to this very day.

NARRATIVE OF FREDERICK HURTER.

I had met at Rome travelling companions to go on with me to Naples. I had completed my arrangements with my *vetturino*, and the day of our departure had been determined, when the Princess Volkonski said to me: "You are going to Naples just at the right time. You will see the blood of St. Januarius; do not let slip the opportunity of seeing that miracle." In the course of my reading I had already met with a great deal on the blood of that saint, and on the subject of all the manipulations which, it was asserted, were put in play to bring about the liquefaction, but I was not

aware that the blood was exhibited at any other time than in the month of September and during the octave of the saint's festival. I consequently felt much gratified with the information communicated by the princess. My state of mind on proceeding to Naples, so far as this matter was concerned, was that I neither had faith nor was I incredulous, and still I somehow expected to witness certain mysterious arrangements which would evade scrutiny, no matter how intent. But, after all, the predominant feeling with me was that I was perfectly willing and prepared to see, observe, and examine as closely as possible, and without any preconceived opinion in the case. If, on one hand, there was the fact of an experience often recurring and continued for a great number of years, there was, on the other, the doubts expressed by a great number of travellers which established a sort of compensation. But, in fine, I could not prevent myself from expecting to find the matter enveloped, as it were, in a certain semi-transparent veil, by means of which it was enabled to always put forward the same external appearance and warrant, on equally justifiable grounds, belief and doubt.

PART I.

It was in the afternoon of the 4th of May, 1844, that the blood of St. Januarius was carried in procession from the cathedral to the church of St. Clara, where the head of the saint had already been carried in the morning. Under favor of the letters of recommendation with which I was provided, and by the good care of my friend and fellow-countryman, the Abbé Eicholzer, I had no difficulty in finding a place in the choir near to the main altar. At a short distance, but outside of the altar-rail, were two benches, upon which were seated women of the lowest class of the people, who kept all the time crying out at the top of their voices. At first this was very disagreeable to me, but I soon satisfied myself that they were reciting alternately the *Ave Maria*, the *Fater Noster*, the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, and other prayers of the kind. These were the women who, claiming to be descended from the nurse of St. Januarius, or, as others have it, from the very family of the saint, occupy from time immemorial this privileged place, and have a right to recite aloud their prayers there. They are as proud of this as a nobleman could be of his ancestry, his titles, and his privileges; and they take great care to secure the transmission of their right to their descendants. It is true that most people would inconsiderately laugh at the value set upon this privilege by its possessors, who are never any more than the wives of *lazzaroni*, and who derive so much happiness from it, although it carries along with it no material advantage to be computed in figures like the profits of a factory or railway share, and although it does not entitle them to wear any honorific emblem, and is in force merely inside of a church, and rests only on a religious belief, or, if you prefer to call it, a religious opinion. There is, as it appears to me, something very touching in the interior joy which these poor women feel at being descended from a woman united of yore by most intimate ties to one who, after having in his

lifetime been the spiritual benefactor of a nation, and afterwards died an intrepid martyr to the faith, has become the instrument of the greatest graces of God, and eventually an object of great veneration throughout the whole of that land. Cold reason may dissert, speak, and write on the subject; flippant sarcasm may find therein subject-matter for all manner of stale pleasantry; but the feelings of the heart will find something to sympathize with in the custom, against which, after all, there can be no serious objection.

The shades of evening were just coming on when the peal of bells announced the entry of the procession into the church, which was lighted up and crowded with people. The busts, either of silver or of silver-gilt, of forty-six saints were carried before the main altar, upon which lay the relics of this holy martyr and patron of the kingdom of Naples, encased in a bust glittering with diamonds, emeralds, and other precious stones. Afterwards the vial containing the blood, set in a species of ostensorium, was brought and placed on the altar on the epistle side. I drew as near to it as I could, and found, in the midst of a crowd of inquisitive or jeering foreigners, a spot from which I could observe everything exactly. At first I was tempted to think that it was but little consistent with propriety that this ceremony, which, at least according to the ideas of the church in Naples, was of the most eminently religious character, should take place in the midst of such a sight-seeking and frivolous throng, who were crowding close up to the priest, even so near as the highest and last steps of the altar. But afterwards I became convinced that the opportunity of scrutinizing what was going on with the closest attention, without any regard to the sentiments or the intentions of those who might happen to be observers, ought not only to not be restricted, but, on the contrary, should be extended as widely as possible. There are always strangers who, on the first of the days during which the blood is exposed, take their place inside of the altar-railing. Whatever may be their design, it is at least certain that under this arrangement no one has a right to pretend that nothing positive can be said in the matter of the liquefaction of the blood, that nobody is allowed to draw near, and that it is easy to deceive people that are compelled to remain at a great distance. In the present instance about forty persons stood by, so near that the most ordinary powers of vision could observe, *in the most minute and satisfactory manner, all that was being done and taking place.*

A priest took out of the ostensorium the vase containing the vials (there is an exact description of them in the *Acta Sanctorum* of the Bollandists, under the head of "September," t. 6); another stood by him holding a lighted candle, which threw abundance of light on the vial; he held it at such a distance from the vase that the action of the heat produced by its small flame could not possibly make itself felt in any appreciable degree. Great stress has been laid, and perhaps in good faith, on the manipulation said to be performed by the priest; it has been asserted that the warmth of his hand, superadded to the temperature of the church, must in due course cause

the matter contained in the vial to deliquesce. Those who maintain this ground can never have seen the liquefaction; or if they speak as ocular witnesses of this manipulation, they are impudent liars who knowingly assert a falsehood.

The vial which contains the substance which is to liquefy (I select this term as the simplest I can use) is sealed, and any person seeing the seal cannot suspect it to be of recent application. This, however, is all I can say on the matter, because I had not, as may well be supposed, had time to examine it carefully; of course I refer to the seal only. The vials themselves are in a vase which has the form of a small lantern with a glass front and back; between the glass panes and the vials there is a vacant space about as wide as one's finger. Underneath the vase is a metal projection about five inches long, which serves as a handle; above it is a small metal crown surmounted by a cross. The substance is compact and of a brownish color; it does not entirely fill the principal vial: there is left a space above it, a little less than one-third of the entire capacity of the vessel. The priest holds the handle with one hand; the fingers of the other hand are on the upper extremity of the cross above; he walks backwards and forwards before the altar, in order to exhibit the vial to the persons present; he during this time turns the vase upside down and over and over several times, while the other priest holds the wax candle, so as to throw light on it and afford ample opportunity for being satisfied that the substance is in a solid state. I have never seen the priest make any other motion. He cannot by any possibility come into the slightest contact with the pane of glass which is separated from the vial inside by an intervening space; hence there is no room for manipulation of any kind; and, besides, all contact with the vial itself would be absolutely impossible.

While the vase was thus being shown the choir sang the *Miserere* and the symbol of St. Athanasius. The women kept on reciting with increasing energy and fervor the litanies of the Blessed Virgin; from time to time they raised the pitch of their voices, as if to express an ardent desire, and even almost, as it were, in angry impatience, but I could not make out what they were uttering in their Neapolitan dialect. I had read somewhere that when the liquefaction took too long a time to manifest itself they sometimes changed their prayers to the saint into imprecations. I inquired of my fellow-countryman and friend, the Abbé Reinhard, who was by me, if it were imprecations of that kind which they were just then uttering. He assured me that he had often been present in the church during the festival of St. Januarius, and that he had never heard anything of the kind. He considered also this assertion as the invention of malicious or ignorant travellers, who either could not or would not judge of the meaning of the words in any other way than from the tone in which they were uttered. On this occasion these women were saying: "Holy patron, how pale and how thin thou art! But it is not to be wondered at, thou hast labored for us so much during thy lifetime!" Here again there is room for presumptuous fatuity

to sneer; but is there not in these expressions the simplicity of a childlike faith?

A certain show of impatience began to appear among the spectators. For nearly half an hour had the priest been turning the vase over and over again, and still the substance continued in its solid state; finally a few small bubbles arose on its surface, and it melted suddenly. In its now liquid state it completely filled the vial, in which all might have previously observed the vacant space I have described above. As soon as the priest had announced that the miracle had taken place the *Te Deum*, intoned by the assembled spectators, resounded throughout the cathedral. The priest continued to exhibit the vial, with its contents now become liquid; he touched with it the foreheads of those persons who drew near, and held it to them to kiss.

This is an exact narrative of what I observed during the evening of that Saturday. I am ready to make oath to the truth of what I state here; I attest that I relate nothing that I have not seen with my own eyes, and that I relate it just as I saw it.

After the liquefaction had thus taken place the relics were carried back again to the church of St. Januarius. The numerous procession, as it moved, under the glare of its many lights, along the narrow street which leads from the church of St. Clara to the cathedral, was a beautiful sight to look upon. The voices of the women who preceded the saint, singing canticles, could be heard from afar. A dense crowd thronged the portals of the church to see the procession enter.

On the following morning I went at an early hour to the chapel of St. Januarius, where the liquefaction was to take place again. On this occasion I had opportunity to draw even nearer and to observe even more minutely. The *Miserere* was again sung; the kneeling crowd, in a respectful yet joyous attitude, kept their eyes turned towards the altar. I happened to be near the bishop of Lancaster and a vicar-general from Canada, on the uppermost step, quite near to the priest who held the vase. He acted in the same manner as the other priest had on the day preceding. He placed it several times before my eyes, and I became satisfied that the matter was perfectly solid and compact, as fully as one can become in regard to any fact with the use of a good eyesight and being perfectly self-possessed. There was no more contact with the vase than I have described already. But this time the final event occurred sooner. Hardly had five minutes elapsed when the bubble appeared; the mass became perfectly liquid, and the vial was filled to the neck. The numerous spectators present and a portion of the persons attached to the church intoned again the *Te Deum*.

What results from all this? Why, that, so far as I am concerned, after having witnessed twice and examined with great care and attention, I am firmly convinced that there is in this something extraordinary, something incomprehensible—in a word, a miracle; if, indeed, there be not something

too startling in this term as applied to a fact which takes place repeatedly every year. I am bound to repeat here again, in the most formal manner, that when present in the church of St. Clara I was actuated less by the thought that I was about to witness something extraordinary and inexplicable than by a contrary expectation; I made no haste to come to a decision, and I suspended my judgment the first day, because I wanted to have the opportunity of seeing once more. It is well to add that immediately on the spot I had given up many prejudices in consequence of comparing what I saw with the falsehoods of travellers in regard to the pretended manipulation of the vial, and in calling to mind the comments and explanations by means of which they endeavor to throw ridicule on the matter and hold it up as a gross imposition.

On the second day, after having by the light of day, on the very steps of the altar, and quite close to the priest, observed every detail from the beginning to the end, I could no longer see sufficient motive either to suspend my judgment or to qualify it by appending to it *ifs* and *buts*, raked up with a great deal of trouble, or, in fine, to call into question the veracity of the testimony of my senses. When I was asked, or when conversation happened to fall on the subject, which is quite usual in Naples during the festival days of the saint, I invariably declared that even an unbeliever, if he was sincere and loyal in his unbelief, could not deny but that there was something wonderful, or at least inexplicable, in it. "Either," said I, "we must admit that it is a miracle, as the head of the church in Naples, the Neapolitan clergy and people believe, or we are compelled to admit something which is far more wonderful, viz., that an imposture (for we must take our choice between this hypothesis and that of an extraordinary phenomenon)—that an imposture, I say, which can only be practised with the connivance of a great number of persons, can have been perpetrated during the course of several centuries without losing any of its prestige. I am well aware that by way of general reply the expressions of trickery, legerdemain, priestcraft, covetousness, spirit of domination, etc., are of course, with most persons, not long forthcoming; but these are mere words which cannot invalidate the positive testimony of the senses.

PART II.

Let us for a moment suppose the hypothesis of an imposture. To have once witnessed the fact as it occurs is sufficient to compel the admission that such an imposture cannot by any possibility be the act of a single individual, and particularly of one to whom the secret would have been confided under an obligation to transmit it carefully to his successor; but that, on the contrary, it must necessarily require the co-operation of several persons. Now, if it were true that a numerous and long succession of impostors could have attained and filled for several centuries the very highest positions in the Neapolitan clergy—and such must have been the case; and, besides, it would necessarily follow that every one of them must have been

either immoral or weak enough to enter into the views and the plans of his predecessors and his contemporaries—this would, indeed, be an unheard-of event; the more so as the piety and sacerdotal virtues of more than one archbishop and high dignitary of the church in Naples are matters of historical record. But setting this aside, and admitting, though without proof, that at various times many of them were initiated into the secret, would it not be most incomprehensibly miraculous that, during so many centuries, the number of accomplices being so great, not one of them should ever have betrayed it; if not through the influence of a principle of integrity and from a love of truth, at least from unskilfulness, giddiness, inattention, or, what might well happen, by malice, resentment, spirit of opposition, through an idea of speculation, and in the hope of gaining for himself importance—would it not, I repeat, be an incomprehensible miracle that, to speak briefly, no motives of any kind, whether praiseworthy or blamable, should have induced, in any single instance, the plain and simple avowal of the deception, or at least the surrendering of information enough to lead to its detection?

The Bollandists, up to the middle of the last century, have labored with the most scrupulous care in collecting all the written evidence of all periods in regard to the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius; they have besides, at different times, had researches conducted in the very locality of the miracle. In 1661 Henschen and Papebroch came to Naples with that end in view, and on the 10th of March of that year they, with many other persons present, witnessed the liquefaction. About a century later the compiler of that portion of the *Acta Sanctorum* having reference to St. Januarius also made a journey to Naples, for the same identical purpose, and was there on the 21st of August, 1754. On that occasion the vial containing the blood was withdrawn from the closet in which it is kept, by the archbishop, in the presence of the commissioners of the treasury of the church of St. Januarius (who all belong to the highest nobility of Naples), and of a great number of ecclesiastics and other distinguished persons, and a statement was drawn up describing the manner in which the relic is preserved. It reads as follows:

"These venerated relics are kept, with the very greatest precaution (*summa cautela*), in niches formed by blocks of marble let into the walls, and closed by two doors, which are both lined, inside and out, with silver plates. Each door has two locks and two different keys: two are in the possession of the archbishop; the other two remain in the custody of a deputy from the commissioners, who is specially appointed, and who is changed several times in the course of the year. The blood and the head of the saint are exhibited together only three times a year; the head is exhibited by itself on several great festivals. When the closets are to be opened the archbishop sends a delegate; the member deputed by the commissioners is always personally present, and there are always many other witnesses from the clergy and laity. The relics cannot be taken out if the commissioners have not met at the hour which may have been appointed."

PART III.

It is well known with what care and solicitude the early Christians collected, under the very axe of the executioner, the blood of their martyrs, even when they could get but a few drops or when they could only soak it up with cloths; they were even in the habit of digging up at the spot of execution and carrying away the earth which had imbibed it. Prudentius, in his poem on St. Vincent, says, speaking of this custom:

" Hic purpurantem corporis
Gaudet cruorem lambere,
Plerique vestem lineam
Stillante tingunt sanguine,
Tutamen ut sacrum suis
Domi reservent posteris."

("One wipes up with joy the purple blood of the body, many others dye a linen garment with the dropping blood, in order to preserve at home for their posterity a holy safeguard.")

St. Januarius, who was bishop of Beneventum during the persecution by Diocletian, was sent with some other companions to Pozzuoli, there to be thrown to the beasts in the amphitheatre (A.D. 305). The tradition says that the wild beasts having laid themselves down at his feet without injuring him, the judge, who became on this account more enraged, ordered him to be beheaded. A pious woman collected his blood in two vials; in one of them the blood was pure and unmixed, in the other it was mixed with earth. Under the Emperor Constantine the bones of the holy martyr were transferred from Pozzuoli to Naples, his birth-place, and deposited in a church built in his honor (outside of the city walls) by the Bishop St. Severus. The woman who had preserved his blood brought the vials to the bishop, and when they were brought in contact with the skull the blood became again liquid. In the ninth century Sico, Prince of Beneventum, besieged Naples and took the greatest precautions to prevent any one from carrying away these holy relics; for he thought that they of right belonged to the episcopal seat of the martyr, and not to the place of his nativity. Having taken the city and obtained possession of the bones, he removed them to Beneventum, where they were welcomed by the joyous acclamations of the inhabitants of that city. During the very troubled epoch of the reign of the Emperor Frederick II., who was also King of Naples, they were secretly carried to the abbey of Monte Vergine, and so well concealed in the masonwork of the main altar that for two centuries no one knew what had become of them. In 1480, while rebuilding the main altar, they were discovered and brought back to Naples with great pomp. The skull, however, and the blood had always remained in that city.

Whoever has seen at Naples, in the Royal Museum, the articles found in Pompeii; or at Rome, whether in the Christian Museum of the Vatican

or in the collection of Father Marchi, the glass vases obtained from the Catacombs, and in which the blood of martyrs was collected, will have no doubt that the vial referred to also belongs to that period. Besides the testimony afforded by Mabillon, there is satisfactory and convincing evidence to be obtained by consulting the drawings of the work of Boldetti (*Osservazioni sopra i sagri cimiteri di santi martiri ed antichi cristiani di Roma*). The vials represented in that work have not only a shape similar to that in which the blood of St. Januarius is preserved, but in the bottoms of them, or on that side on which they happened to be lying, there may be noticed a sediment of the same color as that blood. The opinion that they contained only pure blood, without any mixture of mineral substances, has become a certainty, in consequence of a chemical experiment to which Leibnitz submitted a vial found in the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, at Rome.

The above is what can be said on the subject of the origin of the vial and its contents. But some persons have been found who have thought to settle the question with the aid of epigrams or lying narratives. Others, more honest, have endeavored to build up various hypotheses; but the most obvious way of proving their truth would have been to have placed a chemical preparation under circumstances identically similar, and to have acted with it precisely in the same manner as with the blood, so that if the same results had been obtained the pretended secret might then be considered to be unveiled. But this, to my knowledge, has never been tried, or, if tried, has never been attended with a successful result. It is true that in chemistry there is a preparation to which the name of the blood of St. Januarius has been given; it is possible that it may have the appearance of blood, and that by handling it in a certain manner, at certain degrees of temperature, it may be made at last to become liquid; but we are very far from having proof of all this, and, besides, the proof would amount to a demonstration only in the event of the application of a process identically similar and without bringing in the action of an external agent. No person having been an eye-witness of the fact of the liquefaction will venture to maintain that the wax-light, which is brought near for a moment or so at a time, the better to show that the vial is isolated between two panes of glass, can possibly communicate to it any heat whatever. But some say it is communicated by the hand of the priest. The unanswerable reply to this is that one hand grasps the handle of the vase, while the extremities of the fingers of the other touch the top of the cross above. Let any one try the experiment with a small pocket-lantern, place inside of it the most delicate thermometer that can be found, and then observe whether, by holding the lantern by the handle for a quarter of an hour, any appreciable rise in temperature can be discerned. Let a substance be selected that passes from the solid to the liquid state more rapidly than does congealed oil, let it be placed under precisely the same conditions of temperature, and let it be ascertained if the change will be produced in the same space of time, and, in particular, if the transition from a solid to a liquid state will take place so rapidly as in the

case which we are examining, in which the liquefaction is not progressive but instantaneous.

To all this we should have besides to add a strange supposition, that the highest ranks of the Neapolitan clergy were, many centuries ago, in possession of chemical secrets which modern science, despite the extraordinary progress it has made, has not yet been able to discover. Might it be that they had inherited a portion of the magic lore of the arch-magician Virgilius, of whom the Bishop Conrad, of Wurzburg, relates such wonderful things in the narrative of his travels, handed down to us by Arnold of Lübeck? We must, moreover, bear in mind another remarkable fact, that the celebrated chemist, Sir Humphry Davy, was unable to assign to the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius a satisfactory explanation, and that he was not averse to consider it as an extraordinary phenomenon. It can be readily understood why his proposition to submit the substance contained in the vial to a chemical analysis was declined; it is not so easy to comprehend how he could have taken upon himself to make such a proposition. In the case of this relic the analytic process is for ever excluded, but the synthetic process remains open, and any chemist is at liberty to produce, if he can, a substance which, under the same conditions, will undergo the same changes as that which is contained in the vial exhibits.

PART IV.

After these conclusions *à priori* let us hear a little testimony, and begin by some which is most recent. One of the most profound thinkers and most distinguished *savans*, in the category to which he belonged, that Naples can show of late years, is the professor Nicholas Fergola—a mathematician of the highest order, noted besides for possessing all those eminent qualities of head and heart which the old Romans designated by the term *virtus*. He died a member of the Royal Academy of Science, the 21st of June, 1824. Among the most important manuscripts which he has left, and which are preserved in the library of the Royal Museum, were the materials complete, but only requiring to be arranged in order, of a work published last year by Professor Flauti, and entitled *Teorica de miracoli, esposta con metodo dimostrativo seguita da un discorso apologetico sul miracolo di S. Gennaro*. It has an appendix, a dissertation, of which the title is: *Il sentimento ed il pensiero essere incompatibili alla materia, matematicamente dimostrato.*

Mathematicians, in general, are not reputed to be men of easily impressed imaginations; they usually proceed with great care in their researches and endeavor to penetrate to the very bottom of things; they do not rest satisfied with appearances and possibilities, but require demonstrative proof. Now, this is the definition which Fergola gives of a miracle: "A miracle," he says, "is a phenomenon of which no explanation in conformity with the laws of nature can be given." This leads him to point out the insufficiency of the definitions of Wolff and Clarke, and the audacious bad faith pervading that given by Spinoza. He then treats of the possibility

of miracles, and refutes the objections of free-thinkers. After having established and proved his thesis on the nature, the authorship, and the object of miracles, as well as on possessed persons, he comes to the miracle of the blood of St. Januarius.

He first describes very minutely the vase in which the vial is exhibited, and mentions, in regard to the care which is taken of it, details similar to those which we have already given. The liquefaction takes place *twenty-five times in a year, and consequently two thousand five hundred times in a century.* The most renowned physicians, philologians, and critics of Naples have often witnessed it, and not one among them all has ever felt inclined to raise objections against its reality. The blood, when it liquefies, does not appear to contain any viscous particles, but is as liquid as water, and remains constantly in that state. Even when turned upside down over and over again, and more than a thousand times every day, for the purpose of being exhibited to spectators, it never becomes turbid. Fergola has joined to his dissertation a tabular statement indicating exactly the temperature of the church, according to the thermometer of Fahrenheit, during the terms of three several octaves, as well as the time which elapsed before the liquefaction manifested itself, and the manner in which it took place. During the octave included between the 19th and 26th of September, 1794, the temperature of the church varied only from 77° to 80° Fahrenheit (20° to 21½° Réaumur), a very unimportant variation indeed; the time which the liquefaction took to manifest itself varied, on the contrary, from 5 to 27 minutes, and in one instance the substance became only semi-liquid. It is remarkable that on the 19th of September, when the temperature was 80°, the delay was 27 minutes; while on the 26th, with the thermometer at 77°, the time required was only 5 minutes. From the 2d to the 10th of May, 1795, the thermometer varied from 67° to 80°, the time from 2 to 41 minutes; at 67° the persons present had to wait 15 minutes; at 80°, 33 minutes—from which it is apparent that there is no ratio of reciprocal proportion between the temperature and the duration of time preceding the liquefaction. There is something still more remarkable in the variations of the length of time when viewed in connection with the succession of days of the octaves. One would naturally suppose that the time which precedes the liquefaction becomes from the very first day shorter and shorter, and that the phenomenon, having taken place to-day, will be seen *sooner to-morrow;* but such is not the case. The 2d of May the spectators waited 12 minutes; the 3d only 2; the 4th, on the contrary, 41; and on the 5th 22 minutes. During the eight days comprised between the 19th and 26th of September of the same year the thermometer varied from 74° to 81°, the time from 3 to 22 minutes. Again in this instance there is no proportionate ratio between the duration of expectancy and the temperature of the atmosphere during the same period. In September the liquefaction takes place about nine A.M., after which the blood is carried from the chapel of St. Januarius, which is warm, to the main altar of the cathedral, where the temperature is colder; and *there* it

remains, in a constantly liquid state, until the evening, when it is replaced in its niche. In May it liquefies twice a day—first between nine A.M. and noon; at noon the reliquary is covered and the church closed; when at three P.M. the covering is removed the blood is found to be again in a solid state, in which it continues up to the time when it becomes liquid again.

Such are the observations of one individual during a short space of time. But since the year 1569 all the observations made of the state of the blood when taken out of its niche, of the circumstances attendant upon its liquefaction, and of the time which the liquefaction has taken place before appearing, have in every instance been put on record by the treasurer of the chapel and by a canon. Would this have been done, and would it have been worth while to have taken so much trouble to do so with regularity and accuracy, if they were merely recording successive performances of a trick? These observations are a perpetual commentary on the report made under oath by the secretary of the commission of the treasury, which reads as follows: "Frequently it is a long time before the liquefaction appears; it sometimes has happened that it did not take place at all; occasionally the blood is already liquid when it is taken out of its receptacle, and not unfrequently it has filled the vial so completely that the subsequent motion of the liquid can hardly be appreciated. The same thing sometimes occurs when it is exposed; either it remains at the same height or its volume appears to diminish. At one time the entire mass is liquid, at another a clot is seen floating about in the vial. At other times, though very seldom, it liquefies when held to be kissed by persons present; usually the liquefaction happens when the ostensorium is on the altar, where no one is allowed to touch it; but from time to time a lighted wax candle is brought near it to ascertain if the liquefaction has taken place. These several phenomena exhibit themselves without any order or regular succession which might reasonably be attributed to the temperature of the atmosphere at the time being. Not only is the result of observations during one period of the year quite different from that obtained during the same period of another, but even in the same octave, nay, even on the same day, are the most striking and unaccountable verifications made manifest."

The above would of itself be a sufficient refutation of what is alleged in regard to the change of temperature from the niche, said to be cold, where the blood is kept, to the church, where greater warmth prevails, if there were not besides evidence that the difference of temperature is not considerable enough to liquefy a solid body. If, on the other hand (though the observations of Fergola prove the contrary), the niche were really colder than the cathedral, the difference of temperature would not be low enough to congeal in a short space of time a liquid matter. Let the experiment be tried with the finest oil possible, and let it be ascertained if there ever be, in any church in Naples, a fall in temperature that would suffice to cause it to congeal. An Englishman named Weedall made experiments for the above purpose. He submitted an earthen vase containing calves'-feet jelly to a tem-

perature of from 73° to 75° Fahrenheit, and it took an hour and a quarter to begin to melt. At from 60° to 86° it required 35 minutes; at 105° (32½° Réaumur), 15 minutes sufficed, which latter high temperature can never be naturally attained inside of a church. At 78° butter melts in one hour and a quarter, and then only at first on the surface. It is only at from 100° to 106° that it liquefies entirely in 12 minutes. Ice, on the contrary, would not long remain solid at 68°; nevertheless a lump weighing only an ounce would not be wholly melted in 12 minutes. But, besides, we must bear in mind that all the substances above mentioned invariably undergo the same degree of alteration at a certain temperature and in the same lapse of time; whereas in the matter of the blood of St. Januarius the greatest diversity is to be seen in the phenomena, it is evident that temperature has no influence whatever on the time which the liquefaction takes to produce itself. What explanation, for instance, can be given for the fact that the liquid sometimes wholly fills the vial and at others only in part?

"But," says Fergola, "rationalists might make the following objection: Might it not be supposed that the priests take the vial out of the reliquary, open the chapel during the night by means of false keys, and pour in it a chemical preparation, combined in such a manner as to become liquid the following day at a certain hour?" His reply to this is the proverb that "deception rarely succeeds in eluding discovery for any great length of time," and he gives pretty nearly the same arguments which occurred to me at the outset—viz., he points out that the matter at issue has taken place constantly during many centuries, under different dynasties, and with the participation and in the presence of a great number of persons. "Suppose," he adds, "that more account were made of the objections of unbelievers than they really deserved, and that great pains should be taken to have a most vigilant watch set over the safety of the treasury of St. Januarius during the night, and that notwithstanding the liquefaction should be found to take place as usual; would they then admit the supernatural reality of the fact? They would, no doubt, fall back on the assertion of the incredulous Jews, and repeat their words: 'The guards fell asleep, they suffered themselves to be deceived by the priests.' But in the octave of the translation the blood remains *from twelve to three in the afternoon constantly* on the main altar of the cathedral, where it is covered only with a veil; and every time it is solid when uncovered, after which it liquefies again. Who is it, then, who gets in in broad daylight for the purpose of subjecting the vial to the necessary preparation?" Fergola closes the chapter by these words, which may deservedly be applied to the sham scientific men who seek to disprove the miracles of the New Testament by explaining them away: "He who persists in denying the truth of miracles is obliged to swallow down absurdities of all kinds."

PART V.

Let us now ascend the course of ages and collect the remotest testimony in regard to the subject which we have under investigation. The acts of the martyrdom of St. Januarius and his companions describe the matter as it takes place in our day. It is to this source that the most ancient breviaries which have been confirmed by the Roman Breviary have derived what they contain appertaining to it. (See the eighth lesson of the Matins of the Festival of St. Januarius.) We read in the life of St. Peregrine, son of Malcolm, King of Scotland: "St. Peregrine also went to Naples to see the celebrated miracle of the martyr St. Januarius. The blood of the saint is there preserved in two glass vials. It is as solid as stone; but when the vials are brought near the skull of the martyr the blood becomes liquid with a certain boiling motion, and without causing the vial to break." At a later period the Sicilian Carthusian monk Moraldus testifies at least to the fact of the skull and the blood being preserved as relics. Æneas Silvius, in his commentary on the words and acts of King Alphonsus, after having treated of the four remarkable sights to be seen in Naples, adds what follows: "I might mention a fifth that any one may see that chooses; it is the sacred blood of St. Januarius, which is to be seen liquid at one time and coagulated at another, although it was shed more than twelve hundred years ago for the name of Jesus Christ." The book of greatest antiquity printed at Naples is in all probability that one entitled *Pandectæ medicinales Matthæi Silvatici.* It was published in the year 1474 by the king's surgeon, Angelo Cato. In the dedicatory preface to King Ferdinand of Aragon he also speaks of the blood of St. Januarius as being one of the treasures of Naples. "What ought I to say"—these are his own words—"of the blood of that holy martyr, which is preserved at Naples with the greatest respect? Is there, among the miracles which in our day take place under the eyes of faithful Christians, one more evident, more undeniable? At a distance from the skull the blood remains in a solid state; when brought near to it, it becomes as liquid as the day on which it was shed." The Doge of Genoa, Fregoso, who, exiled from his native land, resided at Naples from 1478 to 1483, speaks in similar terms. Robert Gaguin relates, in his *Sea of Chronicles; or, Historical Mirror of France,* that on the 13th of May, 1495, King Charles VIII. attended Mass in the church of St. Januarius, in company of many cardinals, bishops, and prelates, and that he was shown the skull and the blood of the saint, the latter as hard as a stone. "But when it had stood some time on the altar it began, as it were, to grow warm, and became liquid, as blood just drawn from the veins of a living man."

But no writer treats of the subject at greater length than does one of the most remarkable men of the early part of the sixteenth century—Francis Pic, Prince of Mirandoli, who bears the same name as his cousin, whom Scaliger called a monster of learning. Pic published, in 1502, a work entitled *De Fide et Ordine Credendi,* in which the following passage occurs:

"At Naples, in Campania, are preserved the relics of the martyr St. Januarius. His blood, which through a sentiment of piety was collected after his execution, is contained in a vial. If it be placed near the bones of the saint it begins to upheave, becomes liquid, and passes to the condition in which it was just after the martyr was executed; if taken elsewhere it again coagulates, becomes solid, and takes the appearance which blood shed centuries ago should have. This, however, does not always happen. If the country is threatened with a calamity, if troubles are at hand, it foretells by its immobility the approaching scourge, as the people of that country, by long experience, well know. I have with my own eyes seen that blood, in a solid state and dark colored, as it naturally should be, turn red and liquid when brought near to the head; bubbles were formed upon its surface, as if it had just flowed from the vein. I repeat it, I have seen this with my own eyes, and I have fully satisfied myself that the like cannot take place according to the order of nature. For it is a demonstrated philosophical truth that a substance which has lost its form cannot recover it. If any one doubts this he can test it by experiment; he need but try it with blood: if it has coagulated, and if after some months—I do not go so far as to say after some years—it has become changed into a solid and dusty mass, it can never be brought to the form it had at first, nor even to the accidents of that form, as, for instance, a red color, fluidity, etc."

To the above testimony may be added a bull of Sixtus V., in which it is mentioned: "We will that the chapel situated in the cathedral church of Naples, and called the Treasury of St. Januarius, in which are kept the head and blood of that saint, and in which, as we have learnt, the Divine Majesty performs permanent miracles, be visited with proper respect."

Again, in the beginning of the century preceding a Neapolitan counsellor-at-law expressed in the following verses his decided conviction of the reality of the miracle:

Nondum credis Arabs! Scythicis quin barbarus oris
Confugis ad veræ religionis iter?
Aspice, palpa hæc! Stat longum post martyris ævum
Incorruptus adhuc et sine tabe cruor.
Imo hilaris gliscit, consurgit, dissilit, ardet
Ocyor, extremæ est impatiens que tubæ.
Perfidus an cernis capiti ut cruor obvius, ante
Frigidus et durus, ferveat et liqueat?
Caute vel asperior, vel sis adamantinus Afer
Sanguine quin duro sponte liquente liques?

("Are you, O Arab! still so without faith that, adhering to your barbarism, you fly not from inhospitable shores to the way of the true religion? Behold, handle these proofs! Long after the age of the martyr the blood is still uncorrupt and undecayed. Full of life it glows, it rises, it leaps. it is warm and quicker, and throbs against the sides of the vial. Still without faith, do you not perceive that this blood. when brought near to the head of the saint, before cold and hard, boils and liquefies? You may, O son of Africa, be more rugged than a rock, or made of very adamant, but wherefore melt you not when melts of its own will the solid blood?")

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE HISTORY OF THE CHURCH OF GOD FROM THE CREATION TO THE PRESENT DAY. By the Rev. B. J. Spalding; with Preface by the Right Rev. J. L. Spalding, D.D., Bishop of Peoria. Part I. Bible History; Part II. History of the Church. 8vo, pp. 709. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates. 1884.

While there may be differences of opinion as to the best methods to attain that end, there can be no doubt among intelligent tutors and parents who know how history, and especially that of the Catholic Church, has been perverted during the past three hundred years, as to the supreme importance of teaching the rising generation of Catholics the truth about the church of their fathers.

Bible histories have not been lacking, but now, for the first time in this country, such tutors and parents have an opportunity to put into the hands of Catholic youth a compact but very comprehensive history of the Catholic Church from the ascension of our Lord to the present day.

The school edition of this work is divided into two volumes, Part I. being an admirable compendium of the Old and New Testaments, while Part II. covers the entire history of God's church from A.D. 33 to A.D. 1884. The two volumes are also bound in one handsome volume suitable for libraries and the home, where it ought to be esteemed a valuable acquisition.

The learned Bishop of Peoria, in a preface to this work, says:

"The Christian religion is primarily and essentially a fact, with a clearly defined and authentic history, and no right theory of it can either be formed or taught unless it be made to rest upon this historic basis. Hence St. Augustine declares that it is the duty of Christian instructors to teach Sacred History not in fragments and broken stories, but as a continuous, connected narrative brought down to the present time (*De Cat. rudibus*). Much of the prevalent religious ignorance and indifference is undoubtedly traceable to a perverted and pernicious method of teaching religious truth. Teaching catechism, as this is commonly understood and practised, must be considered as little less than a waste of strength and time. Little good can surely come of making children learn by rote mere abstractions to which they cannot possibly attach any intelligible meaning, and which, if remembered at all, do not nourish the mind and enter into the mental growth by which the child is developed into the man. The young, if they are to be rightly educated, must be made familiar with deeds rather than with thoughts. They are able to act before they are able to think; and they learn to think rightly only by acting worthily. Hence they are influenced more by example than by precept; and, after the lives of those with whom they are thrown into actual contact, nothing has such power to educate them as a knowledge of the lives of heroic and godlike men. Let us, then, return to natural methods: attach less weight to filling the memory with definitions of religious doctrines, and labor rather to familiarize the mind with the facts and deeds out of which these doctrines have grown, and in which they are embodied in a way easily intelligible to the young. The object of the present History is to facilitate the employment of this rational and effective means of religious education."

Proceeding on this method, Father Spalding has, we think, produced a work the faithful study of which will equip the minds of Catholic youth to withstand the assaults of Protestantism and infidelity, as well as imbue them with veneration for Mother Church and pride in the great achievements of her illustrious saints and heroes.

The work has reached us too late to permit a critical examination of it the present month, but its importance demands a return to it at an early day. From a hasty examination, however, we can say that Father Spalding in no case assumes an apologetic tone in treating of the human side of the church; he simply tells the truth, boldly grappling with such Protestant bugbears as the Inquisition, bad popes, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, etc., extenuating nothing, but placing responsibility for wrong-doing where it rightly belongs, and clearly showing the injustice of charging the church of God with the misdeeds of erring men.

The publishers have done their part well. The volumes must be attractive to the most æsthetic taste, the numerous illustrations, especially the portraits, being a credit to the engraver's art. The questions attached to the foot of the pages, which seem to have been prepared with unusual care and good judgment, will prove useful to teachers.

FÉNELON À CAMBRAI D'APRÈS SA CORRESPONDANCE, 1699–1715. Par Emmanuel de Broglie. Paris: Libraire Plon. 1884.

This study of the period of Fénelon's life at Cambrai is unique in its character. Whatever may have been the intention of its author, it opens to the reader a view of the human side of Fénelon to a greater extent than any other volume with which we are acquainted. It leaves the impression that Fénelon was a great man, one who might have occupied a larger field of activity than he actually did. One perceives that Fénelon was no less a great statesman than an exemplary archbishop. But Louis XIV. supposed that he himself sufficed to guide and govern the French people. The exile of an archbishop from the court of Versailles to his diocese—if such an event might be properly called an exile—would have been better understood a couple of centuries later, and both parties would be more at ease in their respective positions. The thought breaks in upon the mind—perhaps it is only a distraction—that the king of those days played too much the ecclesiastic, and the archbishop occupied himself too much with the affairs of state. We are often surprised at the sagacious remarks of the writer which are intermingled with the quotations from Fénelon's writings and letters, indicating a man of rich and varied experience. The author of this volume is worthy of his subject, and we can recommend it to the admirers of Fénelon and to students interested in French history.

THE STORY OF THE GOSPELS HARMONIZED FOR MEDITATION. By H. J. Coleridge, S.J. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1884.

This new volume of the series on the Gospels is an English reprint of the entire text of the four Gospels, according to the version in common use, arranged according to a harmony, in parallel columns. It is a distinct and separate work by itself. Some may fancy that it is necessary to have Father Coleridge's entire series in order to make use of any of the separate volumes. This is a mistake. His longer commentary, not yet completed, is, indeed, a continuous work running through several volumes, and specially suitable for priests and others who wish to study the Gospels thoroughly and minutely. This Harmony is, however, complete by itself, in one volume, and suitable for popular use. His short, compendious com-

mentary is also of moderate extent and complete. All parts of the series are excellent.

PHŒBE: A Novel. By the author of *Rutledge.* 12mo. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

Phœbe is an instance of a fairly good story entirely spoiled by a needless viciousness of plot. It is the story of an exotic fruit of the public-school system, a young lady who graduates at the head of her class, and who, returning to her native village, is easily seduced by a handsome and dashing student of a neighboring university. The student's parents, who are rich and well-bred people, compel him to marry the girl, and in due time he brings his wife home, the couple being allotted a gardener's cottage on the grounds of his father's residence. The very day of her appearance Phœbe is welcomed as a daughter and sister by her husband's mother and sisters, who do their best "to make her feel at home." The description of these first interviews is positively revolting in the unconsciousness shown by the author of the incongruity of two pure young girls receiving with caresses into their home-circle a woman about whom all they know is that she has forfeited her place among the society of pure women, and whose presence in their family is suggestive only of her (and their brother's) sin and shame. With the example of St. Mary Magdalen before one, no Christian can object to the restoration to her place of an erring sister, after she has repented and made reparation to society and her sex, after she has earned that restoration. But Phœbe has not repented; she has earned nothing, unless it be humiliation and ostracism. This is the first time the sisters behold her. Phœbe never repents, nor is there anything in the book to show that it is the author's opinion she had done what called for repentance. She becomes the heroine, and quite a well-behaved and interesting heroine. Indeed, the plot would not be materially altered if the incident of her original lapse had been omitted altogether. Why the author should ruin a novel which in other respects is even above the present average, by not omitting it, is more than we can understand. We do not quarrel with the truthfulness of the incident; unfortunately, with the American girl who depends for her education solely on the public-schools, it is only likely to be true enough. From the purely artistic point of view the probableness of an objectionable feature is no excuse for introducing it in a story when it is not intended to point a moral thereby or even to exact dramatic justice in the issue. From the moral standpoint the device calls for the most emphatic condemnation.

BARBARA THAYER: Her Glorious Career. A Novel. By Annie Jenness Miller. 16mo, 180 pp. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1884.

Here is a book the moral of which (if either be intended to have a moral) is the direct antithesis of that of *Phœbe.* Barbara Thayer is in love with a man to whom she is engaged to be married and who loves her very dearly. Her love for him is described as a noble sentiment, and his as "no mad passion, but a deep, holy, powerful emotion." He is represented as a very good man indeed. Almost on the eve of their intended marriage she discovers that he, in his previous life, had had a guilty attachment with another woman. He admits the sin, but sincerely and bitterly repents it. Thereupon she, after a great struggle with herself, refuses to marry him.

For the rest, this book is a curious one, dealing with a peculiarly American type—the lecturing woman. The author is herself a female lecturer, and the book, it is hinted, is a partial autobiography. Her heroine is certainly idealized sufficiently for a woman's autobiography; she is radiantly beautiful, transcendently virtuous, and a genius. For one thing, the story strives to reach a high note of spirituality, and, if it does not quite reach it, the attempt, at least, is something. In addition it is entirely American—a quality sufficiently rare, in these days of "international" literature, to be allowed to cover a multitude of sins. We should hope, however, for the sake of the cult, that our "best society" is not quite the sort of thing Mrs. Jenness Miller paints it. A gentleman—at least let us hope so—would not address a lady in the presence of a drawing-room group in a country-house in the following manner, the subject under discussion being the status of the governess:

"'So you call this governess your *friend?*'

"'Yes; what of it?' demanded Lucia, turning on him a glance that meant mischief. But he would not be warned, and replied, with an approach to a sneer:

"'Nothing, if one enjoys that style of friend. To choose for yourself is your privilege, not mine.'"

Nor would the lady (again let us hope), the gentleman being a *ci-devant* suitor whom she had jilted, have retorted in presence of the company:

"'So we decided some years ago, you remember!'"

A WESTERN JOURNEY WITH MR. EMERSON. 16mo, 141 pp., parchment covers. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1884.

If it were possible to minimize a man's reputation by adulation, the memory of the late Ralph Waldo Emerson is on the verge of the hazard. When indiscreet admirers keep up a continuous pæan of praise of their idol an ungenerous reaction is provoked, and the cynical will insist on picking out flaws in the material of the graven image which they are pressed to worship. So transcendental has been the eulogy of the transcendentalist, in babble at mutual-admiration congresses in Concord and in print elsewhere, that one is almost forced to cry out in self-defence, "Enough of Emerson!" The votive dish of sweets to his honor, like perpetual partridge, begins to cloy. Here is Mr. James Bradley Thayer, who once made a journey across the continent with the Sage and "often met him at the wash-bowl," and he cannot resist the temptation of adding his voice to the general chorus. Sooth to say, a pleasant voice enough it is, if it were only regulated by a more rigid adherence to the canons of common sense. But this latest—we dare not say last—of the Emersonians is carried away by native ardor, and jots down the most trivial utterances of the philosopher as if they were the apothegms of a Solomon in the language of a Shakspere. The book is truly a *libellus;* as the chronicler of small beer owns with candor, "the pudding is small and the plums are few." This candor would be charming, if it were honest; but one is inclined to doubt its honesty when so many patches of color are obtruded on our view as genuine fruit. "Take notes on the spot," said Emerson; "a note is worth a cart-load of recollections." Mr. Thayer has set such store by the counsel that it is regrettable that Emerson had not qualified it by the addition, "take notes of what is important." Some of the souvenirs

of this Western trip are puerile, many are ridiculous, not one is remarkably striking. The only impression they can leave is that the American Carlyle was markedly self-conscious and was always on the strain to say good things—to give platitudes an artificial grade by embroidering them with a tinsel of rhetoric. The principal item of information regarding Emerson which rests on our mind after hurrying through this production is that he made his railway excursions in company with a purple satchel, and that that purple satchel was more of a companionship to him than the converse of his friends. In very truth it deserves to become historic, for, like Porson's back-pocket which contained the Bodleian Library, it was a fearful and wonderful receptacle. It comprised, among other things not mentioned, the manuscript sheets of his *Parnassus*, a copy of Wordsworth, a German dictionary, and Goethe's *Sprüche in Prosa*. Mr. Thayer might easily have compressed his notes into the compass of a sheet of letter-paper, and they would not have suffered by the condensation. Nor, indeed, would the fame of the Sage of Concord or the veneration of those who are so ready to kneel down and kiss his cast-off garments in the faintly-dissembled hope that they may gather fame from the contact.

STONYHURST ILLUSTRATED. By Alfred Rimmer. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1884.

To the alumni of the famous English Jesuit college and their friends this dainty volume, luxurious in binding, paper, letter-press, and engravings, must prove an acceptable treat—a volume that will find welcome not merely on the drawing-room table but on the library shelf. The stately pile of buildings, almost in the shadow of the Clitheroe Hills, to which the banished fathers of the order of St. Ignatius were made free by the Welds of Lulworth, is now acknowledged to be amongst the first educational establishments of Europe, and is the site of one of the observatories of the United Kingdom. It has turned out many distinguished men in its time, among others Lalor Shiel, orator and dramatist, the zealous coadjutor of O'Connell; the rhythmically eloquent Thomas Francis Meagher, orator and soldier, who did not quite believe as O'Connell did; and that heir to a baronetcy whose mysterious disappearance from society gave rise to one of the most lengthened judicial inquiries on record. If the claimant to the Tichborne estates had had the advantage of perusing Mr. Rimmer's book, his opposing counsel might have found it a harder task to prove him an impostor. The work undertaken by the compiler of this memorial—for compilation it is—is conscientiously done; but somehow it leaves with one a sense that on such a fruitful and inspiring subject additional pages might have been written more interesting than those which too often form the stock of the glib antiquity-crammed *cicerone*. There are reminiscences connected with Stonyhurst more vivid and interesting than those which concern astronomy.

THE YOUNG CATHOLIC'S NORMAL READER. Illustrated. 12mo, 362 pp. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1884.

This addition to the excellent "Young Catholic's Series of Readers" has been called for to meet the demand for choice reading matter for the higher classes of the ever-increasing Catholic schools of this country.

The compilation of the volume has evidently been entrusted to competent hands. The selections are made with great judgment; they embrace such a happy variety of themes and authors that there are few forms of literary expression suitable for elocutionary purposes that are not represented by a specimen. Historical selections, we notice, are not made a prominent feature—a wise arrangement in a reader intended for pupils whose minds are not yet mature enough to receive correct impressions on such a complicated subject as history. The illustrations accompanying the text are of unusual excellence.

NOTES ON THE OPIUM HABIT. By Asa P. Meylert, M.D. Second Edition. 18mo, 37 pp. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1884.

Dr. Meylert issues this timely little pamphlet as a plea for "more humane methods of treating the opium habit than have heretofore prevailed"; the sufferings experienced by this class of patients in their efforts to be free being terrible in the extreme. The enormous extent to which this habit has spread in the United States in recent years is well known, though we do not believe the full dreadfulness of the evil is realized. In THE CATHOLIC WORLD for September, 1881, there was an article by an able specialist, Dr. D. W. Nolan, fully going into the subject. In the main, Dr. Meylert's conclusions as to the cure of opium victims agree with Dr. Nolan's. Both physicians believe that there is in pharmacy no harmless substitute which the opium-eater may use to satisfy his cravings for the noxious drug; but both are agreed that medical art can render considerable aid, and Dr. Meylert describes a course of treatment which would alleviate the sufferings and supplement the pitiful efforts of the victim striving to free himself from his awful thraldom.

The worst feature of the opium habit in this country is that four-fifths of its victims are women. Dr. Meylert finds that, in many cases, the habit is traceable to the fact that narcotics were prescribed during some sickness; or, rather, that the physician prescribing them permitted the patient to know the name of the drug that produced the delightful narcotic effect. Dr. Meylert is astonished at the secrecy opium-eaters are able to maintain as to the habit until it is too late to stop it without professional aid.

"Many women" (he says) "are taking the drug to-day without the knowledge of husband or family.

"They notice that she is queer, that her memory is impaired, that she frequently loses articles of value—hiding them and forgetting where they are; that she sometimes invites friends to dine with her, but forgets to provide for them, and is evidently perplexed at their coming; that she does not make calls, and is seldom prepared to receive; that her household duties are neglected, her children uncared for, her friends almost forgotten. But they say she has never been the same since she was sick some years ago, and that accounts for it all.

"Some day the package of morphine—purchased in a neighboring city and addressed in a fictitious name, but whose real destination is well known to the little clerk in the post-office—will fall into the hands of her busy, absent-minded husband, and then everybody will be surprised—some that she concealed the habit so long, and some that no one but herself ever suspected it!

"Such cases as this, more or less developed, are scattered over the whole land."

We commend this little pamphlet to all who have reason to be interested in the cure of the opium habit, although readers of Dr. Nolan's article in this magazine will find in it little that is new.

TO MEXICO BY PALACE-CAR. By James W. Steele. 18mo, 95 pp., parchment covers. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 1884.

This little volume has no pretensions to enter into competition with the innumerable, more bulky guide-books and travellers' companions. It professes only to give a brief compendium of hints to the intending tourist, and it faithfully realizes the intention. One effect of this sprightly *vade-mecum*, in these days of cholera scares, may be to send Americans to that vastly different yet not very remote land on their own continent where sunlight of the yellowest variety seems to shine always, and running streams and green luxuriance alternate with gaunt cacti, black lava blocks, and frowning sierras. There are many worse ways of spending a holiday than going to the home of the Aztecs by a palace-car.

THE CHILDREN'S BOOK. Songs and Stories. Imitated from the German of Julius Sturm. By Agnes Sadlier. With illustrations from original designs by German artists. 4to, 135 pp. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 1884.

A beautifully-got-up collection of songs and stories for the young folk —those who are nearest to heaven. This is exactly the gift to make to a good child at the close of a summer vacation or to put into the stockings left for the bounty of Santa Claus at Christmas. It would be insincerity to say that Miss Sadlier's or Julius Sturm's attempts to minister to the enjoyment of children are equal to those of Hans Christian Andersen or Canon Schmid in the same line; but it can fairly be claimed for them that while they recall the tenderness and unaffected power of the one, they breathe the delicate and pure Catholic aroma of the other. The lady has done well, so well that we hope she will try again soon. The illustrations are tastefully selected and carefully reproduced.

SIX SEASONS ON OUR PRAIRIES AND SIX WEEKS IN OUR ROCKIES. By Rev. Thomas J. Jenkins, of the Diocese of Louisville. Louisville: C. A. Rogers. 1884.

This is an account of several health-trips among the plains and mountains of our great West. It is a simple, unaffected narrative, but the author's enjoyment of the beauties of nature is so heartfelt, and his information is so thorough, that the little brochure is more profitable, as it is certainly more refreshing reading, than many of the more pretentious guide-books. We don't think the tourist intending to spend a few weeks in the regions traversed by Father Jenkins will regret it if he bring this little volume in his pocket.

RITUALE ROMANUM: Editio Typica. Sumptibus et typis F. Pustet.

This is the latest and most complete reprint of the Roman Ritual, together with several appendices containing special blessings, formulas of investitures, and the most recent instructions of the Sacred Congregation of Rites concerning these matters. It has been revised and approved of by this same Congregation, from which it has merited the name of the "standard" edition. While of very convenient size, it will hardly take the place of smaller editions, such as the Baltimore, for the ordinary administration of the sacraments; yet it is their supplement and complement.

We suggest that, for greater convenience, the form for receiving converts be added.

The book is gotten up in the most finished and really beautiful style as regards type, paper, and illustrations, and is moderate in price.

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